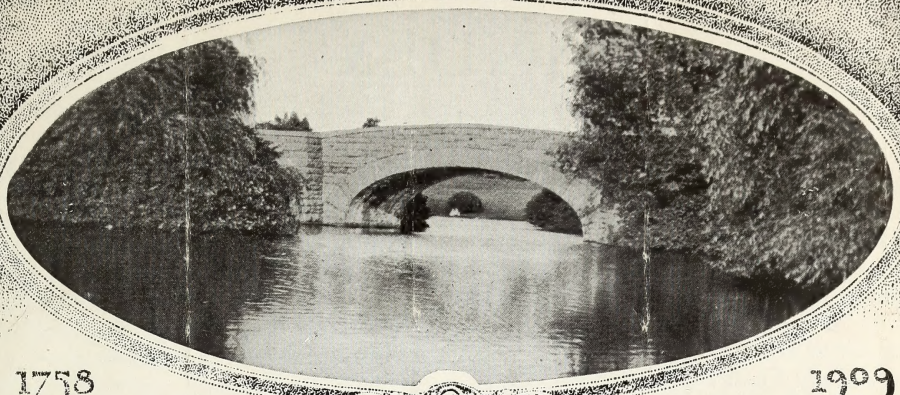
GENEALOGY DEPARTMENT

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1833 01746 6738

GENEALOGY
974
N4215
1909-1910


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012

http://archive.org/details/newenglandmagaziv41bost



1758 1909

New England Magazine

An Illustrated Monthly

NEW SERIES, VOLUME XLI

SEPTEMBER, 1909 — FEBRUARY, 1910

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1910, by
NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE COMPANY
in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington
All Rights Reserved

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE COMPANY, Publishers
Bertrand L. Chapman, President Frederick W. Burrows, Editor
Old South Building, Boston, Massachusetts

INDEX

XLI.

Abandoned Roads ..... *S. Griswold Morely* 183
About the Hunters' Fire ..... *Charles Everett Beane* 169
"A Door Out" ..... *Mary A. P. Stansbury* 705
Again Friends ..... *Herbert Saake* 659
American Business Man and His Playgrounds—
The ..... *Frederick W. Burrows* 540
Anarchist or Martyr ..... *Zitella Cocke* 467
"And a Child Shall Lead Them" ..... *Edgar S. Nye* 355
Andover in Cambridge ..... *Professor William H. Ryder, D.D.* 673
And Johnnie Didn't Tell ..... *O. B. Towne* 492
Artistic Pianoforte and Its Construction ..... *Henry Lowell Mason* 156
"Baby" Ballinger's Soul ..... *M. I. Thomas* 606
Beautiful New England
September—Views in the Berkshire Hills
—Photographs ..... *Edwin Hale Lincoln*
October—Indian Summer—Photographs.
November—Boxford, Summer Home of
Professor and Mrs. George Herbert
Palmer—Photographs ..... *Alice Freeman Palmer*
December—The Winter of the New Eng-
land Poets—Photographs ..... *Clifton Johnson*
January—Views about Hanover, New
Hampshire—Photographs ..... *T. E. Langill*
February—Winter Scenes—Photographs.. *Langill, T. E. Marr and L. W. Brownell.*
Better Man—The ..... *Arthur Reichman* 430
Bigelow Studios—The ..... *Wilder D. Quint* 513
Boston's New Suburban District—Watertown.. *Charles M. Rockwood* 549
Boston and the Tariff ..... *Col. Albert Clarke* 545
Boston and the White Slave Traffic ..... *Frank W. Chase* 531
Casting Bread Upon the Waters ..... *Mildred Nutter Frost* 589
Cattle Industry of Boston—The ..... *Willard C. Schouler* 328
Central America—An Opening Market for New
England's Export Trade ..... *Louis A. Frothingham* 265
Christkind and a Boston Boy ..... *Charles Fessenden Nichols* 417
Christmas Thorn—The ..... *Edith Rickert* 404
Christmas Dance—A ..... *Frank H. Sweet* 485
Civic Improvement, What Has Been Done in
Hartford, Connecticut ..... *Ethel Loomis Dickinson* 803
Colonel Whalley's Gift ..... *Edward Morrison* 447
Converted Cosmopolitan—A—Illustrated by R.
I. Conklin ..... *Edith Elmer Wood* 567
Death of a God—The ..... *Walter S. Cramp* 370
Development of Middlesex Fells—The ..... *Frederick W. Coburn* 813
Drawing Out Steel ..... *Anne Partlan* 189
"Drudgin'" 665
Exeter, New Hampshire ..... *John Phillips* 687
External Feminine—The ..... *Anne Partlan* 498

External Feminine—The ..... *Jane Orth* 628
External Feminine—The ..... *Jane Orth* 751
Glen Noble—Chapter XXV ..... *Winslow Hall* 880
Glen Noble—Chapter XXIX ..... *Winslow Hall* 237
Glen Noble—Chapter XXX ..... *Winslow Hall* 305
Growth of Christian Science—The ..... *Wilder D. Quint* 311
Guiseppi Verdi and His Milan Haunts ..... *Florence Amelia Cummings* 649
Honest Politician—An ..... *Charles Lowe Swift* 204
Hunters' El Dorado in Black and White—A ..... *Charles Everett Beane* 788
Hunting Wild Bees in Vermont Woods—I ..... *Marshall Otis Howe* 193
Hunting Wild Bees in Vermont Woods—II ..... *Marshall Otis Howe* 342
Idyl of the Bottomlands—An ..... *Frank H. Sweet* 845
In New England—September, October, November, December, January, February.
Initiative—Loyalty ..... *Elbert Hubbard* 415
In Praise of the Apple ..... *W. B. Conant* 561
Leaders of Great New England Movements.
Mary Baker Eddy and Her Works—II ..... *Alfred Farlow* 421
Little Italy Along the Banks of the Merrimac—A ..... *Joseph McCarthy* 832
Mammy ..... *Josephine Compton Bray* 614
Marionettes of Little Sicily ..... *Lucy B. Jerome* 745
Memorial Hospital for Infants as a Centre of Education for the Study of Early Life ..... *Thomas Morgan Rotch, M.D.* 680
Mermaids' Nursling—The ..... *Charles A. Campbell* 470
Milton on the Neponset ..... *D. Elfleda Chandler* 291
Mt. Kathadin, Maine ..... *Alfred Ernest Keet* 284
My Grandfather's Story ..... *James Raymond Perry* 225
Napoleonic Memoirs ..... *F. P. Stearns* 232
Napoleonic Memoirs ..... *F. P. Stearns* 365
New Bedford—The Wonderful Growth of ..... *W. H. B. Remington* 819
New Dartmouth—The ..... *Melvin O. Adams and William T. Atwood* 521
New England Heroine in Contemporary Fiction—The ..... *Mrs. T. W. White* 725
Old Lower Falls and Its Church—With Illustrations by the Author ..... *Thos. Casilear Cole* 349
On the Laying of the Corner Stone of the Opera House at Bayreuth ..... *Richard Wagner* 149
Outdoors with a Camera in Winter ..... *L. W. Brownell* 621
Panardaram Salt Works—The ..... *Albert Cook Church* 489
Pathology of School Discipline—The—Being a Chapter Out of the Annals of Flagellation ..... *Lewis M. Terman, Ph.D* 479
Pets I Have Kept ..... *Dr. R. W. Shufeldt,* Fellow American Ornithologists' Union, etc. 415
Phineas and the Motor Car ..... *Eleanor H. Porter* 150
Planning A New Pleasure Park for Greater Boston ..... *George F. Howell* 579
Plant Life of Old Homesteads ..... *William Whitman Bailey* 733
Power—The Wizard of New England Development ..... *Clayton M. Jones* 597
Red and Blue War of 1909 ..... *Walter M. Pratt* 777
Restitution—A Story ..... *Ethel F. Horner* 735
Roman Folklore—About ..... *Dr. J. A. F. Orbaan* 873

37585

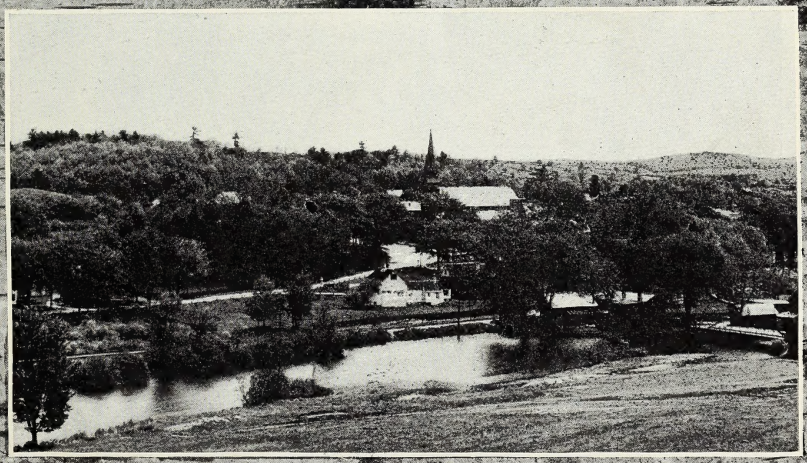
Science and Agriculture ..... *James E. Tracy* 854
Significance of the Present Dance Movement—The ..... *Lucia Gale Barber* 273
Some Adventures of the Wife and Son of Henry Hudson ..... *Millard F. Hudson* 216-836
Spider and the Fly—The ..... *S. F. Aaron* 438
Story of Rockland—The ..... *Charles W. Rockwood* 455
Switzerland—III. ..... *George Presbrey Howell* 850
Tax Which Would Moderate Excessive Rents—A ..... *Herbert Constable* 338
Telling of the Good Men Do ..... *Wilder D. Quint* 866
Test of the Unforeseen—The ..... *Phil. M. Riley* 321
Twenty-five Hundred Miles with "Fitz" ..... *Hon. John F. O'Connell* 700
Valley of Streams—The—A Glimpse of a Remote Italian Village—With Photographs by the Author ..... *Lydia J. Dale* 715
Wanted—A Peacemaker ..... *Thomas Kinniff* 860
When Half Gods Go, the Gods Arrive ..... *Joanna Gleed Strange* 285
Who Will Administer the New Charter ..... *Charles W. Restarick* 179
Who Will Administer the New Boston Charter ..... *James A. White* 609
Winter of the New England Poets—The ..... *Cliffton Johnson* 393
With the New England Boards of Trade—September, October, November, December, January, February.

POETRY

Across the Sea at Winthrop ..... *Pauline Carrington Bouve* 254
Autumn ..... *Alfred Ernest Keet* 284
Canadian Boat Song—The ..... *Sir John (No) Moore* 155
Dawn Song ..... *George G. Shedd* 437
Early Evening by the Sea ..... *Louise Winslow Kidder* 341
Fame ..... *Aloysius Coll* 732
First Snow—The ..... *Edwin L. Sabin* 182
Forest Revel—The ..... *Nathan Haskell Dole* 416
Friendly Bondsman—The ..... *Arthur W. Peach* 364
Friend or Foe ..... *Clarence H. Urner* 734
Homing Instinct ..... *John Clair Minot* 608
Iamgo Diei ..... *T. L. Hoover* 844
I Dreamed of Home Last Night ..... *J. J. Meehan* 853
If They Are Right ..... *Nancy Higginson* 337
In Winter ..... *Gertrude Louise Small* 744
Nocturne ..... *Ethel Syford* 530
Non Sequiter—From the Chinese ..... *Edith Stevens Giles and Woon Hong Fay* 177
Shell—The ..... *Aloyisus Coll* 685
Sonnets of an Invalid ..... *Florence Kiper* 168
Sonnet ..... *Florence Kiper* 658
Spendthrift ..... *Theodosia Garrison* 230
Thanksgiving ..... *Ethel Syford* 290
To Beverly ..... *B. R. Bulkeley* 787
Unconquered ..... *Arthur Wallace Peach* 671
Wild Annie's Down by the Side o' the Sea ..... *Ethel Syford* 446



Beautiful New England





Photograph by Edwin Hale Lincoln

WACONAH FALLS, WINDSOR



Photograph by Edwin Hale Lincoln

AT THE HEADWATERS OF THE HOUSATONIC



Photograph by Edwin Hale Lincoln

LOMBARDY POPLARS



Photograph by Edwin Hale Lincoln

A Berkshire forest in the fall



Photograph by Edwin Hale Lincoln

THE OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES PINE, PITTSFIELD



Photograph by Edwin Hale Lincoln

WHITE BIRCHES IN WINTER



e page 800

"THREE BEAUTIFUL SPECIMENS WITH THOSE RIDICULOUS TAILS"

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

VOL. XLI. SEPTEMBER, 1909 NUMBER 1

THE RED AND BLUE WAR OF 1909

By LIEUT. WALTER M. PRATT

NEVER in the history of New England, if in this country, have military manoeuvres been held of the magnitude of those which took place from August 14th to 21st, 1909, in Southern Massachusetts.

Never before has so much time and money been expended by the government of the various states whose troops participated. Never have the citizens of any district shown more interest in military affairs, and never in history have plans been kept so secret from citizens and soldiers alike.



THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE CORRESPONDENT AT THE FRONT

It is the first time in the history of military manoeuvres in this country that transports were used and no permanent camps were made. The manoeuvres were considered of sufficient importance for foreign nations to send military attaches, and the interest the entire country manifested was shown by the fact that over 250 newspaper representatives accompanied the troops, the majority coming from states other than Massachusetts.

For weeks before the manoeuvres commenced the papers contained columns of contradictory information, the only official information given to the press was the date. Even the officers of the various outfits did not know where they were to be sent until some forty-eight hours before their departure.

They were told that they were to defend Boston War was supposed to have broken out between the United States and a foreign power. The Navy was supposed to have been either defeated or destroyed, or else lured away from the neighborhood of Massachusetts.

The War Department, at Washington had received information that a fleet of transports, escorted by a naval force, was approaching New England, bringing 10,000 troops with the idea of seizing the forts of Boston from the land and that the objective point for



THE TIMELY ARRIVAL OF COL. TALBOT AND THE CADETS

the transports was somewhere from Buzzards Bay to Salisbury Beach.

The object of the manoeuvres was to show just how hard or easy it would be for invaders to land from transports and push forward inland for the capture of Boston as a basis of supplies, and to determine, if possible, whether it was imperative that more coast batteries and men be added to the Massachusetts coast.

The defence of Boston was given over to the Massachusetts Militia, with the General officers of the National Guard in command, while the invaders were commanded by regular army officers.

The manoeuvres were in charge of General Leonard Wood and General Witherspoon of the U. S. Army, with Brig.-Gen. Wm. A. Pew, Jr., M.V.M., in command of the defence; Brig.-Gen. Tasker H. Bliss, head of the Army War College in Washington, in command of the invading force.

Under General Pew there were the 2nd, 5th, 6th, 8th and 9th regiments of Infantry, the corps of Coast Artillery, the 2nd Battalion representing the 1st and 2nd corps of Cadets, a squadron of Cavalry consisting of Troops A, B and D, M.V.M., a battalion of Field Artillery composed of Batteries A, B and C, and the Signal and Ambulance Corps consisting of one Company each.

The invading forces consisted of the District of Columbia, 1st Field Battery, 1st and 2nd Regiments Infantry, 1st separate Battalion of Infantry (Colored), Ambulance and Signal Corps, Connecticut 1st and 2nd Regiment Infantry, Troop A, Battery A and a Signal Corps. The New York 7th and 14th Regiments Infantry, 22nd Regiment of Engineers, Squadron A, 1st and 2nd Company Signal Corps, 1st, 2nd and 3rd Battery of Field Artillery, the New Jersey Squadron of Cavalry and the 10th U. S. Cavalry (Colored). The latter famous for their work at San Juan and in the Philippines.

Before the manoeuvres much criticism was expressed by the general public at the war department for ordering the militia on so strenuous a tour. "Why," said they, "it is absurd to expect citizen soldiers to go from the offices and workshops into the field and rough it with the regulars." But no complaints were heard from the

citizen soldier; he was pleased and keen about going, and as the time drew near became impatient to start. So enthusiastic were most that they gave up Saturdays and Sundays for weeks before the appointed date, and companies of infantry could be seen on practice marches all over the state. The men themselves trained and did what they could to get in the best physical condition, for they knew the manoeuvres were to be "no boys' play," but would involve miles of marching over fields, through meadows, swamps and forests with sandy soil to make it harder. The manoeuvres held this summer would have been impossible a few years ago. But the second line of defence, as the regulars now term the National Guard, is a very different proposition from the militia of old. In the olden days muster, as it was then called, was nothing but a week's vacation. To-day it is work, work, work and then more work.

In the olden days enlisted men took along trunks filled with fancy uniforms, cot beds, a case or two of beer and, possibly, a man to do the dirty work. In those days there were tents to sleep in and the meals were served in a mess hall, dress parades were held and their lady friends attended. How different it is to-day and how much more interesting and instructive. An enlisted man takes one uniform, usually made of khaki, which he wears. He camps where he happens to be at night, sleeps in his clothes on the ground with nothing but a rubber blanket between himself and "Mother Earth." He may be covered by a Pup tent, but more often by the sky. Everything he takes is carried on his back. Instead of dress parades and drills, with galleries of admiring women, he has



BATTERY OF MACHINE GUNS WAITING TO GO INTO ACTION



"Gus" Williams of the Boston Journal one of the army of war correspondents

sham battles and out-post work. Instead of mess halls, with an elaborate bill of fare, he sits on the ground and eats regular army haversack rations, which consist of 12 oz. of bacon, 16 oz. hard bread, 1.12 oz. of coffee roasted and ground, 2.4 oz. of sugar .16 oz. salt, .02 oz. of black pepper, or, possibly, only gets an emergency ration.

The Dick Bill has revolutionized the militia of this country. Before it went into effect a large percentage of the enlisted men would have been unable to participate in so strenuous a campaign as the one held this summer if for no other reason than their physical condition.

The physical examinations to-day are strict, come at frequent intervals and are carried out to the letter. Under the new law the militia, or more correctly, the National Guard, is a part of the U. S. army. The uniforms are identical with the exception of the collar device. The equipment is the same. The government appropriates more money and expects more of the state. The President now has the power to order any military organization out and send it wherever it is needed.

The manoeuvres were not, as many wrongly supposed, for the sole purpose of hardening the militia man to campaign work. The principal object, as already stated, was to test the defence of the Massachusetts coast, but, secondly, they were to accustom the



The 10th U. S. cavalry at Halifax



THE 7TH REGIMENT OF NEW YORK ATTACKING THE 8TH MASSACHUSETTS AT HANOVER

officer from the highest to the lowest rank to handle large masses of men. The increase of men under an officer's control tests his ability and quickly shows the line at which he ceases to be an effective commander.

The manoeuvres were largely devised for the purpose of bringing officers face to face with conditions involving handling of large bodies of men, and the results achieved indicate that certain officers are qualified for advancement while some command as many men as they will ever be capable of handling. They were of especial value to the Commissary and Quartermaster's departments. The test was a severe one but proved that, with an occasional exception, these departments were commanded by efficient men.

Although the manoeuvres were from the fourteenth to the twenty-first, many of the troops were on duty ten to fourteen days. The 10th Cavalry left Fort Ethen Allen, Vt., on the tenth, the District of Columbia troops left on the eleventh, while Battery A, of Boston, and the New York troops, started on the twelfth. It was not until Friday, the 13th, that the invading force commenced to land at New Bedford. On the afternoon of that day the United States army transport, Kilpatrick, loafed up Buzzards Bay at a five-knot gait, felt her way up the Acushnet River and made fast to a pier at New Bedford, closely followed by the Puritan and Pilgrim.

The city had been all "agog" for two day, as well she might, as the scenes were such as any American city seldom sees and New Bedford considered herself remarkably fortunate to be able to witness the spectacle.

All the afternoon the moving troops filled the narrow streets, while bulky auto trucks of the quartermaster's department rumbled back and forth as they moved commissary supplies and ammunition to the front. Crowds stood in gaping wonder at the strange and interesting sights, windows and roofs were crowded, every available place from which a good sight of the soldier could be obtained was filled. Many had dreamed of such things but had never expected to see them, at any rate not in the staid old thoroughfare of their town.

Somehow, order gradually came out of the chaos of boxes, stacked arms, cavalry horses and mixed companies on the water front and shortly after three o'clock the troops began to move in-



THE CAPTURE OF THE BLUE SCOUTS BY THE RED AT MIDDLEBORO

land. The route of march led through the northern end of the town and out into the country, and finally, bit by bit, the long line of infantry, cavalry and artillery was broken into segments and sent into various fields for temporary camps, and when the sun came up on Saturday morning, General Bliss's Red Army was ready for its advance on Boston. It also found General Pew and his Blue Army on its way to the front and when night came its line of defence extended from Taunton to Plymouth, over seventeen miles. On the extreme left was the 9th infantry then the 8th and 5th, forming the 1st Brigade at Halifax; then came the Provisional Brigade at Division headquarters, including the 1st and 2nd Corps of Cadets, Troop A, Batteries A, C and D at Robin Pond. The 1st Brigade, made up of the Coast Artillery Corps, 2nd Regiment and 6th Regiment at Paper Mill Village, near Bridgewater, with Troops A and D at Scotland.

Saturday night was one of the coldest of the summer and the soldiers of both armies were too cold to sleep much, but lay shivering all night, and were only too glad when reveille blew at four o'clock.

On Sunday the Brigade camps were spread out, each sending a battalion of infantry several miles South. The battalion, in turn, sent squads and companies to patrol and reconoiter all roads. The 3rd battalion of the 8th Regiment, under the command of Major Perry, was advanced as far South as South Halifax.

The movements of the invading Red Army on Sunday consisted of a simple advance and at night it camped South of Lake Assawampsett and Long Pond. During the day miles of wire had been laid in advance toward Taunton and cavalry and bicycle scouts were sent off in that direction, giving every indication that General Bliss intended to strike the Blue Army's right flank.

Waiting several hours the next morning, apparently with the idea of giving General Pew an opportunity to act upon the information which his scouts brought in, General Bliss suddenly shifted his forces some ten miles East, sending his cavalry directly North to capture Middleboro. The cavalry scouts ran into the point of the advance guard of the 8th Regiment about a mile North of Middleboro at eleven o'clock and were fired upon. They did not realize at the time that the Commander-in-Chief of the Blue Army, Gov. Draper, was in the saddle within a short distance on his way to town, or, possibly, they would have attempted to have captured him. As is was, both parties made a hasty retreat. The shots, however, brought up the 1st battalion of the 8th Regiment, who entrenched on Pratt's Hill, just out of the town, which they held until nearly one o'clock, when the 10th U. S. Cavalry charged the hill, re-enforced by the New Jersey Cavalry and the Connecticut bicycle squad. It was almost history repeating itself. There was San Juan again, even to Richard Harding Davis, who arrived just at the essential moment and continued to be in the thick of all the battles during the entire week.

Of course, the battalion of the 8th was driven back, but they retired in good order with small loss.

At night the invading army had advanced about seven miles. Its advance force was in possession of Middleboro and its main army was located at Rock, about eight miles South of the city. General Bliss stated that he had suddenly changed his plans and advanced on the right flank because General Pew had gone to the trouble of blowing up several bridges in the path.

As night closed in the drizzling rain which had been coming down from time to time during the day turned into a downpour and added to the discomfort of the preceding nights of chilly atmosphere. During the evening the streets and hotels of Middleboro were crowded with soldiers, sightseers and war correspondents, the latter really forming a third army; every paper in Boston and New York having from two to fifteen men representing it. They were here, there and



A QUARTER-MASTER'S TRAIN GOING TO THE FRONT

everywhere, some went into battle in automobiles, others in the saddle or a carriage and many others walked. Wet or dry, hot or cold, they were never absent, and even the soldiers themselves realized before the week was out what the men with red and blue bands about their arms did in order that their friends at home might hear of the manoeuvres. There was no rowdyism or ill feeling between soldiers and citizens. The natives of the district through which the soldiers marched extended cordial greetings. Flags were displayed from nearly every farm house and both armies were cheered all along their marches. The kind acts shown were too many to mention. All night long the rain came down in sheets. When the two armies pitched their camps, green soldiers lay down to sleep in pools of water and sentries had hard work lifting their feet in waterlogged shoes.

The next morning more than one soldier repeated Sherman's famous aphorism as he pulled himself together and fell into line at four o'clock, with a north-easter, the worst for many a month, threatening to blow away the camp. Shortly after five the Red Army advanced with a screen of cavalry thrown out on its left. This cavalry soon encountered a Blue force at "The Green," two miles north of Middleboro, which finally fell back on the rise outside of the little hamlet of Eddyville. Here for three hours Colonel Sweetzer's regiment, the 8th lay in the slanting drive of the rain and fired from behind solid stone walls and mossy headstones of the old graveyard on the hill, and held at bay the entire strength of the Red Army. Just as the 8th was about to retreat before the fierce attack of the 7th New York, the Battery A machine guns got into action. This required the Red Army to

hold up until its field artillery could be brought up and put the machine guns out of business. After this there was nothing to do but retreat in good order and at one o'clock the Red Army had an advance of eight miles to its credit.

As night approached it found the men of both armies drenched to the skin and facing a tough proposition. Not a dry spot in or near the camps was to be found and, in most cases, the blankets, that the soldiers were to throw over them, were as wet as was their clothing. The weather was cold and it was still raining in torrents. However, the men were pretty well exhausted after the long march in the rain with water-soaked coats on, Pup tents and blankets rolled horse collar about their necks and so slept in spite of the existing conditions. For two days and a night it had rained without let up. All the roads had been converted into quagmires and the camping places of the troops had become really unfit for the pasture of horses. The men themselves were not only wet and tired but they were bruised and footsore and, in many cases, actually suffered.

The Red Army camped between Plympton and North Carver and the outlook for General Pew was bad. It seemed as though the Red Army had got the jump on him, but he was cleverly concentrating his army without taking the press into his confidence.

On Wednesday morning the rain was still falling, but after a while the sun came out, only to be followed by more rain. Although the men from both sides had a bad night they appeared contented even though they were still wet to the skin.

There were repeated skirmishes as the Reds advanced. General Bliss's main body was marching directly North over the road which leads from Plympton to Bryantville, by way of Monponset Pond, while on a parallel road he had a line of defence from which a cavalry screen was thrown out. His idea was to engage the Blue Army at every cross road with his defence, and under the impression that it was the advance of his main body, hold them until his real main force had got a good advance. It was a clever scheme and worked beautifully at first and General Bliss in this way really succeeded in getting around the Blue's left flank.

The Red Army won most of the skirmishes during the morning and would have won the battle of Halifax at noon but for the timely arrival of Colonel Thomas Talbot and the 1st and 2nd Corps of Cadets, which was just enough of a re-enforcement to check the advance, and at one o'clock, which was the time hostilities ceased, each day, General Pew's army was holding its own.

The Blue Army had been scattered over twenty to thirty miles of defensive line owing to the uncertainty of where the attack would be made, and on Wednesday night few expected that General Pew could rally his forces in time, and the press of the country announced in headlines that it was defeated and Boston, theoretically, was captured. They did not know General Pew, nor foresee the masterful way in which he was to concentrate his forces. It took long and fast marches which astounded the Red Army. Even the regular army officers and the foreign attaches were amazed when, on Thursday morning, they found the Blue Division Headquarters at South Hanson, with its entire army massed about it.

For four days the Blue Army had given way against the on-slaughtering of the enemy, and for four days they had been credited with defeat. They were not defeated; it was part of their game to fall back until their army was ready. They were now ready and instead of waiting to be attacked they made the advance.

At six o'clock in the morning the battle of Bryantville took place. As on previous days, General Bliss sent a force at the Blue Line while his main army proceeded North. The 1st and 2nd District of Columbia Infantry turned into Bryantville with instructions to hold their ground, if possible, until eight o'clock, at which time the



PART OF THE 8TH MASSACHUSETTS AT CEMETERY HILL

army would be at North Pembroke, but General Pew, to use a slang expression, "was on," and leaving a small force to fight it out with the District of Columbia troops, he sent a battalion of the 2nd Infantry and Battery C by a short cut through Oldtown, Furnace and Great Sandy Ponds to Hanover Four Corners while the 8th regiment and Battery A were sent double time by way of South Hanover, followed slowly by the balance of the army. Engineers were sent ahead in automobiles to blow up the bridge over the North River and thus cut off the Red Army, but before this could be done they were driven back by the advance guard. At about ten o'clock the 7th New York, which was in advance, met the battalion of the 2nd at Four Corners. A sharp fight ensued and just as defeat for the Blues was pending the 8th came up on the run, having come some six miles at double quick. They turned the battle and drove the 7th back over the railroad track. The 14th New York reinforced the Reds and the 9th was added



GENERAL TASKER H. BLISS AND GENERAL LEONARD WOOD, U. S A.

to the Blues and so the engagement became general.

At one o'clock the Red Army had been obliged to call back the 10th Cavalry from its dash to Boston and was in such a position that they could not have possibly moved on without four or five days more of the hardest kind of fighting. Their men were bunched in Hanover, while Battery A, from a position a mile away, was sending three-inch projectiles into the town at a rate that meant annihilation. To all who were witnesses there was no question but that the battle of Hanover was a decisive victory for the Blues.

At one o'clock the war was over, as Friday and Saturday were required to get the troops home. No decision was made and probably none will ever be reached. Unofficially many of the Umpires expressed themselves as believing the Blue Army won. General Bliss did not reach Boston in the time specified and at the end it was a question if he ever could have.

General Wood expressed himself as greatly pleased at the showing of all concerned, and stated that he considered the manoeuvres of more value than any that had ever taken place in this country.

The manoeuvres showed the coast well protected and made doubly plain the fact that Massachusetts needs more Cavalry. While they were of immense value to the officers they were equally instructive to the men and gave them more knowledge of army life than they could have learned at State camps in years.

On Friday the Red Army embarked, with the District of Columbia troops going on to Boston for a short visit, while the other outfits returned direct. Saturday the Blue Army disbanded and the War of the Invasion of Boston was at an end.

TO BEVERLY*

By B. R. BULKELEY

Fair spread thy fame, O City, spread apace
A nation's breadth to gird,
Strong as the deeds which do thine annals grace
And patriot hearts have stirred.

Thy far-off early years meant strenuous life,
Yet shaped the common weal
Pillared in righteousness through many a strife,—
Thy weal so pillared still.

When crises in the colonies befell
Large part thou hadst to bear;
And who would fame of Flower of Essex tell
And mention not thy share?

Put on thy strength and beauty now and grow
Minding thy heritage;
The highest welfare of thy sons to know,—
Be that ambition's gauge.

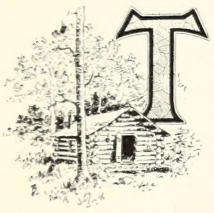
So with high aims thy progress will be blessed
With true and steady tread,
As now thou puttest on thy garments best
To greet the Nation's Head.

*Read at the First Parish Church, Beverly, July 4th, in honor of President Taft's presence, and omitted from the account of "Old Beverly," in the August issue of the New England Magazine.

A Hunter's El Dorado in Black and White

By CHARLES EVERETT BEANE

With Illustrations by Roland C. Butler



THERE'S Carville hiking along the trail and—Great Smoke! pipe off the pack on his back! Looks like it weighed a ton! Makes your load talk like feather language from an air ship, Jack. All the way I'd fit with that burden would be to furnish the grunts. Ship ahoy! How's she heading?"

"Straight up in the air and over the mountain to Spring Lake," came the laughing reply, as the husky chap addressed turned around a big boulder, swung his freight—an entire hind quarter of beef—to earth and vigorously mopped his brow with an ample bandanna.

"Sandow has nothing on you, John. Sure you haven't horns, hoofs and tail, as well as all the meat in that bundle? Clyde is restless as a wiggle worm in a rain barrel under a *forty-pound pack* and looks ready to pass away when he even thinks of *yours*. What do you know about that after a week's feed, such as you have given him?"

"Took several years of it to put *me* right, Jack, so there's hope for *him*. Better turn back and get another seven-day bracer. What's the rush? Don't think you know where more entrancing scenic gems abound, do you? I haven't grown accustomed to seeing you about my camps yet. You'll feel kind of homey if you stay longer."

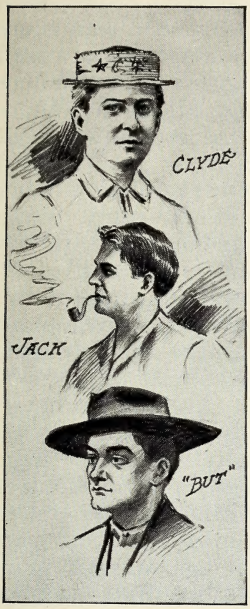
"Wouldn't be ready to leave if we hung on all summer, but, delightful as this country is, its not the whole Dead River region and we must hike along or build winter quarters before we're half around. Our cameras have rubbered your attractions in part, we have eaten your salmon within twenty minutes of their capture on the fly, your deer have paraded for our benefit in the clearing across the lake and, with full appreciation of your splendid hospitality, we are off before we make you twice glad."

"If you're game for a gamble, I'll put my camps against your time to prove I'll continue *once glad* and no more. Glad you came and even better pleased that you remained, but if you must move, perhaps you should say good-bye to an old friend of yours," and the genial fellow pointed along the mountain path.

Stalking majestically toward them came a noble buck, head held high, as though challenging denial of his claim to premier rights in that particular part of the woods. Steadily advancing with all the confidence born of freedom from molestation in close time, the beautiful animal disdained to step aside until within twenty paces, when he stopped, gazed full upon the trio, sensitively sniffed the air, stamped his hoof, and departed slowly, glancing over his shoulder as he caught the double click of loaded cameras.

"Can you beat it? Not content with rearing their imposing summits that the soft-breathed farewells of summer breezes may send emerald billows of evergreen rolling down their sides to the shores of one of the fairest of her innumerable lakes to be kissed across sparkling lips to you, Maine mountains bid their tenantry speed lovers of her outing delights, by the tender of such exquisite courtesies as that we have

just enjoyed. Fairyland could do no more in the way of manifestation of affectionate regard, nor could it provide fairer messengers. I have no doubt scores of eyes, innocent of guile, are upon us from leafy coverts to witness this faithful performance of nature's commands. Au revoir, my beauty, thanks for your interest and may you live long and prosper." With this pretty conceit, Jack turned, wrung the hand of the ex-school teacher and, with many a backward glance at the sturdy figure waving adieus from the hill, he and his pal hit the trail for Flagstaff.



It was early June of the present year and, in more senses than one, a rare day. A protracted cold period had loosed its hold upon the north woods at the imperative ultimatum of a summer sun and promise was abroad in the land that the long-delayed sport of the season was hurrying toward realization.

Waters heretofore high and icy now warmed and pregnant with dashing speckled treasures, lifted their voices in invitation to fishermen's delights and, at last, nature's guests seemed to be coming into their own.

Evenings must still be marked by gatherings about yawning, open fireplaces where dancing flames fashioned themselves into weird fantastic shapes as they roared up the chimney, but after a day in the open, the sense of absolute comfort in the cabins was born of things like this.

Morning broke clear and bracing, appetites were sharpened by a little vigorous exercise before welcome horn call announced the morning meal, and after a brief smoke talk, a twenty-five mile tramp on this day seemed anything but formidable.

Bareheaded, clad in soft flannel shirts, thick woolen socks under slipper moccasins and light rain-proof trousers; hunting knife and .38 calibre revolver were hung from strong belts and camp axes were swung from their shoulders. All the simple needs of woods comfort were contained in army packs properly adjusted in such fashion as to forbid chafing, the outfit weighing in the neighborhood of forty pounds and mile after mile was cut out of the foreground and thrust behind before the rising temperature slowed down their pace.

Never willing to admit weariness, it was, however, noticeable with what alacrity packs were dropped upon the bottom of the power boat at Flagstaff, while a long breath and gentle shrugs of tired shoulders gave mute evidence to welcome relief from burden bearing. If you consider it an easy proposition to break into the pack-carrying game, there are people who will doubt the yarns you may spin regarding long tramps under any respectable weight, until several days have found you ready to negotiate distance. Ever try it? Shake.



HEDGE HOG IN THE SHED! HANG ONTO THOSE DOGS"

Three miles of plugging motor and the landing at the beginning of the rough road was reached in good season to pack all belongings except cameras under the buckboard seats and get away in the lead for a lunch under the trees, to which myriads of mosquitos considered themselves cordially invited. Upon notification of their intention to take part in the festivities, exercises in their honor were the order, consisting of liberal applications of oil of citronilla and sweet oil in the ratio of one to three.

Beginning well within the hair line about the face, this preparation, put on in thin quantities with due regard to the aversion of lips and eyes to the lotion, formed a barrier across which the little songsters could not come with impunity. The staccato notes of their discontent after a happy flight in the direction of the dainty morsel presented by your anatomy had ended in discomfiture, linger yet as pleasant memories if you have been there.

Lunch over, our friends set their faces against an eighteen-mile hoof-fest into King and Bartlett, with disappointed pests hanging on wherever they could find room away from the forbidding odor that made them dizzy. "One hundred and sixty three thousand, seven hundred and seven on your back, Clyde—count 'em, 163,707—that's right. Your blue shirt is brown with them," and it was even so. They were faithful in their attendance until Spencer Stream was crossed, but here they drew the line at the hither shore and probably traced out the blazed trail on the back track to Flagstaff Pond. Some few were found further north, but skeets don't count when they can be reckoned in numbers less than a few thousand to the individual. Of course, you have noticed these and black flies; yes, and mingies are always most in evidence where the fishing is best? Facts are stubborn things, eh?

"Hello, partner! Are you hammering our back trail?" was their greeting from a two hundred pounder who stood beside a rough table in front of the door of a log cabin at the end of Spencer dam. The open door gave vent to an appetizing odor of good cooking. A nearby buckboard, at the pole of which stood an able-bodied pair of white horses, had been their conveyance from Blakeslee.

"Not to-day. It looks like we had

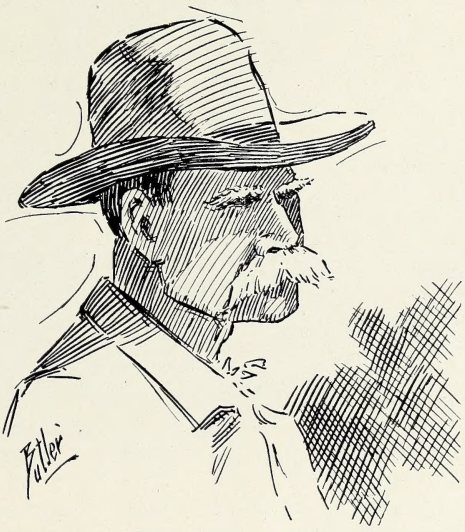


"I SAW WHAT I TOOK TO BE A MAN WALKING IN THE ROAD"

our work cut out for us to make King and Bartlett before we take a good soaking unless I am fooled by yonder clouds. Gee! but those trout smell moreish. Not one left? Loan me that rod and I'll soon get a mess from the pool over there."

This proved an easy task, for square-tails of half a pound weight came readily to the fly and in ten minutes a half dozen were in the pan, well on their way to that place from which no trout ever returns.

While casting below the dam, Harry Pierce's buckboard appeared on the south bank of the stream and plunging into the quick water where depth was to the body of it, two husky animals drew it across a rocky fording place, scrambled up the opposite bank and, with much creaking and clattering, the outfit passed along the way north.



"A fixture about King and Bartlett is George Day"

"Guess I'd as soon walk across the dam as take a chance that way," remarked Clyde. "Driver had to stand on the seat, with everything afloat under him. I'll bet your mackinaw is a bit damp around the edges, Jack."

"Nothing I have with *me* is too good for hard usage, you croaker. Can't keep your hair parted and wear a stand-up-dickey with patent leathers in this country. Anybody would think you had never smelled balsam for weeks at a time in the Maine woods with a fine prospect of eating your peck of dirt all in a bunch when I do the cooking. You'll make less of those funny cracks when this tramp is over, for its a fairly long trail into camp and by no means asphalt, though a good way from being downright bad. You'll have a fine chance to break in those new moccasins before night."

"Then let's get a move on. Your legs are longer than mine and I don't like the way you swing them when you are rushing. Which road?"

Direction from the driver: "First road to the left after crossing the stream and first trail to the right, down to Little King, where you'll find a boat. Go up the lake to the landing and cut off about three miles by taking a path from there to camp."

Pressing along in the wake of the buckboard rattle, a trail soon appeared and was so well travelled that they started that way and went half a mile before they discovered it ran parallel with Spencer Stream.

"We're in wrong, Clyde; this must be the trail to Dead River. Right-about face!"

"Wish I'd hung back there till you got over investigating. Another mile added to our hike. Got any more guesses?"

"*Guess you don't know who I am, eh?*"

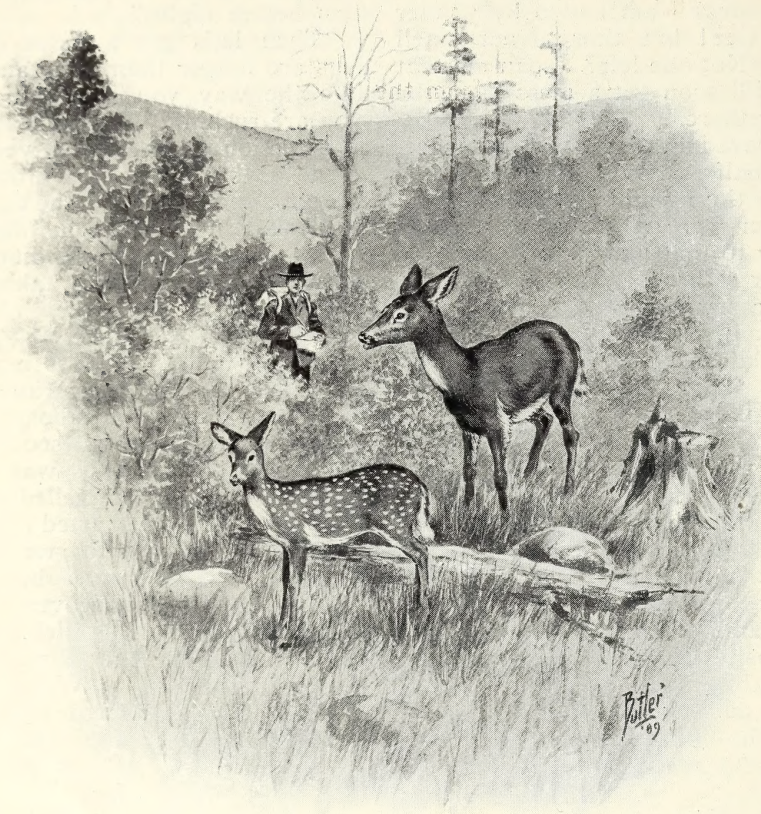
"Who might you be?"

"*The man who always arrives sometime.* You just paddle along on your feet handles and I won't lose you. If you kick. I'll duck you in the first spring hole."

"Huh! Never saw your name among those in the President's cabinet. Show *me*."

"Will if you have your lamps open when we land. Just keep digging, that's all."

The stride that fits Broadway must be made over for wood roads and it was no wonder that a dozen miles of



"IT WAS AN EASY MATTER TO APPROACH WITHIN SIXTY YARDS"

new gait was beginning to make a little impression on muscles little used for ten months out of the year, especially when hills and valleys alternated in quick succession, but they pushed on at fair speed. Occasionally when the grade was long, Clyde would give forth a yelp and declare that particular hill had no summit this side of the moon, and celebrate his error by droll remarks upon the beauty of the landscape "nearer heaven than he ever expected to be."

The object of this trip through the Dead River region was to get a line upon the game resources of that section of Maine's happy hunting grounds and bring back pictures to provide illustrations for outing articles to appear in THE NEW ENGLAND. No idea of killing was entertained, for long experience had demonstrated the far greater pleasure of seeking close intimacy with the children of the wilds and reproducing them and their haunts for the enjoyment of those who are often denied the experience.

By all odds the finest weapon for quick shooting is the snap-shot camera, unless it be the deft touch of pencil or brush under the hand of a nature lover. Yes, and the work is more lastingly pleasing than that which lays game low at one's feet. lacking the graceful life that made it beautiful.

Killing for the sake of killing—*never*.

Taking from the store of good things in the woods what one needs for the

support of life and health and when the meat is used, a trophy for den or dining-room—YES; but in the *great majority* of cases, bring back one of God's best gifts, a beautiful picture, which you may be able to share with your friends as the result of confronting bits of paradise with pencil and pad or a sensitive plate or film. You have done no violence. You are the world's benefactor.

Keeping then the real object of the expedition constantly in mind, our friends were ever on the alert with cameras in hand, noting numberless signs and hoping to catch deer unawares, in which they succeeded in four instances, making exposures which, unfortunately, were a trifle undertimed on account of adverse conditions under the trees and increasing cloudiness. The climax came in a steady downpour of rain which lasted until away into the evening after arrival in camp.

Watching carefully for the Little King trail, they soon came upon a note set in the crotch of a stick in the middle of the path: "No boat at this end of the lake, keep on along the road," and with hearty appreciation of the driver's thoughtfulness, it was not long before they reached one of the most complete outing establishments in the entire north country and were snugly quartered in a log cabin, not the least important provision for comfort in which was a cheerful open fire, before whose ruddy warmth wet clothing was soon dried.

Let the storm rage, for does not the patter on the roof make merry music? What more conducive to contentment than the sense of rest well earned within a perfect shelter? What more soothing than this complete surrender to sympathetic oneness with nature's moods?

With nothing lacking to promote perfect satisfaction in material things, and a sense of fullness beneath the belt line that at first seemed superlative in degree as the result of tarrying too long at dinner, the evening swept along to bedtime with a running accompaniment of stories, songs and jests, that aided digestion by provocation to incessant laughter.

"Before we hit the hay, Harry, tell me, have you heard from 'But,' he of the artistic touch, keen good humor and all-round good comradeship that makes his presence more than welcome?"

"Not for three days since he left Beantown, on his way east. I'm expecting him every minute."

"And here he is." Into the charmed circle stalked a tall chap, dressed in woolens and black slouch hat, water-soaked and lame from riding horseback from Eustis. "By the ringtailed bobcat that stole my best girl's small brother, don't let me hear anyone suggest any other way of coming in than on my tootsey wootsies next time. Bless that horse, he went down on all his fore legs when we crossed the Spencer and I took a header into the drink. Got up again and went down again—me on again, off again and almost gone again, before he quit the overhand racing stroke. He's a mud turtle, that animal. Ain't I a washed drawing? See my finger pointing skyward? NEVER AGAIN!"

When laughter subsided and the newcomer went out for a "spasm of eats," Clyde turned to Jack with questions regarding the outfit of easels, paletts, paints, etc., he expected to see produced. "If he's going to sketch good things on this trip, his paraphernalia must have been shipped in ahead, for he came empty handed to-night. I'm anxious to see some of his work since you say he's so good. When will he be ready to move?"

"Any minute. Metropolitan news work has taught him all that, and as for *tools*, a pencil or smut from a smudge kettle, with any old plain surface to draw upon is good enough for him. Why, I have seen him use fungus for a mixing board in lieu of a palette or a flat rock, and depend upon birch-bark for his canvas. You won't see him measuring proportions with a pencil gauge before his eye or fussing for a plumb bob. This man knows proportion and perspective, has a remark-

able grasp of the essentials in artistic composition from the right viewpoint. There you are. That's 'But.'"

"That listens good to me. Why don't you save your films for other uses and get this Hunter's Eldorado in black and white with his assistance?"

"We'll try both and then choose, Bright Eyes. Now beneath that canopy for yours before he comes back or there'll be no sleep to-night. No birthday parties the first evening in camp. Enough of those anon."

A half hour later, "But" found all quiet in Camp Granite State, two figures in bed and his own cot inviting him. For a moment he stood awaiting some salutation which presently came in the shape of a smothered snore, then turned in with a muttered, "Don't see anyone dispensing any oil of joy about here," and went off to sleep without further protest. Several times during strenuous dreams Jack heard him ejaculate, "Whoa, you mutt!" as he rode the trail once more. When jollied about his lameness next morning, he retorted: "No wonder—rode all day and all night."

"Was that horse well broken to the saddle?"

"He *might* have been—I don't know, but I am positive *I* was broken *on it.* It seemed to me to have more bumps than a phrenologist's dummy I got rubbed hard on them all—that's a cinch. Don't talk about it—even *thoughts* on that subject hurt."

A fixture about King and Bartlett, both summer and winter without whom the place could never seem quite the same, is George Day, than whose wisdom regarding this locality, there is none better. One has not to resort to strategy to secure information from him, it is always the real thing and may be depended upon. What more natural than that he should be asked to designate some spot most likely to furnish good models for the pencil? He immediately replied: "Porcupine—in that cliff on King and Bartlett Mountain. See them plainly through glasses. Like maggots in cheese."

Following this tip, after breakfast was dispatched, the trio climbed the mountain to a position commanding a fine view of the face of the cliff which was about a hundred yards distant. As the warming rays of the sun penetrated the myriad holes that were there, the porcupine colony became very active, working in and out in all directions, until it required but a slight stretch of the imagination to transform the great mass into Day's cheese and the tenantry into maggots. The place was fairly alive with them and "But" sketched to his heart's content and to the infinite entertainment of the others as they saw his creations take on character and shape. Rough suggestions of background were filled in that night and really breathed of wild life, such a difficult, almost impossible, effect to produce when sketches are made in parks or zoos.

To him who, in pure affection, steps within her portals and seeks to know her well, Dame Nature unbosoms herself of her choicest treasures, gives them the right settings and properties and says to her admirer: "Do me justice" With the spirit of the woods whispering in his ear and the added inspiration to be drawn from a never palling environment, could less be expected?

Upon approaching camp at the close of the afternoon, shouts and sharp yelps greeted them, while from all directions people were seen running toward the woodshed, armed with every sort of weapon from paddles to peavies.

"What's the fuss? Got a camp afire or has someone brought in a new barrel?"

"Hedgehog in the shed! Hang onto those dogs! The pesky critters never know enough to let one alone and when they have their own way get peppered with quills. Funny what fools some dogs are. Had a bull terrier once that got stuck all over with those things and I had to haul his head down to a heavy staple in the ground and pull them out with forceps. He would let go a little howl when I'd get hold of an extra long one and every

time I pulled, the blood would follow the quill. Guess I extracted more than a hundred of those things and when I let Bill go, he just stood and looked at me with his tongue hanging out and his legs wobbling.

"There, you bow-legged chump! Reckon that'll be just about enough porcupine for you until long after cherries are ripe, eh? You got yours good and plenty—now don't be a hog; know when you have a feast and call it off," was my parting shot at him, as he staggered back from a pail of cold water in the face and slunk under the barn floor. Would you believe it?—not three weeks went by before he tackled another, filled his face with the darts, some of which pierced his eyes and I shot him. Dogs have no sense with these bristling chaps. Even Irish must be kept away."

By this time the fierce-looking visitor was cornered and a love pat across the nose cut short his visions of fame among porcupines should he escape to tell the tale of his battle with humans. He was taken into the woods, buried in a deep hole and rocks were thrown on top of him to prevent the dogs from digging him up, for his power to make things unpleasant for them remains with him, even in death. That particular specimen gave "But" a fine opportunity to study anatomical detail, and he took advantage of it.

"Taint often you are specially favored as I am. Rubbered them for a sketch all afternoon and now one throws out his chest and comes into camp to talk it over. It's a great country with polite hedgehogs in it."

That evening at a "birthday party," to which all men were invited, stories of all varieties pertaining to wood life were in order and the hours passed rapidly. Maurice, over in the corner near Fred Allen and a big Elk from Livermore, was finally importuned for a bear story, but showing unwillingness to contribute his experience, the camp proprietor did it for him.

"One day last summer, Maurice started away for the spring up there on the summit, swinging from a beam across his shoulders two empty pails. At the top of the hill he started to fill them, when, to his surprise, he heard: 'Woof,' from behind some bushes nearby. No 'woofing' should drive him from his work and he took a step in the direction of the sound, but brought up suddenly as he heard vigorous scratchings beyond a big spruce and another emphatic 'Woof.'

"*Bear!* shot through his mind, and, with one wild glance over his shoulder, he leaped to the road and charged into camp. George and I were patching a canoe when he tore along the trail, gasping for breath.

"Seen a ghost? What's biting you?"

" 'Bear! Holy Smoke? — weighed four hundred pounds sure. Up there by spring—nearly got me—heard him grab at a tree and tear the bark all off just as I got away.'

"A bear as near as that in broad daylight—did you *see* him?

" 'Did I see him—sure—no, I guess I didn't, but he was a buster from his growl.'

" 'Come on, Irish,' called Harry, and followed by his dog and all the men of the camp, he struck the uptrail. There at the spring was a puddle nine feet across and in the centre of it floated Maurice's hat. In a frenzied leap from the farther side he had cleared the water and shed his head tiling in mid-air—guess that's going a few! I could find no trace of bear tracks, neither could Irish, so I smelled a large-sized polecat somewhere in the thrilling tale. Sure enough, one of my guides came along just then and standing close beside Maurice, 'woofed' suddenly. The fugitive went right into the air and George grabbed him to hold him on earth and prevent a stampede, while we roared in unison at his panic. With a gasp of relief Maurice made a lunge at the guide and yelled: 'If you're the bear, I'll be a bear killer right now in dead earnest if you'll tell me what music to have for your funeral. This game cost me a year's growth.'

" 'Well, you'll know what to expect of yourself if you're ever up against the



"IF EVER THERE WAS A HEART-BROKEN FOX, HE WAS IT"



"THEY STARTED FOR THE FARTHER SIDE SWIMMING SIDE BY SIDE"

real thing and that's something. It ain't a bad idea to remember that everything in the woods will run from you if you let it alone, unless it's a she bear with cubs and even then she's not looking for trouble,' said Jack."

"Talking about bears, I got a little start myself last fall," remarked George. "I was on a buckboard down near the Kibby, along in the edge of the evening, and two other fellows with me, when the horses acted restless and, looking ahead, I saw what I took to be a man walking in the road. He looked big to me, though at dusk one's eyes are not to be trusted, still I was a little leary when I heard the clank of a chain as he turned off into the woods.

"It was a big bear with a trap fastened upon his left forepaw and as his trail showed next morning, he had come along alternately dragging the clog, which had been broken off at one end, and holding it off the ground with his other forearm. He had swung that thing against trees, stopped and torn at them in his rage until he had scarred numerous trunks along the way, mute evidences of his might when fierce with pain. It was a small job to run him down and hand him his finish in a dense growth of young spruces."

"Say, if you lads want some good stuff for pictures, I'd advise you to hot foot for the Kibby, since George has spoken of it. Beaver and deer are about as thick as mud and you can't lose. There's a good camp right there and trout fishing galore. I'll take time off and go along if you say the word."

"Surest thing you know, Harry. We won't *say*—we'll *yell*. Will you make it to-morrow?"

"As well then as any time for me. You need some strong arm chap to carry the truck. Suppose we whip the stream from a canoe and keep quiet while we do it. I'll lay my head you'll see some pretty sights before night and, perhaps, after supper as well."

"Us to the lily whites then, for I know your early starts. Hate to appear inhospitable to this bunch, but I'm about to wind up the clock, turn out the cat and forget this world. Good-night, old scouts. Come to my birthday to-morrow evening."

"How many of those do you have on this trip? That makes four since we left Ed. Grose's hotel at Stratton. You're living too fast for me, Hank. Get on a freight train for awhile."

"Children don't count, Clyde. You're mussed up too easy for your own comfort. Sand the rail, you're slipping, you're slipping."

Along the Kibby there is a diversity of scenery that keeps one continually on the *qui vive* at the prospect of witnessing forest drama or comedy at every turn of the winding waterway. Here the shore slopes gradually to the stream from light growth of popple and birch, there it breaks suddenly into high-banked margins, heavily overgrown with evergreen spruce or hemlock. Skirting a bit of country of bolder character, Harry's sharp eye, attuned to the harmony of woodsy shades, detected the light brown of a doe's body against low waterside bushes as he peered through undergrowth and silently motioned for caution. Stepping to his side, "But" gave expression to a chuckle and smile of appreciation. Standing well into the deeper water, so that the flow barely cleared her belly, the mother deer posed quietly, watching, with apparent amusement, the eager attempts of a

young fawn to secure its supper. Nothing noting of the advent of interested parties, it was an easy matter to approach within sixty yards as our friends were down the wind from the game and their sensitive noses caught no warning scent.

After "But" had roughly sketched suggestions for the finished picture, two snapshots were taken, one as the animals stood at ease and the other when a startled doe left her fawn for the forest depths at a conspicuous wave of Jack's hand. The little one saw nothing and remained in the water, looking about and bleating for its mother, who was now invisible.

"Walk up this road a little way and go quietly. The doe will circle and return to this spot as sure as we are three men and a boy. Steady, Irish, where are you, you beggar?"

Just at their feet was a hollow log and as Harry gazed about for his terrier, a yellow nose pushed out from the other end toward the road and remained rigid with eyes glaring straight ahead. The object of his gaze became theirs, the doe returned and stared at her child in the stream. A quick glance about and failing to discover the causes of her previous alarm, she stepped softly down the bank, swam over to the fawn and together they started for the farther shore, swimming side by side. "But" sketched rapidly, the cameras got in their work and spattering muddy water in all directions, the pair of beauties legged it away through the woods.

"Fish for supper, eh? Clyde, get busy and we'll soon have a fire going in the cabin. There's one of the best places on the stream where the water breaks at the foot of the swift current. It's up to Jack to use that new axe on some firewood and when you return with the finnies, 'But' will clean them for you. He likes the job."

"Dying *for* it and *in* it, that's a pipe. Don't catch onto a whale and fall in the drink, though. I have no use for water after my trip on the broncho."

Twenty minutes later he was down on his knees on a big rock in the stream, cleaning a dozen trout Clyde had placed his trade-mark on. Harry watched his chance when "But" was not looking his way and threw a rock into the water near him. Starting suddenly to look for his disturber, "But" dropped one of the slippery trout, reached over for it quickly, lost his balance and fell full length into the drink, where he floundered, spitting his mouth clear of the Kibby and vowing vengeance upon the perpetrator of the crime.

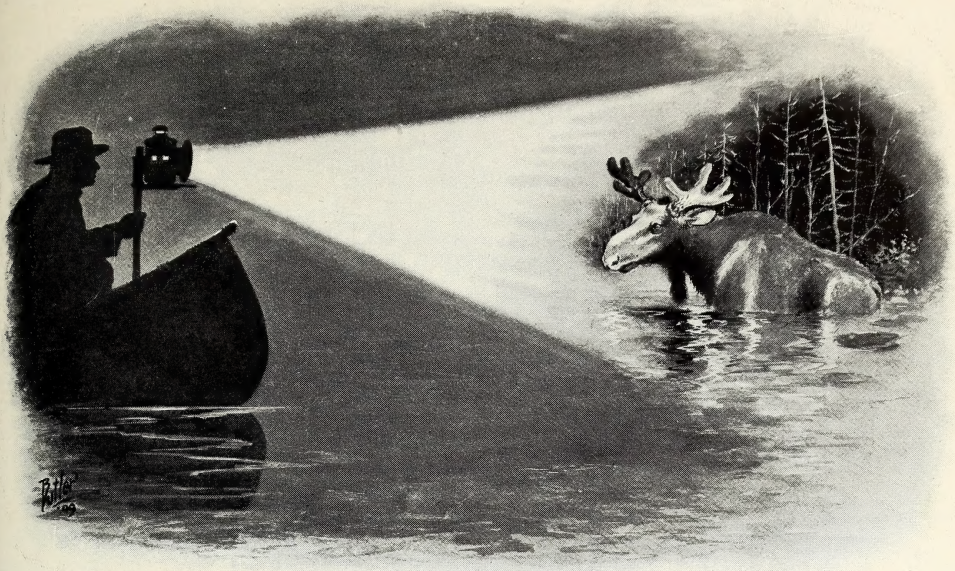
"You grinning hyenas look just alike to me and while I have my suspicions who did that, I don't suppose he'll own up. Nix with that camera, Jack! You don't illustrate any of your jokes at *my* expense," but he was too late and his picture, all dripping from the stream, will help make him famous some day.

"Guess you'll discover you're in a prohibition state, where everyone has to learn to drink rain water, 'But.' You'll rust your iron constitution if you take too much both outside and in, though," chuckled the Brooklynite.

"Never mind the dousing—I didn't get it. There's a subject for you, 'But,' that will make you forget the stream."

Perhaps a couple of hundred yards north of the Kibby some very respectable hills, showing bare ledges on the side next the water, formed a grand background for an interesting near-tragedy. Slinking along the edge of the ravine, a red fox could be seen approaching the resting place of a brace of grouse who seemed all unmindful of his threatening tactics. "But" put the field-glasses on him and watched eagerly for detail, while the general outline could be plainly seen by his companions.

That supper in prospective looked mighty good to Brother Reynold and one could almost see his mouth water as he gradually drew near and set himself for a rush. A long, graceful bound to the very edge of the cliff, but just a trifle too late, and all joined in a laugh at the manifest discomfiture of the hunter as he sat back on his haunches and gazed, longingly, at the



"A SURPRISED GRUNT AND THE GIANT SAGGED SHOREWARD"

birds, booming their way down the valley with not so much as the loss of a feather. If ever there was a heart-broken fox, he was it.

"Looks like a big night to me. We have illustrations enough now to satisfy a man for a month's travel, let alone four days. Did you say supper, Harry? I'm just a little hard of hearing when a man mentions grub. How in the dickens did you cook those fish without a frying pan? *Boiled them?* Who ever heard of that way of dishing them up and what do you eat on them?"

"Lots of butter. Boiling them saves washing dishes and I do despise grease. They're not so bad. Do I beat my wife's cooking?"

"Not you, sweetheart. Mrs. Pierce has a way of splitting them open and frying them flat that beats the world. Never ate such cooking as hers, in the woods or out. If you could find griddle marks on them, you'd swear they were broiled. That comes of having a red hot spider before she puts the fish in at all; eh, Harry?"

"Camp secrets—can't tell."

No one owned a better moonlight night over any property in New England than the one upon which they gazed after supper and that is equivalent to saying there is none better in the world, for no territory can successfully dispute New England's claim to the best of everything if they have tested the question. The evening was one of those perfectly quiet ones when every little sound is magnified many times and seems very near when, in really, it is quite a distance away.

Sitting on the back porch of the cabin with pipes alight, no one spoke for several minutes, the sense of perfect peace blotting out all small talk. Away in the distance a wise old owl hooted, and immediately subsided as though ashamed of his silence-breaking. A gentle splash in the stream told the tragic tale of a cannibal trout and a murdered fly. A soft rustling in the low growth suggested some prowling child of the forest taking a quiet peek at those silent figures with the visible breath.

"Gee, that must have been a big fish," ejaculated "But." "I'd like to get him on the end of a silken line."

"You'd have a picnic, you would. That's no fish, but beaver at work under that bank and there's their house, see it—that mass of sticks close in shore—looks like a bunch of wreckage."

"Me for a try at a sketch of those workmen," and crawling on all fours to the edge of the bank, the artist slowly craned his neck at the busy family scene beneath him. Plainly visible in the moonlight, he was blessed with the unusual privilege of seeing the operations of three beaver, one large male, a female and a young one. The father was busily cutting away at a popple log on the beach, the mother worked on top of the house and the youngster was gamboling about in shallow water, occasionally diving into deeper places for the swim home again. Three beautiful specimens with those ridiculous tails. The frontispiece of this issue is a faithful reproduction of a very beautiful scene.

Two days at Kibby Pond Camps, located on a high ridge between the stream and lake, under the protection of the mountain of like name, were productive of many fine sketches and snapshots of deer, which became so common that Clyde was led to remark: "It looks too easy to get game. I've had chances to shoot a dozen deer within two days. What'll happen when the sportsmen get here in October?"

"At the first crack of a hostile rifle, in open season, the denizens of the woods know it and when you see them at all they are likely to be on the jump. Deer know as well as you do when men are out for a killing with the sanction of the law, and realize they must use nature's weapons in their own defense. Call it what you will, there is some subtle force in the killing fever that communicates a warning to game.

"How often I have seen ducks peacefully feeding until a hawk sailed into view across the horizon. They lifted their heads, gazed long at him, rose rapidly and scurried down the wind at sixty miles an hour.

"Another day and they feed without anxiety when a hawk appears after taking that one long look. What's the secret? The first hawk was hungry and hunting a breakfast. They knew it by instinct. The second was not hunting food and they knew that. How? You tell. Many a good man will go home skunked this Fall, when we know the country is full of game by the evidence of our own eyes."

Three days after the return to King and Bartlett, but one day remained of the time allotted to this work and plans were laid to cross the four mile trail to Big Spencer Lake for a day's try at togue, where the big fellows run to a weight of nearly twenty pounds. Passing Beck Pond, five deer were seen at once in the neighborhood of the trailside spring and two attempts to get them on the run proved abortive. Sport at the lake was entirely satisfactory, but no large game was in sight except at a long distance from the camp, where two deer swam the narrows.

Toward evening, Maurice produced a mysterious bundle from his pack and put together a big jack lamp that when lighted threw a strong and steady beam fifty feet across the trail to the canoes. Busy with a three-handed game of cribbage, no one noticed his movements until he asked: "Want to come for a sneak act on the lake?"

"To the end of the world and beyond me, bucko, if I could see my hand before me," answered "But."

"Something doing in the amen corner," remarked Jack, as he caught a flash of light from the lamp. "Here's the chance of your life to see some royal sport. Not a firearm with us, not even a knife, but if this sketchist will follow the leading canoe I'll promise him some impressions worth putting on paper. Jacking deer at evening is fine fun, as they come down to drink and they will gaze at the new brand of lightning when the light is in their eyes, wondering why it does not flash and go out. In you go and we'll keep close to shore with not even a whisper from any of us. Sneak your pad-

dle back on the recover stroke. Clyde, and let Maurice handle the lamp. I'll take 'But' in my canoe and keep him just astern of you."

For a half-hour they drifted along like ghosts, Maurice bending low in the bow, carefully shrouding the light and listening intently for the slightest sound. This side of the cove at the narrows he opened the jack on a young buck, who caught a glimpse of his arm as he did so and fled among the trees.

An hour passed and Jack whispered: "Nothing doing to-night," when a warning gesture from Maurice caused him to catch his breath sharply and strain his eyes upon a big black object in the water just ahead and a little out toward the depths.

Like painted craft the canoes lay motionless until Maurice was certain he had the range, when he opened the jack full upon a remarkable picture. There stood a bull moose with antlers in the velvet, quietly pulling at lily-pads all about him. A surprised grunt and the giant sagged shoreward, changed his mind when he found the light staring him in the face and turned toward the point. When he saw that he had an unobstructed path to the woods, he deliberately wheeled half about and stood looking over his shoulder at the jack.

"This is near enough for me, thank you—that beast might be an ugly customer if he didn't like our looks, but is worth coming a thousand miles to see."

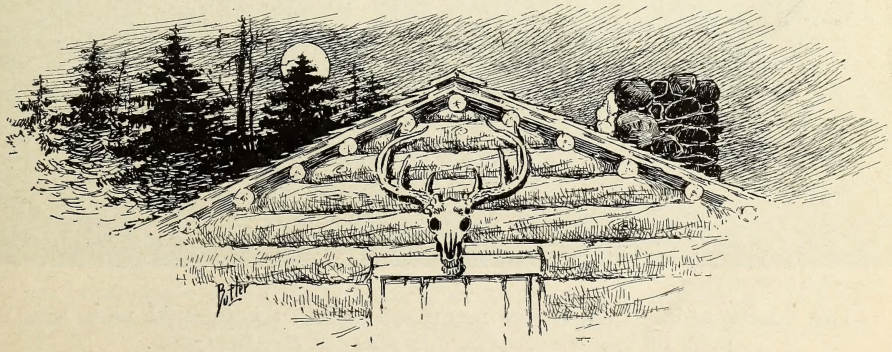
"Right, Clyde, and from here it looks better, for your canoe is in our line of vision as well as the glare of the lamp and the big fellow with blazing eyes. There goes the monarch, and if you can reproduce *this* picture as *I* see it, you're a wonder, 'But.' Get it for my den."

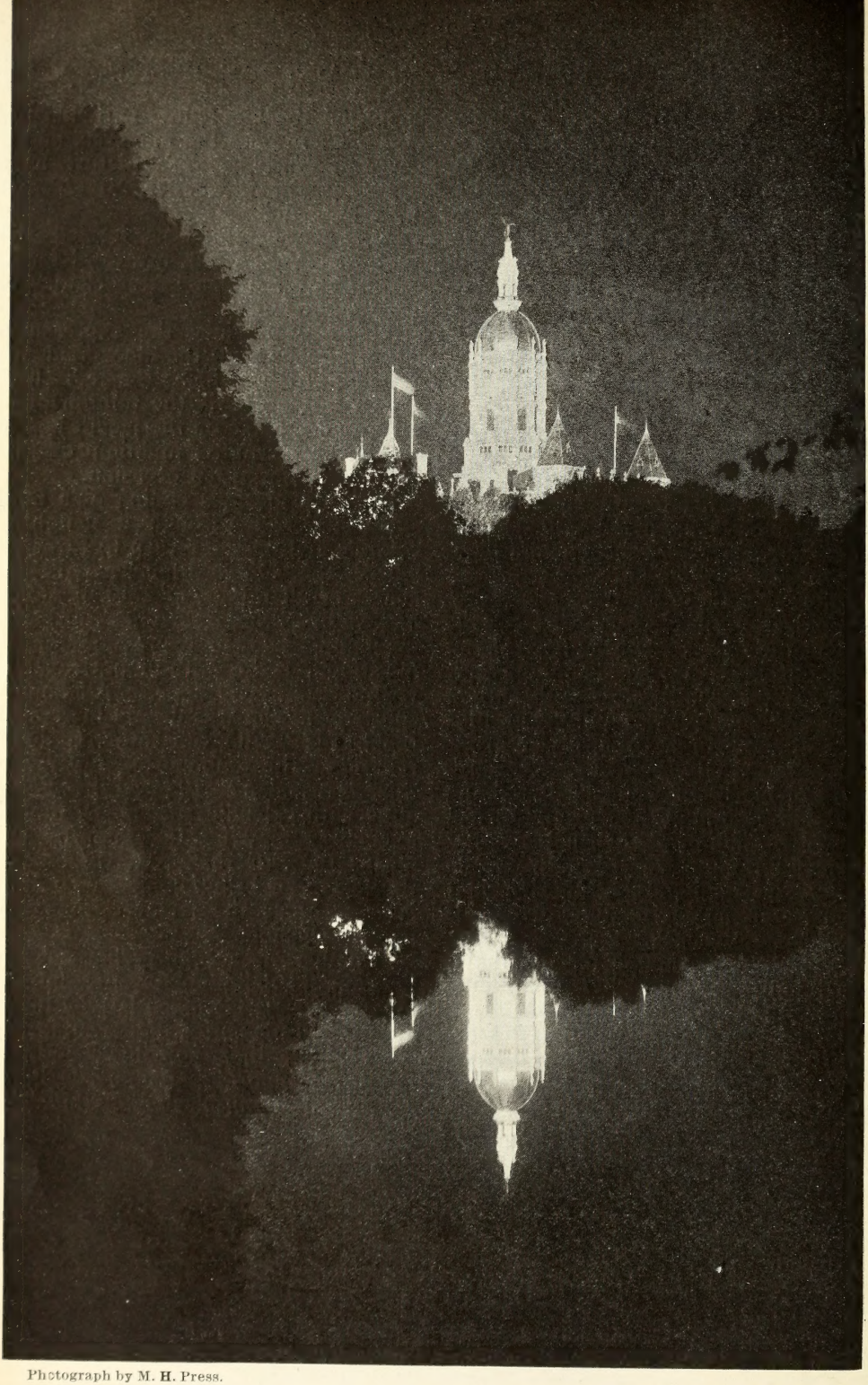
"It's just as good as framed and hung there, old scout, my word for it. No man ever had a better chance to get every detail."

A few days since the expressman left a package at the door and the drawing from which the cut here shown was made is the fulfillment of the promise made on the jacklit bosom of Big Spencer, after midnight on that never-to-be-forgotten occasion.

It was a glorious ending of a most successful trip through a delightful country and on the return to Stratton, where the Hotel Blanchard is the center of all things, a score of guides looked over these sketches and were unanimous in their expressions of admiration for the faithful portrayal of well-known conditions. A famous sportsman, who was deeply interested, remarked: "Who can father a doubt regarding the abundance of game in this sportsman's Eldorado? Fairly alive with splendid specimens, though a country may be, it is not by any means the *rule* that even tireless enthusiasts can bring home the best of *photographs* as the result of instantaneous snapshots.

"But here is a country knowing no limit in its delights for the hunter, giving an artist so much leeway in the duration of his period of sketching and observation, that you have grandly succeeded in bringing home, 'a hunter's El Dorado in black and white.'"





Photograph by M. H. Press.

THE CONNECTICUT STATE HOUSE ILLUMINATED BY SEARCHLIGHTS FROM THE ROOF OF THE TRAVELLER'S INSURANCE CO. BUILDING.

Civic Improvement

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE IN HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

By ETHEL LOOMIS DICKINSON

MUNICIPAL and civic art is an exceedingly fertile field for discussion, and one in which the citizens of the leading cities of America are becoming increasingly interested. It would be utterly impossible to treat adequately of the subject in a magazine article, but a few bits of history and of prophecy may be noted concerning this work in Hartford. First should be mentioned some of the clubs and societies which have co-operated actively and successfully in the promotion of municipal welfare along the lines of civic improvement. These are arranged alphabetically and the names of the various presidents and secretaries given for the convenience of any readers who may wish to glean further information concerning them.

Art instruction in the public schools is carried on under several teachers, each school district, including also the Public High School, having its own art instructor. These are organized under a Board of Directors.

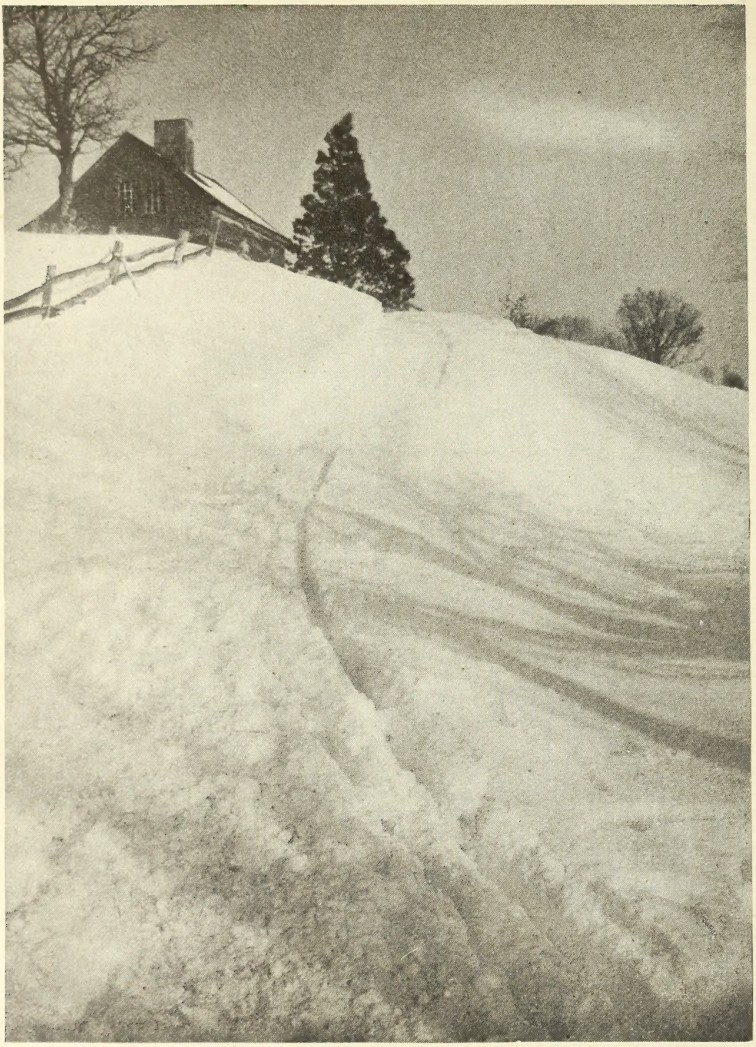
The Art Society of Hartford was organized June, 1877, and incorporated March, 1886, with rooms in the Wadsworth Athenaeum building. Courses are offered in drawing from life and from casts, oil painting, water colors and pastels; also advanced courses in illustration, pen and ink sketching, and modeling. There are Saturday classes for teachers and such scholars as are unable to be present at the regular classes. Four days a week a costumed model poses for the Sketch Class. Among its lecturers it can number such men as Joseph W. Champney, William N. Chase and Walter Griffin. This school has sent scholarship pupils to the Boston Art Museum, where they have again taken scholarships entitling them to a period of study abroad. The managers are raising a fund for building and endowment, and they hope soon to be able to possess excellent studios where all the classes can meet. President, Mrs. C. C. Beach; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. George G. Williams.

The Arts and Crafts Club of Hartford was organized in January, 1903. This society has classes in metal working and other arts-and-crafts work, and has given several very successful exhibitions. It has a shop and salesroom at 904 Main Street. President, Miss C. Louise Williams; Secretary-Treasurer, Claudia E. Ebbets.

The Camera Club of Hartford is probably the oldest club of its kind in the country, having been organized February 18, 1885, and incorporated in 1892. Its membership is some 75 or 80. Its aim is the promotion of the art of photography in general, as well as among its members. To this end occasional exhibits have been held, to show what work it has accomplished. It has co-operated effectively with other agencies in respect to the artistic side of civic development. President, Dr. Frederic S. Crossfield; Corresponding Secretary, Charles R. Nason.

The Civic Club of Hartford, a women's organization, dates from January 10, 1895. Its membership is limited to 150. Its chief aim is to help

The writer wishes to thank Miss Hewins of the Hartford Public Library, and those officers and members of the various Clubs, who have so kindly assisted in the accumulation of statistics regarding them.



Photograph by Eugene D. Field

WINTER, A HARTFORD CAMERA CLUB PRIZE PHOTOGRAPH

the advancement of the city in moral and civic directions. Observing the plan in other cities, this Club conceived the idea of starting vacation schools here. It also established the public playgrounds and school gardens. While these were in the experimental stage, they were supported by this Club and by interested individuals, and when they had been proved a success the city took them over. The Club is divided into numerous sections, such as the sections in charge of streets, schools, art, health, police court, and so on, the chairmen of which are members of the board of directors. With the aid of other clubs and individuals, it has bought a number of photographs for circulation among the schools. One school exhibits them during the year and then sends them on to another. President, Mrs. Appleton R. Hillyer; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Charles T. Welles.

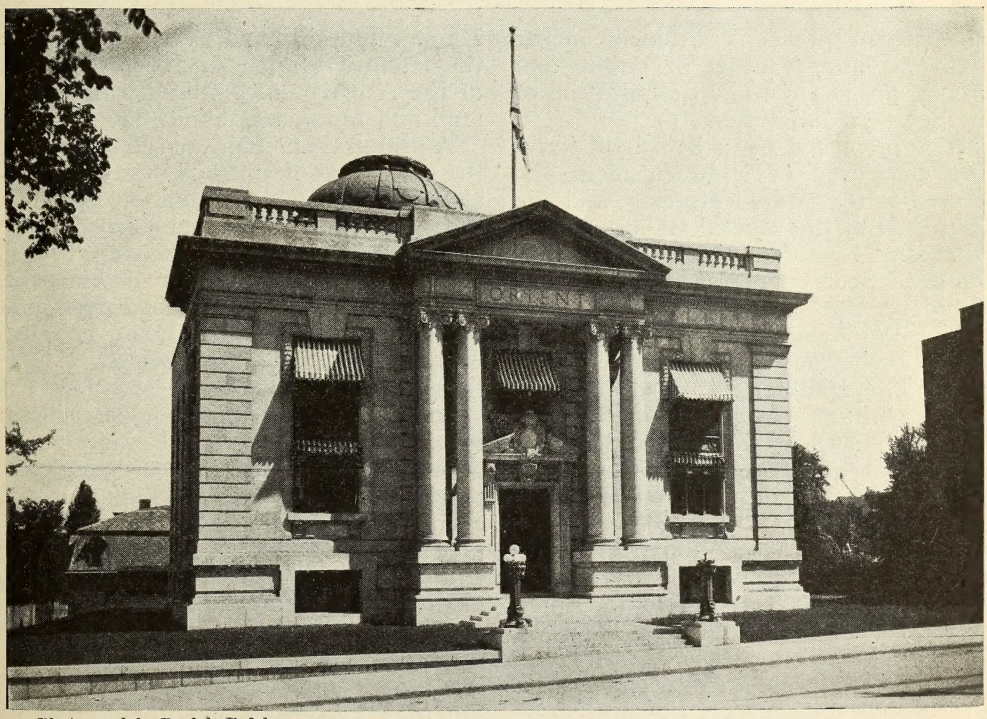
The Connecticut Chapter of the American Institute of Architects, or-

ganized October 23, 1902, has its headquarters in Hartford. President, W. R. Briggs, of Bridgeport; Secretary-Treasurer, Charles O. Whitmore, of Hartford.

The Connecticut League of Art Students was founded in 1888 and incorporated in 1895, with studios at 92 Pearl Street. This League originated in Hartford as "Mr. Flagg's Night Class." It meets three evenings a week. Its success was marked from the beginning and was soon formally organized, its object being to give instruction to men who, because of expense or employment during the day, were unable to attend a regular art school. The League is self-supporting, no salaries being paid to instructors or officers, except that, if he desires, the treasurer's dues are remitted. The dues paid by the men are only such as are needed to defray necessary expenses. President, A. J. Eaton; Corresponding Secretary, T. F. Brubacker; Instructors: Drawing and Painting, Charles Noel Flagg, Robert B. Brandegee and James Britton; Perspective, Professor Frederic R. Honey, Ph.B., and I. H. Grant; Anatomy, Dr. Joseph E. Root.

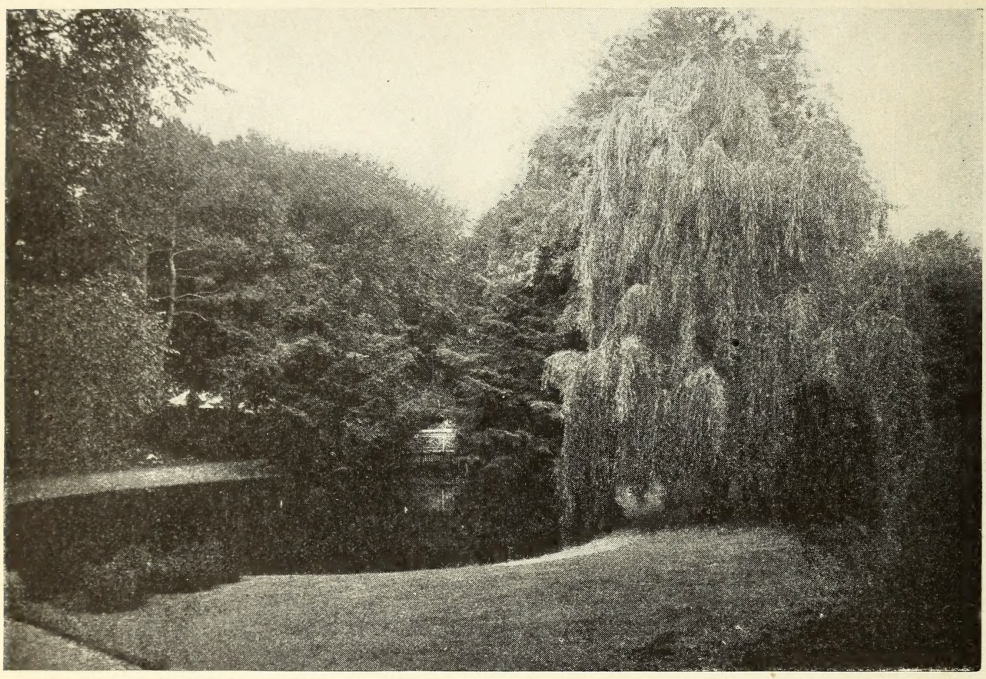
The Hartford Art Club is a women's organization, consisting of about 25 members, some of whom are artists. They meet for the study of the different European Schools of Art, and kindred topics. For the last three years they have been engaged with the Italian school, and this year are giving their attention to the Spanish. President, Mrs. J. L. English; Secretary, Miss B. L. Franklin.

The Municipal Art Society of Hartford was organized in 1904, its object being "to conserve and enhance in every practicable way the beauty of the streets, buildings, and public places of Hartford; to stimulate interest in the scenic, artistic and architectural development of the city; and to



Photograph by Paul de Fafchamps

ONE OF HARTFORD'S BEAUTIFUL INSURANCE BUILDINGS



Photograph by Paul de Fafchamps

ELIZABETH PARK.

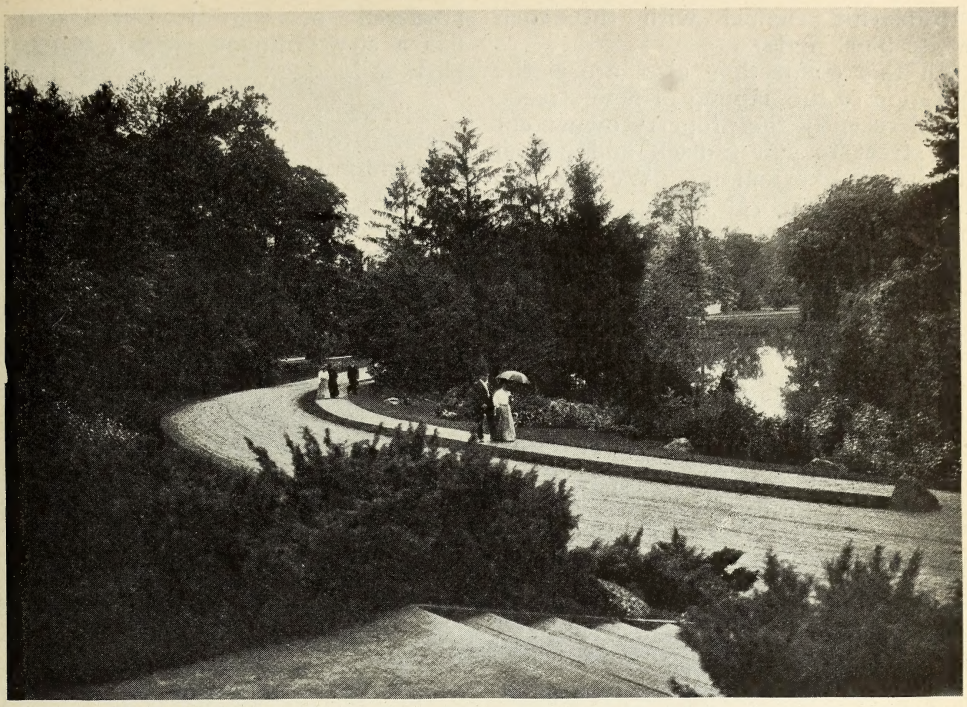
encourage a greater civic pride in the care and improvement of public and private property" (The Constitution of the Society, Bulletin No. 1).

It is governed by a board of directors composed of eighteen members, elected at the annual meeting, and the Chairmen of the several standing committees. President, John M. Holcombe; Secretary-Treasurer, Henry Robinson Buck.

The Wadsworth Athenaeum, while not a club, may well be mentioned here. This building, situated on Main Street, contains the rooms of the Connecticut Historical Society and of the Art school; and a Public Art Gallery which, having occupied its present location since 1842, is soon to be moved into the new Morgan Memorial building, to be treated of later in this article. The Athenaeum was begun in April, 1842, and completed in July, 1844. A large brick addition was built in January, 1893, to accommodate the Hartford Public Library on the first floor and the Watkinson Library on the second, and adjoined by the library of the Historical Society. The total cost of the Athenaeum buildings, including land and fence, was about $200,000.

A proposal is under consideration for the federation of all these organizations above mentioned. This, if carried through, will prevent much working at cross purposes, and insure a greater unity of interest. Also, in the event of the accomplishment of this federation, a clubhouse will probably be bought, or built, which will adequately house these various societies.

In Hartford there is, perhaps, as much natural beauty as in almost any other city of equal size. Foresighted persons have preserved many trees, even in the center of the city, and in places on the outskirts are thick woods. while all the residential streets are lined on both sides with trees. The ornamental and economical value of trees is, of course, a well-known fact. A stranger, introduced to Hartford for the first time and getting his first glimpse of it from the hills round about,



Photograph by Paul de Fafchamps

A PARKWAY

would find it difficult to believe that a city of 100,000 inhabitants nestled there among the greenery.

The Municipal Art Society, numbering now some five hundred members, and the other societies already mentioned, are working valiantly, each in its respective field, to augment these natural resources. To make a city beautiful, convenient and healthful—all these compose the duties of such societies, and to accomplish it in harmony with the city officials and with the least possible expense to the city should, of course, be their aim; and with these ends in view large work has been undertaken and some really striking results have been obtained.

One thing under consideration is the selection and adoption of a uniform street marker which shall be both useful and ornamental. The present sign is metal, enameled black, with aluminum letters about three inches high. While neat in appearance when new, these rust quickly and are not easily readable from a distance, at night they are quite illegible unless a street lamp shines directly upon them. It was proposed to find some type of sign which should be more satisfactory in both the above-mentioned respects, and at the same time be artistic. To this end the Committee on Street Fixtures and Advertising Signs, of the Municipal Art Society, opened correspondence with the city engineers of other large cities, at home and abroad, to ascertain what had been done in this line elsewhere. The inquiries invariably received prompt and kind attention, and sample street name-plates were supplied, and even in one case the model of a sign-post. Having a collection of this kind at hand, it was exhibited and the case presented to the public in open meeting, and finally to the Street Board. As a result permission was obtained to erect six signs at such street intersections as the Committee should choose. The marker selected as being in every way most suitable is of

ultramarine enamel with three-inch white block letters.

In this connection also arose the question of the naming of new streets. Until recently the property owner cut his street to suit himself and named it after a like manner. We are told that great minds run in the same channel, and it often happened that two streets in very different sections of the city received names phonetically similar or differing in no way but in the "street," "avenue" or "place" portion of the appellation. For instance, there is Allyn Street and Allen Place, the former in the very center and the latter about twenty minutes by trolley out to the southwest; also Meadow Street (south) and Meadow Place (west), and, again, Park Street, Park Terrace and Park Avenue (south center, west and extreme northwest, respectively), besides numerous other instances.

Now, under the amended charter, new streets are to be named in accordance with a specific scheme, and their lay-out, etc., approved by the City Plans Commission before being adopted by the city, so much of this confusion will be avoided in the future.

While street name-plates of sufficient prominence are at a premium, advertising signs in many cases run to the opposite extreme, particularly the electric ones. As everybody knows, no method of illumination and evening decoration offers more diverse opportunities than electricity. But, like many other things of beauty, when turned to private ends it becomes a glaring nuisance. Competition enters in, and each sign-owner strives to outshine his neighbor. And when flat signs, electric or painted, fail to attract attention, they are turned out end-wise, and there they hang, over the heads of the long-suffering populace, like the sword of Damocles about to descend. And, like the sword, they are apt to descend, with consequent loss of life or limb. The craze has spread from the saloons even up to one of the churches, though nothing more incongruous could be imagined than a church flying at its bow a blue and white electric-bordered "beer-sign"! But Hartford has a city ordinance which reads, in part, as follows:

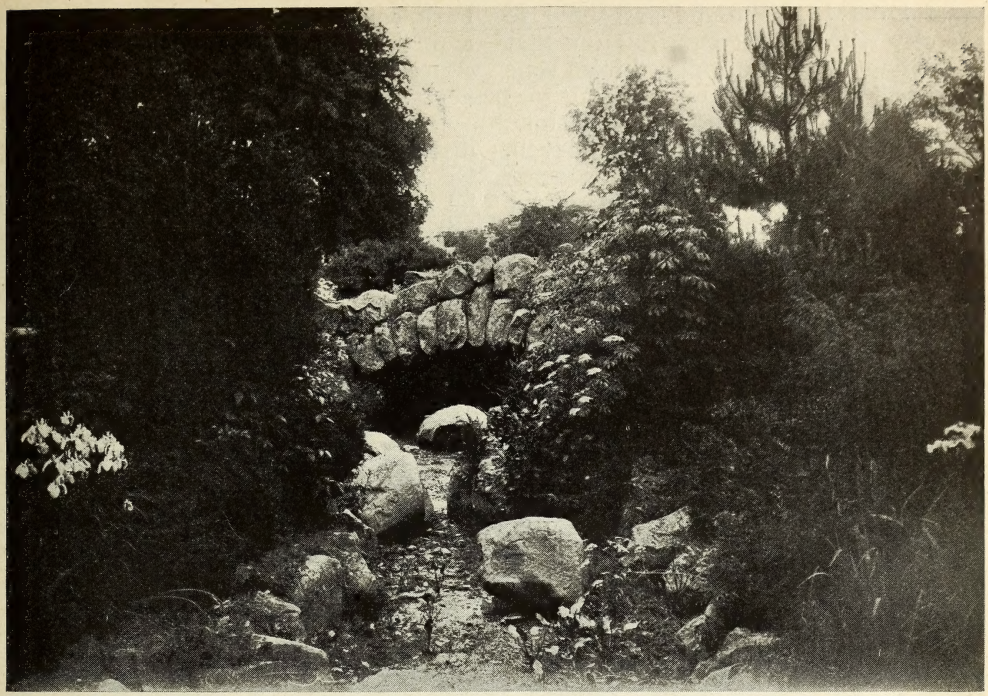
> "The following acts are declared to be acts of nuisance: the placing of any business sign, within the limits of any street of the city, otherwise than parallel to and against or as near as is convenient to the face of the building, wall or fence whereunto the same shall be attached."

The penalty for its violation is a fine of not less than $1.00 or more than $25.00. Prosecutions are being made on the basis of this law and results are being obtained, and there can be ultimately but one outcome.

In line with this mode of advertisement may be mentioned the omnipresent billboards. These have no respect for majesty of scenery or artistic beauty. Painted on rocky precipices in this country's greatest mountain system are to be seen advertisements of Carter's Little Liver Pills, Hood's Sarsaparilla, and kindred things. Popular disgust at such displays is steadily increasing.

In the country natural beauty is defaced or quite hidden from view by huge signboards. It gives one a distinct sense of physical shock to come suddenly upon one of these multicolored monstrosities in the midst of an otherwise peaceful and quiet landscape. Hartford has many of these nuisances within the city limits, but in the near future they bid fair to be reduced to the minimum.

On the main artery of traffic between the center and the fashionable residential "Hill" section was a towering "double-decker" signboard, and by its side one of ordinary proportions. These were eyesores for years, and, at last, was organized the United Committee for Bill Board Regulation, and it began to agitate the subject. In this case the owner showed himself very considerate, for without being approached personally he had them removed when he learned the general drift of public opinion.



Photograph by Paul de Fafchamps.

A TOUCH OF NATURE IN A HARTFORD PARK

At the corner of Pearl and Ford streets, and overlooking beautiful Bushnell Park, is a row of very unattractive low wooden shanties. These had, until very recently, a fringe of billboards along their base, and were crowned with another along the edge of the roofs. In response to public opinion the committee has been able to persuade the owner of the buildings and the lessee of the advertising privilege to remove most of these billboards, and a serious eyesore has thus been largely eliminated.

On the roof of the building at "Exchange Corner," in the very center of the city, stood for a number of years a huge round sign, on which appeared the picture of a man, many times life size, mixing something in a glass, while large letters informed the shuddering watcher, "Highball. That's all." Most everyone thought it was quite enough, if not one too many. And so after much agitation by individuals through the public press and by the Municipal Art Society, the lease was not renewed, and great was the public rejoicing.

This illustrates the power of public opinion. A bill has recently been passed which will at least restrain the use of billboards within the city limits, and it would be a very welcome departure, here and in other states, if the outlying districts also could be protected.

Traffic in the city streets is becoming more and more congested as the city grows in size. It has been found necessary within two years to station policemen at five of the principal street intersections in order to protect pedestrians while crossing, and also to enforce the rules of the road. The Municipal Art Society is agitating the question of locating isles of safety at such points. In order to arouse public interest in this subject, there has been held a competition, recently closed,—designs of isles of safety with electroliers being submitted, for vote and adoption by the Society, and the suc-

cessful design is "to be presented to the city with the recommendation that it be adopted and reproduced from time to time," as the need may arise.

Hartford has a splendid park system, being surrounded by a chain of eleven, ranging from 2,85 acres to 663 acres in extent. Keney Park, the gift of the late Henry Keney, situated at the north end and partly in the town of Windsor, is the second largest park in New England, only the Metropolitan Reserve, near Boston, having the precedent. It is largely in a state of nature, and is famous for its beautiful wooded drives and expanse of meadowlands.

Riverside Park, on the west bank of the Connecticut north of the bridge, was converted from waste meadowland. Some eight years ago a playground was instituted here, which has proved of immense value to the congested East Side, which adjoins it.

There is, also, a children's playground at the East end of Bushnell Park, equipped with sand boxes, swings and other suitable apparatus. It is expected that this area will be doubled next season.

Pope Park, in the west side factory district, has also a playground, and Goodwin Park at the Southwest a public golf course. The Board of School Visitors has the oversight of all these playgrounds.

At Pope Park there is a gymnasium for children too old for sand boxes and swings. Day classes for the children and evening classes for adults have alike proved very satisfactory.



Photograph by Paul de Fafchamps.

THE LILY POND.

This last year the City appropriated $600 to pay the salaries of four physical instructors in as many parks, this to supplement the work of one such instructor in one park, formerly supported by private contribution.

In Colt and Riverside Parks are school gardens, assiduously tended by the youngsters, under careful direction.

The total number in attendance last season on all the above classes of out-



CONDITIONS WITH WHICH CIVIC IMPROVEMENT BEGINS

door work, including, also, the vacation schools which use the parks two sessions each week, was nearly 99,000.

Located at Vine and Mather Streets at the North end, whither it moved this year from Riverside Park, is the Baby Hospital, presided over by trained nurses and under the supervision of a committee of physicians. This has proved a godsend to many wee citizens of the East Side, who, without the careful nursing and fresh air of this tented ward would have yielded up their lives in an unequal struggle.

A municipal building which shall have ample office room is now a burning question in Hartford. The historic City Hall has been outgrown. Four sites, favored by the majority of those interested as being the most suitable among a possible nineteen, are: first, at the corner of Pearl and Ford streets, where now stands the row of wooden buildings referred to in an earlier paragraph, and, second, on the south side of Asylum Hill, west of the railroad tracks. If placed on either spot, it would be easily accessible from all parts of the city and especially from the railway station. If the former site were chosen, located as it would be, across the street from the Y. M. C. A., it would also form a handsome addition to the Bushnell Park group of buildings, to be discussed later. Third, on Main Street, south of the Morgan memorial, and, fourth, on the corner of Pearl and Trumbull streets, this latter site to occupy practically all the block between Trumbull and Lewis streets, with the exception of the land on which stands the National Fire Insurance building.

In this connection has arisen the question as to whether this building shall be a permanent structure, or planned only for a term of, say, twenty-five years. It would seem as though, in view of the necessarily large outlay of money, it would be more economical in the end to secure a site on which a building suitable to serve indefinitely might be erected.

Much building naturally has been going on which has added to the artistic beauty of the city, in which the Municipal Art Society has not had a direct hand.

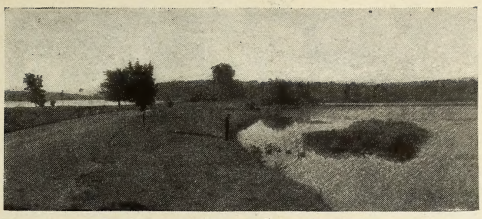
The new bridge, costing about $1,600,000, and called The Hartford Bridge, is one of the largest stone bridges in the world, being 1192½ feet long, over all, and 80 feet wide, 60 feet between curbs.



Photograph by E. M. Astle

"THE HOME OF THE THRUSH"

THE DEVELOPMENT OF MIDDLESEX FELLS



A GLIMPSE OF SPOT POND

By FREDERICK W. COBURN

ELEVEN years ago Mr. William B. de Las Casas, the able chairman of the Metropolitan Park Commission, wrote for THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE so entertaining and comprehensive an account of the Middlesex Fells that any subsequent exposition, either of its charms or of the difficulties and prejudices amidst which it was created to be a breathing place for a community of more than a million people, is likely to involve repetition and dilution. No one else, in all probability, has so sympathetically and so accurately described the delights that await the sojourner in a region of breezy uplands and glistening lakes, all within a ten-mile radius of the Golden Dome on Beacon Hill. Nowhere else have been brought together so many historical data concerning the Middlesex Fells, beginning with the famous expedition of Governor John Winthrop in 1632 which gave a name to Cheese Rock and ending with the story of the earlier efforts of the newly appointed Commission to accommodate to the needs of the populace using them the conditions in the woodland entrusted to their control.

There really remains only to add an occasional postscript to Mr. de Las Casas' monumental contribution, to the effect that some one of the important steps scheduled in the popularization of this beautiful area have been taken.

And one of these forward steps was made in the summer just passing. Heretofore one of the limitations of the wooded park—a defect which some, selfishly inclined, might regard as a virtue—has been a certain inaccessibility. For fifteen years or more the Fells have been there, unapproachably charming at all seasons of the year, their wind-swept crags blushing with the sumach and barberry or opalescent with the mantle of new fallen snow; their lakes gleaming like diamonds in the sunlight or glowing like pearls under a cloudy sky. Yet to glimpse the beauties of the reservation it has heretofore been necessary either to have a special vehicle, in which to traverse the excellent roadways of the reservation or to walk for a considerable distance from points well outside the Fells. The trolley service that has brought most of the parks of greater Boston within easy reach of the populated blocks has barely approached this open area of three thousand acres.

Even back in the days of the preliminary Metropolitan Park Commission, whose work, under the secretaryship of Mr. Sylvester Baxter, is gratefully remembered; it was intended that eventually a line of street cars should bisect the park, making the attractions of Spot Pond and its environing hills readily and inexpensively available to all the people who regard the dome of the Statehouse as the Hub of the Universe. This original plan has at last been carried out, in part. On August 15, 1909, the Boston Elevated Railway Company, which, about two years be-



NEW CONCRETE BRIDGE ON THE FELLS ROAD

fore, had received authorization to build into the Fells from Medford to Spot Pond, opened its line. The privilege of continuing the route to Stoneham Square and thence of developing a much-needed short line to the cities of the Merrimac Valley rests with the Boston and Northern Company. Work on this latter extension is progressing rapidly at the present writing.

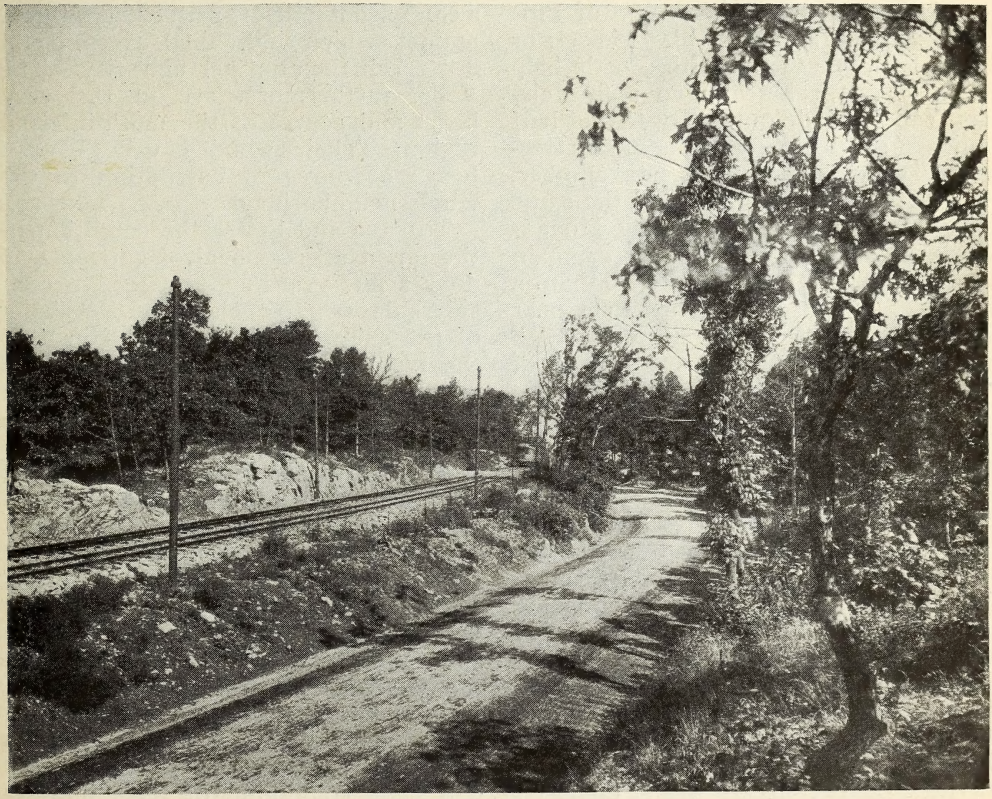
The effects of the consequent democratization of the great reservation of 3000 acres will be interesting to watch. The Middlesex Fells, in the past ten years or more, have acquired a sort of body of titleless proprietors—urbanites and suburbanites who, on every possible occasion, spend an hour or a half day or a day within its bounds.

To this public-landed gentry the name of "Fells," first applied to the region by Mr. Baxter back in the seventies, is synonymous with quiet walks over well-graded roadways and by-paths on which there is less chance of meeting fellow sojourners than on most country roads of New England; with mildly adventurous scaling of rocky fastnesses that overhang quiet lakes; with study of the outlines of distant mountain ranges from the tops of the Bear Hill and Lawrence observatories; with hunting wild fowl and small animals with the harmless camera. Although fishing and swimming in the reservoirs is necessarily forbidden, as is the despoilment of the vegetation, there are pleasing occupations enough for all the outdoor enthusiasts.

Particularly in the winter months the Fells give the Bostonian a keen foretaste of the pleasures he may enjoy if, as a member of the Appalachian Club, he makes one of those fascinating jaunts on snow shoes across the bare ridges of the White Mountains. The lure of the white mantled hills has long been felt in the dull grey city. The

sale of snow shoes and skis in the cold winters of 1903-4 and 1904-5 was remarkably brisk; a large proportion of them must have been used in the Middlesex Fells, where wobbly trails extended through every glade. The subsequent seasons have been a little disappointing, on account of the failure of Boreas to assist. Only another old-fashioned winter, however, is needed to double the number of groups of ruddy-cheeked young men and maidens striding among pines and oaks with the walk taught by Indian guides. It will also bring out again the cohorts of adventurous boys and girls on the Norsemen's locomotives, skimming down rocky hillsides, leaping across ravines and coasting far out upon the surface of the snow-covered lakes. This is a pasture for the young and lithe. Elderly gentlemen and stout ladies of the modern Athens sometimes provide themselves with skis and essay ski-running in the Fells; for such folk it is better to cling to the valleys and to take no slope that drops more than five feet in a hundred. Those, too, who before or after trial find that skis are absolutely unsafe, discover solace in days of early and late winter when the ice on the lakes of the Fells is in perfect condition and skating is allowed.

For these and other sports the big reservation to the north of Boston is nearly ideal. Geologically it is the most primitive of the forested parks of the metropolitan district—a region of roots of ancient mountains, worn off by the grind of the glaciers and weathered into greyness by the storms of a thousand centuries. It displays for the naturalist some of the flora and fauna of the uplands of northern New England. The reserved mountain chain to the south of Boston, the Blue Hill



ROUNDING THE CURVE IN THE FELLS

region, is more characteristically Appalachian— as opposed to Laurentian— with its mantle of trees akin to those of the mountains of northern New Jersey of Pennsylvania. Pre-eminently in the Fells are summits that remind the observer of the New Hampshire and Maine mountaintops above the timber line. So that to all these hills, "Boston's miniature White Mountains" is not altogether far fetched. If the beautiful hill country of the Switzerland of America has its Old Man of the Mountains, so has the metropolitan reserve its Old Lady of the Woods, with likeness rudely sculptured by snow and wind from a granite boulder. The three Winchester reservoirs and Spot Pond are like so many lakes of central New Hampshire. The mountain climbing in the Fells is, of course, less arduous than that of Mt. Washington; but the prospects are hardly less pleasing—as may be proved by the ascent, on any fine day, of Pine Hill, 240 feet; Cairn Hill, 300 feet, or Bear Hill, 320 feet. With a little help from a topographical map a fine circuit can be made out. "By taking half a dozen of these tiny peaks in an afternoon," observes an enthusiastic climber, "I get the same exercise and the same exhiliration as from mounting Monadnock or Greylock. Mountaineering in Boston's back yard is better than a passable substitute; it comes very near being the real thing."

Improvement of the appearance of this magnificent park of all the people has progressed from year to year since Mr. de Las Casas described some of the opposition which the Park Commission, in the late nineties, was encountering in its schemes. Purchases of private property along the Winchester side and elsewhere have somewhat enlarged the area. A new and handsome administration building has been opened in the southern part of the reservation. Carriage roads have been extended to pass through beautiful and hitherto inaccessible tracts. Concrete bridges have been thrown across ravines, and concrete seats disposed in shady nooks. An unsafe observatory has been removed; the approaches to those that are safe have been made easier.

Above all, the principles of scientific forestry are being applied. When the reservation was first set off one of its manifest limitations was the insignificant, not to say scrubby quality of the wood. There were a few handsome pines and hemlocks, as in the celebrated Virginia woods on the Melrose side; but for nearly three hundred years, "The Rocks," as the district was anciently known, had been chopped over and burned over until suggestions of the glory of the primaeval forest were found only in a few isolated spots. Coppice growth—that is of trees which shoot up from the stumps of felled trees—is, by nature, degenerate as compared with the trees that come up from seed. Most of the stand in the Fells, was, and still is, coppice. It was also found to be overcrowded—a confused tangle of small oak and birch, amidst which individual trees could not reach their proper maturity. The Fells, furthermore, are in the very heart and centre of the moth-infested region. Their wooded valleys were hence a source of corruption to the whole neighborhood.

To save and better the condition of the forest a great deal of cutting was done a few years ago—in face of considerable popular clamor. Residents of the suburban towns complained of the resultant rawness. Even yet the openness of the woods is in some places a little apparent, and on a warm day, not altogether agreeable.

But the steady progress of the trees that were left toward nobler dimensions than are usual in an old woodlot is already demonstrating the wisdom of the excisions. There has been a perceptible deepening of the shade in five years, and the underbrush no longer shuts out what breeze there is. In the valleys and on the hillsides it is already possible to discern the beginnings of a real forest which, without imitating the European public forests, will have something of their impressiveness. The Park Commission found

thickets of scrub oak; they will leave groves of stately pine and hardwood.

Further steps in the opening of the Fells to the whole New England public are easily foreseen. Within a short time the second section of the route between Medford and Stoneham will have been finished, and the great host of New England trolley trippers will have a new approach to the Hub. The Fells will then have become a distant bears' dens. The lowland slopes are precisely fitted for deer ranges. Ponds for aquatic animals and fowl can readily be created. A papier mache model of a zoo with distinctive features has already been prepared. The plan only awaits a time suitable for its financing.

As compared with either the Bronx Park, in New York, or the grounds of the National Zoo, at Washington, the Boston collections would be very favor-



Photcgraph by E. M. Astle

AN OLD LADY, MIDDLESEX FELLS

city park of Lowell, Lawrence, Andover and Nashua.

Eventually will come the realization of the long delayed project for zoological gardens worthy of the name which Boston has among the cities of the United States. An admirable site on the southern exposure of the Fells has been selected by the Massachusetts Zoological Society as appropriate to its scheme. There is abundance of never failing water—a very important consideration. Old quarries on the hillsides invite the construction of ably situated. They would never suffer for want of popular appreciation. The longing that the city at the head of Massachusetts Bay has for animals was shown shortly after there was started, some years ago at the reservation headquarters in the Fells, a little nucleus of a zoo. In comparison with the big animal gardens of other cities it was, of course, a meagre though interesting collection, gathered at the personal expense of the superintendent and consisting of a few native animals and birds.



City hall square, New Bedford

New Bedford

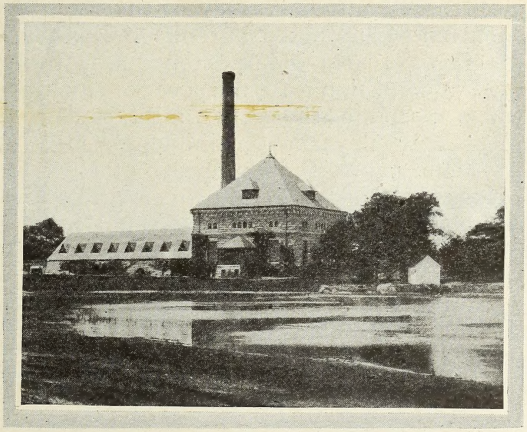
The wonderful growth of a Massachusetts cotton manufacturing city which has acquired the leading habit.

By W. H. B. REMINGTON

NEW BEDFORD has acquired the leading habit.

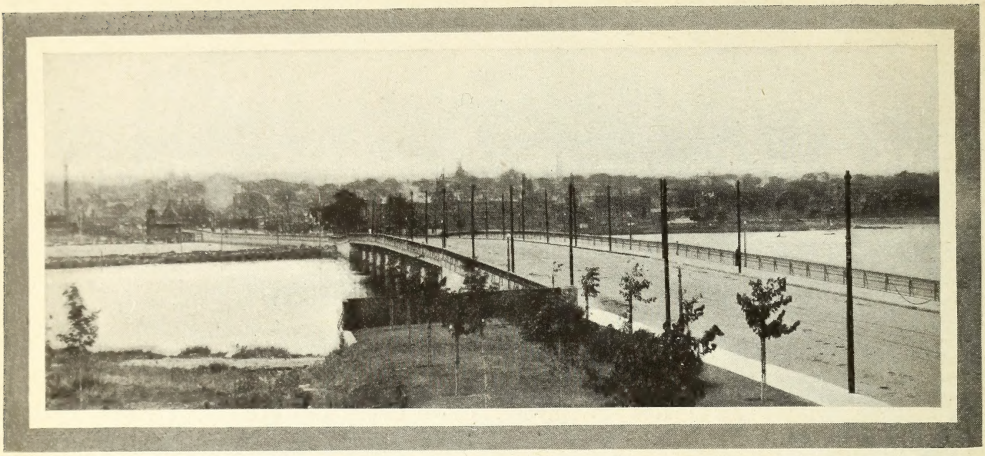
The time was, and not so very long ago, when every encyclopedia and every geography used in the public schools referred to New Bedford as, "The Whaling City," and emphasized the fact that while New Bedford was somewhat interested in the manufacture of fine cotton goods, it led the world in the whaling industry.

While it is true that New Bedford still leads the world in point of whaling tonnage locally owned, the New Bedford man of the present generation chooses to forget it, and when anybody asks him what claim New Bedford has to distinguish it from other cities, he proudly says that New Bedford leads the country in the manufacture of fine cotton goods. When he adds that New Bedford makes, of fine cotton cloth, a mile a minute, the listener commences to wonder, and to figure the miles on miles of yarn which must be spun to give New Bedford such a reputation. As a matter of fact, New Bedford makes a mile and an eighth of cotton cloth every minute of the working day. A few years ago the calamity howlers who delight to portray the decadence of New England,—and, thank goodness, they are growing beautifully less as the years go on,—declared that the lapse of but a few years would see New Bedford's cotton manufacturing industry transplanted to the Sunny South, near the source of supply of the raw materials, cotton and coal, following the pathway of the departed iron industry which once flourished in this section.



THE NEW BEDFORD WATER WORKS PUMPING STATION

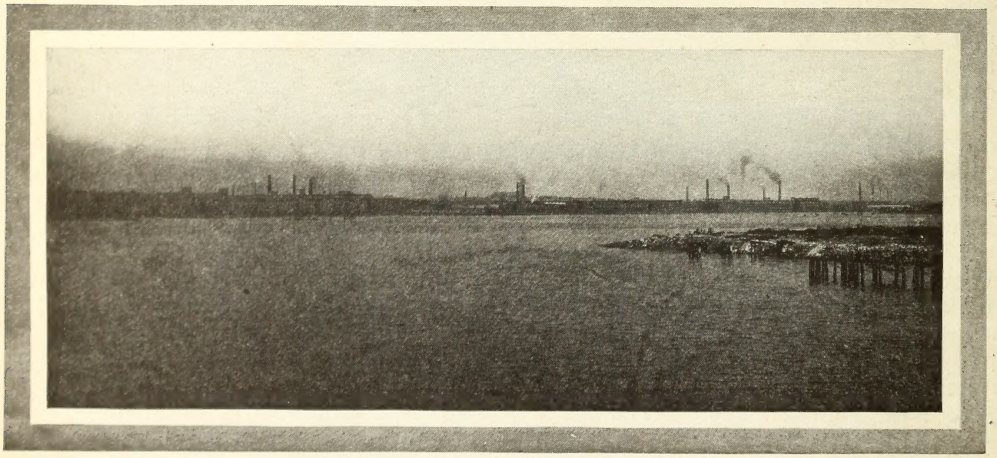
New Bedford mill men heard the prediction and inwardly smiled. Instead of throwing their cotton mill stocks upon the market before the crash came, they watched and waited. And while they were waiting, they bought new machinery and built new mills. They are buying new machinery and building new mills to-day. While the South is undoubtedly a factor in cotton manufacture, New Bedford, with a conservatism which is proverbial, continues on its way, making, each day, more and more of the finest cotton cloth woven



NEW BEDFORD FROM FRANKLIN BRIDGE

in this country, and fearing little in the line of Southern competition.

There is a reason for New Bedford's supremacy in the manufacture of fine cotton goods; indeed, there are several reasons. In the first place, the climatic conditions are favorable. The moisture which the combination of sun and sea produces, on this favored arm of Buzzards Bay, creates a condition of humidity which makes possible the spinning of the finest cotton yarns at the least expense. Then, again, the pioneers of New Bedford's cotton mill business determined upon the manufacture of the finest quality of cotton goods. While other cotton manufacturers put their money into print cloth mills, looking for the profits which followed along that line, New Bedford's capitalists maintained a steady course, turning out fine fabrics. In the history of the New Bedford cotton mills, but one mill out of the many now in existence was built for the particular purpose of making print cloths, and that mill, to-day, is transformed into a fine-goods mill. The wisdom of the pioneers of New Bedford's cotton mill is proven. The fine work, at the start, attracted an intelligent class of operatives, and the skill of the New Bed-



NORTH MILLS FROM BRIDGE

ford mill help to-day is not surpassed, if it is equalled, in any cotton manufacturing city in the world.

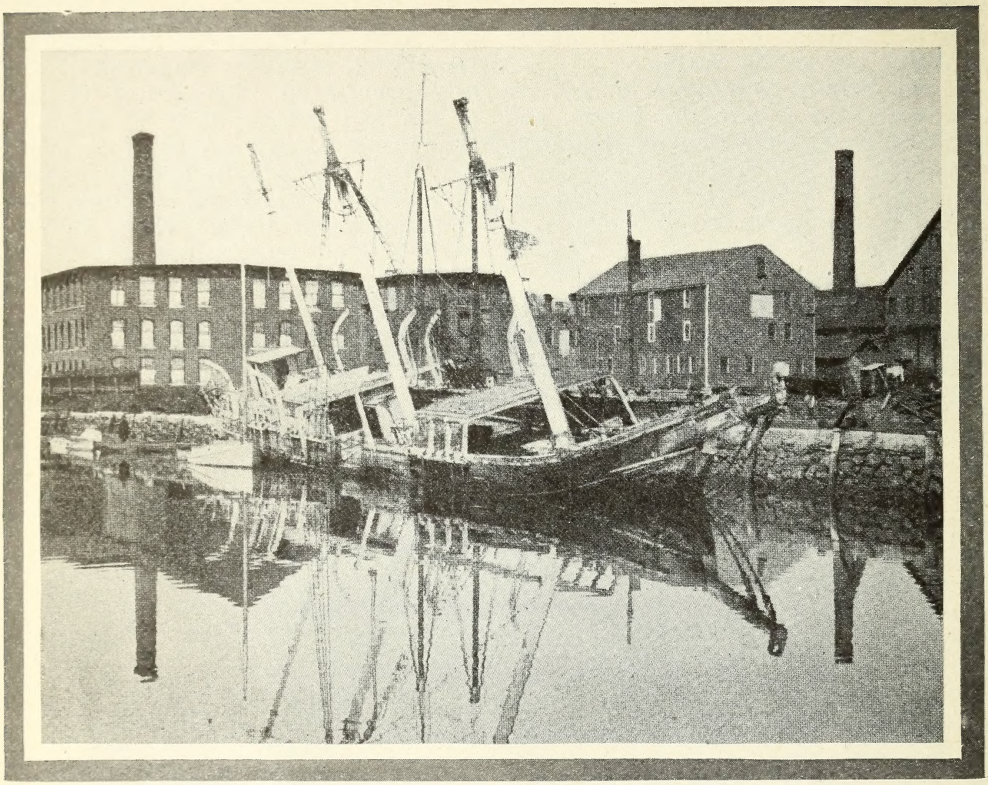
New Bedford was once famous as the wealthiest city in the Union, per capita. The people of New Bedford, to-day, are worth $125,000,000. There is not a state or territory in the United States, including Alaska, in which New Bedford capital is not invested.

New Bedford's natural advantages, and the attractions which the city offers to investors, as well as to home seekers, are many. Built on an arm of Buzzards Bay, a magnificent waterway, with a long line of water front which is capable of unlimited development, New Bedford offers dockage facilities available for great transportation utility. The harbor and channel are dredged to a depth of twenty-five feet, affording a safe entrance to the largest coastwise vessels. The port is located to the south of Cape Cod, with its dangerous shoals of shifting sand. Because of its easy access and geographical situation, it is the natural gateway through which may pass the Southern commodities, such as coal and cotton, which all New England must have. New Bedford will reap advantage from the future traffic through the Cape Cod canal, the dredging of which is now actually begun, inasmuch as it is the nearest port of supply to the southern entrance of the canal, and must benefit from the commercial activity which the canal will invite.



STATE ARMORY, NEW BEDFORD

President Mellen, of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, is alive to the situation, and is taking a personal interest in the transportation development of New Bedford. The



Photograph by Geo. H. Nye

THE OLD INDUSTRY AND THE NEW

promise is given that New Bedford will have an industrial railroad, connecting every mill yard in the city with the main railroad line, and that a direct line between New York and Cape Cod, joining the Shore Line at Providence, and passing through New Bedford, will be built in the near future. The Providence end of this line of development is already begun.

So much for New Bedford's commercial prospects. Now a word or two of the city's history, which is an industrial romance.

The first Englishman of note to stand on New Bedford soil was Bartholomew Gosnold, who visited the locality in 1602, bringing with him a journalist who described the bay in words which are as true to-day as they were over three hundred years ago: "Stately groves, flowering meadows and running brooks," wrote Gosnold's press agent, "afford delightful entertainment." Wise and wealthy people the country over appreciate the delights of the Buzzards Bay shores, and make their summer homes on the borders of the bay. There are one hundred summer resorts within trading distance of the city.

Within a few years after the arrival of the Mayflower at Plymouth, the dwellers of the Pilgrim colony began to look with covetous eyes upon the pleasant land which had charmed Gosnold, and in 1652 they acquired the territory by purchase. The village which sprang up on the shores of the Acushnet remained an agricultural community for years. It was about 1760 that Bedford Village, then a part of the mother town of Dartmouth, entered upon the whaling industry which made the city of later day famous, and sent its ships to every ocean on earth.

For a hundred years, in spite of two wars with England, wars which well nigh ruined the commerce of the little community, New Bedford led the world in the chosen calling of its people. Then came the discovery and commercial utilization of mineral oil closely following the Civil War, which had proved disastrous to New Bedford's shipping, and after that two appalling disasters in the Artic, whereby New Bedford vessels valued at millions of dollars were caught and crushed in the ice, and of necessity abandoned.

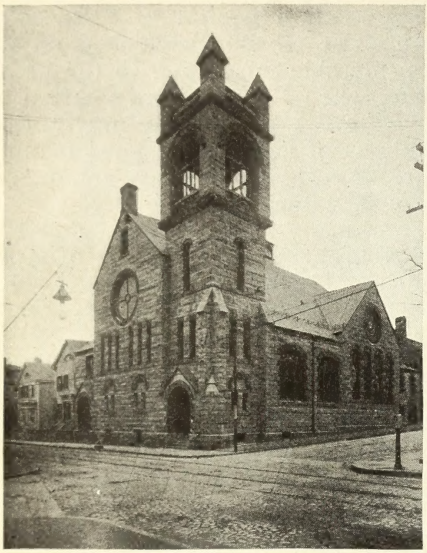
Such a combination of circumstances would have ruined a less courageous people. Balked on the ocean, New Bedford enterprise was directed to the manufacture of cotton goods. From the starting of the Wamsutta Mills, in 1846, with a capital of $160,000, an enterprise which was looked on with considerable misgiving, to the present time, when New Bedford's cotton mill investments amount to nearly thirty millions of dollars, the local manufacture of cotton goods has grown, until now it is the chief industry.

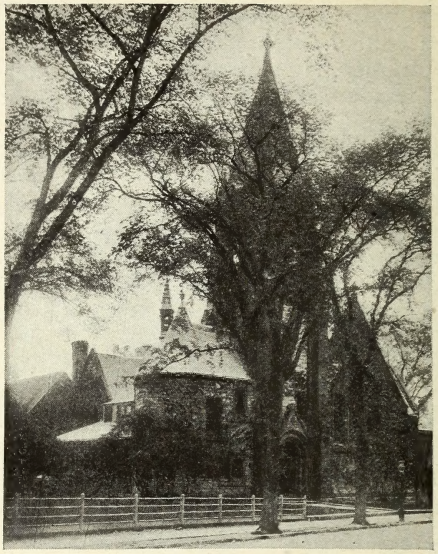
For many years Sanford & Kelley, local brokers, as a matter of public spirit and business judgment, have issued statistical statements bearing upon the business of New Bedford. Through their courtesy the following up-to-date showing of the cotton mill business is presented as the most satisfactory way of explaining the situation at a glance:

	1908. Capital.	1909. Capital.	1908. Spindles.	1909. Spindles.
Acushnet Mills	$500,000	$500,000	105,336	105,336
Beacon Mfg. Co.	237,000	237,000 com.	6,528	6,528
Beacon Mfg. Co.	250,000	250,000 pfd.	———	———
Bristol Mfg. Co.	800,000	80,000	67,000	67,000
Butler Mill	1,250,000	1,250,000	100,000	100,000
City Mfg. Co.	750,000	750,000	62,315	66,000
Dartmouth Mfg. Co.	600,000	1,200,000	126,592	206,000
Gosnold Mills Co.	550,000	825,000 com.	82,232	82,232
Gosnold Mills Co.	550,000	825,000 pfd.	———	———
Grinnell Mfg. Co.	1,000,000	1,000,000	128,000	128,000
Hathaway Mfg. Co.	800,000	800,000	108,328	108,000
Kilburn Mills	750,000	750,000	74,768	74,768
Manomet Mills	2,000,000	2,000,000	127,000	127,000
*N. E. Cotton Yarn Co.	———	———	*292,128	342,000
Nonquitt Spinning Co.	1,200,000	2,400,000	60,000	120,000
Page Mfg. Co.	750,000	750,000	50,376	75,376
Pierce Mfg. Co.	600,000	600,000	116,008	116,008
Potomska Mills	1,200,000	1,200,000	108,000	108,000
Soule Mill	1,050,000	1,260,000	93,000	93,000
Taber Mill	950,000	950,000	60,000	80,000
Wamsutta Mills	3,000,000	3,000,000	228,000	228,000
Whitman Mills	1,500,000	2,000,000	139,200	139,000
Holmes Mfg. Co. Com.	———	600,000	———	60,000
do. Pfd.	———	600,000	———	———
Nashawena Mill	———	2,500,000	———	125,000
N. B. Cotton Mill Co. Com.	———	250,000	———	60,000
do. Pfd.	———	750,000	———	———
Pierce Bros. Mill	———	750,000	———	60,000
Totals	$20,287,000	$28,797,000	$2,137,811	$2,677,338

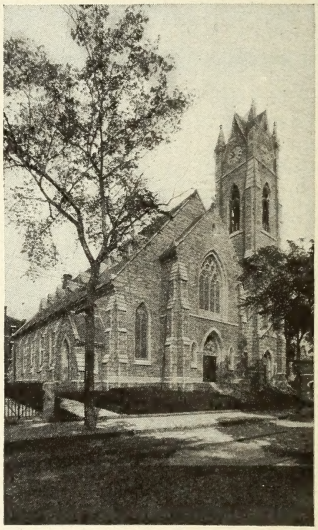
*In New Bedford.

Of the above mills, these are spinners of yarns, only: City Manufacturing Company, Kilburn Mills, Manomet Mills, New England Cotton Yarn Company and Nonquitt Spinning Company. The product of the remaining mills is as follows: Acushnet Mills, fine cotton goods; Beacon Manufacturing Company, plain and fancy cotton blankets; Bristol Manufacturing Company, fine









TRINITARIAN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, UNITARIAN

GRACE CHURCH, EPISCOPAL
ST. LAWRENCE CATHOLIC CHURCH



WHARF SCENE, 1870

cotton goods; Butler Mill, fine cotton, plain and fancy goods; Dartmouth Manufacturing Company, plain, fancy and jacquard fine cotton goods; Grinnell Manufacturing Company, fine cotton, plain and fancy silk mixtures; Hathaway Manufacturing Company, fine cotton goods; Page Manufacturing Company, various fine cotton goods; Pierce Manufacturing Company, fine cotton cloth; Potomska Mills, linons, lawns and fancy cotton goods; Soule Mill, plain and fancy cotton goods; Taber Mill, plain and fancy cotton weaves; Wamsutta Mills, shirtings, sheetings, cotton goods and high-grade yarns; Whitman Mills, plain and fancy cotton goods.

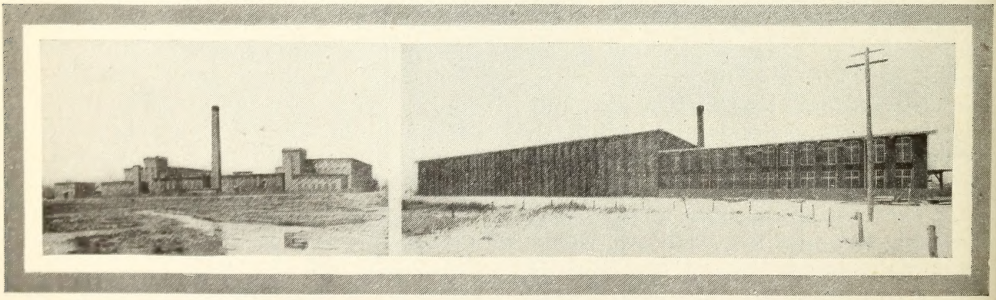
Of the new mills, now in process of erection, the product will be: Nashawena Mills, fine cotton yarns and cloth; Pierce Brothers' Mill, fine cotton cloth, including achitects' tracing cloth (the only mill in this country turning out this line); Holmes Mill, fine cotton yarns; New Bedford Cotton Mills Company, fine cotton cloth; Langshaw Mill (a part of the Dartmouth plant), plain and fancy cottons.

Although the New Bedford of today is pre-eminently a cotton mill city, it should be understood that there are other lines of industry in which New Bedford can claim leadership. The Morse Twist Drill & Machine Company, for instance, turns out twist drills and machine tools which are shipped to every country on the face of the globe, and which are standard in that line; William F. Nye's oil refinery, the largest fine oil refinery in the world, sends its cases of lubricating and watch oils to the remote parts of the earth, and the name of the manufacturer is as familiar to watch and clock makers, at home and abroad, as

their own; The New Bedford Cordage Company ships its manila and hemp products, spun and twisted by New Bedford workmen, everywhere that rope is used; The Pairpoint Manufacturing Corporation's glass and silverware grace the tables of luxury throughout the United States, and in its paper mill department this concern makes cones, tubes and cops, used in all cotton mills, and keeps several machines running the year round making the little paper cylinders which, when filled with powder, become the firecrackers with which Young America celebrates the Fourth of July; the Taunton & New Bedford Copper Company makes copper printing rolls and all sorts of copper and yellow metal products; the Crescent Manufacturing Company, a comparatively new industry, weaves silk dress goods of the finest texture; the Oneko Woolen Mills, the only woolen manufactory in the city, makes suitings and all sorts of woolen weaves; the E. E. Taylor Company turns out welt shoes as fast as 500 employees can put them together; the Continental Wood Screw Company manufactures iron, brass and machine screws and wood screw machinery; the Standard Ring Traveller Company and the New Bedford Shuttle Company make travellers and loom shuttles used in cotton mills; the Blackner Cut Glass Company produces cut glass and decorated table ware; J. C. Rhodes & Co. manufacture eyelets for various purposes: Snell & Simpson bake buscuits and crackers and ship them to all quarters; the breweries of Dawson & Son and Smith Bros. manufacture beer, ale and ice; the Bay State Chair Company sends its reed furniture throughout New England and the middle states; the Weeden Manufacturing Company makes many of the mechanical toys used by the American children; James L. Humphrey, Jr., manufactures ice; The George L. Brownell Estate manufactures fine carriages, hearses and ambulances; the Lambeth Rope Company manufactures cotton driving rope for the transmission of power; the Anderson Textile Manufacturing Company makes tape novelties for package wrapping. There are other industries doing a smaller amount of business, and there is room in New Bedford for many more.

New Bedford's banks are capitalized for $2,920,000, including the First National, $1,000,000; Mechanics' National, $600,000; Merchants' National, $1,000,000; New Bedford Safe Deposit & Trust Company, $200,000; Fairhaven National, $120,000. The savings bank deposits at the close of business Dec. 31, 1908, amounted to $25,841,430, divided as follows: New Bedford Institution for Savings, $16,548,996; New Bedford Five Cents Savings Bank, $9,292,435. The savings bank dividends in 1908 amounted to $922,560. The two co-operative banks, the Acushnet and New Bedford, with a capital of $1,000,000 each, have out 18,628 shares. No bank in New Bedford ever refused to pay a hundred cents on a dollar, on demand, and even in times of panic, the stay law was never resorted to.

Pages might be written of the excellence of the fire department, the park



THE GOSNOLD MILL

THE KILBORN MILL



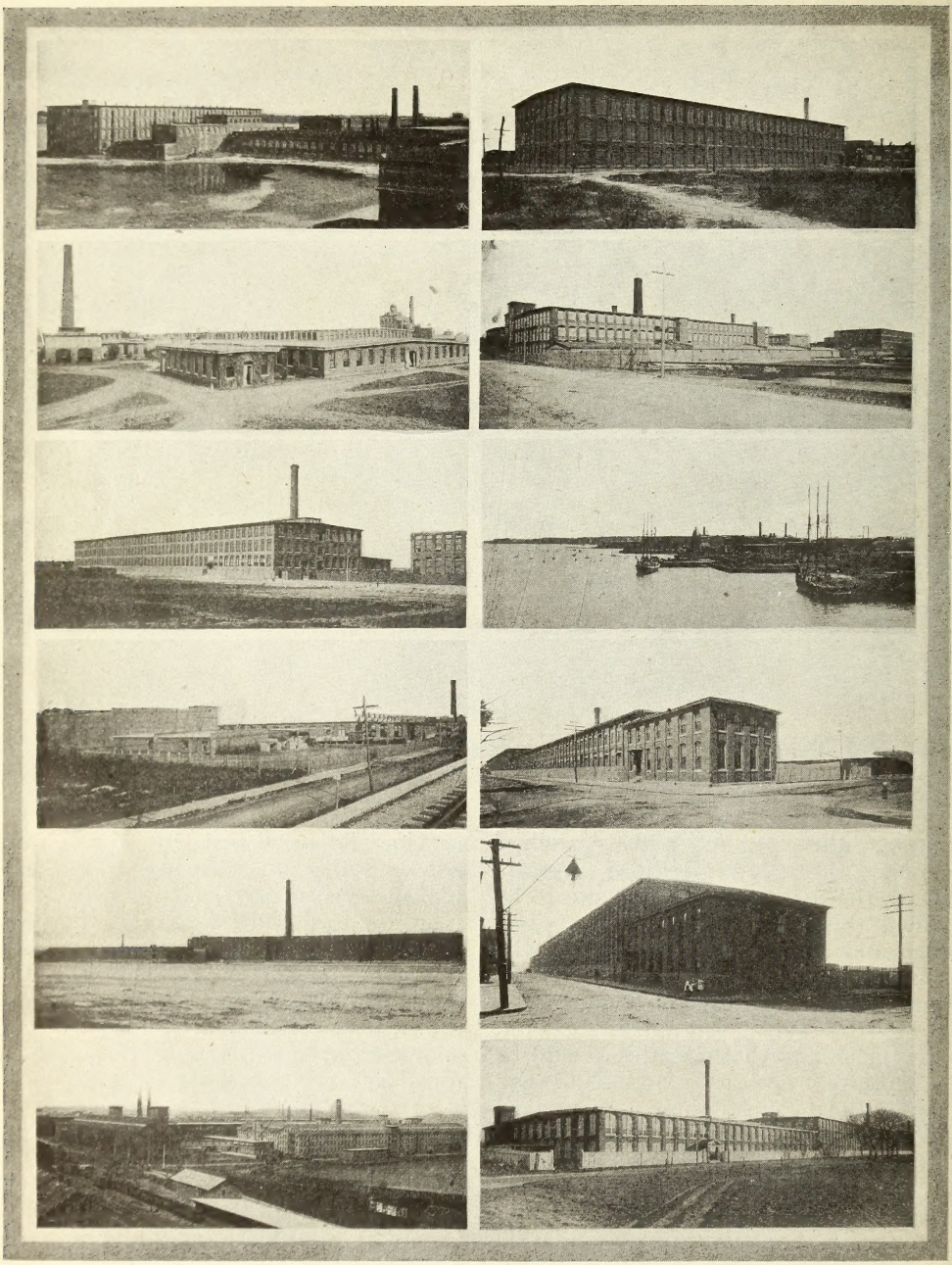
THE HAWTHORNE STREET ELMS

system, the public and parochial schools, the New Bedford Textile school, the new Industrial school to be opened this month, the general good order and sobriety of the people, the hospitals and charitable institutions, the churches, the stores, the amusement places, the social organizations, did space permit. All these things add to the comfort and satisfaction of the people, and perform their part toward making the city attractive as a home.

New Bedford's newspapers serve the city well. There are three dailies printed in English, "The Morning Mercury," "The Evening Standard," and the "Daily Times." The "Standard" and "Times" run Sunday editions. There are two French dailies and one Portuguese daily, besides numerous weekly papers printed in various languages.

New Bedford's local transportation service is furnished by the Union Street Railway Company; the Dartmouth & Westport, running between New Bedford and Fall River; the New Bedford & Onset, operating between New Bedford and Cape Cod points; the New Bedford, Middleboro and Brockton, a part of the Old Colony system, operating between New Bedford, Taunton, Middleboro and Brockton. There is a trolley freight service between New Bedford and Providence, and New Bedford and Cape Cod points

The steamer connections are operated by the New England Navigation Company, running a daily line between New Bedford and New York (freight in winter and passenger and freight in summer); the New Bedford, Marthas Vineyard & Nantucket Steamboat Company, running daily between New Bedford, Woods Hole, Marthas Vineyard and Nantucket; and the New



THE SOULE MILL
ONEKO WOOLEN MILL
MANOMET MILL
BEACON MILL
WHITMAN MILL
WAMSUTTA MILL
TABOR MILL
NEW ENGLAND COTTON YARN CO.
SOUTH MILL
PIERCE MILL
BRISTOL MILL
NONQUITT MILL



THE BUTLER MILL
GRINNEL MFG. CO.
NEW LANGSHAW MILL, DARTMOUTH PLANT
NEW HOLMES MILL
NEW NEW BEDFORD MILL
CITY MFG. CO.
NEW PIERCE BROS. MILL
ACUSHNET MILL
HATHAWAY MILL
PAGE MFG. CO.
NEW NASHAWENA MILL
POTOMSKA MILLS

Bedford Towboat Company, running daily trips in summer to Nonquitt and Cuttyhunk, and winter mail trips to the latter place. New Bedford is also a point of call for the Insular Navigation Company, running a packet steamer between Lisbon, the Azores and the United States; there are also regular packets to and from the Cape Verde Islands, and St. Helena.

One of New Bedford's proud possessions, as a municipality, is the water works system, which furnishes an unlimited pure supply from Little Quittacas Lake. The specially designed Leavitt engines located at the pumping station are acknowledged by water works engineers to be the finest in America. Water for manufacturing purposes is ten cents per one thousand gallons.

Gas and electricity for street lighting and commercial uses are supplied by the New Bedford Gas & Edison Light Company. The city is served by two telephone companies, the Southern Massachusetts, a part of the Bell system; and the Automatic, an independent line.

A few words as to New Bedford's growth. When New Bedford became a city, in 1847, the estimated population was 16,000. The national census of 1850 gave the number of people as 16,443; in 1860 the number had grown to 22,300; between that time and 1865, when the state census was taken, there was a falling off, the census of that year showing only 20,855; in 1880, fifteen years later, the growth had reached only 26,845. Then New Bedford began to put on weight. In 1885, the increase was to 33,393; in 1890, 40,733; in 1895, 55,251; in 1900, 62,442; in 1905, 74,362; in 1906, by a special census, 79,078. Since 1906, only the figures issued by the assessors, based upon the number of polls, have been the guide for estimate. This year's enumeration, made by the assessors in May, has produced 23,956 polls, which, by the method of computation, indicates 95,824 people. A conservative estimate of 100,000 is not a bit too large at this writing. The prediction is made that on Jan. 1, 1910, New Bedford will have 115,000 people.

The real and substantial growth of the city is shown by the record of building operations kept at the building inspection office. Since Jan. 1, 1909, to the first of September, the estimated cost of new buildings begun is $4,937,900; the inspector of buildings has issued 675 permits to build since Jan. 1. In the case of the new mills, the estimated cost does not include equipment, but the structures alone.

The statistics of the building department for the past five years tell a remarkable story, as the following table will show:

	No. Permits	Estimated Cost.	Dwellings Erected.	Tenements Added.
1904	541	$1,575,552	210	447
1905	648	1,506,275	293	645
1906	672	2,450,500	296	649
1907	682	2,256,000	278	721
1908	774	2,872,300	411	1,083
	3,317	$10,660,627	1,448	3,545

A glance at these figures shows that this year's building will be practically three times that of any previous year.

The assessors' valuation is $77,796,381.25, divided as follows: Real estate, $46,670,900; personal, $29,609,325; banks, $1,516,156.25. The tax rate for the current year is $19 on $1,000. Comparison cannot be made between this rate and the rate in other cities, without an explanation. New Bedford levies no special taxes. The city lays out streets, paves, curbs and waters them and treats them with dust preventive applications, provides schools, police and fire protection, collects garbage and ashes, etc., all of which are included in general taxation. The only expense which an abutter is called upon to pay, outside of his tax, is the expense of granolithic sidewalks, if laid, and one half the expense of lateral sewers. Trunk sewers are laid at the common expense.

One more reference, and New Bedford's story, so far as the limit of this article will permit, it told. This reference is to public buildings now in

process of construction and near-construction. In 1906 the City Hall, a famous old stone structure, was practically destroyed by fire. This building is now being reconstructed for the use of the Free Public Library; it will be fire proof, will have the largest stack room in New England, and will be one of the handsomest and best equipped library buildings in the United States. From the present Library Building, used jointly as a library and for municipal offices, a new municipal administration building is being constructed, by alteration and addition. A new building for the registry of deeds is nearly finished on the square west of the new library. One block north of the new municipal building, fronting on Pleasant street, the United States government has just bought a square on which a new post-office building will be erected. Three new school-houses, two of which were completed during the past year, and one of which will be ready for use when school opens in September, have been added to the public school equipment at a cost of $200,000. Sketch plans have been accepted for a new twenty-room school building at the north end of the city, and for an addition to the Brock Avenue school-house, at the south end. Sketch plans are ready for a $500,000 high school building. A new fire station, located at the north end, costing $22,000, will be put into commission by the time this article is printed. An appropriation has been made, and plans have been prepared for a $15,000 addition to the almshouse. This latter project may not seem to make a noise like prosperity, but it is an indication of the growth of the city.

New Bedford is a city of attractive homes, as well as a city of prosperity and cotton mills. While many of the mill workers live, temporarily, in the three and six-tenement blocks which shrewd investors are putting up, mushroom-like, at the north and south ends of the city, it is not for long, for many of them. Big families and thrift are the fashion among the mill operatives, and after the children have passed the age at which Massachusetts law requires school attendance, they secure their school cards and go into the mills. Soon the combined family earning is sufficient to make a start toward a home; a house lot is purchased, the co-operative bank or the savings bank does the rest, and before long the family of cotton mill operatives not only owns the house it lives in, but three or four others, which it rents.

The secret of New Bedford's success as a mill city may be summed up briefly: A delightful, attractive natural situation, to start with; a wise business policy, thoughtfully outlined and conservatively followed; the kind of work to attract the most-skilled operatives; and, last, the home-getting and home-keeping desire.

Does not New Bedford offer some attractions to the reader, whether he has a capital or labor to invest?

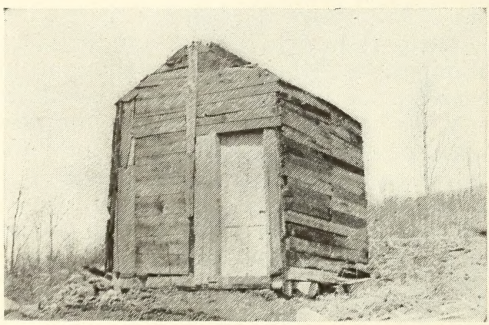


A Little Italy Along the Banks of the Merrimac

How the Italian Mill Workers of Lawrence are Solving the Problem of Working in the City and Owning a Home in the Country.

By JOSEPH McCARTHY

ANY one who fears that the abandoned farms of New England will remain abandoned, or that the poor immigrants who find work in the great manufacturing cities of the east will all remain content to be hived in the closely-packed streets of the cities, should take a trip on the electric road that leads from Lawrence to Haverhill. There, about four miles from Lawrence, in level swales of land that slope gently to the winding Merrimac may be seen one of the answers to the question: "How can the immigrants be got out of the crowded cities?"



First house built by Lawrence Italians for country residence

For, from the electric cars can be seen, on either side of the line of the Boston & Northern, a settlement of Italians that is constantly growing, expanding and having added to it dwellings built by recent Italian immigrants.

There must be fully 1500 Italians who make their homes here the year around, while they find employment a large part of the year in the mills of Lawrence. They go back and forth to their work in the mills on the electrics, though some of the more economical do not hesitate to get up early enough in the morning to walk the four miles to the Lawrence mills and be inside the gates before the stroke of 6.30.

It is a most picturesque village, or collection of houses. Some of the houses are little better than unclapboarded shacks, and remind one of the sod houses that were put up and are still put up by the homesteaders in the far west. They are not much bigger than good-sized dog kennels and the wonder is that any human beings could endure the rigors of a New England winter in them.

But many of the Italian newcomers have passed a winter in these flimsy structures and have managed to save enough to build a better house for the next year. Or they have kept on adding to the old shack, putting on clapboards, shingling it, plastering it, adding an ell here and there and putting on an additional story as their families increased, until what was not even a good barn has become quite a commodious and comfortable house.

As the settlement has grown, three-story tenement houses have risen



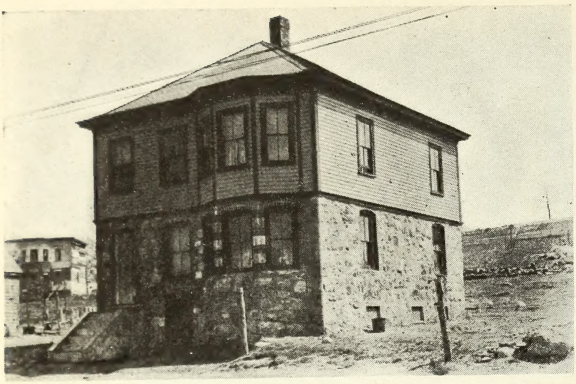
SECOND HOUSE AND THE FAMILY THAT OCCUPIED IT THE YEAR AROUND

here and there and several stores do a good business with their Italian customers. As they are presumably not bothered with a very high rent they probably are able to sell pretty close to cost price.

Not all of the houses are of wood. Among the Italians who have settled in this suburban "Little Italy" are quite a few expert mechanics, men who have been trained in the art of making concrete houses. Some of these concrete houses, as will be seen by the photographs, are quite ornate little affairs as well as being solid and substantial. The interior of one of them, which was visited by the writer at the invitation of the owner, was found to have about every modern comfort and convenience, with the exception of "city water." That will come in time, the proud owner asserted, and one can well believe that these ingenious and industrious Italians will find a way to have "city water" in their houses before long, even if they are miles away from the piped supply of the city of Lawrence.

When the work is dull in the mills of Lawrence, and during their spare time in the evenings and on Sundays and holidays, these dwellers on a worn-out farm put in many a laborious hour bending over the soil, digging, plowing, enriching it with various kinds of fertilizers, planting and later reaping the grain and vegetables that are dear to the heart of the transplanted Italian.

From the time the snow goes in early March, the women folk of this colony can be seen industriously bending over the land and going over it with the minute care of the intensive farmer. And their fields in early summer and until late in the fall show the good results of such intelligent care and industry they are resplendent in all the greens, reds and yellows of the various vegetables and yield the most bountiful of crops. These factory-farmers, as one might call them, find a ready sale for all their surplus vegetables in the city of Lawrence. The large Italian colony that lives in that city furnishes a fine market for all the vegetables



THIRD TYPE OF HOUSE BUILT IN THE SETTLEMENT

that may be termed, distinctively, Italian.

The Italian colony in Lawrence, of which these occupants of the picturesque houses along the river are offshoots, is now one of the largest in New England. There are said to be fully 6000 Italians in Lawrence now and they are being steadily added to. With the great growth of the mills in that city and the activity now evident in the mill business there are many indications that thousands of more Italians, as well as representatives of other southeastern European races will soon be added to the population.

The country settlement of part of them is a way out from the dangerous overcrowding that characterizes many cement houses. None of these factory cities. It gives them a chance to get fresh air as well as fresh vegetables and it gives many of them a stake in the country by owning a bit of land and house, or something that can be called house, on it.

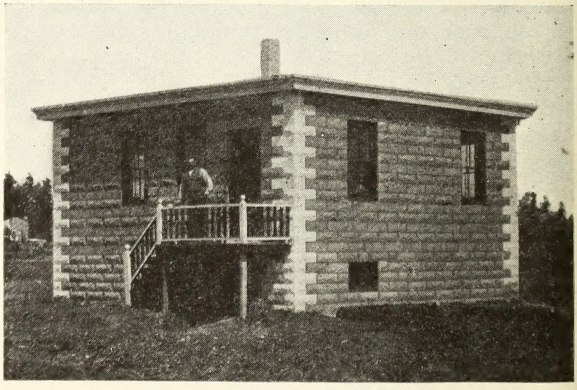
That the industrious Italian will not long remain content with a shack for a dwelling is proved by the accompanying illustrations which show the rapid progress made from the first rough shelters to comfortable wooden and stone and houses were built three years ago. All of them, and there are fully three hundred belonging to Italians, have been put up during the past two years.

In another two years they will probably have paved sidewalks running where the unploughed fields were three years ago.

From the early spring until the late fall they really have an enjoyable time compared with their fellow workers in the mills who live in the crowded tenement blocks.

A good part of their lives is passed in the open farming country, though it is so near to the city. They can see the picturesque Merrimac flowing at the bottom of their fields. A noble panorama of nature's creation spreads out all around the horizon, taking in, in its sweep, the encircling hills of Haverhill, to the east; the uplands of North Andover, to the south, and on the west the ramparts of Prospect and Clover hills in Lawrence, that tower high enough to shut out all sight of the giant chimneys of the great manufacturing city. The view is inspiring and when clothed with summer's verdure must be refreshingly grateful to these country folk of Italy after a hot day inside the mills.

Here in the evening concerts are frequently given by orchestras made up of dwellers in these houses or of sere-



FOURTH TYPE OF HOUSE BUILT IN THE SETTLEMENT



A FINE OLD NEW ENGLAND HOMESTEAD, ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS OLD, CENTER OF THE COLONY, NOW OWNED AND OCCUPIED BY PHILIP GROSSE ONE OF THE LEADING ITALIANS OF THE SETTLEMENT

nading compatriots from Common street in Lawrence. And when a half dozen guitars get to thrumming out the strains of "Santa Lucia" and men and women by the score join in, it sounds as fine under a New England moon as ever it did across the waters of the bay of Naples.

As an example of what can be done by the immigrant worker in the mills of New England to combine country and city life in a pleasing, healthful and uplifting way, these dwellers in the "Little Italy" along the banks of the Merrimac are making a splendid success, considering the difficulties they have had to overcome and the handicap under which they started.

They give every promise that, in the course of five or ten years, many of them will be owners of large and profitably conducted farms and be a strong force in the movement that will bring the country parts of New England into sharing largely in the prosperity of the cities.

34585

With the rapid development of communication between the farms and the cities, such industrious and intelligent farmers as these Italians are proving to be, are destined to have no small part in what some far-sighted people believe is to be one of the greatest eras of prosperity rural New England has ever seen.

Some Adventures of the Wife and Son of Henry Hudson

By MILLARD F. HUDSON

I.

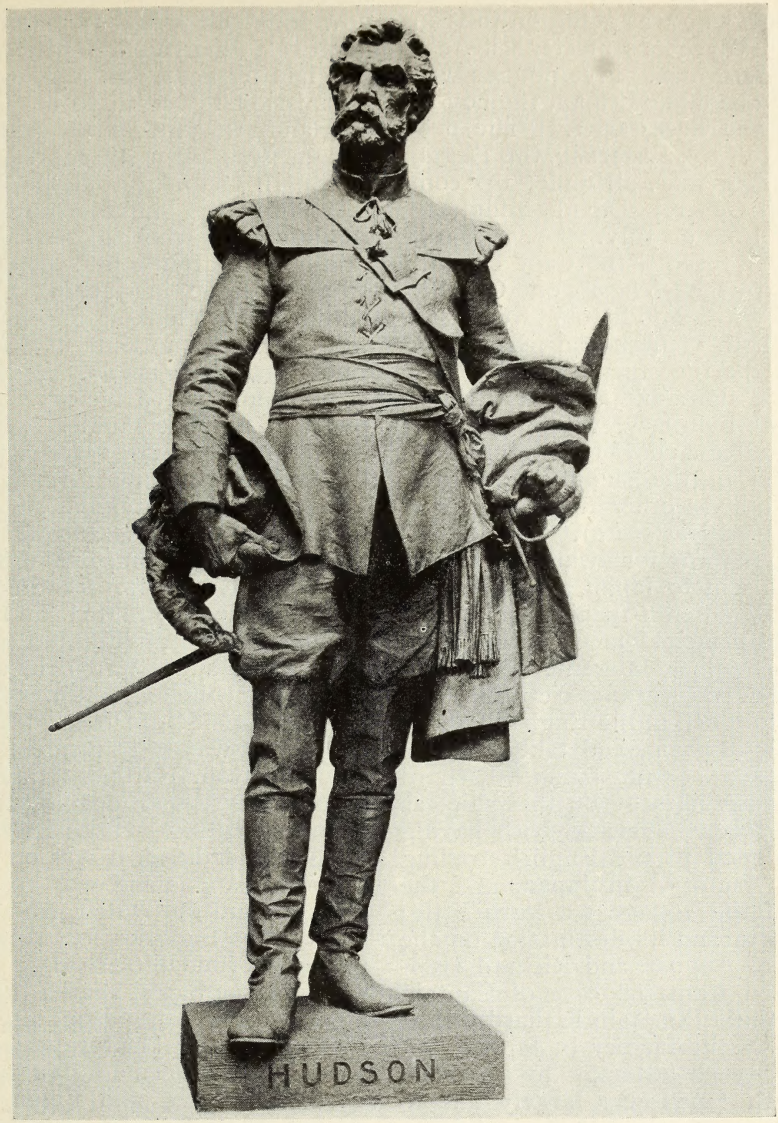
Richard Hudson in Japan, 1614-1623

Of all the navigators produced by the golden age of exploration, none has been happier in the enduring quality of his fame than Henry Hudson. All the elements of contemporary circumstance and posthumous events seem to have combined for the preservation and magnification of his reputation. In the pages of history is to be found nothing but praise of his skill and courage, mingled only with a tender regret for his untimely end. The ideal captain of a heroic age, he had the exceptional good fortune to have his name perpetuated by two great natural features of a new continent, one of which has become, and will always remain, an important center of human interest and activity.

In one respect Fate dealt somewhat harshly with Hudson, in that, for many years, very little was known about his personality, his family, or his antecedents. In writing his *Henry Hudson the Navigator*, published by the Hakluyt Society in 1860, Dr. Asher felt obliged to say: "The whole period of his life known to us extends over little more than four years, from April 19, 1606, to June 21, 1611." In the year preceding the appearance of Asher's work, Henry C. Murphy, United States Minister at The Hague, had found in the Royal Archives there a copy of the contract between Hudson and the Amsterdam Chamber of the Dutch East India Company. This contract, which led to the discovery of the Hudson River, is still in existence. It shows that Hudson was an "Englishman," that he had a "wife and children," and that an interpreter was employed in the negotiations, because he did not understand Dutch.

For many years past a series of important historical collections has been appearing in England, including the publications of the Hakluyt and other societies, the Calendars of State Papers, the Records of the English East India Company, and other similar publications. No single discovery of first-rate importance concerning Captain Hudson or his voyages has been made, yet many interesting side-lights are thrown upon his associates and some disclosures made concerning his immediate family. It appears that he had at least one son, in addition to John, who is usually described in histories as an only son, and that he left a widow; and we are able to trace the fortunes of this widow and younger son for a time and to follow them through some interesting adventures.

The story opens on the fourteenth day of April, 1614, in the council chamber of the English East India Company, at London, where the directors were discussing the extension of trade, the rivalry of the Dutch, and the arrangements for a new voyage to the Far East. Announcement was made that Mrs. Katharine Hudson was without, and had a boon to crave. Almost three years had elapsed since "that worthy irrecoverable discoverer, Master Henry Hudson," was left to perish in the great inland sea. The ships sent out to search for him had brought no news, and none would ever come; but the directors could not yet reconcile themselves to this, and described their caller as "Mistress Hudson, the wife or widow of Mr. Hudson, who was left in



IDEAL STATUE OF HENRY HUDSON, BY J. MASSEY RHIND

the Northwest discovery." Mrs. Hudson "desired their favor for the employing of a young youth, a son of his, she being left very poor and unable to maintain the charge." It appears that the name of the "young youth" was Richard. There is nothing to show his years; but his elder brother, John, was a young man of fifteen or sixteen at the time of his death, and there was evidently a difference of several years in their ages, so it seems safe to assume that he was a mere boy.

The directors "conceived that therein they were partly obliged in charity to give assistance, in regard that his father perished in the service of the commonwealth," and on the 19th idem ordered him to be bound apprentice "to some one man for the Company's use

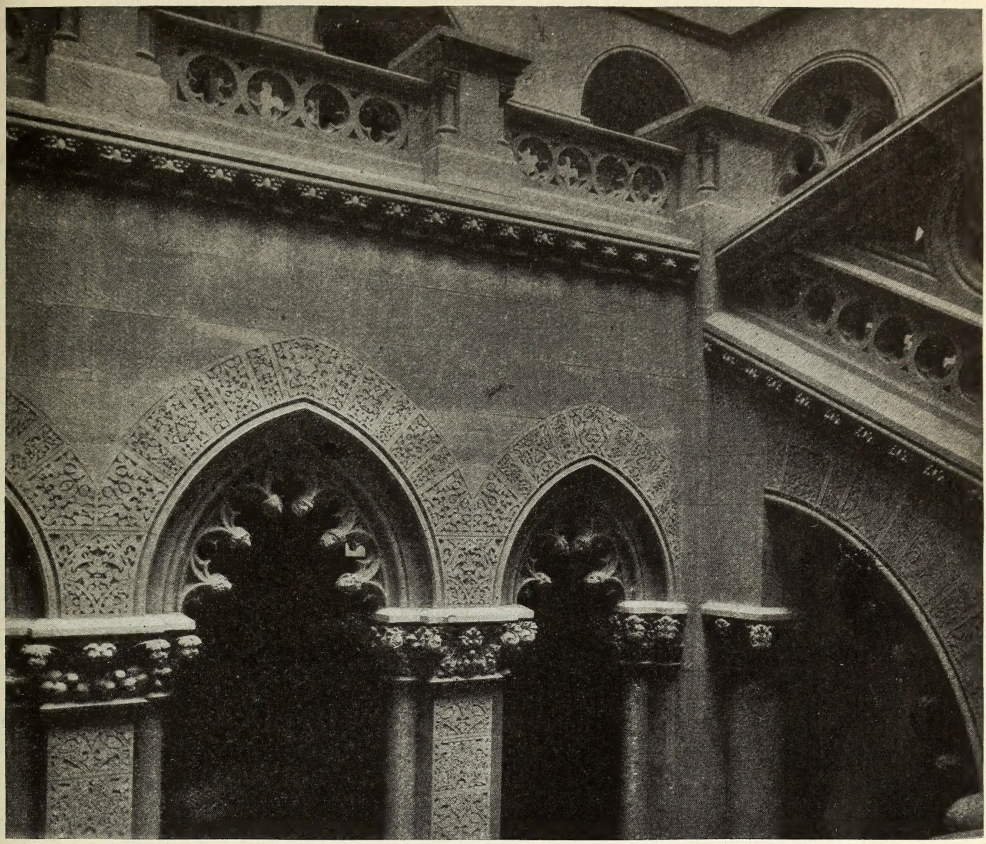
hereafter." The man selected was John Hunt, who was going on the contemplated voyage as master's mate of the ship *Samaritan*. Five pounds were ordered to be laid out upon the boy for "apparel and necessaries." The fleet, consisting of the *Samaritan*, the *Thomas*, and the *Thomasine*, all under the command of General David Middleton, sailed in June or July.

The fleet reached the Cape of Good Hope on the Third of October, "where," wrote Middleton, "we had refreshing both of flesh and fish to content." Departing thence on the 20th, they made Bantam, Java, on the 13th or 14th of February, 1615. Here the General called a court to determine the disposition of the ships, and it was ordered, among other things, that the *Osiander* (or *Hoseander*), "a ship forlorn," (laid up for want of men) should be sent to Japan, with Hunt as master. Middleton furnished the ship with "the principal men" of his fleet, thirty in number, "together with provision of furniture and victuals," and she was to touch at the English factory at Patani, in Siam, and take on commodities suitable for Japan. Richard Hudson took passage on this ship, as did also John Osterwick, both having been assigned to the English trading post, or "factory," in Japan. Of the events of the voyage we learn little; the ship reached its destination on the last day of August, and Richard Hudson passed from the care of Captain Hunt to that of Captain Richard Cocks, the head of the factory in Japan.

The English attempt to establish trade with Japan was largely due to an Englishman named William Adams, who, after an adventurous voyage, reached the coast of that country in April, 1600. He was sent to the court of the Shogun by his comrades, and there, because of his knowledge of mathematics and ship-building, was taken into favor and became a man of great influence. Indeed, he was "in such favor with two emperors of Japan as never was any Christian." He was made an officer and granted the revenues of the village of Hemi, near the modern city of Yokosuka, where is now situated the imperial ship-building plant. He married a Japanese woman and had by her a son and a daughter. Permission to return to his family, in England, was, however, refused him, and he was virtually a prisoner until 1612. In October, 1611, he addressed a letter to his "unknown friends and countrymen," who had settled in Java, calling their attention to the opportunities for trade in Japan. The company was then looking for openings for trade and lost no time in despatching from England a fleet equipped for the establishment of a factory. The ship *Clove*, of this fleet, under command of Captain John Saris, reached Japan on the 12th day of June, 1612.

Upon Saris's intervention, the Shogun released Adams and he took service under the Company at their factory, for two years. Limited trading privileges were granted, and the factory was located at Firando (also written Hirado and Hirato), in the Strait of Korea, at the extreme west of Japan, on the east side of the island of Firando. This was a convenient port for shipping from Europe, it lay in a favorable position for opening trade with China, and its ruler was friendly; but, on the other hand, it was on an insignificant island, there was no good anchorage, and the Dutch, who had been settled in Firando for some years, proved formidable rivals. The old ruler, Foyne Sama, shared the government with his grandson, Figen a (or Figeno) Sama. The former was friendly and encouraged foreign trade; but he died in 1614, and Figen a Sama proved a weak ruler, who was governed by his nobles, and the latter were hostile to the English.

It was stipulated that, as one of the conditions of their trading privileges, the English were to carry a present to the Shogun whenever one of their ships arrived from Europe. The regular route for this journey, over which Richard Hudson was to pass more than once, was down the inland sea to Osaka, thence by land to Suruga (now called Shidzuoka), where the Shogun,



DETAIL FROM INTERIOR OF CAPITOL BUILDING, ALBANY, N. Y.

Iyeyasu, resided. It was also necessary to visit, in returning, the court of Hidetada, son of Iyeyasu, at Yedo, his father having transferred the title to him and he being the actual Shogun.

Saris left eight men in the new factory. The cape or head-merchant was Richard Cocks. He was one of the original incorporators of the Company, having subscribed £200, and resided abroad five years before going to Japan. His selection for a post presenting so many difficulties was not a forunate one. He was both easy-going and quarrelsome. There seems reason to believe that he was the dupe of a designing Chinaman, Andrea Dittis, whom he called the Captain of the China Quarter, or the China Captain. It was through this man that he chiefly endeavored to secure concessions for the much-desired trade with China, and considerable sums were paid the China Captain and his brother, to be used in forwarding the negotiations, but nothing ever came of them. On the other hand, many traits make the old Captain an agreeable character, even though he was not a successful business agent. He cultivated a garden and planted the first potatoes grown in Japan. He kept a diary, most of which has survived. This diary abounds in strange words, borrowed from many tongues; its language is archaic and misspelled with great ingenuity, yet it gives an entertaining picture of Japanese manners and much information of value. Cocks very weaknesses render his story entertaining; and in its trivialities and unconscious humor it deserves a last-

ing place in the literature of its class. Some of his letters from Japan having been sent to King James I. to read, he declared they contained "the loudest lies that he had ever heard"; but the verdict of the modern reader will be that, to the extent of his powers, Cocks was a faithful chronicler. There is contemporary testimony that he was a man of honesty, years and judgment.

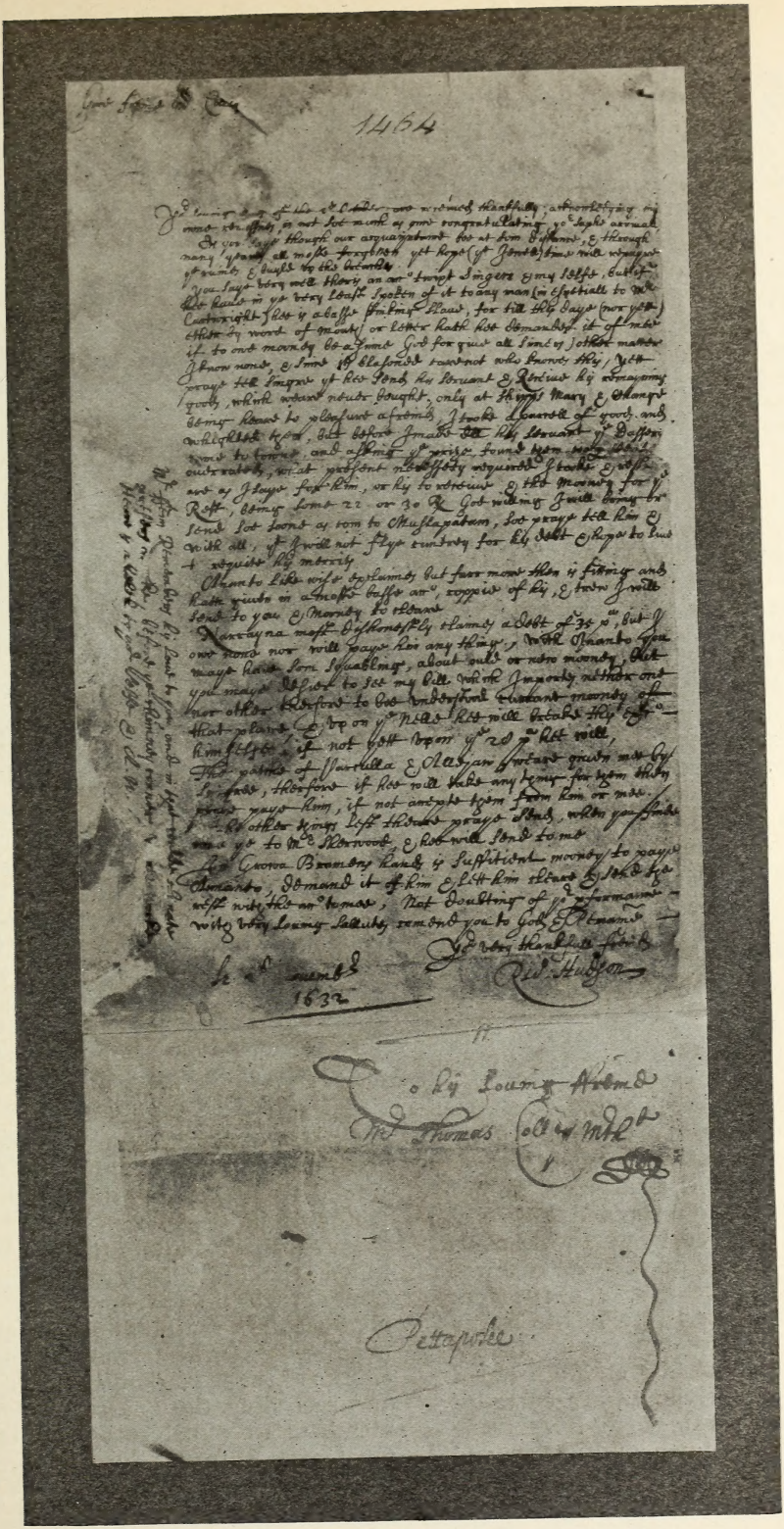
William Adams, who was second in authority under Cocks, was employed in various capacities about the factory. He was a man of more skill and learning than Cocks, who stood somewhat in awe of him. They quarrelled at times, but, despite occasional outbursts, got on fairly well together.

Richard Wickham was an old employee of the Company, who had led an adventurous life. He was in more independent circumstances than the other factors. His letter-book for the years from 1614 to 1616 is still preserved in the India Office.

William Eaton and Edmund Sayers were with the factory from the first, and were the only members, besides Cocks and Richard Hudson, who remained till the end. Tempest Peacock and Walter Carwarden were among the original members, but soon went on a trading voyage to Cochinchina, where the former was drowned and whence the latter never returned. William Nealson, also an original member, was consumptive, quarrelsome, and addicted to drink. Cocks registers many complaints about Nealson's conduct, especially when he was in his "fustian fumes." Osterwick, who joined the factory in 1615, with Richard Hudson, was of Dutch descent and was a kinsman of Wickham. He was the accountant of the factory. The eight original members, with Osterwick and Hudson, a cook and a few servants, comprised the total membership of the factory; and toward the end the number of factors was reduced to four.

Upon the arrival of the *Osiander* off Cochi (the harbor of Firando), salutes were exchanged with the Dutch factory and due ceremony observed. A visit to the court of the Shogun, with presents, being necessary, Capt. Ralph Coppindall was assigned to that duty. While awaiting his return, the *Osiander* was brought aground and sheathed. She sailed again on February 26th, 1616, greatly to Cock's relief, for the crew were a turbulent lot of Dutchmen, concerning whom he writes: "A strange kind of people they are all of them which came in this shipp"; and again: "I never saw a more forward and bad leawd company then most of them are." Neither did he like Captain Hunt, although at the beginning he had made him a peace-offering of "a pig, 6 hense, 10 loves of bread, with peares, redish, cowcumbers, and bell engines." A rumor having arrived, soon after the *Osiander's* departure, that she had been attacked by a Portuguese vessel and several of the crew killed and made prisoners, Cocks gravely recorded his opinion that it was too good to be true. Concerning Hunt he felt constrained to write: "I could not forget to note downe how Mr. Hunt, the master of the *Hozeander*, fell out with Roland Thomas, the purcer. Soe they went together by the eares. I condemn them both very much, but surely they were drunk, espetially the master, and I think he is crazed in his witts."

Richard Hudson was now settled at the factory where he was to pass eight years. His position was that of an unattached servant, whose duties and occupations may be inferred, to some extent, from Cocks' diary. His associates were, at first, Cocks, Nealson and Osterwick. Branch factories had been opened soon after Saris' departure and different members sent to take charge of them: Wickham to Yedo, Eaton to Osaka, and Sayers to the northern parts of Kiushiu and the island of Tsuchima; while Adams, Peacock, and Carwarden had gone on a voyage to Cochinchina. About a year after Hudson's arrival, the branch factories had to be closed, and after that the force consisted of Cocks, Adams, Wickham, Eaton, Sayers, Nealson, Osterwick, and Hudson. Later, death and departures



FAC-SIMILE OF LETTER FROM RICHARD HUDSON

made gaps in their ranks, which will be noted in passing.

The first mention of young Hudson by Cocks is under date of April 20, 1616, when he seems to have been temporarily residing at Osaka and to have sent a letter by Eaton:

> "I received a letter from Ric. Hudson, with 2 others, 1 from Capt. Adames sonne, and the other from our hostes at Miaco and Osakay, he of Miaco sending me 2 pewter basons for a present, and the other of Osakay 10 pewter pottage dishes."

In the summer of this year the old Shogun, Iyeyasu, died and was succeeded by his son, Hidetada. It was, therefore, necessary to send a representative to the court of the new ruler, to petition for the confirmation of the English trading privileges. The ships *Thomas* and *Advice* arriving from England at this juncture, the visit became doubly necessary. Cocks assembled the presents and set out, on the 30th of July, and was absent till December 4th. He was accompanied by Captain Adams, who had just returned from Siam, also by Eaton and Richard Hudson. It was his intention to leave the latter at Miaco to be taught the Japanese tongue; but Hidetada was of a different mind from his father and this privilege, as well as the others sued for, was denied. Cocks says, in a letter to John Browne, at Patani:

> "Yet we have had much trouble (in) these parts per means of the death of Ogosho Samma, the old Emperor, in whose place Shongo Samme, his son, succeeds. So that (I) was forced to go to his court to get our privileges renewed which voyage I was above four months before I returned to Firando, which was but ten or twelve days past. And yet, do what I could, our privileges are curtailed and we restrained to have trade only at this town of Firando and Langasaque. So that we are forced to withdraw our factories from Edo, Miaco, Osakay and Sackay, not without great hindrance to the present sale or despatch of our commodities. . . . In fine, I might not be suffered to leave an English boy (Richard Hudson) behind me to learn the Japon tongue, it is so strictly looked into."

In a letter to the Company, Cocks wrote further concerning this:

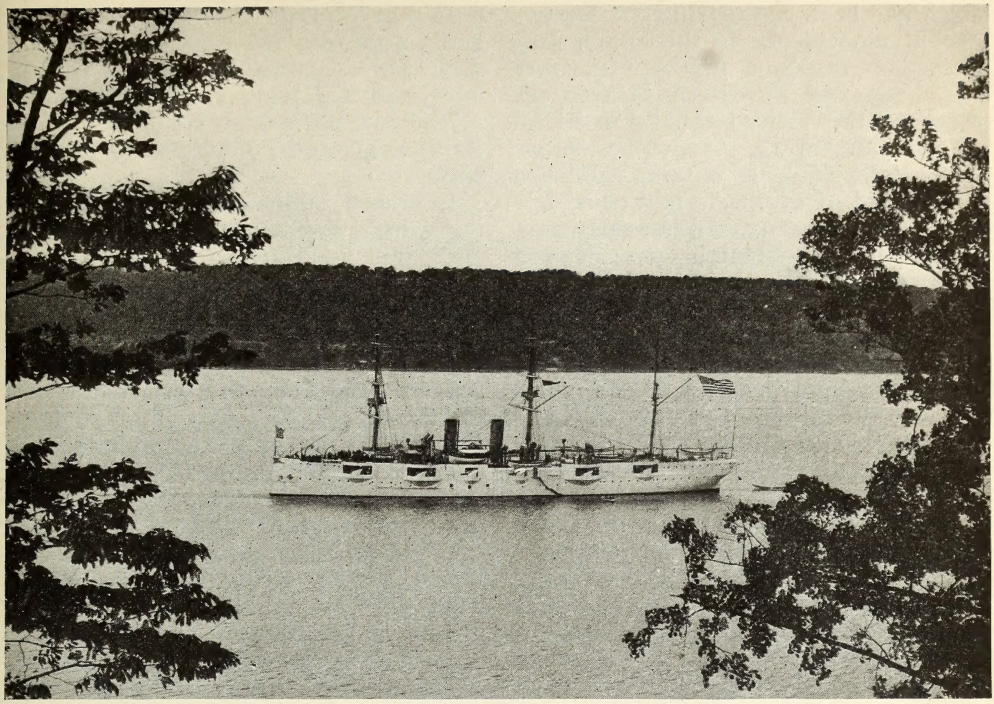
> "And it is to be noted that at my retorne to Miaco, haveing donne such busynes as I had theare, I would have left Richard Hudson, a boy, your Wor. servant, to have learnd to write the Japans; but might not be suffered to doe it, the Emperour haveing geven order to the contrary."

Before his return to Firando, Cocks visited the estate of Captain Adams and greatly admired its material advantages and Adams' power over it. He says:

> "This Phebe (Hemi) is a lordshipp geven to Capt. Adames per the ould Emperor, to hym and his (heirs) for eaver, and confermed to his sonne called Joseph. There is above 100 farmes or howsholds upon it, bisids others under them, all which are his vassals, and he hath power of life and death over them, they being his slaves, and he as absolute authoritie over them as any *tono* (or king) in Japon hath over his vassales."

Captain Adams' term of service with the Company had expired, but he continued to make himself useful at the factory and elsewhere.

With their trading privileges curtailed, the life at Firando was contracted within narrow limits. The good Captain rambles amiably along in his diary, entering trivialities and complaints in the most painstaking manner, and recording the quarrels among the members in a helpless kind of way. On March 8, 1618, "Ric. Hoodson paid Georg Durons (a member of the Dutch factory) for sope and candelles, viz:—



THE HUDSON RIVER FROM GRANT'S TOMB

ta [els] m [as] Co [candareens]

For 18 cakes sope.....1 0 0
For 128 tallo cannelles.1 6 0

and the following day: "Ric. Hudson paid 1 *tay* 3 *mas* for a vyne tree to be carid to Firando."

But if the records are scanty, it is not to be inferred that nothing of interest transpired. Wickham left Japan early in 1618, and went to Java, where he died soon after his arrival, leaving an estate of £5000 or £6000, made in private trading. Travelling visitors arrived and departed, Englishmen, Dutchmen, Spaniards, Portuguese, captains, merchants, men-o'-war's-men, missionaries, and so forth. They seem to have been a hardy lot of swashbucklers, equally ready to fight, drink, or go adventuring, and some of them caused the peace-loving cape-merchant much trouble.

One cause alone—their rivalries and troubles with the Dutch—kept the little band in a state of agitation and at one time brought them into grave danger. Cocks disliked and distrusted his Dutch neighbors from the first, and was at no pains to conceal his feelings, while the Dutch seem to have been in much the same state of mind. Instead of being allies against the Spanish and Portuguese, as was originally hoped, the Dutch proved themselves formidable rivals, who undersold the English and, in the end, starved them out. The dissensions between the rival factories form a large part of the burden of Cocks' diary, throughout the whole period of his stay. After the curtailment of the English privileges, the altered state of feeling at Yedo was reflected in the conduct of the local Japanese officials, and especially by the Dutch neighbors, until there ensued a state of almost open warfare. In August, 1618, to the intense indignation of the English, a Dutch ship brought in as a prize the English ship *Attendance*,

which had been captured in the Moluccas. Remonstrance to the Dutch producing no result, a journey to court was made and a written protest entered, but this proved equally fruitless.

From January 14, 1619, to December 5, 1620, the diary is missing, and the only record of events is in Cocks' letters to the Company. In the early part of this period the Dutch were masters of the sea and the little band of Englishmen were completely cut off. During this period the Dutch made a determined attack upon the English factory. and the lives of the members would doubtless have been lost had not the Japanese interfered and protected them. Cocks writes that the Dutch, "by sound of trumpet aboard all their ships in the harbour of Firando, proclaimed open war against our English nation, both by sea and land, with fire and sword, to take our ships and goods and destroy our persons to the utmost of their power, as to their mortal enemies."

The unimaginative Cocks, who set down so many trifles, failed to say anything about the bearing of the different members of the factory in this crisis. Let us trust that Richard Hudson bore himself like a worthy son of a heroic father.

The year 1620 was eventful both for good and evil. Early in the year, permision was granted to include Nagasaki in the English trade concessions, and a little later the English and Dutch East India Companies formed an alliance, and it was arranged for the fleets of the two nations to combine against the Spanish and Portuguese in Eastern waters.

In March, William Nealson died, "being wasted away with a consumption," and "our good friend, Capt. William Adames, whoe was soe longe before us in Japon, departed out of this world the xvjth of May." Notwithstanding Adams' rather hasty temper, he had rendered the Company faithful service. He was buried, at a spot which he himself had chosen, on the summit of a hill overlooking the bay of Yedo and the surrounding landscape, where his tomb may still be seen. One of the streets of Yedo was named for him, Anjin Cho (Pilot Street), and, it is said, the inhabitants of that city hold an annual celebration in his honor.

In 1621, apparently believing that, owing to their improved relations with the Dutch, trade would begin to prosper, the English began new works on a large scale, including a warehouse and wharves. But the animosities between the rival factories were too deeply rooted, and it was not long before dissensions again broke out; and they continued to the end, without, however, again reaching the stage of actual warfare.

(*To be continued*)

IMAGO DIEI

By T. L. HOOVER

This pregnant chrysalis of gloom doth split,
And feebly issues from the widening slit
Some tender, rosy Thing that trembling clings
To yonder edge of Earth,—the while frail wings,
First crumpled and awry, expand, unfold,
And spread awide their filmy gauze of gold
And rainbow-stuff all-quivering with light—
Then launches forth on strong, resplendent flight,
Diffusing over Earth from bourne to bourne
The matchless radiance of the new-fledged Morn.

An Idyl of the Bottomlands—II.

By FRANK H. SWEET

IV.

IT was impossible to resist his warm personality with its hopeful confidence. She smiled even as she replied, rather dolefully,

"But we was to be married."

"So we was, so we be yet—ain't we? Will you marry me anyhow, Pernilla? It may all be clear through with in less than four weeks. What if I'm free by the weddin'-day?"

"Then I'll marry you," responded Pernilla, eagerly.

"God bless you! But if—if they manage to send me off like a thief?"

"Well, you ain't one, and if they send you off like one—well, my white dress'll keep till you come back. I must go—just now."

She pinned up her hair in a twisted coil, and he guided her down the ladder.

"Good-by—by-by—by-by," he softly called, as the old boat pushed off.

Back she hurried along the lane, brushing off fragrant drifts of Juneberry blossoms, and catching her dress on mischievous blackberry vines ever on the alert.

As she reached home, Cassiopea hung low over the bluffs. Tintings of pink and blue beyond the Mississippi boded the far lustre of dawn.

The trial came on and the country around was there, men and women. The old clergyman sat by Rosengren, being probably the sternest judge present. To Pernilla, the buzz, faces, and all were a vague, oppressive dream, and what she or anyone else said she did not know.

When her part was over, she went out and walked home the six miles, wondering when she would again see her lover.

What testimony there was, was certainly against John Erick, and though is was indecisive the crowd felt anxious.

John Erick thought of but one thing, that glorious vision of Pernilla in the moonlight, holding the Bible for him to swear by. Would she marry him? Would her white dress "keep?" The testimony he did not care for, it had nothing to do with him. But Pernilla—

Undeniably, all were much more influenced by the fact that John Erick voluntarily came back to the jail after his brief freedom to face it out than by the run of evidence, so when it was all over, ready for the verdict, the public were jubilant to receive, without unnecessary delay, the acquittal of the prisoner.

People went home to weed their gardens, to kill potato-bugs, to wonder who stole Rosengren's money, and what Pernilla would do with her fine clothes.

The next day Pernilla knelt before the big green chest with its massive iron handles, many a counterpart of which, to this very day, arrives at Castle Garden.

Unlocking the heavy padlock that guarded her treasures, Pernilla threw up the heavy lid. There were towels, sheets, and pillow-cases of her own make, and two table-cloths brought from Sweden.

There was a real American patchwork quilt, so far superior to her other eighteen, and, indeed, to every other one in the settlement, that she never kept it with the rest. No other girl had had skill and patience to work out the elaborate "Texas Rising Sun" pattern, or to quilt anything one-half so closely as this was quilted. There was

also her hat, which she held up to see the frosted straw sparkle in the light, looking a little dubiously at the scarlet poppy. Then she closed the chest, locked the trusty padlock, and came downstairs with her half-finished wedding-dress in her arms.

V.

Rozina and her mother were wonder-stricken. It gradually came to them that she intended to finish it. In silence she went to work.

"What's that for?" asked her mother.

"Better finish the weddin' dress for the weddin'," was the slow reply.

"Weddin'?" gasped her mother.

But Rozina rushed up to her sister, crying, "Be you goin' to marry him? Be you? Can I help you sew?"

Pernilla dropped everything to stare at her sister. Was this the girl who had for weeks, months refused to do a thing for the wedding? What had come over her?

But with Rozina's excited exclamations, Rosengren had come to the door, and now strode forward to Pernilla.

The women all shrank back at his angry look.

"Yes, I ask, too, be you goin' to marry that John Erick? Answer me!"

It was her father, he who had ever indulged his girls. She knew he believed her lover guilty. What could she say not to further incense him?

"Be you goin' to marry him?" he roared.

"Yes."

"You be? A thief as stole from your father?"

"He didn't take it, he didn't. I tell you, father, somebody else did."

"Ha, ha, ha! Bring out the thief, then, so I can make a wedding for you 'n John Erick. Bring him out. Put him out. But if you don't, you shan't have a cent from me, nor an acre of land; and don't come here to be married."

Pernilla flushed and paled as her heart throbbed violently at the wrathful words, but, with calm dignity, she said, as her father was leaving the room:

"I don't ask nothing but my white dress."

The girls sewed, and Rozina chattered and cried alternately. She brought out her white goods, and would have it cut out just like her sister's.

"But where will you be married?" came out at last.

"Over on the island," answered Pernilla, with tears in her eyes.

Her listeners knew what that meant. It meant to dispense with a license, and go off like a runaway couple. "The island" was a synonym for true love that had not run smooth.

"Our minister?" faltered her mother.

"No, the justice," fell like lead on this orthodox home-circle.

"Oh, my child, it don't seem—seem religious to be married in American."

"I know, mother, but I've got over that. Do you know," she proceeded, with flashing eyes and rising before them in her regal indignation—"do you know, John Erick asked our minister to go over there and do it, and he wouldn't. He said he didn't marry runaway folks only to get a present of stolen money. That's what he said, and it's more religious to be married in American than to be married by that man."

The wedding-day came with the fairest June morning. Pernilla begged Rozina to go along, but she said the ride would make her ill.

So, on the high spring-seat of John Erick's new wagon, with the Justice and John's chum on a board behind, they drove along the beautiful Swede Creek road, around the foot of Old Rattlesnake, to the ferry.

The blue Mississippi was calm and bright in the afternoon air, and over the Wisconsin Hills beyond, strayed the shadows of the white clouds.

After a brief waiting at the shore, the ferryboat came, and they drove on it, being the only passengers for this trip. From this same landing-place, shady and inviting, where the road ran down to the river beneath festoons and loops of vines clambering over the trees, many a bridal couple had anx-

iously waited for the old, flat-bottomed ferry-boat that communicated with the island. Pernilla wondered who had been the bride before her, and the ferry-hands well-nigh forgot to work the raft along the cable as they looked upon the fair bride of to-day. John Erick persisted in saying sweet things to her in Swedish, which Pernilla was sure the Justice understood, and which John Erick hoped he did.

Perhaps it was this, and perhaps it was the river breezes, that made her cheeks so red.

The families that lived on the island side had witnessed more than one wedding, but none to equal this in interest. Was it possible that here, on desecrated ground, as it were, they were to behold the belle of Swede Creek and John Erick Peterson?

The ferry-men waited on the old boat at the strand. From some tattered wigwams a few dilapidated specimens of Indians stole into the bushy background. Pernilla laid aside her hat and shawl, and stood bareheaded under a great maple.

Vegetation over the whole island was rich and lovely. Heavy woods rose around them. The afternoon shadows from the Minnesota side cooled the air, which was redolent with the fragrance of flowering shrubs.

Jungles of tall cornel shrubs and elder bushes were in bloom, a sea of white in among the trees as far as eye could see. The bride, in her white dress, was almost overshadowed by cymes and tassels of the festive, white-blooming bushes about her.

The June wind kissed her black hair; snowy petals fell on the silken grass; the birds sang in the wild-wood; and the river ripples laughed against the hard sands when Pernilla was married on the island.

VI.

Brave as she was, Pernilla did not venture to wear her white dress to church the next Sunday, and appeased John Erick's clamor by promising to put it on at home as often as he wanted.

Half the young folks of the settlement were waiting at the church door for a glimpse of the newly-married pair, and a row of homespun swains roosting on the hitching-rails, formed the first line of pickets. Having passed these with due and proper greetings for one and all, and once inside the queer little church, they parted, for the modern anomaly of men and women sitting together was then unknown in Swede Creek, and is, indeed, yet. Pernilla went to the familiar place by her mother, while John Erick found a seat among the uncouth-looking men, most of whom looked very unkempt indeed, with long hair cropped off square at the coat collar.

The pink and purple sunbonnets and gingham-caped shakers on the women's side were, on this very day, the source of no small annoyance to many females in the back part of the house, who in vain stretched and peered among their ranks and files to get an eye on Pernilla's hat.

They were singing the last hymn, and no one knew this was to be the most memorable service ever held in the Swede Creek log-church. The fragrant, drowsy June air was heavy with bridal loveliness, and the breezes, sweet comment on the prime of the year, rustled the hymn books. During the last lines of the hymn Rozina arose from her seat and walked firmly, unhesitatingly forward to the altar steps, ascended them, and in a few seconds stood by the pulpit.

Minister and people were stricken with amazement. The song died in the middle of a verse. Some stood on seats next the door. Mrs. Rosengren grasped Pernilla's arm and stared at Rozina. John Erick trembled violently as he hid his face in his hands. He wondered what she would do next. He was afraid of that girl. Expectant silence reigned.

She was talking to the minister, who gazed at her in dumb consternation, and Pernilla saw her little golden head against his black gown. Turning to the people, they saw she intended to speak, but courage failed her. She

closed her eyes an instant, then summoning all her strength, took a step forward and spoke. The vision of that slim girl up there by the minister made the people hold their breath, while her pale face and moving lips brought tears to more than one, for her voice reached only the first few seats. But her folks heard every word—words that would nevermore be silent. Rosengren rose in his seat, leaning toward the pulpit as one enchanted. She spoke in English, which made it more startling in that place, and this is what she said:

"I took the money. I stole it. John Erick Peterson knows nothing about it. I did it—I did it. I want you *all* to know it—"

She faltered, swayed as if to fall, but spoke, though only the clergyman caught her last words, which she uttered quickly, turning to him with little eager motions, as if she felt she could not make herself heard.

Then, clasping her hands on her breast, she uttered a cry of pain. The people pressed forward in wonder and in sympathy. White as death she lay, and from her mouth came drops of blood.

Her father took her in his arms and bore her to the wagon. She moaned and with great effort begged, in a whisper, to be taken to Pernilla's new house. This was not a time to consider feuds, and the whole Rosengren family gathered in the little two-room frame cottage, and Rozina was laid on Pernilla's bed. Toward dusk she fell asleep. Then John Erick took Pernilla out to a bench under a mountain ash and told her all he knew—told it tenderly and with tears in his voice.

On leaving them the night the money was taken, he had, before going home, gone up the valley to the nearest neighbor, and on returning past the Rosengren house, within half an hour, had taken a short cut behind the barn. Hurrying along, he spied Rozina not far from him, but on calling her, she crouched as if to hide, and an instant after ran off without a word. He thought it strange, but suspected a joke of some kind, and turned to go into the house to ferret her out, but changed his mind. When the theft was discovered and he was arrested, and Rozina in her testimony said nothing about having seen him (he said nothing of it either), he felt sure she had hidden the money to make trouble for him.

Pernilla listened as in a dream to this enigma, finally asking:

"But why should she? Why?"

In answer he told of the February morning in the bottomlands, and all Rozina's wild words; upon which Pernilla burst into tears, sobbing:

"Poor Rozina! poor Rozina! It seems wrong for me to have you."

That night Rozina would have Pernilla sleep with her. She was quite free from pain, and asked questions at long intervals, keeping her arm thrown over Pernilla.

"Pernilla," she would whisper, as often as her sister lay very still, "don't go to sleep yet."

"Now, Pernilla, tell me 'bout your weddin' again—the ride, the island." And eagerly she would listen to the description.

"You said there was flowers?"

"Yes; tall bushes, snow-white, all over the woods; right by me, too."

"White flowers by you? How pretty? Was it near the river?"

"Right near it—under a big tree. Just a lovely place," said Pernilla.

"And was there Injuns—did you say?"

"True, yes; there was Injuns at my weddin'."

"Not near you—was they?"

"No, 'way off in the woods."

"Pernilla, you're married now, ain't you?"

"Yes, dearie." Long silence.

"Pernilla, you know I like him?"

"There's a good girl, Rozina; you go to sleep now; don't talk about it now."

"Yes, now. I liked him, did he tell you?"

"Yes. dearie."

"When? I want to know when," she said, excitedly, to Pernilla's great fear as to the result.

"Oh, Rozina, don't take it hard; do go to sleep a little bit. When you get well we can talk it over."

"I ain't never goin' to get well. When did John Erick tell you?"

"He told me this afternoon."

"This here afternoon?" cried the sick girl. "Do you mean to say he never said nothin' before?"

"Not a word, Rozina. Don't cry."

But she cuddled into Pernilla's arms like a bird and asked no more questions, only sobbed once or twice:

"Wish I had some of them white flowers from the island."

"Don't you hate me, John Erick?" was her greeting, as he came to her bedside in the morning.

"Hush, Rozy, you must be good." Her great dark eyes were fixed on him.

"John Erick, I wish—Oh, I can't ask it."

"Yes, yes, Rozina, anything."

"I'd like some of them white flowers from the island. Pernilla says it was all white over there."

"Why, if that's all, I'll ride over the ferry and get all you want," he answered.

"I'd love 'em so," was all she said.

So, after dinner, John Erick rode off after white flowers. Rozina's love of flowers was a passion, and was considered from her early childhood as a peculiarity by her folks. When all the old women, on Sunday morning, reverently carried into church two leaves of rosemary, and a sprig of old-man, she would, all unabashed, gather a handful of the showiest flowers to be found, golden lady-slippers or fragrant water-lilies, often to her mother's discomfort, for only rosemary and old-man seemed orthodox. And no sooner had John Erick gone off than she teazed for her white dress. This seemed a wild whim, but in vain they tried to dissuade her.

"I finished mine, too, Pernilla, after you left home, and I want it on a little while, just a little while, Pernilla."

So they put it on, but the effort exhausted her; and as her father knelt in anguish by the bed, she was too weak to open her eyes. She was following John Erick's ride. She seemed to be with him—the landing, the ferry-boat, the slow journey over the river, then the island. Under the very tree she thought she stood, and he. Now he was coming back.

"Has he come yet?"

"Pretty soon, Rozy," was the answer, many times.

The clatter of hoofs, and John Erick rode by the window with an armful of snowy branches.

"There he is, there he is," cried the sick girl, raising herself to look out.

Pernilla broke a handful of sprays from the delicate, faintly fragrant spiraea and brought them to Rozina, who took them, eagerly, whispering:

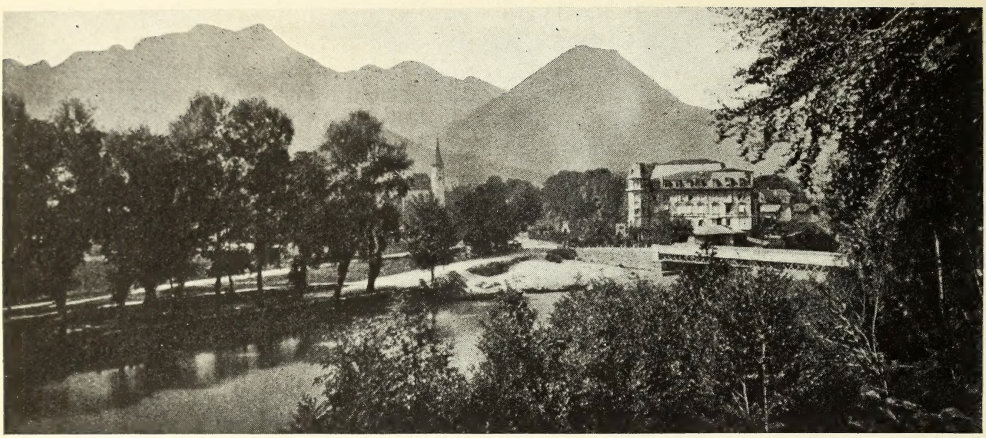
"Did he bring them from the island? Be them from the island?"

John Erick stood in the doorway, fumbling a branch, and tears shone in his eyes as Rozina turned her grateful look on him and touched her lips to the flowers, repeating:

"Pernilla, be them the kind? Be them from the island?"

The excitement was too much. A fit of coughing came on, and as she lay back after the struggle, she weakly lifted the white flowers from the island to her sweet, tired face.

And with this, her last movement, she fell asleep—fell asleep and died in the June afternoon, with the feathery blossoms quivering in her last fluttering breath.

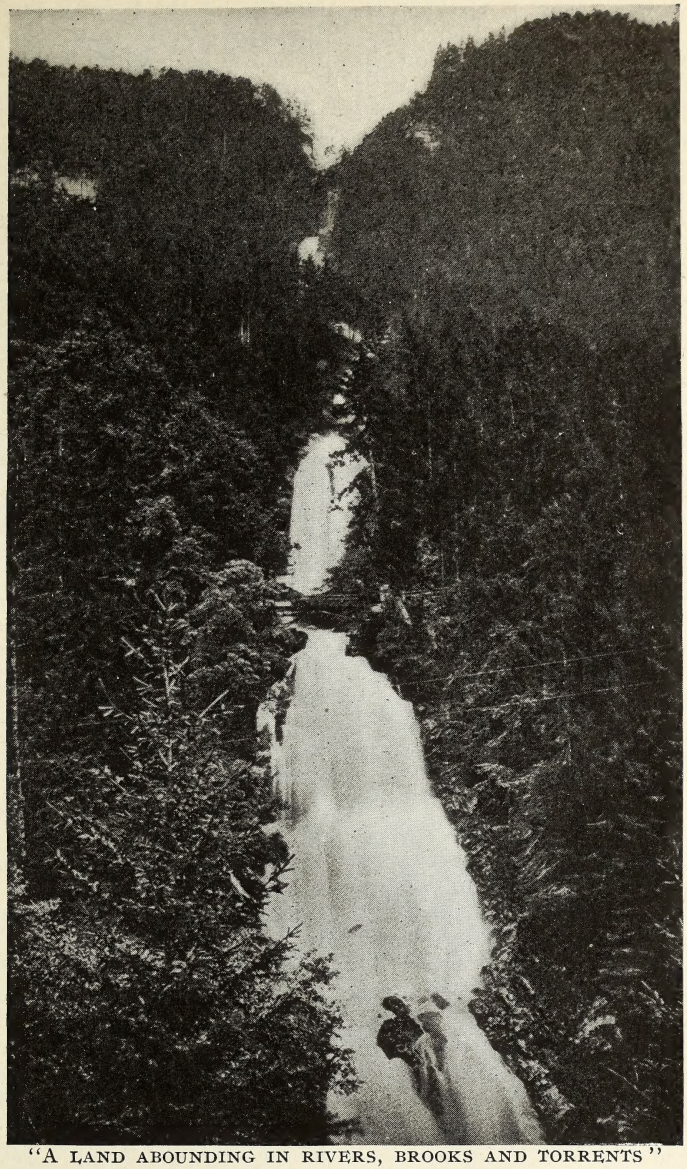


SWITZERLAND.—III.

By GEORGE PRESBURY ROWELL

THERE were times when I thought there were scarcely any birds in Switzerland but a visit to a most excellent and complete Natural History Museum showed specimens of almost every bird I had ever heard of. I saw there a stuffed specimen of an eagle to which the American bird of which we are so proud would stand no sort of a comparison. He would be eaten up by its gigantic rival in the short hours of one afternoon. Beside the dead and dried specimens shown in the museum and the fact that late in September I did see flocks of small birds which I thought might count of individuals as many as ten thousand, I still feel that the number of birds I saw was very small. There was the sociable and everlasting sparrow in the streets and roads. Now and then a few swallows would be seen—only a few. Once, and only once, I saw a hawk. A few crows were seen from time to time and once, at a height of more than ten thousand feet, there were great flocks of black birds that might be crows, but seemed something smaller, that appeared to have dwellings in the crevice of a rocky cliff near at hand. In the lakes wild ducks swim about unmolested, gulls abound and so do swans, especially about the Lake of Geneva. Doubtless Switzerland is within the line of migration for numberless birds, but apparently it is not the permanent residence of a very large number. It has nothing to take the place of the sociable robin redbreast that has so warm a place in the affections of the people of New Hampshire that even the most thoughtless boy with a gun would never consent to shoot one, no matter how temptingly he might invite his fate.

The national hero of Switzerland was William Tell. To New Hampshire John Stark stands in that position. No school boy reads of Switzerland without calling to mind the archer, the apple, the boy and the concealed arrow with which Tell was, as he said to the Austrian Gessler, "to have slain the tyrant had I killed my boy." Stark is also remembered by the sentence in which he expressed the statement that he should conquer his opponent on that eventful day at Bennington "Or Moll Stark 'ill be a widder." His resolution would not seem to have been overstrained if we remember that he had at command five hardy frontiers-men for every British or Hessian soldier opposed to him on that



"A LAND ABOUNDING IN RIVERS, BROOKS AND TORRENTS"

occasion, but that fact still fails to let the good General fall so low as has come to William Tell, for it now seems to be fully established that, like the famous Mrs. Harris created by the imagination of Dickens, there never was any such person. Schiller gave life to Tell by placing him in his tragedy which almost might have happened to *Rolla the Peruvian*, had the drama in which he figured become only a little more famous than it actually did. Byron, by his poem, has made the Castle of Chillon known to everybody. Rousseau was a Swiss by birth, so too were Madame de Stael, Zwingli, the Reformer, and our own Agassiz. It became the adopted home of John Calvin, of Voltaire and for a long time of Gibbon, the historian of The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

New Hampshire has not produced

many persons whose fame is world wide, and few of her own people know that Count Rumford, whose reputation in some respects stands side by side with Franklin's, although not a native of New Hampshire, resided there for some time, and when offered a patent of nobility by the ruler of Bavaria chose to be designated as Rumford, that being the name of the New Hampshire town where he had had a home, the same that is the capital of the State and now called Concord.

The Swiss having shown a sturdy intention to govern themselves and manage their own affairs, and a capacity for doing so, and their country being one not to be easily overrun by hostile armies, it has been permitted to exist in a condition of neutrality and independence for the past seven hundred years. It seems to be a sort of neutral ground where the difficulties of other nations may be discussed and arranged. It was at Geneva that the high joint commission representing the governments of the United States and Great Britain met and arrived at the settlement of a threatening cause of war arising out of the depredations during our Civil War made by the British-built privateer Alabama, in consideration for which the British government paid over to us the very respectable sum of fifteen million dollars. It was in Switzerland that the arrangements by which the affairs of the International Postal Union were arrived at, and that matter is still presided over by an ex-President of the Swiss Republic.

Of all the flags of all the nations there is not one more noticeable or of seemingly better chosen design than that of the Swiss. It was originally the Coat of Arms of one of the oldest Cantons and consists of a white cross of peculiar construction on a red background. Take one of Huyler's excellent caramels, lay it down squarely on a piece of paper, then add another to the top side, another at the bottom, another to the right and a fourth at the left and you have a tolerable representation, in bas relief, of the Swiss Cross. Some years ago when representatives of various nations agreed upon certain rules for the better care of the injured in the casualties of war, the emblem of the Society then formed was the Swiss Cross with colors reversed, a red cross on a white background, and as such is now well known to the people of all civilized nations. Many matters of international moment are adjusted in Switzerland and quite a number of societies or associations having such in charge maintain permanent offices at Berne, the Swiss capital.

There are no orders of nobility in Switzerland and no flaunting of riches. Fashion fails to exert the influence it possesses elsewhere. There are families with pedigrees longer than those of many royal houses, and quite as respectable and their members are not unconscious of the fact but it does not weigh upon them and they are at no trouble to proclaim it. There is wealth, plenty of it, and it is made use of in every sensible way, but without any vaunting display or any I am better than you manner. If you see a woman with a hundred and fifty dollars of ostrich plumes on her hat, and a different one to match the color of every gown, or advertising a blighted affection by carrying a poodle dog about in her arms, she is not a Swiss. Maybe the tourist is the greatest source of the national prosperity to-day and as such his value is recognized, and he is cared for with every regard for his material well-being and convenience, but is not stared at or importuned or robbed or swindled.

The excellence, the exquisite cleanliness and substantial elegance of the Swiss hotels is a matter that excites universal admiration. The Swiss excel as hotel keepers and as such are famous all the world over. There are different scales of prices for varying accommodations and a sliding scale for various seasons, consequently a certain amount of bargaining is requisite, but even without that the charges are certain to be no more than reasonable for the service given and the service is the best to be had anywhere. If you are away at mealtime that meal is not charged for in your bill; and although every servant who renders a service expects a tip when your stay is ended, he is content to await the time of your departure before receiving it and the amount required to satisfy the

multitudinous demands of this sort are actually less than the visitor at a White Mountain resort will find it wise to dispense if he wish the employees to be alive to his needs.

It is absolutely wonderful how full the country is of people. There are tourists everywhere and in crowds. They walk, they ride on bicycles, in automobiles, diligences, landaus, victorias. Go where you may you are never out of sight of them. This gives a sort of Coney Island or country fair character to it all. At the more popular hotels evening dress prevails. At one, on one occasion, I was to leave by an early train and being packed up to be in readiness, went to the dining-room wearing a sack coat and four-in-hand tie and became conscious that out of more than six dozen men in the room I was the only one not appearing in evening dress. This is by no means the case at all resorts but is sufficiently so to make it certain that those who wish to carry about with them wardrobes extensive and expensive will find opportunity to display their possessions, and doubtless to come in contact with others who have more and better. It must not be understood from this, however, that one may not go about with an extremely modest outfit whether man or woman, but in such cases maybe it would be pleasanter to seek accommodations at houses of not the most pretentious sort. There are a plenty of such and they are very good too.

I DREAMED OF HOME LAST NIGHT

By J. J. MEEHAN

I dreamed of home last night;
The city walls
Fell outward and let in the summer air;
The shining fields grew clear, and by a hill
I saw the cottage where my mother sat
And plied her humble tasks of long ago.

The streamlet ran
Through green hay meadows, and I heard the call,
The cheering call of toilers coming in;
And saw them take their places, one by one,
Before the modest fare that closed the day.

The supper ended and my father took
His heavy pipe, and lighted up the dusk
With clouds that floated in the moonlit space;
My sister came; and her fair, girlish friend—
My dear sweet Alice of that schoolday time—
Made one of that strong group now grown to wear
The garb that mantles heroes of the past,
And that tradition fashions for her own.

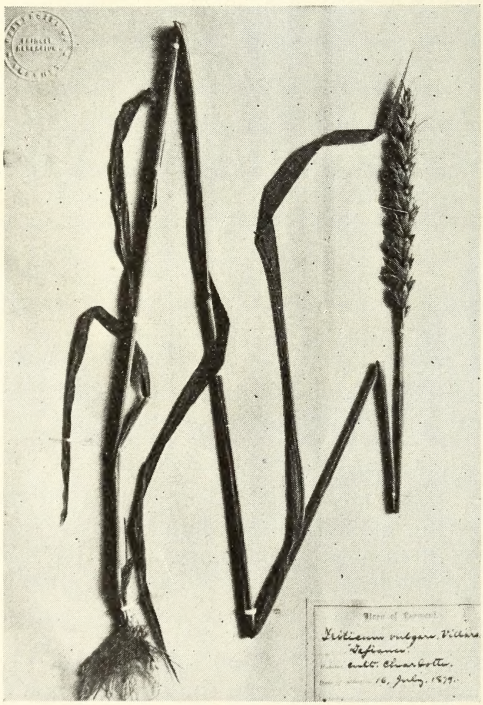
I yearned—I spoke—I heard my mother's cry—
. . . . . .
I dreamed of home last night!

SCIENCE AND AGRICULTURE

By JAMES E. TRACY

THE publicity given in recent years to the experiments in plant breeding by the "Wizard" Luther Burbank and a few others has emphasized the importance of this branch of horticulture, but it has also cast in the shadow the labors of the pioneers in this fascinating realm of science.

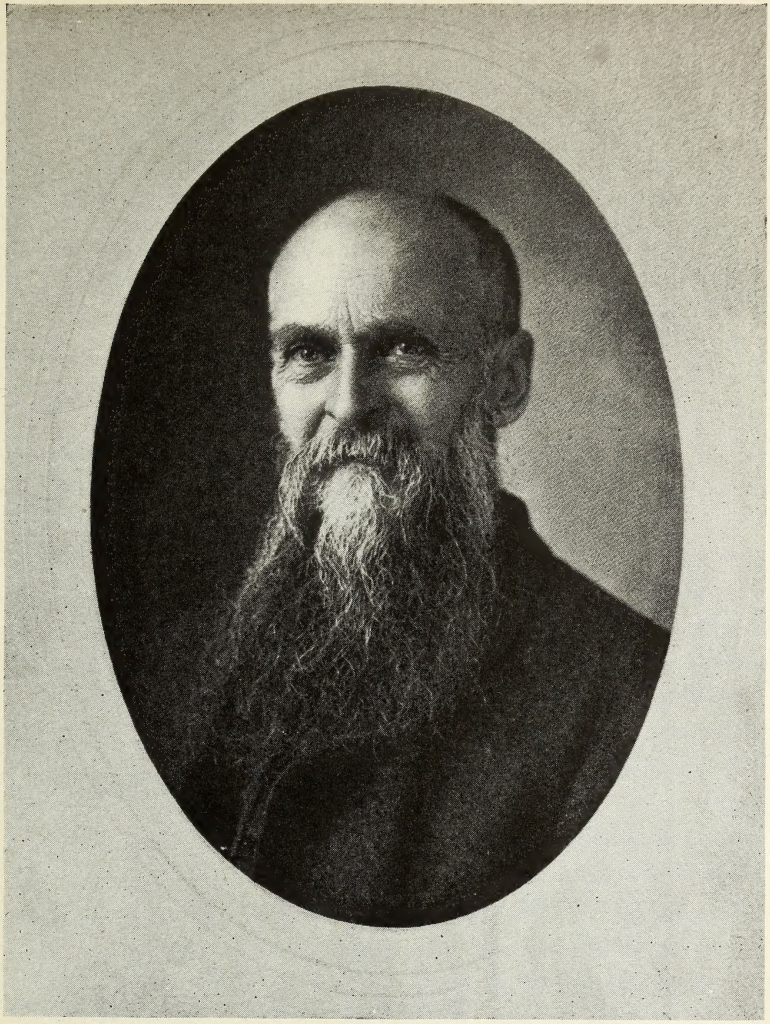
Men like Francis Parkman, Asa Gray, Kirtland, Hovey, Rogers and Pringle were better known to our grandfathers than to the younger generation, although to them and their contemporaries are due the painstaking research, the groping experiments and the indefatigable labor that made possible in a large measure the wonderful results which the newspapers and magazines attribute to these latter-day scientists.



PRINGLE'S DEFIANCE WHEAT

Parkman and Gray and most of the others, except Pringle, are gone from among us. A quiet, unassuming man, with an indomitable will and great vigor of mind and body, Cyrus W. Pringle is, perhaps, the greatest living scientist in this sphere to-day. Mr. Pringle is seventy-one years old and yet his step is as light and his enthusiasm as keen as when he began collecting and hybridizing plants and flowers fifty years ago, on his small home farm in the beautiful valley town of Charlotte, Vermont. "The name of Pringle is a passport into the most hidden recesses of the scientific world of three continents," says an enthusiastic admirer of the great scientist, and the expression is but the truth.

The life of Mr. Pringle reads as interesting as a romance. He was born in Charlotte, Vt., in 1838. His grandfather had been a botanist of some note, and his father, George Pringle, was always interested in botany and horticulture. The Pringles ran a small farm and raised garden truck besides doing a little something in the line of propagating shrubs and nursery stock. Young Pringle thus early acquired a rudimentary knowledge of this sort of work and he loved to be employed among the plants, flowers and grains. At that time the possibilities of plant breeding were practically unknown—in this country, at least—and Mr. Pringle, in his early experiments, groped in darkness which



CYRUS S. PRINGLE, NATURALIST

was unlighted by rays of early achievement. His father died when he was but a youngster, and Cyrus worked during the day at his favorite occupation and read and studied at night. He mastered the rudiments of Greek and Latin while a mere boy and matriculated at the University of Vermont. The death of his brother at this time, however, interfered with his plans to go to college and imposed upon him the care of his mother and the responsibilities of the home farm. He manfully took up this work with all the enthusiasm of his nature and with the desires and tastes of a scholar, striving to realize high ideals in agriculture and horticulture. He began the study of plant breeding early in his career and conducted experiments in hybridizing along original lines with encouraging success. So enthusiastic was he that in order to be able to read French books on hybridizing plants he mastered the language and spent all his spare money in the purchase of such books as he could acquire. He also read everything he could lay his hands

on pertaining to the subject in English, which in those early days was meagre enough. He scraped together enough money to journey to Boston to visit Francis Parkman, about whose experiments in flower culture he had read. He interviewed Kirtland in Cleveland, Ohio, and corresponded with other scientists of the period.

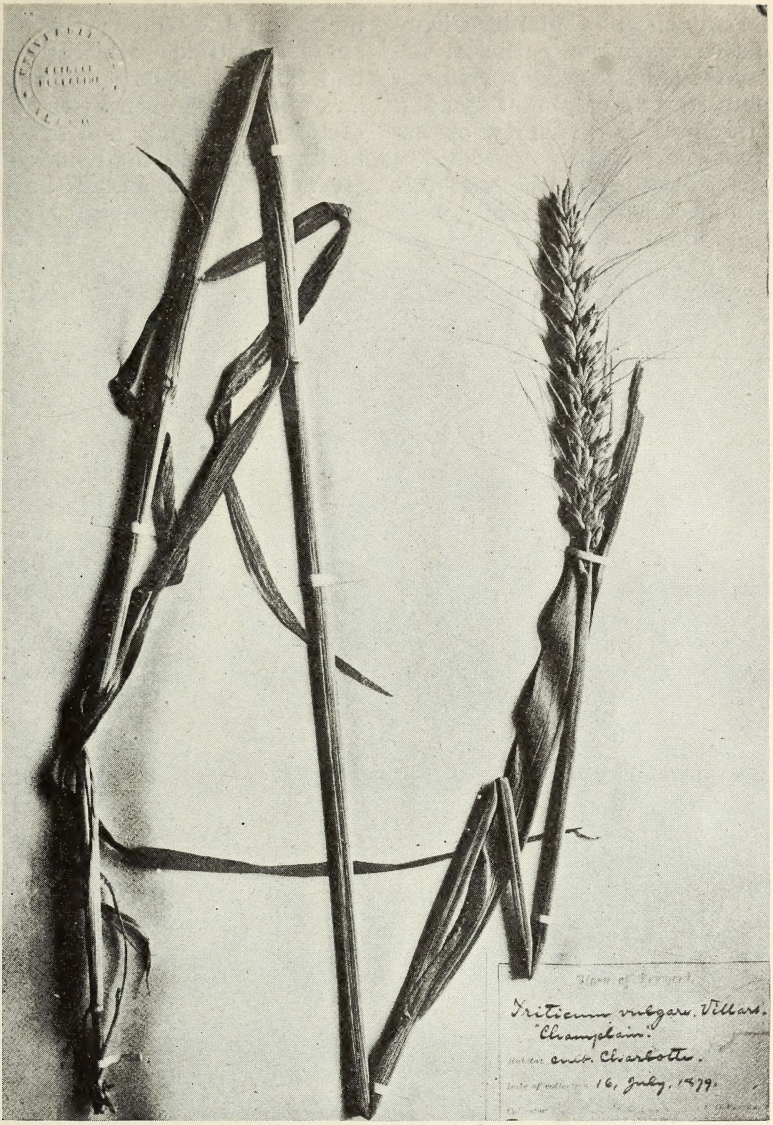
All this was laying the foundation for a knowledge that materially assisted in his later and more notable experiments. The little Pringle farm soon became the mecca for scientists and investigators from all parts of the country. Mr. Pringle showed what he had accomplished. His enthusiasm was contagious. He subsequently went about the state giving lectures before farmers' institutes to awaken interest in his chosen work.

The Burbanks at that time were New Hampshire farmers. They attended a lecture delivered by Mr. Pringle, one day, and heard, with wonder, some of the results that the young investigator had gained in his experiments in plant hybridizing. They secured an inkling as to the possibilities inherent in this new science. Subsequent developments showed that they as well as others profited greatly from the knowledge thus gained.



PRINGLE'S HULLESS OAT

Mr. Pringle's first work in hybridizing was performed with potatoes on his home farm. He crossed the Early Rose, a standard Vermont grown potato, with pollen from the White Peachblow, the Excelsior and the Black Mercer. The progeny from these crosses gave him the Snowflake, the Alpha and the Ruby, all excellent tubers, but with Snowflake the results were exceptional. Seed from this



PRINGLE'S CHAMPION WHEAT

variety he disposed of at the rate of a thousand dollars a pound for several years.

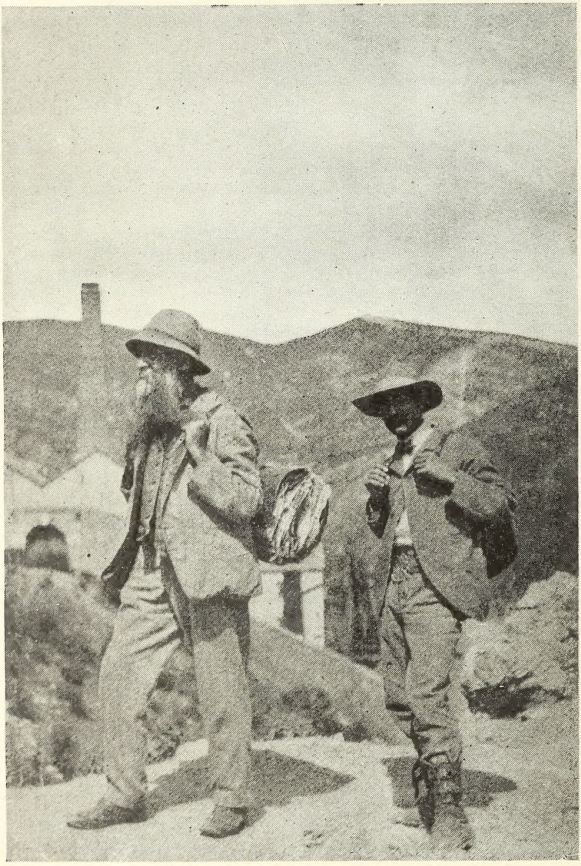
Mr. Pringle, in 1870, turned his attention to the hybridizing of the cereals and in this line of work enjoys the distinction of being the pioneer in America. His Defiance wheat for many years has been the staple products of some of the larger wheat fields in the West. Mr. Pringle also experimented extensively and with great success in developing oats, tomatoes and fruits, particularly currants, grapes and tree fruits. Mr. Pringle is given the credit for being the originator of the hulless oat which made possible Quaker Oats and other cereal products.

It was in 1874 that Mr. Pringle, now

thoroughly infatuated with his work, began the collection of plants. During the first season he gathered together about four hundred specimens of common and uncommon plants, most of them in the vicinity of his own home.

This was followed by the exploration of Mount Mansfield, Smuggler's Notch and Camel's Hump, of the Green Mountain range. Soon after this, in company of a neighbor and fellow botanist, Fred Horsford, and two companions from Boston, he traversed the White Mountains for specimens of Flora, with increasing success.

His next venture was to undertake the classification of the flora of Eastern Canada. He was still a young man and the country was wild and sparsely settled. His early experience had taught himself reliance, however, and undaunted even by the doleful predictions of friends and neighbors who had gathered on the banks of the little river La Platte, in Shelburne, to see him, in company with Mr. Horsford, himself a youth, embark in a light bark canoe for the long trip to Canada, via Lake Champlain and the river St. Lawrence. The initial trip was full of peril and hardship, one that might have quelled much hardier spirits than those of the two young botanists. Yet they kept on their journey until they were stopped by impassable barriers of forest and turbulent stream, and were



MR. PRINGLE AND HIS MEXICAN GUIDE.

obliged to turn back and seek easier fields to explore. This first journey into the wilds of Canada was followed by others more successful, until the region was thoroughly explored and the flora classified.

Dr.Asa Gray, of Harvard University, directed Mr. Pringle in 1885 to explore Northern Mexico for flora. Since that time Mexico has been the special field of investigation for the great naturalist, who has made from two to four trips to that country every year, seldom returning without bringing home some rare plants in his knapsack hitherto unclassified. Mr. Pringle's Herbarium in the Williams Science Building of the University of Vermont contains about one hundred thousand specimens, brought together from all parts of the globe. Besides the thousands which he himself has collected, his shelves contain many rare and beautiful specimens secured from exchanges with other institutions and with the leading botanists from the four corners of the world. The great botanical gardens of London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Tokyo, Ceylon, New Zealand, and others of equal note, have contributed to the wealth of scientific store which is watched over by Mr. Pringle. For some years he has been sending out an average of three hundred species of plants to these herbariums with an exchange of about an equal number. The past year he distributed about three thousand specimens.

The botanist has spent so many summers beneath the sunny skies of Mexico that he longs for the time when he packs his knapsack and sets out (by railway, of course) for that country. He is a philosophical traveller and a delightful companion, although modest to the point almost of diffidence. The position of his assistant in these trips to Mexico is eagerly sought after by young college students who recognize the excellent opportunity to acquire first-hand knowledge of botany.

Mr. Pringle has become very much attached to his Mexican guide and companion in these long trips, Filemon L. Lozano. For years this educated and highly intelligent native has accompanied the botanist on his explorations and much of the success attained in his work there is due to Senor Lozano and to other assistants.

Having pretty effectually covered the field of Mexican phanerogams, concerning which he is a leading authority, Mr. Pringle has turned especially to the collection of cryptograms.

He has for several years been official collector for the Mexican Government, has put the National Herbarium upon a scientific basis and has been active in developing Mexican fibre plants.

Among the scores of young men who have been fortunate enough to have accompanied Mr. Pringle to Mexico during the past twenty-five years may be counted James A. Kelley, now a well-known merchant of Burlington; Charles Hammond and Judd Williams, also of that city; John H. McGlashan, of Michigan, and B. W. Estey, of Lincoln, Vermont.

Mr. Pringle has been honored by the University of Vermont with the degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Science. He is an associate member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, member of the Mexican Government and official collector for the country; member of Massachusetts Horticultural Society, and the Vermont Horticultural Society, etc.

During all these years Mr. Pringle has kept a complete daily journal, which it is to be hoped may be published some day in the interest of science. His collection of autograph letters from noted scientists is also valuable, indeed.

And above all, this quiet, kindly man still maintains his lofty ideals and his trusting simple faith in humanity that is, in part, a legacy from his mother and also from his early associations with a Quaker community within the borders of his home town. When not in Mexico he resides in Burlington, living close to his priceless treasure of leaf and frond and twig, gathered from almost every land under the sun.

WANTED—A PEACEMAKER

By THOMAS KINNIFF

A GIRL descended the steps of the Holland House, bound for a walk up the avenue. She carried herself with an ease and assurance that came, partly from a knowledge of being properly gowned, partly from an innate self-sufficiency. She wore a large bunch of violets at her belt.

Just as she reached the sidewalk she saw a man she knew, and she stepped forward, eagerly to greet him. The man was apparently about twenty-five years of age. He had a pleasantly keen face, just then a little sober. His clothes were of a correct style and cut, but suggested somehow the lack of a tailor's recent attention. But, in spite of a certain lack of spruceness, the young man conveyed the impression of being well conditioned.

"Jack," called the girl, for he had passed without seeing her. When he did see her his face also lighted eagerly; then a doubtful look crossed it. The girl gave him both hands.

"Jack!" she said, "I'm so glad. Whoever thought of meeting you here in New York."

"Same here, Dorothy. What are you doing in this gay metropolis?"

She regarded him saucily, as she answered, "Just now I am going to let a man I know take me to luncheon, if you know anyone who is hungering for that privilege—and lunch. Mother's gone off with cousin Clara, heaven only knows where, so I am left to my own resources. How do you like being a resource, Jack?" she laughed gaily.

But her frank friendliness seemed to embarrass him, and for a second a doubt intruded itself on her. Could she have mistaken the terms of her intimacy with this young man? No, not that. To misunderstand Jack was to confuse one of the primal elements of life.

Jack gazed troubledly up the avenue a moment before he said: "Dorothy, rather than have you think me absolutely a cad, I am going to tell you the plain facts."

She laughed incredulously, but there was a suggestion of distance to her little nod of acquiescence.

"I don't want you to think I shouldn't be awfully glad of the chance of lunching with you. It would be just like—I rather do that than anything I can think of, just now. But—" he hesitated, as though not quite sure of what he wanted to say. She gave him no help. "The truth of the matter is that—if I lunch with you to-day, I shall probably not be able to lunch at all to-morrow."

"Jack, what has happened," broke from the girl. "Have you done something foolish? Oh, come inside where we can talk."

She led the way into the hotel, and found seats away from the crowd who filled the place. Then she laughed a little over her own relief in finding Jack still Jack, as far as she was concerned.

"Now, tell me all about it?" she demanded. "Have you been more foolish than usual, and what do you mean about not having money? What are you doing in New York, and how long have you been here, to begin with?"

Jack nailed the last question as it flew past. "I've been here about a month and I'm learning the newspaper business."

"Well?"

"Well, that's all. I'm still learning."

"But why haven't you money," she insisted.

"I didn't exactly mean that—the penniless in a great city sort of thing, you know. I'm earning a living, but the living doesn't include the Holland House. You see, at first, I didn't know much about economizing, I suppose—anyway, I ran up some bills for rent and things, you know, before I had figured up just how I was going to come out. Then I got rather short. I didn't like to ask for my salary ahead of pay-day, so the last few days I have been leading a truly lenten life. Now, I'm keeping bachelor apartments in what is known as the hall bedroom."

"That means you've half starved yourself."

"No, it doesn't mean anything so foolish. You've no notion, Dorothy, how much food you can get for a quarter in New York. Honest," for she was regarding him pityingly.

"Why didn't you write home for money?" An attempt to put a "you deserve anything you've got" tone into the question was not successful. Visions of Jack, a hungry Jack, walking the streets of an unsympathetic metropolis filled her thoughts.

"Well, to tell the truth, Dorothy, father and I had some words when I announced my intention of being a newspaper man. He wants me to go into the factory and learn his business. Besides, he says there is nothing in the newspaper business for a gentleman, anyway. You know father?"

"Your father, Jack, is a very fine gentleman. He's always been sort of an ideal to me—every thing that's strong and honorable, and old-fashioned, you know."

"He's all that," agreed Jack, heartily. "But—I don't think it has ever occurred to him that he might be in the wrong."

"Well, go on. What did your mother say?"

"Mother was fine, as usual. She did say she didn't think a reporter could be very respectable, always poking into other people's business. But after I had told her Dickens and Kipling had both been reporters she felt better about it. I think she was inclined to pacify father, but father had 'washed his hands of the business, supposed I would follow my own inclinations,' and,—slammed the door. I watched him going down to play bridge with his pals at the 'Commuters,' six feet and a couple, of finality." He stopped.

"Well, what next?" said Dorothy.

"Then I came to New York and got a job. Now tell me about yourself."

She rose.

"First, Jack, you'll stay to lunch with me."

"I can't, really, I must be at the office in a few minutes."

"To dinner then, this evening?"

"About that time I shall probably be reporting the martial troubles of Mrs. Casey or some one else whose affairs have required the attention of the police."

"*Jack*, they don't send you to write about *such* things?"

"They did, but my city editor said he could not continue to do so unless I could be more accurate."

"More accurate?"

"Yes, I reported that Mrs. Holloran, important through having pushed an Italian woman off the fire-escape, was a laundress, whereas she is really the janitoress of a lodge-room."

"And she was offended?"

"Naturally." They both laughed. Then she repeated.

"You'll come to dinner, Jack?"

"No. Now, please now don't spoil the only glimpse of—I'd say fairyland if you weren't so confoundedly quick to score anything soft—or foolish. Oh, I like it; it adds to your—well never mind."

She giggled because she saw he was really afraid of her.

"I wish you would come to dinner, Jack."

"No—you've probably got an engagement anyway with someone else."

"I haven't. I'll sit and hate myself in that sumptuous sitting-room they gave us. You ought to see it; it makes ours at home look plain."

"Does anyone know you're in town, Dorothy?"

"There's the hotel clerk."

"Any of your friends, I mean."

"A few," she admitted.

"And yet you were going to spend the evening alone. How about mother?"

"Mother, I expect will stay up town Cousin Clara has hosts of friends in New York."

"And you don't expect anyone to call?"

She changed color a little but looked him straight in the eye, as she said:

"I have no engagement."

"Then if you would really like to see me I think I can get off this evening—about nine o'clock, say. I can't tell you how much I'd like to come. It's the first real pleasant prospect I have had for a month." He held out his hand.

"Don't bother to dress up. Jack. I'm going to get mother off early, if she comes back at all. We'll have the evening to ourselves."

"That means you think I may have pawned my evening clothes, but I haven't. They're all that stands between me and 'disrespectability' as Mulvaney says. I put them on one night when I wasn't working, just to feel dressed up again."

"You poor boy;" and her eyes were very bright.

"You know, Jack, father has always said he would give you a job if you wanted it."

"Does your father happen to own a newspaper?"

"Not that I know of. Why?"

"I don't wonder you're not sure, when I consider what the local paper called, 'the multifarious interests of this modern Midas,'" laughed Jack. Then slowly, as though giving voice to a revelation:

"Dorothy, there is *one* job within your father's gift that I'd like, and if my affairs ever get into shape again, I'm going to ask for it, too."

Dorothy said good-bye and escaped inside, very short of breath.

"Gracious!" she said to herself, "That couldn't have been Jack."

. . . . . .

She ate her lunch leisurely, indulging in several things her mother taboed as foolishly expensive. Then she went to the telephone in response to a call, and turned down a well-dressed, well-groomed, young man at the other end of the line. The young man's offense consisted in *being* well dressed—she knew it without seeing—at this particular moment, when her thoughts were full of Jack's fancied discomforts. He was not an offensively rich young man. He had not even profited through questionable practices. He had simply been cast for the villian of the piece.

The injustice of the proceeding evidently did not trouble Dorothy much, for she came out of the booth humming happily to herself. Later she had to go to the telephone again. It was her mother this time.

"Dorothy, dear," came the voice. "Clara thinks perhaps we had better stay up town for dinner. The Clares have asked us."

"Yes."

"Mr. Carter is calling this evening, isn't he, dear?"

"He is not."

"Why, he told me—"

"He was mistaken," said Dorothy shortly. "But don't worry about me, mother. I shall be well taken care of."

"Why, who's coming?" the maternal inquiry showed curiosity anyway.

"Jack Braydon is coming."

"What, Jack in New York! How nice, Dorothy. Now I shall feel entirely comfortable about you." She breathed a sigh of relief into the telephone. She liked things comfortable, but between Dorothy and Clara, two very decided natures, that result was not always easy of accomplishment.

Dorothy hung up and started for the elevator; it was time to dress. She stopped suddenly because a tall man had placed both hands on her shoulders, a very tall man with keen, gray eyes, bristling gray eyebrows and a gray moustache that turned up fiercely.

"Dorothy, child, what are you doing here? Don't try to deceive me now, you can't do it. No one can,"

and he bent a fierce frown on her, or one that would have been fierce had it not been for the kindly gleam in the gray eyes.

Dorothy said, "Oh." The man was Jack's father and Jack would be back at nine o'clock. The prospect of a meeting made her nervous, for a meeting between Colonel Braydon and any one by whom the Colonel considered himself wronged was always fraught with dynamic possibilities, especially when that one was his son Jack.

"Startled, hey? you don't look it. But whom are you with, child. You're not here alone, I presume. Though, 'pon my word, the way women go now-a-days I shouldn't be a bit surprised, not a bit," and the Colonel slapped the office desk sharply.

"No," said Dorothy, "I'm with mother,—ostensibly. Really, mother and cousin Clara go gadding all over town by themselves, and I've been left to the care of anyone who happens along. I suppose you will have to look after me now. I've no one to dine with to-night."

The gray head inclined in a courtly bow.

"Madame," said the Colonel. "You're treating the privilege as an obligation, enhances its value. But I'm surprised some young Jackanapes isn't here, to dispute it with me. How'd it happen, hey? My boy, Jack says—"

He turned and spoke sharply to a bell boy.

"Here boy—that bag there and my key," then to Dorothy: "I've got to go down town now, but I shall expect you to be ready to dine at 6.30 sharp. Remember that, young woman, and, mind you, no gewgaws—just a plain frock—white if you like. I like to see girls in white, always did. So does my boy, Jack—" he stopped short again, and handed her grimly into the elevator. Then lifted his hat and walked briskly to the door. But Dorothy knew he was sorely tried as she had seen him oftentimes before by his quarrels with Jack.

. . . . . .

Precisely at six-thirty Dorothy came down stairs to meet the Colonel. Her gown met the requirements. It was white, and it was simple, with the studied simplicity obtained on fifth avenue at large prices. Cousin Clara called it an extravagance; Colonel Braydon thought it a very proper frock. He offered his arm with an emphatic nod of approval.

Not a few found it worth while to look after them as the waiter bowed them to a table. Indeed, they make a pleasant picture: the tall straight-backed old gentleman in correct evening attire, and the self-possessed American girl at his side.

At table, Dorothy was in her gayest mood, engaging her vis-a-vis in the kind of railery in which he delighted, while pretending to think it the sign of a very forward generation. He fenced gallantly for a time, but Dorothy knew his cheerfulness was assumed. She knew, too, with how impenetrable a reserve his pride had always shielded his feelings from alien eyes. She knew and waited, allowing him to lead the conversation anywhere except to the subject nearest his heart, his son, Jack.

Finally, without previous connection, he blurted out a gruff inquiry as to whether she had heard the latest fool-notion that boy had got into his head, adding that he supposed the boy was in New York.

"Oh," said Dorothy innocently, "that is what brings you to New York, is it —to see Jack?"

The Colonel replied coldly that pressing business required his presence in the city, that Jack knew where he, the Colonel, could always be found and that he presumed that when he felt a desire to see his parents he would come home. This, in a manner, indicating that the subject was of only casual interest to him. Dorothy gave him all the rope he wanted. The scene had features of familiarity to her.

When the Colonel's cigar came in the natural order of things she invited him to smoke it in the sitting-room upstairs. Once there, she placed him in a big chair before the fire-place, turned

out all but one electric and ensconced herself on the arm of the chair. His hand closed over hers and they sat in soothing quietness for a time. Gradually the Colonel lost the half defiant attitude he had maintained in the dining-room. Presently he said:

"I don't know why it is that boy and I cannot get along better—I've never crossed him in my life, except for his own good. Take this affair now. If he wants to take up newspaper work. I don't know that I have any serious objection. But what does he do? Goes flying off the minute I attempt to offer him the least advice—"

"He told me you did the flying off," ventured Dorothy.

"What's that, been whining to you, has he?"

Dorothy stood up.

"Jack is his father's son," she said quietly; "he does not whine to any one. He faces the world with a smile, as a man should, if he has the courage."

"Come back, child," said the Colonel. "I apologize—to you, and to him. I'm a snarling old fool. But this thing has cut me up badly, quarrels with Jack always do, somehow. I don't mind telling you that I haven't had a comfortable day since Jack left home." Dorothy went back to the chair arm. Then she said, gently:

"Colonel, some times I think you don't realize that Jack is grown up, that he is a strong man, with a strong man's will and mind of his own. He is rather a masterful man, like his father. Is it surprising that he sometimes finds his father's dominance irksome?"

"*Do* I dominate him?"

"You dominate every one with whom you come in contact—unconsciously, perhaps. We like it—women, I mean. But a man does not, if he is worth much. Now take this newspaper plan. You say yourself you had no serious objection to his trying it."

"No."

"You simply had other plans for him?"

"I did."

"But, don't you see, Colonel, a man must live his own life, not the one someone else wants him to lead, even if the life he chooses does not seem to promise so much as the other. Jack told me all about it and I think he was right, in the main."

"Child, you are right. I've known it all along, but it is hard for me to take back water, always was. Now tell me why you take so much trouble about a crusty old fool—and a headstrong young one—hey?" and he searched the charming face by the dim light Dorothy had provided.

"Well," said Dorothy coolly; "for one thing I like the young one's mother."

"Don't think much of his father, hey?"

She ignored the interruption.

"Now, it being settled that you are in the wrong, the next thing to consider is, how you are going about setting yourself right."

"What's that? Let the young rascal come home and behave himself, and I will overlook his misconduct for this once."

"The young rascal won't come home. He'll starve first. He's half-starved now, I think."

"Nonsense," said the Colonel, so emphatically that she knew the shot had gone to a vital place.

"He knows enough to ask for what he wants, I suppose. He's been in constant communication with his mother; I've seen the letters." He did not add that he had pointedly ignored their presence on the breakfast table twice a week for the past month.

Dorothy made no comment. She was allowing the Colonel time to save his face. Experience had shown the wisdom of that course.

"Well?"

Still no comment from Dorothy.

"What the dickens do you want me to do? Hunt all over New York for the privilege of apologizing to my own boy for not agreeing with every fool notion he takes into his head?"

The Colonel, having lost the battle, was getting back to his customary explosive form.

"Yes," insisted Dorothy, recognizing the signs of the weather. "That is what you came here for, isn't it?"

"I—what—you want—well, well, as matter of fact"—he laughed a little—"you see it was this way. Richardson, of the Journal, has been after me for a long time to buy his assinine sheet. Not worth the ink it takes to get the thing out, as an investment, but I thought if Jack really—

Dorothy clapped her hands. "Splendid," she cried. "Oh, I wish he'd hurry up. What time is it Colonel?"

'Wish who would hurry up, missy?"

"Why, Jack, of course. He's coming at 9 o'clock."

"Jack, here—I've been trapped."

"You have, and you don't leave this room till you've made up with him, do you hear?"

A knock sounded at the door. Dorothy sprang to open it.

"Tell him to come right up, quick."

The bell boy disappeared, and Dorothy stood on guard until Jack appeared. Meanwhile, the Colonel shook himself together, threw away his cigar and squared his shoulders. Dorothy watched apprehensively; his preparations did not look conciliatory.

Far down the hall the elevator door clanged and Jack stepped out, followed by the bell boy. When he saw Dorothy framed in the doorway, the boy was left behind.

"You're just in time, Jack," said Dorothy. "Your father and I have been waiting for you."

"What, father! Father, how are you?"

"I'm well, thank you, sir," said the Colonel, shortly. Jack flushed and checked a cordial movement in his father's direction. Things seemed at a standstill, but Dorothy, after her labors, had no intention of permitting the making-up to miscarry.

"Jack," exclaimed she, "your father has bought the Journal for you to play with. Go over and thank him. What do you mean by standing there like a bull-dog?"

"What! father, is this true—"

"Well, you see, son, Richardson is tired of running the thing, so I thought if you—"

"Father, it's splendid of you, after the way I've acted, too. I feel like a —a mucker." They shook hands warmly.

"That's all right," said the Colonel, hastily, for Jack was searching for words to express himself further. "I feel rather like a mucker myself, so we'll call it off."

"I'll bet you had a hand in this, Dorothy. I don't know how to thank you both."

"Did she," the Colonel laughed, "she was going to keep me on bread and water till I apologized. I tell you, Jack, we ought to keep this young woman around all the time just to save us from quarrelling."

Jack took a big brace. Dorothy's hand was near, so he took that, too; it seemed to help.

"Dorothy," he said; "that's what I meant yesterday about the job I wanted from your father; it's the son-in-law job. Can I have it?"

"Spoken like a man, sir," cried the Colonel, slapping his son on the shoulder. "Now then, mistress Dorothy, you've run this affair so far, suppose you finish it up. I don't leave this room till I hear the answer to that question —our question, for I'm interested in this, too. We both need you, Dorothy."

Thus assailed, Dorothy gave her answer so quietly and sweetly that the Colonel felt a sudden choking sensation. He kissed her and escaped, slamming the door after him.

What happened behind that door has not been recorded, but the Colonel always maintains that he made the match. And Dorothy lets it go at that.

TELLING THE GOOD MEN DO

By WILDER D. QUINT

IT is no longer necessary to believe that a newspaper—and more especially a recently established one—must roll in the mire in order to become popular; must consider crime the most important thing in the world to gain a large circulation; must disfigure its pages with typographical horrors to be attractive to the great people of a great country, and must howl demagoguery that it may be considered a teacher of the masses.

"One item of information is worth ten comments," wonderful old De Blowitz used to say. So one vital example is worth a thousand theories and ten thousand sermons. One newspaper that stakes its success on the emphasizing of the world's good news instead of its evil—and wins—has carried the day for journalistic righteousness without quibble or fear of contradiction. That paper exists; it is "The Christian Science Monitor," of Boston, and, incidentally, of the world.

When about a year ago the characteristically quiet announcement was made that a daily newspaper was soon to be issued from the Christian Science publication headquarters, at Falmouth and St. Paul streets, veteran journalists wagged their heads sagely and settled the matter in short order. The paper would "go"—yes, yes, there was no doubt about that—it would "go" because of the strength of the denomination and the numbers of its adherents. But it could not be a newspaper from the very nature of the case; it must be a proselyting sheet of little interest except to those to whom it made its distinctively ethical appeal. Thus they said, and doubtless believed.

But they failed to take into consideration two things: first, the unconquerable energy of the Christian Science folk and, second, their ineradicable habit of having the best in whatever direction they undertake to go. At the suggestion of Mrs. Eddy the trustees of the publishing society entered upon the work of establishing a daily paper, and a genuine newspaper they produced in every sense of the word—except some of the senses that could well be spared from the customary conception of the term.

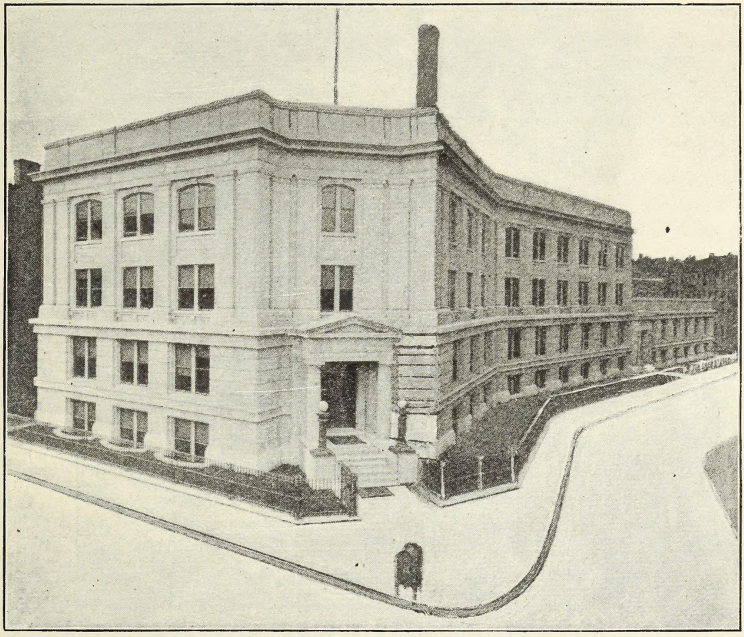
From the very beginning the story of "The Christian Science Monitor" is remarkable. Seemingly, it required but a hint to those in charge of the already elaborate publishing plant in Boston, and the thing was accomplished. It has been told many times with what astonishing rapidity the newspaper was brought into existence. And yet there is in the recital a deal of instruction and suggestion, especially to the practical newspaper man, who knows that the bringing to pass of such things takes time, and who now can see and appreciate the highly creditable results of the undertaking.

The days of the beginning were typical. It was in August, 1908, that the first practical steps were taken toward the establishing of the Monitor. Nothing was left to chance—nothing was permitted just to happen. At once, a thoroughly trained and able newspaper man was asked to come to Boston to take the helm of this newest journalistic bark. On the day he arrived in town a consultation was held, plans were discussed and it was then and there decided that to furnish a home for the newspaper an addition to the existing building was necessary. It was determined, also, to issue the first number of the paper on November 24th,

the day before Thanksgiving. The outlook would not have been highly satisfactory to a less sanguine and energetic body of men. Four apartment houses stood on the land that was to furnish space for the new building. Very well, then, they must go, and at once their demolition was begun. Less than three months remained for the completion of the home for the Monitor, but by September 16th work on its erection was begun. Presses were ordered, linotype machines contracted for, and all the expensive paraphernalia of a newspaper office was purchased long in advance of its actual use.

At times the incompleteness of things must have appalled even the ever-confident trustees and editors. There was the matter of the presses, for instance; the company furnishing them had other orders far in advance of this demand from Boston, but by paying cash down the Monitor people were enabled to get the great advantage of prompt delivery. And the delivery was prompt, for it is still told with pride in the offices on Falmouth Street how the great engines of the disseminating of news and knowledge were in their places in the press room before the protecting walls of the building were even in existence, and how the linotype machines above were actually open to the sun and stars for several days before they were finally housed.

Then came the gathering together of the staff, made up almost without exception of men owing allegiance to the faith that had called them to the service. It was an exceedingly good



CHRISTIAN SCIENCE PUBLISHING HOUSE

staff. That a man was a Christian Scientist primarily was not enough to insure him a position upon the Monitor. He must, in addition, be a newspaper man of proven worth and known ability. It was by adhering to this principle that no trace of amateurishness, no evidence of groping for a policy, has ever been discovered in the conduct of the Monitor. In just that very point the paper put to naught the prophecies of the onlooking wiseacres; it was from its birth, and is



COPY READERS AND EDITORS HAVE ALL THE MODERN IMPROVEMENTS

IN THESE ROOMS MEN WORK WITHOUT TOBACCO OR PROFANITY TELLING THEIR READERS THE UNSULLIED EVENTS OF THE WORLD

HANDLING THE NEWS

to-day, a product of practical journalism and not of enthusiasts with a cult to exploit.

The home of "The Christian Science Monitor" as it exists to-day is a highly entertaining study for the dyed-in-the-wool newspaper man whose early training led him to believe that one of the cardinal principles of successful journalism was the maintaining of a villainously untidy office; that the ablest newspapers had the dirtiest quarters; that hubbub and uproar and the wild crash of many noises were absolutely indispensable to the producing of a good daily.

To be sure the profession as a whole is gradually outgrowing that view of the case, but it has remained for "The Christian Science Monitor" to show the world that a progressive, handsome and entertaining newspaper may be edited under surroundings as tasteful, even beautiful, as are those of the highest kind of commercial activities.

The principle that surroundings of artistic refinement have their inevitable effect upon the mental output of men

and women is here insisted upon and illustrated to the fullest degree. It is safe to say that in no newspaper home in North America, at least, is there so much of actual beauty, combined with a long-thought-of plan of convenience. This devotion to sightliness is carried out even in the composing room, press room and stereotyping room, and in no one of them is that heat, gloom or squalor that so often marks the ordinary quarters for the mechanical production of a newspaper.

A visitor to these model newspaper offices—and there are very many of them in the course of every working day—steps at once into a cool, long corridor, marble floored. Upon his left are the quarters of the advertising and circulation departments, resembling those of a high-grade bank. On the right begins that long series of what might well be called "linear conveniences," for here is the beautiful room of the Managing Editor, and from it in lines, now straight, now radiating somewhat, proceed all the other activities of the newspaper in regular sequence. It is a wonderful system that somebody has evolved for the most expeditious and easy-running operation of a newspaper, and through it all there is no noisy confusion, no creaking of unoiled wheels, no shouting, no incense of tobacco, no profanity—nothing but the orderly running of a newspaper by a company of men whose lives are as well ordered as their surroundings.

A tour through the handsome offices of the editors of various grades and sorts is a liberal education as to the way in which the Christian Science folk conduct any enterprise that requires energy and ability. Spite of the beautiful quarters in which a large part of the working force of the Monitor perform their daily labors, there is a keen, tingling something in the air that speaks of unremitting diligence in the making of the paper. There is no lolling in easy chairs, no waste of time in performing long and needless journeys from one department to the other. Someone's ingenious mind has planned a newspaper office where the work proceeds from one portion of the staff to another in a wonderfully rapid and convenient way. Labor and time-saving devices abound, and the investigator who might choose to follow a piece of "copy" from typewriter to printed impression would see scarcely a break in the whole process, so admirably is each department dovetailed into the other. It is needless to say, of course, that the newest and best mechanical appliances obtainable in the world are used in the making of this newspaper.

So much for the beautiful and commodious home whence comes this daily visitor to so many thousand of other homes all over the world. Visually the paper itself is as attractive as the place where it is made. It is typographically artistic and striking without being in the least overdone in black-faced emphasis. It is made up with care and a decent regard for proportion. Its illustrations are always well executed, and its body type is clear and readable. It seems to have struck the happy medium between an appearance of sleepy respectability and wild-eyed sensationalism. It stimulates curiosity without hitting the public in the eye with screaming atrocities of printers' ink.

Where is the field for such a paper as this, with its four editions each day, apart perhaps from that offered by the great denomination of which it is in a certain sense a representative? The question is natural enough, and yet no one who asks it could talk for ten minutes with the responsible editors of the Monitor without being impressed with the thought that there is such a field and it is being cultivated skilfully and with true journalistic instinct.

There were many papers in the world before the advent of this one, and they seemed, at least, to cover every phase of human activity. But the people in charge of "The Christian Science Monitor" believed that there were still highly important and highly interesting matters to be exploited, and it is only fair to say that they have found them. No newspaper man of any perception whatever can study a few is-

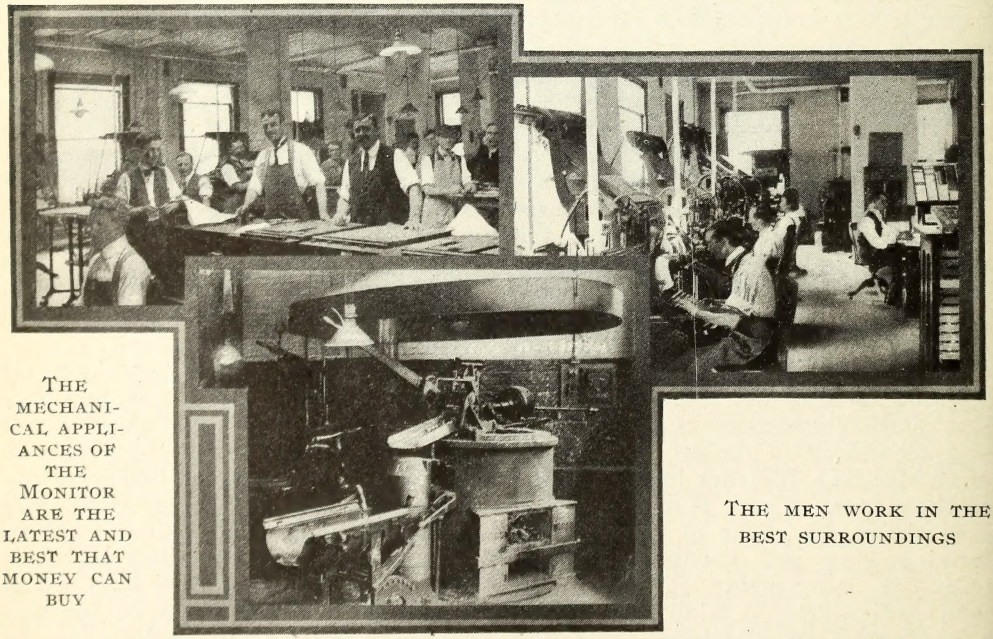
sues of the Monitor without feeling at once that while it contains all the news that is essential enough to be chronicled, it also has the faculty of "digging out," in newspaper parlance, many fresh features and important happenings. It covers numerous interesting topics and affairs overlooked or neglected by other journals.

Back of every newspaper there is and must be a prevailing motive. In the case of "The Christian Science Monitor" stands the intent and determination to produce a newspaper that may be accepted without fear or apology by the most careful and refined home and that shall yet have something of interest and profit for every member of the family and shall further tell it all it needs to know about the great affairs of the great world. It is as if the command had gone forth one year ago: "Make a good newspaper; make a clean newspaper; make a handsome newspaper; make an instructive newspaper—but make a *live* newspaper." And, lo, that thing was done.

Many papers, started with the idea of effecting reforms, have been antagonistic in their methods; they have sought to tear down, instead of trying to build up. Here is where the Monitor is different. It is not destructive, but constructive; it seeks to supplant existing evils with vital good. It is not combative, but is energetic in advancing all those things which make for the betterment of mankind. The following out of this policy has created no enemies, but has won thousands of friends for the Monitor and the principles which it represents.

The Monitor has developed one or two rather interesting rules of conduct, somewhat novel in the making up of a newspaper. Naturally it is the intent to make a first page of pleasure to the eye and the artistic sense. Now it is well known that the great mass of newspapers permit their second page to be a general dumping ground for the tag ends of articles run over from the first. In fact, so long as the outside of the paper is attractive, the customary rule is to let the "stuffing" take care of itself.

The Monitor has changed all that. It insists that its second page be as pleasing in appearance as the first, and it makes up its remarkably full and able



THE MECHANICAL APPLIANCES OF THE MONITOR ARE THE LATEST AND BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY

THE MEN WORK IN THE BEST SURROUNDINGS

COMPOSING AND STEREOTYPING ROOMS

foreign news, for which it had at the beginning a highly trained and experienced writer from England, on this same page. It has a page of finance and commerce gotten together by men of recognized authority, and its "Home Forum" page, so-called, in which every day the intent stands clear to print something of educational value is edited by a teacher of long experience and a woman formerly connected with one of the important publishing houses of the country.

The student of journalism will note that in many respects the Monitor has no intention whatever of omitting popular features. For instance, it has a complete page devoted to athletic sports which the students of one of the Universities recently voted the best in New England. To be sure, no space is devoted to the exploits of one plugugly who is set up to batter another into insensibility, but all clean athletics are thoroughly covered and served in well-written style. Illustrations, as has been noted, are many and excellently printed, and the whole tone of the paper is indicative of the desire to interest the decent average people who are in truth the backbone of our civilization.

That motive appears most significantly in the composing of the editorial page. Within a unique and handsome border there appear daily a half dozen or more clear and pithy discussions of the salient events of the world. It is believed on the Monitor that the intelligent American desires at least some comment on the notable affairs of Europe, and to make this comment satisfactory a writer who for years has been as familiar with the streets of London and the by-ways of Peru and Chili as with the scenes of New York was secured and now does his share in making the editorial page one of the very best and most complete in the United States.

Even the most rabid foe of Christian Science might read the Monitor day after day without the slightest vexation of spirit, for he will find before him a well-appointed, well-edited, well-written newspaper, and not a tract or a pamphlet. The way in which the Monitor advances the principles which it was founded to sustain is not by sermonizing but by presenting the affairs of the world with such an optimistic and helpful touch that the "evil that men do" is minimized, and the noble achievements of the race stand forth in clear emphasis. There is but one article in each issue upon Christian Science, this being carried upon the "Home Forum" page.

It used to be said that "The Christian Science Monitor" would have no need for advertisements because its confessedly great circulation and the wealth of the denomination might be counted upon for its ample support. But that was not at all the plan of those who undertook the conduct of the daily. They believed that it should be apart from the few exceptions already noted, like other papers of the land, self-supporting. It was no part of their planning to make it a dependant upon charity. So a vigorous campaign for the acquiring of the usual "sinews of war" was undertaken and has been going on ever since with always increasing success.

The growth of the "business" in the Monitor has been steady and entirely satisfactory—and it must be remembered that more advertising is refused than is accepted and printed. It is a self-evident fact that requires little evidence on the part of solicitors that the circulation of the paper is of the very finest sort, embracing thousands upon thousands of homes where culture and refinement reign and where the buying power is generally large.

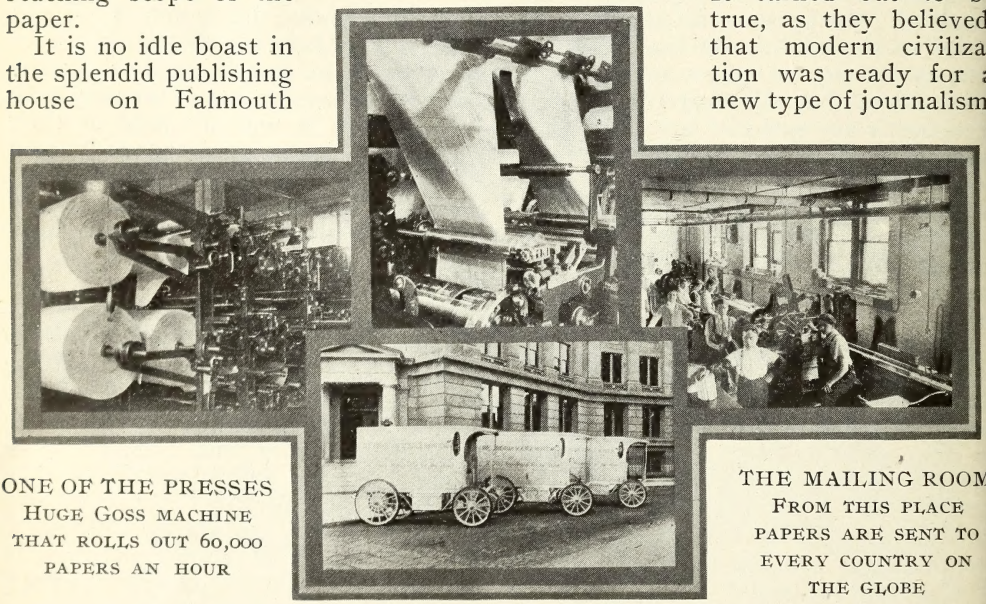
Once in a while, naturally, an advertising man has to be convinced. Such a one was the head of a big New York agency taking his vacation in the remote depths of the Maine woods this summer. He was in a camp at the head of a long lake past the foot of which ran the only railroad within a hundred miles. It is said that, feeling especially energetic one morning, he decided to canoe down the forest-embowered waters and see a real train

of cars come in from far-off civilization.

He arrived at the station, which was a little shanty set among the trees, just in time for the arrival of the cars. As the train came to a halt the door of the baggage car opened and a fellow in uniform threw off two little bundles. They were absolutely the only things, human or inanimate, left by the train that day. His curiosity aroused, the advertising magnate picked up one of the bundles from the platform and saw thereon emblazoned, "From 'The Christian Science Monitor.'" Two copies of that paper had come into this fastness of the forest, and it is on record that the advertising man was satisfactorily convinced of the energy and the far-reaching scope of the paper.

It is no idle boast in the splendid publishing house on Falmouth Street that "The Christian Science Monitor" has the largest prepaid subscription list of any daily newspaper. From out the marvellously ingenious machines that fold, wrap and address the papers at one operation, pour forth little bundles of the Monitor destined to visit every country upon the globe.

Into every quarter of Christendom and heathendom goes this daily message of inspiration and hope. It is no wonder that its editors and all connected with its remarkable development feel that what they have accomplished in less than one year is but an earnest of the higher success and greater influence that shall come to the paper in the future. It turned out to be true, as they believed, that modern civilization was ready for a new type of journalism.



ONE OF THE PRESSES
HUGE GOSS MACHINE THAT ROLLS OUT 60,000 PAPERS AN HOUR

AUTO DELIVERY WAGONS

THE MAILING ROOM
FROM THIS PLACE PAPERS ARE SENT TO EVERY COUNTRY ON THE GLOBE

About Roman Folklore

By Dr. J. A. F. ORBAAN

TWO and a half thousand years of history are no burden for the ordinary Roman citizen. He takes from the amazing amount of dates and facts, of destinies and dynasties, from all the contrasts, which astonished generations, and out of the midst of a world of famous men, a few happenings and personalities, as his share of remembrances of the long past.

We are naturally interested to know what and which are his thoughts as to the long history of his city. Who wanders and lives for a short time with all his soul in the Rome of goneby ages—as we all have done, or hope to do—puts the question, rising from the very construction of ruins and history: "What is left of former Rome to the living Italian?" Or, to ask more formally: "What is the folklore of Rome in our days?"

At first here presents itself the difficulty of getting sure information. School education, newspaper articles, the popular stage, have to be eliminated. The guide, who leads tourists around, is not to be considered as Roman citizen, but more as a mind shaped for the satisfaction of international curiosity. A good deal of this man's knowledge is no common good. He has hard work to master it himself and to keep file of emperors, counsels, popes and artists in their right place. The guide-books tell too much or too little. They have no reason to deal regularly with the popular fancy. There exists many books dedicated to the legends of Rome and the Campagna—but their contents surpass far the medium notions of the contemporary Roman of the middle and lower classes.

The only way—and certainly not an easy one—is to make an experiment with a real Roman and to control our observations with the experience of some trustworthy specialist. It takes besides acquaintance of the Roman dialect and expressions, some pulling and dragging—a thorough use of what we call in chemistry reagentia—to get our man to tell all he knows.

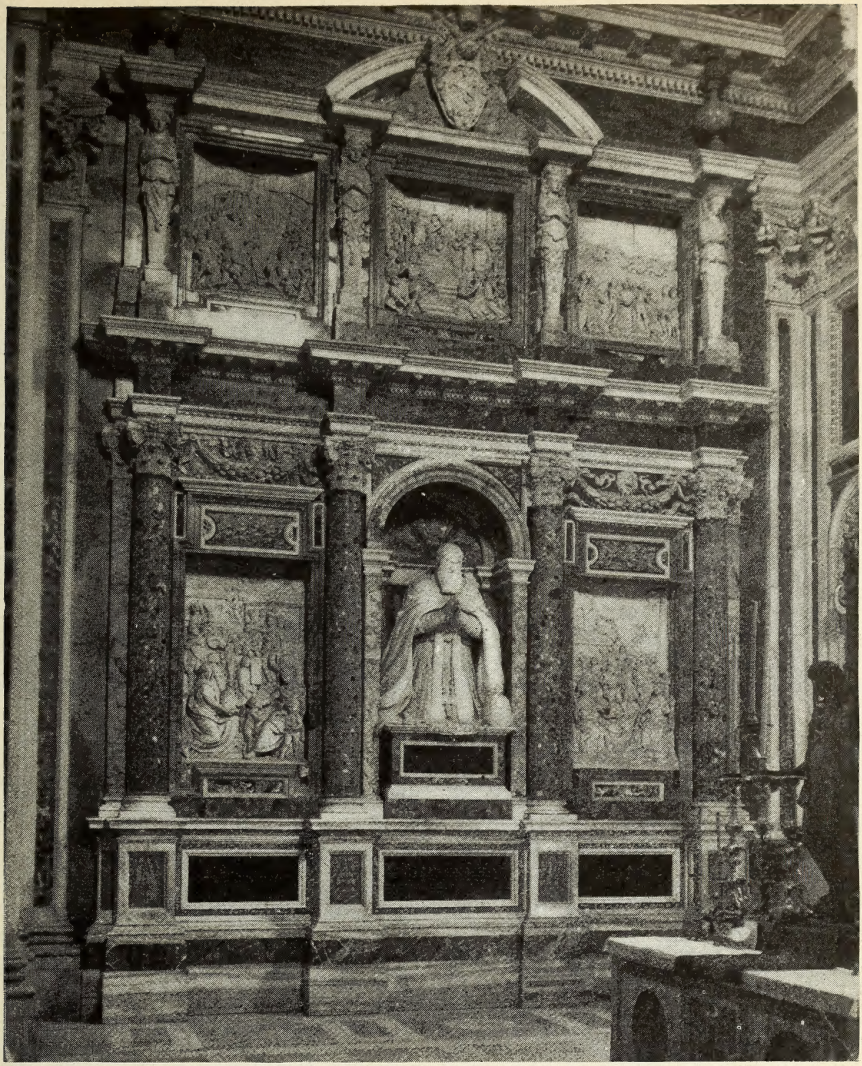
I had a real "Romano di Roma" and controlled myself with a handy book, written by a poet in Roman language and verses, who guarantees, as genuine, stories from one or two generations ago, whatever he states.

To begin with, I asked around for Romulus and Remus, and found them generally well known, even amongst the people of villages lost in the mountains of Latium and the confining Abruzzi. These are only surpassed by the folks around Terracina, who are said to keep track in their popular songs of the mythical visit of Odysseus to their present shores. The Romans know why the city government keeps the wolves at the head of the steps leading to the Capitol: they recognize the twins in the famous bronze of the museum "dei Conservatori," as also on the beltbuckle of the city-policemen. More friendly than old time nomenclature they call them even Romolo and Remolo. A couple of sons with those venerable names is a real joy for many a Roman laborer.

From the origin, we have to fly over the growth to the decline of ancient Rome to meet again our Romani grumbling yet over Nero. A "Nerone" is still a current expression to point out an actual character on the stamp of the classic type. Never the Romans forgive the original—his burning down the city—nor do they forget his appearance in the circus. They show



STATUE OF MARCUS AURELIUS — ROME



THE MONUMENT THE ROMANS LOVE

the tower, where he looked out, playing the guitar, and singing poetry composed for the event. On medieval maps of Rome, near the present Ponte Margherita, is shown: "the tower, where the ghost of Nero dwelt a long time." With the tower vanished the legend. But another "umbra Neronis" speaks through the common Roman expression: "Non e piu er tempo, che Berta filava." (The time is past that Bertha spun.) Not all who use now the expression, taken in its right sense of the exceptional good times having gone by, know the origin of this peculiar sentence. The old story may have been forgotten and only the end preserved, as the refrain of many a popular song once known in its full charm by our grandmothers.

Berta, with her name as un-Roman as could be chosen, was a worthy ancestor of a type of Trastevere. Bold, outspoken, fearless and proud of her position, this imaginary figure of Neronian times could now take her

place as hostess of some osteria beyond the Tiber. Walking with the spindle under her arm, poor and busy, she meets the imperator and coldly wishes him: "A thousand years of life." Nero paused—and wondered at the strange expression. He asked the woman, why this compliment? She was prepared. Her short speech was only meant as to awaken his curiosity, as to place better her bitter criticism. "So your crimes can long continue!" Overpowered by her daring, he commands her to come the following day to the palace, bringing with her all the thread she had spun. Berta, considering this a dead verdict, goes on her errand—to find herself rewarded with as much land as her spun thread could surround. All poor women followed her example, going to the palace and asking for a present; hoping to make profit of Nero's instantaneous generosity—but they got the only answer: "It is no more the time, that Berta spins!"

Another emperor, Marcus Aurelius, had, besides others, this advantage: that his statue has been exposed in public perhaps ever since the time of its erection in the Forum. Probably this favor of the middle-ages has been bestowed on the statue as it went under the erroneous name of the Christian emperor, Constantine. I do not speak here of its wanderings from the Forum to Saint John in Lateran and the legends of the middle-ages preserved in the marvellous little book "Mirabilia urbis Romae," and how the great tribune, Cola di Rienzo, made abuse of the bronze, just to have wine spouting through the nostrils of the powerful animal—before Michelangelo placed it safely on the Capitol. At present two stories are told. The traces of gold on the statue will spread, so the Roman tells you; and when the rider and his horse will be completely covered—the golden age will return. The other story is more ingenuous. Somebody demands: "Do you know why that man sits on his horse without its bridle?" The same person will resolve the solution. "That emperor had a reign without limits. Therefore they represented him free on his horse. Where it would go, to the right or the left, the emperor would always remain on his own territory. Do you not see, that he indicates the same idea with the noble movements of his outstretched arms." In the same way the Romans of the middle-ages interpreted the gestures of the Dioscuri—the two young men on the Quirinal hill, Prassitele and Fibia (sic) counting on their fingers the years of the destiny of Rome.

Their counting was as mere guesswork compared to the security given by "cose fatali," the things of fate, like the gilding of the statue of Marcus Aurelius and the stability of the Colosseum, which merits to be called a safe standard, from a chronological standpoint.

The old Roman rhyme is still known:

"Fino ch'er Coliseo durera"
(As long as the Colosseum stands)
"Puro Roma su stara"
(Will also Rome endure)
"Quanno er Coliseo caschera"
(When the Colosseum will fall)
"Puro Roma ha da casca"
(Also Rome must fall)
"Quanno Roma finira"
(When Rome will be ended)
"Tutto er mondo s'ha da scapicolla"
(The whole world will turn upside down)

Something about the Colosseum has puzzled the Roman—how to explain the numberless holes in that mass of stone. The memory has lost sight of the times, when the ancestors were digging in those nitches for the bronze clasps, which once fastened the marble mantle to the stone-work. The explanation now given contains, perhaps, more ancient remembrances. The incisions are explained as the start of a conspiracy to destroy the Colosseum. Every Roman is familiar with the mining of quarries. From excursions along the Via Flaminia, where hunters search the lonesome hare, or in the mountains of Tivoli, they remember ac-



STREET LIFE IN ROME

curately the preparation of this kind of work. The Colosseum presents this same pigeon-hole surface. Musing upon history in the real folkloristic way, they suppose that the plot was made by the Barbarians to blow up the Colosseum. Never mind if gunpowder was known or not known in those days. The Barbarians were the only ones who could conceive the vandalistic plan to such an extent. For us it is important to observe how tenacious the record of the Barbarians destroying Rome keeps its place in the vague historical notions of the populous.

The older legends, which I found not known to the Romans of the reign of Victor Emanuel III., concerned in more precise form the invasion. Attila, ready to invade Rome, was hindered at Porta San Paolo by the appearance of the apostles, Peter and Paul, with the drawn sword. As this is not specially a matter of faith, the Romans are not taught about it. With those kinds of legends, half political history, half religious, and especially with those which are more completely of a religious origin, we are not sure whether to arrange them in the folklore or to exclude them. The story of "Domine quo vadis" (whither goest thou?), told by ecclesiastical teachers to the young generation, is certainly more a subject of catechism than of folklore. It is easy to make mistakes in the division of what appertains to the popular mind and soul, and of what is brought by more cultured persons. I know quite an instructive example from my own observation. Passing through a popular quarter of Rome, I remarked in the street a circle of young boys and girls in very expressive attitudes—all with different gestures, ecstatically looking towards heaven. One acted as judge, pointing to the onlooker the most esthetic figure, according to his capable judgment. I saw in those youngsters the Raphaels, Michelangelos and Lavinia Fontanas of the future. I carried the example along with me—how advanced the youthful play in Italy is

in point of esthetics, compared to our rough boy-plays and to our doll-house girl play! But I soon was disillusioned —for Italian educators told me that nuns teach the children how to represent in tableaux vivant the celestial rapture of different saints of the calendar. My play of free art proved to be a continuation of the convent-school, of the Christian Doctrine.

We have to include in the medium-culture of the Italians also a respectable portion of fine arts, exposed to the public in the churches. To certain people the Saint Theresa of Bernini and the Moses of Michelangelo are, by reason of their being parishioners of the churches containing these masterpieces, daily or weekly acquaintances. Also certain iconographical and hagiographical details are known by the whole populous, from statues and paintings, as to give lessons to art-historians from countries where the atmosphere is less pervaded with religious art. This goes much farther than Saint Sebastian with the arrows, and Saint Catherine with the wheel. Perhaps, we have to make a concession for the popular stage in the folklore. At least we will not be at a loss, if we consider the ordinary representations as proof in our experiments—and, by a peculiar conglomeration of facts, we will have to extend our investigations also to the popular image. The old, known, beloved, told-over story is always in the centre. If we take for example the misfortunes of Beatrice Cenci, we will find them many times announced for some cheap theatre and presented in the oleographs at the walls of the homes of small citizens. Here the popular theatre and the popular art prove the existence of a great predilection in folklore for the drastic and dramatic story of the beautiful Cenci. The effect can also go in the opposite direction.

The story of Tosca, a real Roman happening, long forgotten by the Romans, and taken up by Sardou, comes back to Rome in the form of a libretto of the opera by Puccini. Now the opera has conquered absolutely the popular favor, and the same factories of cleographical art, which immortalized la Cenci in the prison, prepare by the hundreds: last acts of the opera la Tosca. The Romans observed, with pleasure, that the terrific story was originally played on the wide and tested stage of their own city. There is no doubt, that la Tosca belongs now to the folklore of Rome—but she only entered since Puccini began to reign over every Italian, who can hum and whistle.

Real and genuine is Sixtus V.

Never forgotten, he steps on the boards of the stage or is quoted as the very instant of a severe ruler in ordinary conversation. A "Sisto quinto" is the antithesis of a "Nerone."

The play with his name on the boards has always a crowded house and an insured success. From the long list of popes, Rome remembers before Pius the ninth only the sixteenth century: Sixtus the fifth (1585-1590). A Roman expression, on the style of "Non e piu er tempo, etc.," holds the quintessence of the reign of Sisto Quinto.

"Non annera sempre accusi"

(It will not always go that way)

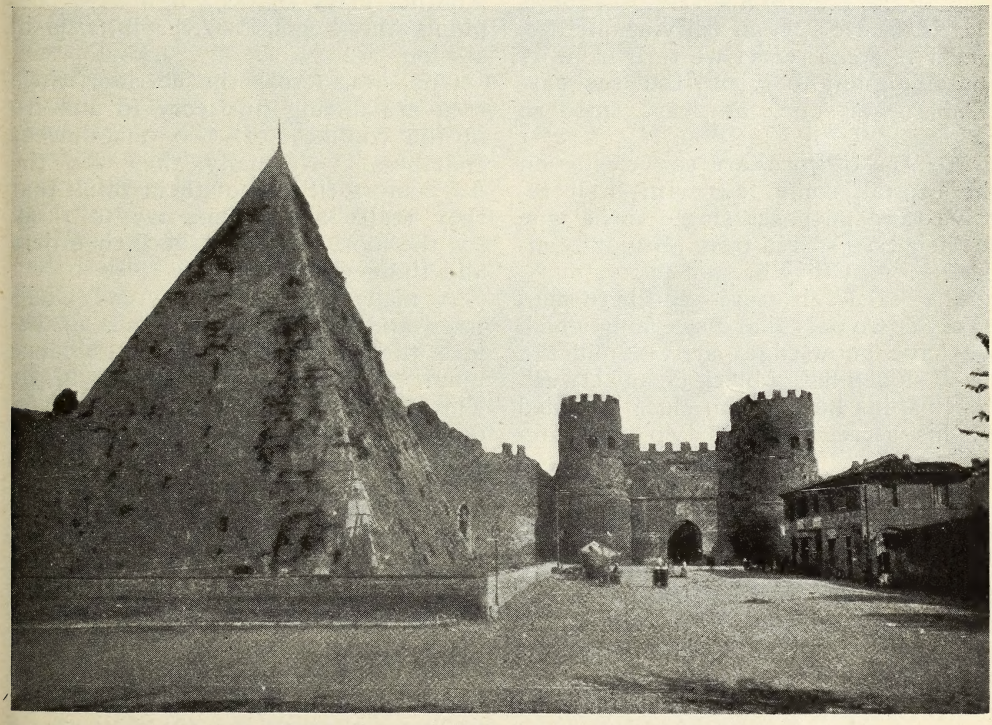
This is the pope who revealed himself the very day of his election a great reformer. The story is really worth telling.

One of the chapters of the short pontificate of Sixtus V. shows him as the pope, who made for the time of his reign an end to the daring deeds of the brigands, who infested the whole papal territory. In the pleasant book of Hubner—*Sixte Quint*—you will find a full description of his dealings with this enemy. Now, it is very remarkable that our short story introduces Sixtus V., disguised as a monk, going to the Colosseum to discover a crowd of brigands. We know that the former circus of Flavius has been, in older times, a hiding place for highway-robbers. This tradition haunts still the traveller, when he comes to admire the immense circus on moonlight nights. As to sixteenth century quaint tales about the place, I recommend the de-

scription Benvenuto Cellini gives in his autobiography of spiritualistic experiments in the ring.

The pope knew how to wear the habit to perfection. The brigands had surely met often in their plundering life, hermits living in the caverns of the mountain-wall behind the Campagna. Yet in present times they avoid to disturb the harmless sentries of solitude and devotion. No wonder that the disguised pope got his entrance. He even was at once charged to turn the grill before dinnertime. Turning it in one direction he changed it sometimes, with the laconic observation: "Non annera sempre accusi." After the meal, one by one, the robbers went to sleep. The monk then called the guards—the "sbirri"—and the next day the expression was used in another sense: the brigand—"life goes not always like this," as it was changed by a man, very busy in Sixtus' days—the executioner of Rome!

The Romans remember in a greater light their pope, who planned the betterment of their city. His great building-impulse is symbolized in the erection of the obelisk of Nero. The immense monolyth had been neglected ever since the fall from its pedestal. Sixtus risked to place it, dedicated to Christianity, before Saint Peter's. The man for the occasion was easily found. An acquaintance of the days when Sixtus was not yet pope, and still in disgrace before his predecessor, a poor mason-boy, Domenico Fontana, had attracted his attention and favor. When the former monk rose to the zenith of his power, he appointed Fontana his architect. In no other architectural feat had the fortuned Fontana dared so much as when ordered by his loving master to fulfil this task.



THE PYRAMID OF THE GATE, SAN PAOLO

GLEN NOBLE*

By WINSLOW HALL

CHAPTER XXV.

IT is a grand picture, a grand scheme, and the heart of the patriot swells as he contemplates it—these simple men, carrying the immutable credentials of their fellows, dignified by their invested powers, assembling laboriously from every corner of the State to devise together, in the sight of God and under the power of a free electorate, what is best for the whole, and then, by a simple "aye" or "nay" making or unmaking the laws of a sovereign people.

It is, as we say, an edifying picture, and with some regret we turn from its contemplation to view the real assembling of one, at least, modern Legislature.

Men, as of yore, are converging on the capital, some few with high resolves and purposes single to be true to their trusts, free from all unholy alliances. But they are not many.

The real Legislature—and here shall be set down only that concerning which we have knowledge—arrives under a black slouch hat, a black cigar between his lips, his bulky form close attended by his secretary and two smirking lieutenants.

Grandly, as becomes the sovereign power, he makes his way into the citadel of law-giving, which the people, in the name of a free government have erected, the nominal legislators skurrying to make way for him, cringing at his approach, fawning to do his slightest or weightiest bidding.

On, down the tile-lined corridors he goes, corridors so lately echoing to vows of constancy to truth and justice, until he comes to a little chamber set aside ordinarily to the majesty of the Law personified in the High Sheriff of the County.

Therein he enters and pauses, frowning upon some, smiling a smile of sunshine of patronage on others. Are the preliminaries ready? Have his orders been carried out? Have certain bills been prepared and are certain schemes incubating as has been arranged and directed? Very well. The Legislator seats himself in a cushioned chair prepared for the mighty. Another black cigar; a light; the cuspidor—the Legislature, *de facto,* is in session.

Opposite, across the corridor, little men are flitting hurriedly to and fro in the confines of two magnificent chambers. Normally they are the Legislators. Some of them think that they really are; others try to think so; the most of them take their orders and think not at all.

A man dedicated to spread God's word and do His work, stands up before them and asks divine guidance upon "this honorable assembly. Be Thou present," he implores, "and directs their councils. Give them wisdom for truth and justice. Before Thee they stand as supplicants, looking to Thee alone," and every ear in the great chamber is strained to its uttermost to learn if the Great One across the corridor has arrived yet.

The good man knows the part he plays in the great hypocrisy: he, like all normal men, knows that these nominal legislators look no higher for guidance than to the chamber across the way; that therefrom the laws of the people emanate and that no recommendation may become operative and

Copyright, 1908, by Winslow Hall. All rights reserved.

law without the sanction of the man who therein sits enthroned by reason of his great ability to minister to other men's greediness. The vicious hypocrisy is potent, and yet it endures.

When Glen came to the State capital the morning of the day upon which the Legislature by law was to convene, he came alone, a stranger in a strange city.

He went, as he had been directed, to the Eagle Hotel, the famous hostelry of the Capital city which, for two generations had been the headquarters of politicians and whose ancient walls, if they might speak, could tell a history of intrigue, political scheming and chicanery, which would put the egotistical descendants of many a vaunted statesman to blush. He found the corridor filled with men, tobacco smoke and the sound of rife discussion, and as he made his way to the office desk his tall young form was conspicious in the gathering.

He was pointed out by some who knew him, as one of the new members, a young fellow who came from the district where Burland lived, one who had made a stir in his section and who was an uncertain quantity in general, being a product of the political unrest which was affecting the entire State.

He was assigned to a room and, after registering, he sought out Major Terrill, who had his quarters on an upper floor. When he entered the room he was at once recognized by one of the independent workers and introduced to those standing by as "that young colt from over Stonestead way, who had kicked over the traces and with whom the machine leaders were experiencing some difficulty in an attempt to hitch him to the administration bandwagon."

In shaking hands all round some one remarked to Glen: "So you are looking for honor, too, eh?"

"Well, just at present I'm looking for his honor, Major Terrill," replied Glen, and the reply evoked laughter, during which a bulky form stepped from behind a screen at the window and the genial old attorney and former County Judge came slowly across to greet his young friend, a volume in one hand, a stub finger between the pages as a marker and his glasses, over, instead of through which his inscrutably deep eyes twinkled jovially, tilted on his Roman nose.

"That reminds me of a little story," said the Major, removing the glasses and tapping Glen's shoulder with their steel rims. "A young chap up in Coos and his lady love were attending a protracted prayer meeting at the village church. Getting there late they found the edifice filled, but a gentleman arose and gave the lady his seat, while the young man was ushered away to a seat far down forward. The service grew warm and impressive. 'Will those who want our prayers please stand,' said the preacher. At this juncture the young man thought it was getting late and that he would get his sweetheart and go homeward, but not just knowing where she was seated he rose to his feet and looked over the audience. The good pastor smiled benignly down at him, and said: 'Young man, are you seeking salvation?' To which the young man responded: 'No, sir, I'm seeking Sal Tomkins .'"

"Well," said the Judge, adjusting his glasses, and looking sternly over them at his laughing auditors, "this won't do. We'd better get over to the State House and see how the fat-frying is going on."

When the little company of outlaws arrived at the capitol building its ancient and lofty-pillared corridors were echoing with the tramp and Babel-like voices of men. Pages were skurrying about, clerks with officious documents were diving in and out of the several chambers and large-waisted men with large-waisted cigars between their lips were the centres of scattered groups of less pompous individuals, all discussing the pros and cons of the pregnant legislative session.

A page approached Glen as he was removing his overshoes and asked him if he was "the gentleman from Stonehead." Upon being informed that he

hailed from that town, the lad said, in a whisper, that "the Boss would like to see you in the Sheriff's office."

Glen smiled. "Tell Mr. Carpenter," said he to the boy, "that I am busy, the House being about to convene, but that if he desires to see me I will be in the committee-room at the noon recess."

The page looked incredulous. No such message of refusal had ever been transmitted within his knowledge to the State Boss upon his request, which was equivalent to an order, that he desired to see a member in his office. But as Glen moved off to the entrance into the House and gave no token that his answer was other than sincere and final, the boy sped away, filled with a new importance.

When he entered the presence of Justin Carpenter, who sat surrounded by his retinue of servile lieutenants, he delivered his message breathlessly and then waited in silence, others in the room eyeing one another askance and pausing in conversation to note the effect on their chief of the exceptional rejoinder.

No shade of annoyance or other testament of his feelings showed upon the great man's stolid features. He was too good a general of himself and of other men to permit that. He continued uninterrupted to read the letter he held in his hand, chewing the end of an unlighted cigar between his massive jaws.

Finally he said: "Tell Marston I want him," and even the atmosphere of the chamber surcharged with the moment of his calmly spoken order.

The "Marston" referred to was none other than the Lieutenant Governor of the State, President of the Senate and designated by law equal with the Governor himself, His Excellency.

The Lieutenant Governor, also, was designated by statute chairman, *ex-officio*, of the Returning Board, a commission of high State officials created to have the final and decisive counting of all ballots cast in general elections for the State officers. The town clerks certify to the Secretary of State the count of ballots as made on the night of election by the poll officials, but that count is not, in reality, official. The conclusive results are obtained only after the ballots have gone under the hands of the members of the Returning Board.

Ordinarily the sessions of this board were quite perfunctory, and, in general, the count of the poll wardens is accepted as sufficiently accurate and final. The members of the Board met regularly, after each election, as in duty bound, and, at the rate of compensation of seven dollars per day, levied upon the State treasury for several weeks dilatory employment. Little public interest, however, was ordinarily centred in the result of their labors. This year, however, owing to changes in the ordinary political status, and the number of unusual contests and party cleavage in many of the electoral districts, none the less, it may be hazarded, as a result of the excuse thereby afforded for extraordinary assault upon the State treasury, the sitting of the Returning Board had been prolonged. All through the month it had continued in session, and even now, with the Legislature about to convene, its arduous labors had not been concluded.

As the count of the towns was taken in alphabetical order, Stonestead, the third from the last on the roll, had not yet been reached.

It was scarcely a minute after the page sent to summon Marston had disappeared on his errand, when the Lieutenant Governor made his appearance, smirking and bowing to those present, and stood before The Boss deferentially.

For a moment the manipulator of men, who happened to be writing, scratched on with his pen, the grating of its stub point over the linen paper the only sound in the room. Presently he said, without looking up:

"A—, Marston. Has the Board reached Stonehead yet in the count?"

"No; not yet," replied the Chairman of the Board, pulling one of his grey side-whiskers nervously.

He was president of the bank in his town and quite a body when at home. Answering calls and cooling his heels while waiting was not ordinary with him, but he knew his indebtedness to the man who had summoned him and answered his question as one knowing his master.

"In fact," he continued, "we've only got down to Moultonville. It's been quite a complicated count this year."

"Yes," remarked the Boss, and was silent, and none of those listening could say in what spirit it had been uttered. Presently the grating of the pen ceased.

"See me after adjournment," said the Boss, looking up for the first time during the interview, piercing the little man before him with the penetrating glance of his calm, gray eyes. "And, Marston," as the Lieutenant Governor was turning away, "see to it that none of the other members go out of town. We may want some counting done—expeditiously."

Eye met eye in cautious inquiry amongst the several political workers and trusty subordinates lounging about the room. They were men well versed in party politics of the sort termed practical, astute men according to their lights, and they knew intuitively that this calling of Marston from his post as presiding officer of the senate, the inquiries made of him in relation to the count, as affecting the home town of the young representative who had sent back such an unheard-of reply to the Leader's demand for an interview, and, the orders given for the members to hold themselves in readiness, meant something of special import, and their fertile brains were busy devising what it might be.

The Boss had not fully believed that Glen would answer his summons. He had taken pains to observe the representative from Stonestead from afar on more than one occasion, and, being an exceedingly shrewd judge of men, as was necessary to his success, he had drawn his own conclusions regarding Glen's independence of spirit. The Boss had simply decided that the time had arrived when he should know his man positively, and had requested an interview as a tentative procedure to that end.

The remainder of the day was taken up in organizing both branches of the Legislature, electing officers, announcing standing committees, and early in the afternoon adjournment was taken until the following day.

CHAPTER XXVI.

It would have been a toss-up in the mind of a stranger dropped down suddenly in the capital city of the State the following morning, who chanced to read impartially all the several local papers and those others which came in on early trains from far places, whose special reporters were on the spot, whether the young man, Glen Noble, whose name was so conspiciously mentioned in story and dispatch, had wakened to find himself famous or infamous.

The staunch administration organs, subsidized by political preferment, fat advertising contracts, railroad passes, or other or all of these inducements to a biased statement of the situation, reviled him with venom and double leads. They called him a "Judas," an "Arnold to the party"; they said he was a visionary young man, elected by a fluke, who had set himself up as better than his party on a pinnacle of reform and was posing in the limelight of publicity to gratify his vanity. The more extreme journals hinted strongly that he was insincere and was prepared to stand out for a bribe or promise of larger office.

The independent Republican newspapers, and those of Democratic proclivity which alligned themselves with the fusion element, hailed him, on the contrary, as a composite hero, each after his own manner and degree of partisanship.

Major Terrill was just coming down the broad main stairway of the hotel, on his way to breakfast, when a man came hurriedly in through the outer vestibule and accosted him. The two

talked in an undertone for a few moments, and bystanders noticed that the usual kindly expression on the face of the old attorney changed to a hardened look, while his features flushed, as if in anger. "The skunks, would they dare try it?" he was overheard to exclaim.

His companion, it was apparent, was laboring under a stress of excitement, and when the Major turned to retrace his way to his room, forgetful of his breakfast, he followed him, evidently explaining some absorbing matter.

Soon messengers were noticed on their way after other adherents of the anti-machine faction and rumor flew that something of an untoward, if not highly sensational, nature was brewing, Well-known opponents of the Boss and administration methods came hurriedly into the hotel lobby and were directed to the room occupied by the Major, wherein he and Glen and several of their friends were already closeted.

Thanks to the gratuitous advertising which the political situation with relation to the senatorial contest had received in the papers, throngs of people began flocking into the city early from nearby towns and outlying districts, and soon they also were inbued with the prevailing sentiment that something portentious was about to happen.

Amongst others, Constance and several of her school companions were driven over from Westborough, chaperoned by one of the lady teachers of the seminary, the faculty availing the seniors of the school of the nearby opportunity to gain a knowledge of legislative methods, which, ordinarily, they studied only in the abstract and theoretically.

In the meantime excitement in what was transpiring behind the scenes increased amongst the on-lookers, and the very air seemed electrified with suspense. Rumor, denial and reassertion traversed from tongue to tongue. No one appeared to know anything definite, nor, indeed, what really had started the sudden commotion. Like news of war and pestilence it traversed space unaided.

When Glen entered the chamber of the House, he was the centre of much observation. As he made his way down the aisle to his seat he did not glance up to the gallery, and, therefore, missed seeing two brown eyes bent upon him which would have been as a baptism of balm and courage in his hour of need.

He had met Major Terrill on the stairway as he came in. The old lawyer wore a look of fury on his brow. "They're going to try it, Glen," he said, laying a kindly hand on the younger man's broad shoulder. "The hounds! It'll mean revolution and all law-abiding men in arms against 'em if they succeed, but they're bent on putting the election through and will scruple at nothing. The returning board had just adjourned. I've sent for Judge Staples, but he's out of town. If we can get to another Supreme Court Judge before they break their damn political necks over the precipice, we'll get a peremptory injunction and save the old State the disgrace, but the time's mighty short. Keep 'em, boy, as long as you can and we'll do the best we're able," and the old jurist dove down the steps with the agility of youth, his regard for the fortunes of his young friend in one balance, his love for the honor of his State in the other.

The assembly was called to order with evident haste. The grey-haired chaplain was bundled onto the speaker's platform and off with the opening and the closing words of his benediction still on his lips. Roll was called and the first order of business was called for.

"A report from the Committee of the Whole on Elections," announced the chairman of that committee.

"A report from the Committee of the Whole on Elections," mimicked the Honorable Speaker. "The clerk will read the report."

A silence as of death was in the chamber. Every one within the great room was strained to the utmost to hear and see. Not a sound broke the hush save the crackle of paper as the

clerk unfolded the communication and prepared to read.

CHAPTER XXVII.

As the Clerk of the House rose in his place and proceeded to read the report of the Returning Board, the last court of appeal, as it were, of the ballot, an audible indrawing of breaths sounded over the assemblage; nerves relaxed and people sank back in their seats and almost felt a sigh of relief from gallery to floor. Neighbor looked at neighbor and smiled. The fuse of expectancy had burned down, and nothing had occurred.

Like an ingenious automaton the clerk mouthed the jargon of technical phrases of the formal report, and lower and lower his monotonous voice fell under dominion of the droning rise and casual converse, growing louder, as more on-lookers lost interest and settled back comfortably in their seats or turned to neighbors for exchange of sentiments.

Of a sudden, a word, through no changed inflection in the reader's voice, caught the plastic mind of some gallery on-looker and he bent quickly forward toward the speaker's desk. As the music calms, then ceases at soft contact of the felted hammer on the vibrating strings of a pianoforte, so, swiftly, the silence, as though the staying hand of a mighty player ran round the throng, swept over the floor and gallery, and again the great audience to the little drama drew tense, and silently gaped to learn what it was that had so mysteriously impressed them.

"And we further find," the clerk was droning, "that in the Town of Stonestead one hundred and seven imperfect ballots were cast, which were wrongfully counted by the wardens to the credit of one Glen Noble, Independent-Republican, which, by reason of their imperfections should have been thrown out, resulting in a majority of three for Hollis, the regular Republican nominee.

"And we beg leave to report"—the sing-song voice of the clerk was going on, but like the surge of surf and sudden break of storm following hard upon the silence that portends a summer's gale, pandemonium broke loose in the galleries and for a moment cries, hisses, cat-calls, stampings and loud exclamations of approval, triumph and of denunciation, filled the great chamber in pulsing conflict.

The speaker hammered with his gavel with the vigor of a boiler riveter under the gaze of his section boss. The sergeant-at-arms strode up and down the aisle, red-faced and impotent, and members sawed the air vertically and criss-cross with their arms and bellowed for recognition.

For a few moments it was as far from that "peacful conclave" to which the chaplain had referred during his meteoric passage up and down the steps of the speaker's rostrum a few moments ago, as the Court of Love from Bedlam.

It was only when the Law's uniformed officers made their appearance in the gallery that there was appreciable calm, and then could be heard the unbroken drone of the imperturbable clerk, still reading: "all of which is respectfully submitted," and then followed the names of the members, "members of the State Returning Board."

Instantly, upon conclusion of the reading of the report, a member in a front seat was recognized by the chair and with the celerity of preconceived scheming his motion to approve was made and adopted.

Men on the opposition side of the chamber were standing like animated exclamation points, clamoring for recognition by the speaker, but that well-tutored worthy had, to all intent and purpose, been suddenly striken deaf and blind and could see no one. Again a babel of sound was rising in the gallery and the conflict of voices, the slamming of the gavel and the thud of hurrying feet up and down the aisles echoed up into the vaulted ceiling.

The floor leader of the administration rose in his place and for a brief moment the strange affliction of the

speaker was lifted. He saw and heard the representative of his political master. "The gentleman from Swenton!" he exclaimed.

For a moment the tumult subsided.

"I move that, in conformity with the report of the State Returning Board," bellowed the Gentleman for Swenton, "that the seat of the Representative from the Town of Stonestead be declared vacant."

In vain the speaker belabored his inoffensive desk with his mallet, and the officials of peace strode stern-faced and warningly up and down. Members of the opposition grew red-faced and, bent in contortions, demanded to be heard upon the motion; the gallery was in an uproar, the voice of the seconder of the motion and the voice of the speaker putting the motion to vote was drowned completely. Cries of "fraud" met and blended with cries of "good, put him out"; demands for roll call mingled with loud presentments of substitute motions and amendments, and the general uproar was punctuated by shrill whistles, cat-calls and cries of mingled approval and derision.

A messenger plowed his way through the central aisle to Glen's desk, where "the Gentleman from Stonestead" sat, pale, but calm-faced, surrounded by a score of impassioned friends.

"A special engine had gone to Manchester to get Judge Wakefield's signature," he exclaimed over Glen's shoulder. "Hold 'em as long as you can and we may get the ruling in time. The Major is on the special and will wire you from the other end."

Tall, graceful, and his young form and stern-set features commanding, even in such a seething caldron of human emotion, Glen rose from his desk and stood looking over the sea of upturned faces.

The commotion ceased, ebbing away into the furthest corners, where loud talking for a few moments continued.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Mr. Speaker," Glen was saying, in a strong, even voice that carried his words to the furthest part of the great hall of legislation, "I ask for the privilege of the floor for a few moments to speak upon a matter somewhat personal and which, therefore, none the less than because of the nature of the motion which I understand to be now before the house, is hardly in order, except through the indulgence of the members."

The Speaker, himself, had stepped from his place into the coat-room, at the call of the towering individual who had come from his desk in the Sheriff's office to be near to the scene of conflict, and an administration member had been called temporarily to the chair. Amid the bewildering confusion the new presiding officer was unequal to the unexpected emergency and "the Gentleman from Stonestead" was recognized.

A complete stillness fell upon the assemblage and even the Speaker, hurrying in with perturbed face to carry out his new orders and stem the tide of opposition, tiptoed to his place on the platform.

"I recognize," Glen continued, bowing to the Speaker in appreciation of his privilege and smiling faintly, "the right of this house to expel from his sitting any member and to declare elections void upon conclusive evidence. I do not propose to presume upon your accorded privilege of the floor to argue that phase of the situation. I should, however, feel I had been sadly remiss of duty, not only to my townspeople but to myself, if I did not here and now endeavor to state publicly the convictions which animate me and to place myself squarely before this chamber upon the matter in issue."

Cries of "good, go on," sounded from the gallery, and the Speaker fidgeted in his chair. One member on the administration side attempted to interrupt with an objection but was silenced by a clamor of disapproval.

"In all fundamental principles," Glen went on, his voice strengthening as he proceeded, "I am of the party of my fathers; that glorious party of Webster, Lincoln,

Woodbury and Adams, whose glorious history is the history of the nation in its most imperishable parts. But, Sir, while my allegiance to that party is deep-rooted, I feel we have a greater, a holier duty to serve—a duty and fealty to our State, to her interests and her hallowed soil in which is enshrined all our loftiest hopes and most precious memories. I deem it, Sir, a duty to myself to state, that upon this question which now agitates us, I believe it of transcending importance that the man who next represents our State in the Senate of the United States should be chosen solely upon his knowledge of State needs, upon his ability to present them urgently, and upon his inborn loyalty to the grand old Commonwealth which shall move him, in spite of all opposition, to vote right upon the issues now so vitally affecting the people of the country. These qualities, Sir, I believe to be more important in our next Senator than that he shall be accredited to any party or fraction of party."

Deafening applause from the gallery and the opposition side of the chamber obliged the speaker to pause for a moment, and he could not resist a fleeting smile of pleasure at this token of approval. He had not addressed a formal assemblage since his school days, when he used to take part in lyceum debate. His delivery was, in consequence of that early training, a trifle too oratorical, perhaps; his phraseology too academic; but they suited very well the occasion and the temper of the attendant crowd.

"I am asked," Glen continued, taking a little pardonable license from the friendly attitude of his hearers, "to cast the vote with which I have been entrusted for a man who, notoriously, has and can have no real sympathy with nor understanding of the prime needs of the State which he aspires to represent; a man who has constantly refused to answer the pertinent questions I and my friends courteously addressed to him during the campaign, which, if answered, would have placed him in his true light as a candidate for this high office. I am asked to cast that vote, given to me under solemn pledges, for a man whom I here charge, as I and others have heretofore charged him, with being a trafficer in votes, a despoiler of free suffrage and an aider and abettor of a system of spoilage which has here grown up and which threatens the fair name of our State with debasement. This I am asked to do, and in default of complying, I am to be punished.

"Sir," and Glen's straight young form seemed to heighten and broaden and his face to take a compelling look of honest sincerity, "rather would I take that punishment an hundred fold, and be driven from this chamber discredited by an overwhelming boughten vote, than be so untrue to my better impulses, my State and my friends as for one instant to entertain the perfidious thought of casting my vote for such a candidate."

The opposition members at this, together with the large majority of the on-lookers in the gallery who were in sympathy with the young man, rose to their feet and brandished hats and papers, cheering him to the echo. The Speaker, in desperation, pounded his marred desk anew and administration spokesmen clamored for the original question. But "the Gentleman from Stonestead," now aroused thoroughly, had the bit in his teeth, as the saying goes, and without heeding the call to order, went on.

"Sir," he exclaimed, and his strong young voice quelled the tumult of his admirers, "the gaze of a nation to-day is upon this gathering. Shall we, as chosen representatives of the people of this State, advertise to the world that the contumelious inuendoes which enemies have leveled at our fame are true? That men of riches may come here and *buy* political preferment?

"Our State has suffered, grievously and long, at the hands of men who have no higher aim than personal gain and aggrandizement. She needs, Sir—desperately needs—the good offices of loyal sons to represent her here and elsewhere, as one of the foremost,

noblest States of all the whole grand Sisterhood. She shall be no rich man's plaything—this State of ours; her hallowed soil shall not be apportioned out as idle playgrounds for idle people, and, Sir, if the American spirit of independence stil survives, which, please God, it does and shall, and if love of home still finds a place in the hearts of absent sons and daughters, neither shall this soil, in which repose the forms of those who gave their all to its redemption, pass over into alien hands, to be the citadel of non-American institutions."

The pity of it was that dear old Major Terrill had not been present to hear "his boy" lay down the principles he had so often tried to inculcate. Unheeding all save his determination to set himself aright before the question and to carry out the injunction imposed upon him to delay a vote to the last extremity, Glen refused to give way to other speakers, but continued forcibly to have out his say in detail.

He told his hearers that that spirit of independence on which our forefathers founded this great nation was degenerating; that men had come to feel that they were not expected to speak out what they think; that there are better and higher aims than those of commercialism, and he urged the young men especially to rise and keep alive the flame of liberty of speech, the individuality and the ideas of morality and character of the men who made the nation. He said that when a nation stands for commercialism and material gain, ordinarily known as success, at the expense of individual independence, then the day of decadence had set in.

Reverting to State issues, he urged upon distant sons and daughters the imperative need to themselves and to the State for their return to the home of their childhood, the reclaiming of the soil from alien hands and the rearing here again of American families to make impossible, by their votes and presence, the further abuse of the State by unprincipled politicians.

As to the particular question at issue, he said that the State needed as her representative in the highest branch of national government, a man who intimately knew the needs of the plain people of the State; one who had the courage of his convictions and who would lead a crusade for restriction of that undesirable immigration which is pouring into the country to undermine the opportunities of native sons, forcing them through unfair competition into menial positions and loss of their heritages. A large and increasing number of these immigrants, he urged, now bring with them from the scenes of political and social conflict in Europe, tendencies adverse to the principles of American civilization. At more than one point, he cited, there have been disturbances arising from just this source, and he asked if the republic could feel secure that at any critical moment calling for military or other action in defence of public order or national honor, these European substitutes for the "embattled farmers" of old would respond loyally at every cost. With the average American deteriorating physically in the stifling cities, and the farming sections, nurseries formerly of noblemen and heroes of conflict, turned over to a foreign people imbued with no deep or heroic sense of patriotism, he thought, he said, that it was time to call a halt and put only such men on guard as would strive to alter and better the conditions.

The speaker referred, briefly, to the inpouring of Asiatic tribes to the Pacific coast states to the number of nearly a thousand every month, who were gradually moving eastward across the country. With such a stream of yellow hordes poured upon our western coast and over a million of immigrant aliens dumped upon our eastern seaboard within the year, was it not incumbent upon the native American, the speaker asked, for him to stop and ponder what his position would soon be between the upper and nether millstones?

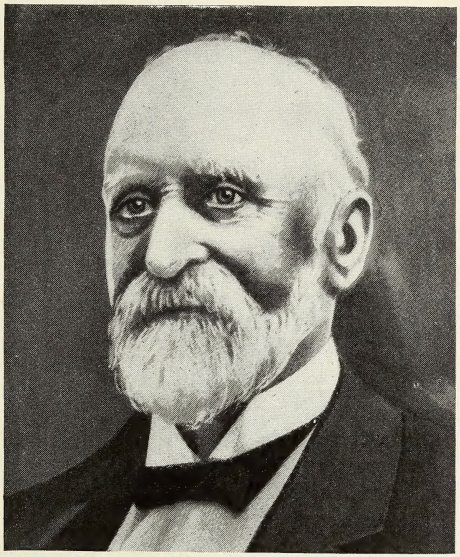
(*To be continued*)

IN NEW ENGLAND

R. H. STEARNS

The death on August 16th of Mr. R. H. Stearns, the Boston merchant, makes a wide gap in many walks of life.

Mr. Stearns was born in Ashburnham, Dec. 25, 1824. He began his business career in Boston at the age of twenty-one, when he accepted employment with R. C. Burr at a salary of $150 a year. After two years he entered into business for himself, and his first year's receipts amounted to only a few hundred dollars, but the growth into the present great establishment was rapid and continuous.



THE LATE R. H. STEARNS, ESQ.

Mr. Stearns was called upon to fill many positions of trust, the most important, from a financial standpoint, being those upon the boards of directors of the National Hide and Leather Bank and the Massachusetts Loan and Trust Company.

In religious affiliations Mr. Stearns was a Congregationalist and was prominently connected with many of the activities of that denomination. He was a member of the Old South church, where he served for many years as deacon, and was at one time superintendent of the Sunday school, a position afterward held by his son, Richard H. Stearns, Jr. He was also one of the earliest presidents of the Congregational Club of Boston and a member for a long time. He was also deeply interested in and a generous contributor to the Boston city missionary society, and a liberal giver to many other philanthropies, although as a general thing his charities were of a quiet character and unknown to the public.

DEATH OF GEORGE CABOT LODGE

The death of George Cabot Lodge at Tuckanuck Island, August 22nd, removes a widely-known and brilliant writer of very considerable accomplishment and greater promise. He was born Oct. 10, 1873; graduated from Harvard University, and continued his studies at the University of Paris. He had served in the Spanish War and displayed a strong aptitude for public life. Something of his style of thought and literary manner may be gathered from the following brief quotation from his poem, "Death":—

He said: "The refuge of defeat is rest;
"A soul's dishonor is the price of peace!
"From star to star the flight shall never
cease;

"The Truth, perforce, is long and last
and best;
"Thro' life and death, with bruised, de-
fenceless breast,
"We seek the sunrise of the soul's re-
lease!"—
And so he lived and almost died, and
died:
The night, the silence and the solitude
Left him magnificent and unsubdued—
And we, who kept the vigil by his side,
Saw, when at last the door was opened
wide.

MILITARY MANEUVRES AND GOOD ROADS

Inasmuch as a military expert is following the militia maneuvres about Boston as a special representative of THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, and we will publish a richly illustrated and comprehensive account of them in our next issue, we will refrain from other comment at this time than to call attention to the need that has already been revealed, although we are now writing at the close of the first day of active operations. In the more technically military discussions that will occupy the minds of experts the need of good roads may be overlooked. But it is a very obvious and pressing one. The heavy traffic of military supplies and sight-seeing automobiles literally tore the roads into ploughed fields. Without good roads the automobile as a military adjunct may be practically eliminated. Good roads are a military necessity of the first order, and money expended for them is as beneficial in peace as in war.

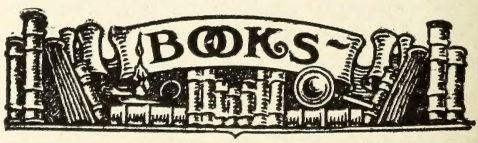
LAWN TENNIS AGAIN POPULAR

The 29th Annual Newport Lawn Tennis Tournament opened Tuesday, August 17th, with the largest number of entries in its history. Among the 164 drawings are champions and ex-champions, whose well-known names will do much to ensure a large attendance. The beautiful courts in the Casino afford an ideal opportunity for watching the games, and the great number of young and unknown players will introduce the exciting element of uncertainty. But in lawn tennis the chances are always in favor of the maintenance of established leadership. That this is so is clear evidence that it is a game which upbuilds rather than exhausts the physique. The fact that its champions are able to maintain the highest standard of fitness year after year, puts the game in the not-too-large class of athletic recreations which are tonic and helpful. No game that we know of possesses less of trickery and develops a more cordial feeling of friendship between opponents. In setting, in spirit, in action, it is the game beautiful.

A SHARP HALT CALLED

The Public Service Commission, of New York, has denied the application of the Central New England Railway Company for consent to execute a mortgage of twenty millions of dollars upon the basis of which some twelve millions of dollars in bonds were to have been issued, largely for the cancellation of old interest deficits. This was a part of the re-organization scheme planned by the New Haven Railroad. Among other reasons for denying the application the decision of the Commission says that: "No sufficient reason is shown why unpaid interest should be made a capital obligation of the applicant."

Such a decision is to be hailed with the utmost satisfaction by the community of small stock owners whose holdings are so often rendered valueless by the short-sighted policy that has so overloaded our American railroads and other "financed" enterprises with an artificial capital debt.



THE GOOSE GIRL

Another fairy tale by Grimm for grown-up American readers would be a proper subtitle for Harold Mac-

Grath's new romance of the "Goose Girl." Were it not for the presence of an American consul, the story might take wings and fly. As it is, the characters are all in disguise, unconscious or intentional. A prince in disguise has fallen in love with the Goose Girl; the American has fallen in love with a princess. The demands of state forbid all happiness, when, hey! presto! three men in disguise, after a whirlpool of intrigue, reveal that the Goose Girl is the true princess, and the princess but a count's daughter. And they married and lived happily ever after.

To our childhood minds, Grimm's fairy princess had no need of character, provided that she lived in a palace and was superlatively beautiful. The princess Hildegarde is a stock princess with slight American variations. All the personages of the story are, in fact, like the pieces in a picture puzzle, conventional romatic types in themselves, but presenting a vital part in the construction of the whole.

Perhaps it is also because of our childhood associations with Grimm that we look to Germany as fairy-godmother to all goose girls and queens. To MacGrath's seething plot it gives, at least, an appearance of fact. One is haunted throughout, however, by the conviction that the characters are playing to the footlights of a dramatized novel, and that the nature descriptions are directions for stage scenery.

Yet the very vagueness of scene and characterization make of the "Goose Girl" an ideal summer novel. Above all, it makes us children again, and if, some day, it follows its prototype, the Prisoner of Zenda, to the stage, we shall all be ready to clap when the "Goose Girl" turns a princess.

INDIAN PLACE NAMES

Under the title of a "Dictionary of Indian Place and Proper Names in New England," Dr. R. A. Douglas-Lithgow has collected the most of what is known on this subject. "These words," says the preface, "represent almost all that remains of the aboriginal inhabitants of this country,—a brave, noble and patriotic race."

The names are arranged first by states, beginning with Maine, and under each state a simple alphabetical arrangement is followed. Discussion and differences of opinion are omitted and the information given is severely condensed.

To this collection of names is added a descriptive list of all the tribes known to have inhabited this district and a considerable glossary of Abenaki and Natick Indian words.

Dr. Douglas-Lithgow deserves the gratitude of historical scholars for this painstaking and useful work. It is published by The Salem Press Company, Salem, Mass.

It was with the deepest interest that we learned that the interesting articles on Switzerland, of which we are this month publishing the third and last instalment, were from the pen of the late George Presbury Rowell, founder of "Printer's Ink," Rowell's American Newspaper Directory, and up to the time of his death one of the foremost advertising men in the coutnry.

In 1906 he published "Forty Years an Advertising Agent," a book of fifty-two papers which made their first appearance in the pages of "Printer's Ink," where they were read with such deep interest as to create a demand for them in a more permanent form.

The book is the ripe experience of a cultured gentleman who had become an expert in an important field.

Mr. Rowell honored and dignified his subject because he was himself an honor to the work which he had chosen.



The dramatic season promises to open with unusual brilliancy in Boston, most of the theatres opening on



HEDWIG REICHER, GERMAN ACTRESS MAKING HER DEBUT AS AN ENGLISH SPEAKING ARTIST IN "ON THE EVE"

Labor Day, September 6. The Colonial will run that old Boston favorite, "The Round Up." At the Boston Theatre Henry Savage's new musical comedy, "The Gay Hussars," will hold the boards. At the Hollis, "The Noble Spaniard," a three-act farce by W. Somerset Mangham, will open the season. Of this piece the London critics speak in unqualified praise. Even the London *Times* finds the efforts of the Noble Spaniard to discover his beloved's husband "continual and uproar ious fun."

This will be followed by "On th Eve," from the German of Leopol Kampf—a play of unusual strength— a play-lover's play, in fact.

At the Majestic, musical comedy wil be the opening attraction. At the Park "Kegan's Pal," a society play, with strong record, will attract a larg patronage.



BOSTON

Monthly Letter for New England Magazine

The transportation department of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, established the first of May, has, after only four months, begun to display remarkable success in obtaining results. The improvement of facilities into and out of Boston, both by rail and water, is already evident.

On the 15th of August, the first trip of the new 20th Century Limited to Chicago was made over the New York Central. This means that Boston now has the service that has been enjoyed by New York for a number of years. Six hours have been clipped off the running time between Boston and Chicago. In a round trip, it means considerably more than a day's worth of a business man's time. A man who must pay a brief visit to Chicago, for intance, can do half a day's work in Boston and leave on the 20th Century at one o'clock, getting his luncheon on the train. He will be in Chicago the next morning at 8.30, time enough to go to his hotel and remove the dust of travel and still reach his objective point by the time business commences. He may devote the better part of the day to his errand, take luncheon, perhaps, with his customer, and catch the 20th Century back to Boston at 2.30 in the afternoon, arriving here ten minutes before noon on the second day after he left his own office.

This train was put on through the efforts of the transportation department of the Chamber of Commerce with the co-operation of J. H. Hustis, Manager of the Boston & Albany.

Another trade asset is the establishment of a direct line to Havana, which will mean that Boston shippers to Cuba will be able to save considerable amount of charges. At present they have to ship through New York. With the establishment of a new line, they will save the cost of sending their goods to the metropolis, as the rate from Boston to Havana will, at least, be as low as that from New York. Another advantage will be the elimination of trans-shipment at the New York docks, where the goods, not under the eye of the Boston shipper, are not always handled as satisfactorily as at home. The first sailing will be about the middle of September.

When the success of the department under Mr. Ives is noted, it is further gratifying to learn that he has been put in charge, also, of the new department of manufactures and industry, This will include the work of the committees on fuel supply, transportation, industrial development, and possibly maritime affairs. It ought to mean much for the growth of industry in New England.

HARTFORD IN THE ORIENT

The Hartford Board of Trade has extended an invitation to the Japanese merchants, who are to visit this country in September, and whose itinerary includes a visit to the chief manufacturing cities of New England, to come to Hartford. We expect them about the middle of October, although definite information on the trip here has not yet been received. Many of the factories of this city have extensive Oriental trade relations, and the board of trade

believes that if the merchants from the other side of the world are given an opportunity to visit these factories the result will be of mutual advantage.

It is intended to take the visitors through the works of the Colt Patent Fire Arms Company, one of the most wonderful plants of its kind in this country. The splendid plant of the Underwood Typewriter Manufacturing Company will also be a point of interest, while the Pratt & Whitney Company, manufacturers of machinery, to whom the Australian government recently awarded a big contract over English and other firms, will demand much attention from the visitors. These concerns have all resumed normal working conditions; in fact, some of them are working overtime, thus indicating the return of prosperity.

In general the industrial situation in Hartford is most encouraging at present. The Pope Manufacturing Company, which recently went through a receivership experience, is again on its financial feet, having paid its creditors in full with accrued interest. The Electric Vehicle Company has been reorganized and is turning out a car that is in much demand.

It is the intention of the Board of Trade to resume its "smoke talks" early in September, at which topics of vital interest to the community will be discussed. These gatherings are beneficial not only because of the publicity attending their discussions, but in that they keep in action the men whose public efforts spell public progress.

THOMAS J. KELLEY.

PORTLAND IN MUNICIPAL AFFAIRS

It was only a short time ago that Portland Board of Trade received scant consideration from our City Government. If, perchance, the Board had the audacity to make a suggestion to the municipal authorities, it was considered presumptuous and received little or no attention.

Now this feeling was all wrong. In municipal affairs the Board of Trade should lead the City Government, direct its efforts and advise in all matters of general importance to the interests of the town, whether commercial or otherwise.

It should always strive to keep in the most close and friendly relations with the city or town officials, and advise with them on all matters of vital public interest, and being an absolutely non-partisan body, composed of the most influential citizens, financially, commercially and industrially, their counsel should be most cordially received at any and all times.

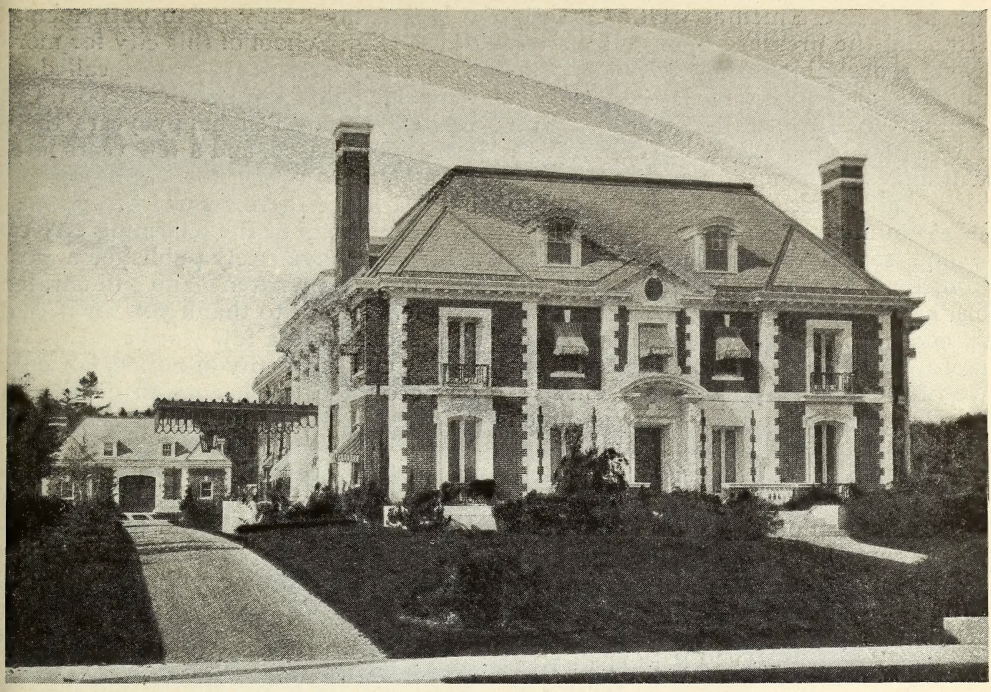
Portland Board ignored these rebuffs, and made overtures along the lines enumerated above, giving an assurance that it had no spirit to dictate or usurp the power of the government.

What was the result? To-day the Board of Trade and City Government work together as a unit on all public issues. Scarcely a question of a public nature comes up before either body now but that the other is invited to co-operate, and the joint committees represent the best material of both organizations.

Now, when the Board believes the government should consider a matter of public weal, the suggestion is cordially received and given its most serious thought, while on the other hand, when an especially knotty problem confronts the municipal authorities they do not consider it belittling to advise with the Board of Trade. At the invitation of the City Government, the Board often holds public hearings to discuss live issues, and from the sentiments there expressed the city officials are in a position to act more intelligently, having gained a tolerably clear idea of what the people favor, regardless of party lines.

Portland is fast becoming a great convention city. There are many gatherings that require more or less entertainment. These gatherings almost invariably are brought here on the joint invitation of the Board of Trade and City Government, and the expense entailed is always shared jointly by the two bodies.

The Board of Trade, for several years



RESIDENCE E. ANDERSON, NASHUA, N. H.

past, has been conducting a publicity campaign for the benefit of Portland, and in this the municipal government was loath to participate, necessitating the Board, through its advertising committee, raising all the funds by a door-to-door subscription. This year, however, having been convinced of the splendid results attained, the government made a liberal appropriation, which means a much broader field of publicity than heretofore was possible.

By these closer relations not only has the Board's membership been brought into closer touch with municipal affairs, but it has also awakened in the city officials a deeper interest in the Board of Trade and its work, with the result of an increased membership from the ranks of the City Government, a class of public spirited men that necessarily enhance the working force of the Board.

It may be that the former distant relations existing between the Portland City Government and the Board of Trade is an exception to the general rule throughout New England. We hope this is so, but if there are other communities now existing under similar conditions, no time should be wasted in correcting same. Get together without delay, for until the two bodies are working hand in hand, with absolute faith one in the other, it is utterly impossible for a city or town to grow to its fullest power and glory.

MAURICE C. RICH,
Secretary.
Portland Board of Trade.

SOUTH FRAMINGHAM

The innovation adopted by the Boston Chamber of Commerce, as noted in the August NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, ought to become the policy of all commercial organizations. A system of arbitration, properly carried out, ought to be of great value to all such bodies, not only in insuring more prompt adjustment of differences and the lessening of litigation and, consequently, greatly reduced expense, but in the creation of a better feeling

among business men as well as greatly reducing the pressure upon our courts, a very desirable thing. Every commercial organization should have a committee of arbitration and every effort should be made to cultivate a willingness among the members to refer all differences among them to this committee.

The settlement of the tariff question, for a few years, at least, and the bright prospects for a busy season, should encourage our business men to more united action, to the end that we of New England may not only retain what we have but secure as much more as possible of the good things that are in store for us. If business men would everywhere adopt this system of arbitration it would save a large percentage of expense. Much good can be done by our Boards of Trade in educating the people to this system of settling disputes.

EDGAR POTTER,
Secretary.
Framingham Board of Trade.

BURLINGTON

Editor NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

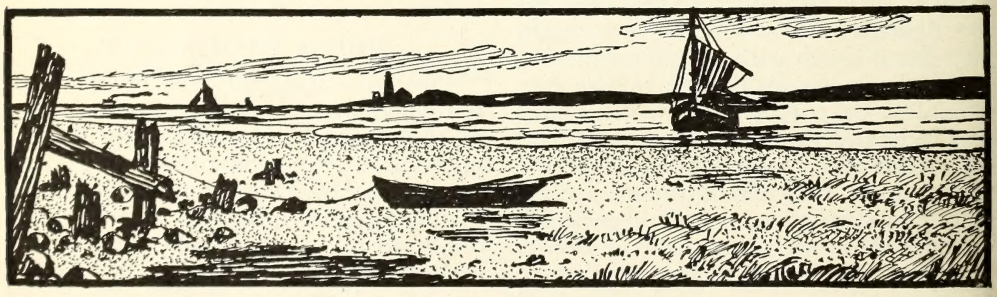
Dear Sir:—One of the best evidences of the attractiveness of the city of Burlington, Vt., as a home, is the fact that many who have once made it their residence, return to make it their permanent home.

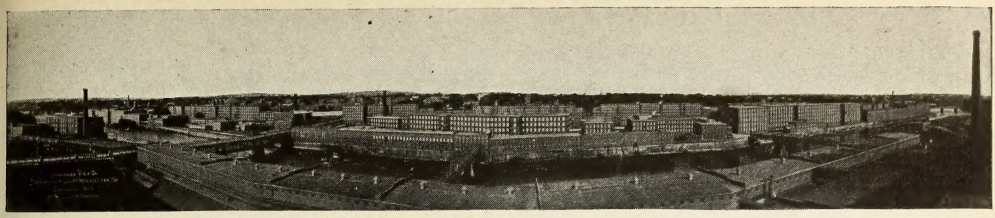
It was my happy lot to be Principal of the High School of this city for more than six years. I was then called to the principalship of the Bridgeport, Ct., High School. Ten happy years there were soon passed, and a few years later I was able to return to Burlington and build a home there, in one of the most beautiful parts of the charming city on which you have lately published a most attractively written and illustrated article. I want to thank you for it, and in response add a few words.

The city is worthy of notice, not only on account of its beauty in detail and setting, but because of its exceptional social, religious and literary features. It has long been famous for its University, its preachers of marked ability and character, its libraries and the genuineness of its people. Examination of its streets, homes and public buildings would tend to show the truth of the last statement. It is a fine specimen of the best type of New England cities, and there are few,if any, of the smaller cities of our entire country that equal or surpass it in beauty or the other essentials of a choice residential city.

Allow me to add that I am exceedingly pleased with the way you are now setting forth the beauties and other attractions of our beloved New England.

Yours truly,
JOSEPH DANA BARTLEY, M.A.





Amoskeag Manufacturing Company of Manchester

By JOHN HALE

IT is always difficult even for those having most to do with them to gather adequate conceptions of the significance of large figures. Upon the average mind they leave little impression beyond that of vague wonder; tons of cotton, thousands upon thousands of whirling spindles and millions in wages—we know that all this is vast, immense, but after all it means little else to us, and that is one reason why so familiar an institution as the great Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, of Manchester, New Hampshire, is really so little known, not only to the public in general, but even to the business world.

At the same time an intelligent appreciation of such a great industry is a very desirable thing to foster and it is the purpose of this article to bring out the salient facts in such a way that they may be grasped.

A very ingenious and effective plan for this purpose was devised by the management at the time of a recent visit and tour of inspection by a large body of business men. January 21, 1908, one hundred and fifty men, representing the wholesalers, buyers and jobbers of the dry-goods and dress-goods trade of the entire country, made a special trip from New York to Manchester for the express purpose of visiting the plant of the company. In addition to this number about seventy representatives of the textile trade from Boston and southern New England came up with the officers of the Amoskeag Company.

While the occasion was improved in many ways by the visitors, perhaps no feature of their entertainment was more effective than the exhibit which had been brought together of one day's product of the entire plant. Closely packed as for shipment, the exhibits filled a space one hundred and twenty feet long by one hundred feet wide, stacked in tiers breast high. There within range of the eye were sixteen thousand pieces of cloth, each containing about forty yards. Stretched out in one piece it would have reached from Manchester to New York, or made up into clothing, etc., would have supplied a very considerable city.

No less imposing than the quantity was the wonderful variety of styles and patterns and the excellent quality of the goods. In the first tier were shown the product of the Langdon Mills, where a thousand looms are employed in the manufacture of gray and mixed goods of the same class as has been turned out by this mill since 1870. The old trade marks, "G. B." "76," and "Alexandria" being among the valuable assets of the corporation. Next to this was shown the day's product of the famous "A. C. A." ticking from the Jefferson Mills, the narrow blue and white stripes of which are familiar all over the world. These were shown in several styles from the light "C" ticking to the "XXX" which are used

for both mattresses and awnings. The "A. C. A." labels bear the fac-simile of gold medals awarded to the Amoskeag Company, one at the London Exposition in 1851 and another at the Paris Exposition in 1855 and the maintenance of this international fame is a matter of just pride, not only with corporation but with its employees. Alongside the tickings were shown several hundred cases of indigo blue denims running in several styles, and in the same section the "Amoskeag A" seamless grain bags. Next to these were shown the "Outings," napped goods, which although of comparatively recent origin have come into great popular favor for various grades of underwear and dress goods. The Amoskeag product in this line includes a number of favorite brands and affords steady employment for some three thousand looms.

More than two counters across the broad hall were used to show one day's product of the mills in staple ginghams, which the Amoskeag Mills began to manufacture about 1867. On the next four counters were displayed the fancy dress ginghams in all their endless variety of color and pattern. The Amoskeag Company refrains absolutely from the use of any color which will not stand the hardest test of soap and water. Their goods are thoroughly washed and shrunk in the finishing process, and will stand the severest tests. Eight thousand looms are constantly run in the production of these goods. In connection with this exhibit was that of a large variety of plain chambrays and stripes made expressly for outing shirts, etc. Four counters more were required for the daily product of worsteds, the display containing ten thousand pieces. This is a comparatively new line for the Amoskeag Company, but the quantity turned out is enormous and the cloths are all staple fabrics dyed in a very great number of shades.

When we realize that this great exhibit in all its variety and quantity represents but one single day's work, we can more readily understand how the population of a city is employed in its production and can gather some idea of the army of experts required and of the great executive ability which the management of this great corporation demands. We are also better prepared to listen to big figures.

The most recent tabulation of statistics given out by the company is as follows:

The capital invested is.....	$5,760,000
Total number of employees	13,000
Men 6,000	
Women 7,000	
The weekly pay roll is.....	$112,000
Number of spindles	600,000
Number of looms	20,000
Yards of cloth woven per annum, cotton, ...200,000,000	
Yards of cloth woven per annum, worsted	20,000,000
Number of bags woven per annum	1,630,000
Number of pounds of cotton consumed per annum	48,000,000
Number of pounds of wool consumed per annum.....	10,400,000

It is interesting also to note that the great water wheels, thirty-four in number, furnished 16,488 horse-power and the 146 steam boilers consume 100,000 tons of coal per annum and furnish 22,000 horse power. This is the mechanical power which turns these thousands of spindles and looms. Back of this lies the brain power of hundreds of skilled employees and particularly of the executive heads. The business management of the corporation is carried on from the Boston office and in under the direction of Mr. Frederic C.Dumaine, Treasurer of the company, while the mills are under the superintendency of Mr. William Parker Straw. Mr. Herman F. Straw is the agent.

The early history of the Amoskeag Company is full of interest.

The real start in the cotton industry in Manchester was made back in 1809, when Benjamin Prichard came here after attempting to make cotton goods in New Ipswich, and at the old Goffee place at Bedford, and forming a partnership with Ephraim, David and Robert Stevens, built a small mill on the west side of the falls at Amoskeag village. The next year a stock com-

pany was organized, first called the "Amoskeag Cotton and Wool Factory" and afterward incorporated as the "Amoskeag Cotton and Woolen Manufacturing Company."

The agent of the first corporation received a salary of $180 a year and a good weaver could earn thirty-six cents a day. The mill was without pickers or looms, the cotton being picked and the yarn woven in the neighborhood. Dividends did not materialize so abundantly as anticipated by these pioneers in the field and after carrying on the business until 1815 at no profit, there was not much done until 1822, when Olney Robinson came here from Providence, R. I., and started up the mill again. Larned Pitcher and Samuel Slater, of Providence, had Sol Robinson's machinery and loaned him money, and when Robinson failed to make the venture pay they came into possession.

Prospects brightened materially in 1825, when Messrs. Sayles, Tiffany, Dean and Gay were admitted to partnership. The three first named had been engaged in manufacturing in Massachusetts, and besides the practical experience gained there they brought plenty of capital with which to carry on the business. Dr. Dean became the agent of the firm and removed to Manchester in 1826, to devote his entire attention to promoting the interests of the company.

The charter of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company was granted by the New Hampshire legislature, July 1, 1831. The act of the legislature which made possible a capitalization of $1,000,000 was accepted twelve days later by Ira Gay, Willart Sayles, Oliver Dean, Larned Pitcher and Lyman Tiffany, the latter acting also as attorney for Samuel Slater. At a meeting the next day, July 14, by-laws were adopted and the organization perfected, Mr. Tiffany being elected president; Mr. Gay, clerk; Mr. Dean, agent, and Messrs. Tiffany, Gay and Sayles, directors.

All of these incorporators were practical mill men, and four of them, Mr. Pitcher being the exception, had been identified with the mills in Manchester for six years before 1631, in the course of which time the possibilities of Manchester as a cotton manufacturing center had been borne to them. The company started off with very promising prospects and from the beginning wise management made for the continued expansion of the industry which has resulted in the mammoth business of to-day.

GETTING CLOSE TO THE PUBLIC

HOW A BIG BOSTON CONCERN IS DOING IT

By WALTER E. WELD

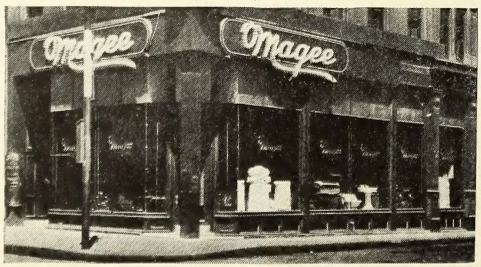
IF John Magee could walk down Summer Street, Boston, this evening, with what mingled feelings might he survey the two gigantic electric signs which proclaim his name to the passing throng at the corner of Otis Street. And what would be his astonishment as he looked into the brilliantly-lighted interior of Number 64 and saw there such an array of heating and cooking appliances as he never dreamed of when he started his small stove foundry fifty-three years ago.

These beautiful and artistic quarters at 64 Summer Street are the new exhibition rooms of the Magee Furnace Company, of Boston, the company to which John Magee gave the name and the impetus more than half a century ago, and which has inherited from its sturdy Scotch founder the honesty, the sincerity and the enterprise which have enabled it to become sponsor for the largest line of heating and cooking apparatus under one name in the United States.

Go into the kitchen of a New England farm-house, and you will find the motherly housewife, with the aid of her Magee Range, turning out delicious gingerbread or luscious baked beans such as "grandma used to make" in the old brick oven. Provide yourself with a passport to the hotel's cuisine. There you will find the autocratic chef directing his assistants as they prepare the coming meal on Magee Hotel Ranges. Visit the suburban homes, from modest bungalow to most pretentious mansion, and you will find that they, as well as the office structures in the business section, are kept at the required temperature by means of Magee Heaters.

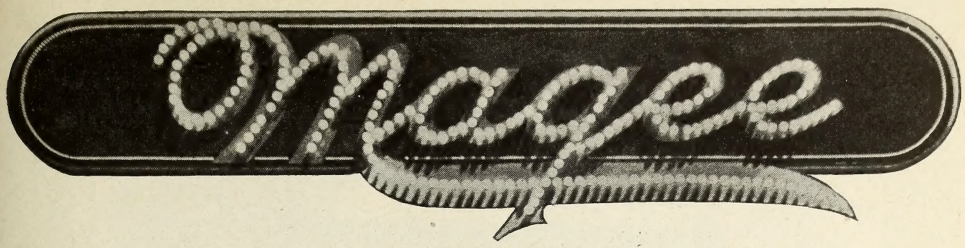
When you have seen all these evidences of its truth, you will begin to realize that there are some grounds for the Magee Company's claim: "The New England Standard for Over Fifty Years."

It would at first seem difficult for a manufacturing concern to get nearer to its public than was this one with its countless agents and extensive advertising, yet there was still much to be desired. The wholesale sample rooms were not centrally located with reference to the general public and this caused the Company to take a radical step, with the result that last month Boston saw, for the first time, the magnificent exhibition rooms of its largest range and heater manufacturing company opened in the heart of the retail district.



THE STORE WHICH MARKS A NEW ERA — IT IS COMPLETELY STOCKED BUT NOTHING IS FOR SALE

These rooms of the Magee Furnace Company are for exhibition purposes only — a place where any Magee agent may bring his prospective customers, and where the general public is always welcome to inspect a representative assort-



A FAMILIAR NAME ELECTRIFIED

ment of the Magee Products. Skilled demonstrators are always on hand to give practical illustrations of the working of the various heating and cooking appliances.

John Magee's modest little establishment of 1856 has grown to a twelve-acre plant located on the water front in Chelsea, where it miraculously escaped the great conflagration of 1908. Here a small army of workmen are constantly employed, and the *entente cordiale* existing between employers and employees is but an evolution of the spirit of good-fellowship which prevailed between John Magee and his workmen when they labored side by side in the early days.

The making of a Magee range or heater is not a haphazard operation. Before a new model of any Magee product is brought out, highly-skilled and highly-paid experts have been at work for weeks, perhaps months, planning and sketching and making the patterns, and figuring out to a mathematical nicety just what the new apparatus will do and how it will do it. Even the iron from which the parts are cast must be of a certain chemical combination. It is also essential that the finished product be artistic, but in the Magee lines there is a pleasing absence of ostentatious and useless display.

The Magee products have won some thirty-odd medals, diplomas and awards, the first having been given them at the Centennial in 1876. The Company has distributing agents in all the important cities in the country, and its products are well known in every state in the Union.

While the Magee Furnace Company is the first in its line in this section to open exhibition rooms in the retail district of a big city, the idea is fast becoming popular in all lines of manufacture, and is indicative of the growing and welcome belief among manufacturers that their retailers' success, and consequently their own, is, in a large measure, dependent on how close they, themselves, get to the public.





TWO INTERIOR VIEWS OF THE UNIQUE STORE — 64 SUMMER STREET



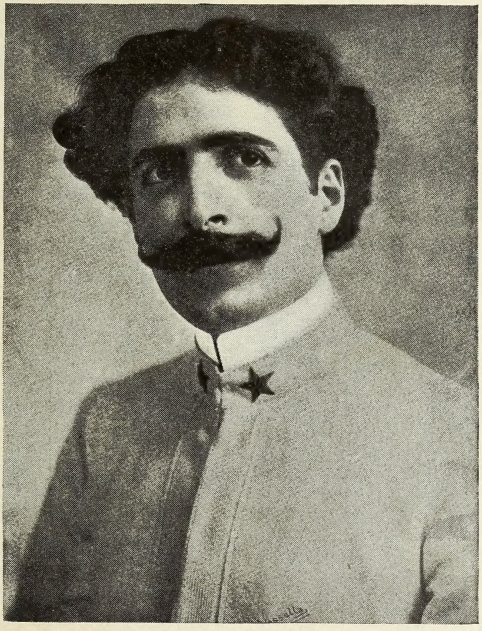
MECHANICS BUILDING, HOME OF THE EXPOSITION.

The Great Boston Exposition

INFLUENCE OF THE NEW ENGLAND FAIR UPON THE NEW ENGLAND HOME

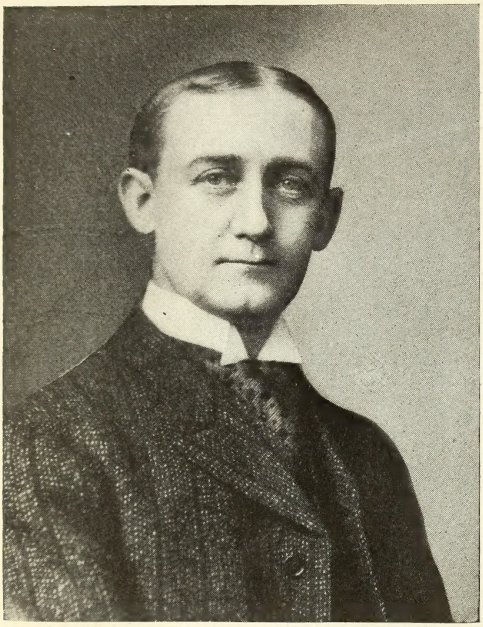
By HUGH P. McNALLY

NEW ENGLAND has always been known as the home of the thrifty housewife, she who not only knows how to make the daintiest doughnuts, the most appetizing "apple sass" and bake the best pot of beans, roast the most succulent ribs to "the turn," baste the browning turkey to just the right point of delicacy but care in a masterly way for the thousand and one things that go to make up the well-ordered and comfortable homes wherein dwell in peace and security the intelligent, educated, self-reliant people of New England. It has been said that the New England housewife never sleeps, a declaration probably born in envy of her marvelous achievements by drones in the social beehive. During her waking hours, it is safe to assert, she is always thinking, planning and doing. She spells luck with four letters, but not the ones some people use—W-O-R-K are the factors of the alphabet she utilizes and suiting the action to the word has brought her wonderful results. She finds out how her neighbors do things and endeavors to improve upon their theories and performances. Nine cases out of ten she does do better, may be only a trifle, yet still an advance.

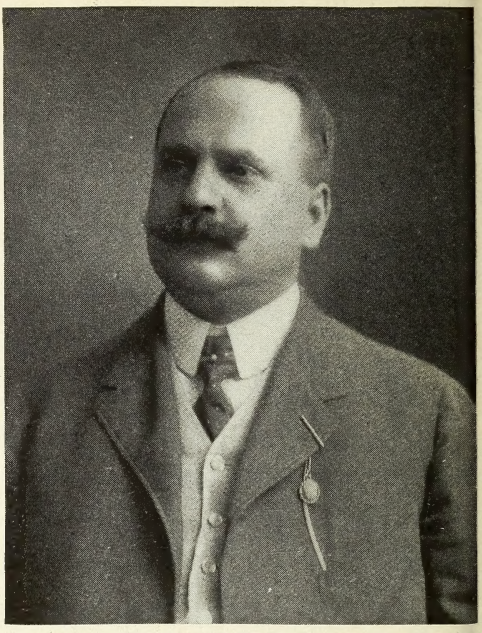


MARCO VESSELLA
LEADER MARCO VESSELLA'S BAND

While she learns many things from nearby friends, it was found many years ago, that much more knowledge in domestic science was to be obtained at conferences of her kind, so there naturally followed the village society, first restricted to her own sex, but soon developing into the town, the district or the county fair. These were and are well enough in their way, but she was not content nor was her sterner helpmate. They not only sought greater sources of information but larger and better markets for the fruits of their mental and physical toil. So there came into being the great New England Food Fair and its latest triumph, bearing the significant title—Annual New England Food and Home Furnishing Exposition. These Expositions, held in Boston, the metropolis of New England, easily reached such magnitude that an immense building was erected, at a cost of many thousands of dollars, purposely for displays of the outputs of the brain and the



C. H. GREEN
OF GREEN AND ROWE, MANAGERS



E. J. ROWE
OF GREEN AND ROWE, MANAGERS

brawn mainly of New Englanders, but frequently supplemented by collections of the best possible to obtain anywhere in the universe.

Mechanics Building, on Huntington Avenue, Boston, is known all over the United States and Canada as the home of the Great Annual New England Food and Home Furnishing Exposition. It is the largest exposition building in the world. Few realize what it means to plan and carry such an elaborate and tremendous undertaking to successful fruition. The "Fair" for this year is to be held for the five weeks beginning September 27th and ending October 30th. The preliminary work by the exhibitors alone, including the designing, the building and the decorating of exhibit booths, necessitates the employment of architects, designers, decorators, sign painters, carpenters, plumbers and electricians—all skilled artisans—to the number of 2000, whose average daily wage for the two weeks previous to the opening of the doors is not less than $5 each. During the progress of the Exposition not less than 3000 persons are employed in various capacities, and these command salaries that average $3 each every day. In addition to this the management expends for music not less than $1000 every day and for other entertainment a like sum of money. These figures, say nothing of the cost of rental of this vast building, its lighting and heating, newspaper and other advertising, printing of all sorts, expenditure for illustrations, and other avenues for cutting heavily into receipts too numerous to record here.

The advance work for such an exposition as the one in question begins almost as soon as the previous "Fair" has closed its doors. For nearly a year there is the hardest kind of effort by skilled managers and enterprising labor of a co-operative kind by merchants and producers in various sections of New England. Then comes the work of decorating, great in itself, for it must consider picturesque effects and material results. Everywhere all along the line the right man has to be in the right place and the right thing has

to be done at the right moment. Above all things the direction of affairs has to be of the most ambitious, most enterprising, most positive, most certain character. There is no doubt about this particular in the Third Annual New England Food and Home Furnishing Exposition with Messrs. C. H. Green and E. J. Rowe at the helm. It has been due to the business sagacity of these two gentlemen that the people of New England have been enabled the past two years to see the largest and most comprehensive collection of exhibits every displayed within the walls of the Mechanics Building and every indication points to a breaking of records this year by a wide margin.

Some idea of what such an assertion means can be gathered when it is known that the attendance in 1907 and 1908, at the expositions held under the same management, reached the enormous total of 1,166,224 (one million, one hundred and sixty-six thousand, two hundred and twenty-four) persons, which is the world's record for any similar exposition.

As in every well-balanced business firm the work of Messrs. Green and Rowe is divided. Mr. Green is a well-known advertising expert, having been associated with a number of the largest food manufacturers in the country. It was through his efforts that shredded wheat was developed to its present standing.

Equally prominent in this combination is the work of Mr. Rowe, who is one of the best-known amusement men in the United States. His early training in the theatrical and newspaper field has made him especially qualified to arrange amusements and attractions that are of concern to the public. It is the universal opinion that the New England Food Fair and Home Furnishing Exposition of last year was the best advertised and contained the best amusement features of any former exposition held in this country.

The casual visitor at a Food Fair can little appreciate the prodigious amount of thought and labor necessary to bring such an enterprise to a successful conclusion. The hearty endorsement given by the public by its presence is a source of gratification to the management, but what is



BELLE YEATON RENFREW
LEADER OF BOSTONIA WOMEN'S ORCHESTRA

appreciated most is the quick and loyal co-operation by and among the exhibitors. Messrs. Green and Rowe have always had that, as their record of

highly successful expositions, held in different sections of the country, fully proves. The fact that they have been selected for the third time by the Massachusetts Retail Grocers and Provision Dealers' Association, to manage this great exposition in Mechanics Building, speaks volumes in praise of their conduct of every one of the numerous and intricate details of such a colossal work and of the glorious triumph of the achievement in its entirety.

And here a word must be said of the public spirit and enterprise of this association of citizens respected and honored in the various communities in which they live and transact business with their fellowmen. The success which has crowned the efforts of the working committee of this flourishing organization the past two years has been a source of great pride to them and to their fellow members and their legion of friends.

David Gerow, of Lowell, is president of the Association and chairman of the Exposition Committee; A. C. Dowse is the secretary; A. T. Faunce, of North Abington, is the treasurer, and associated with them on the Executive Committee are H. W. Mansfield, of South Braintree; W. K. Hutchinson, of Arlington, and W. C. Walker, of Wakefield. The Massachusetts Retail Grocers and Provision Dealers' Association has a membership of over 500, representing 100 individual cities and towns throughout Massachusetts and its expositions under the management of Messrs. Green and Rowe have been notable for the elimination of every possible objectionable feature and for the winning of the confidence of exhibitors and public.

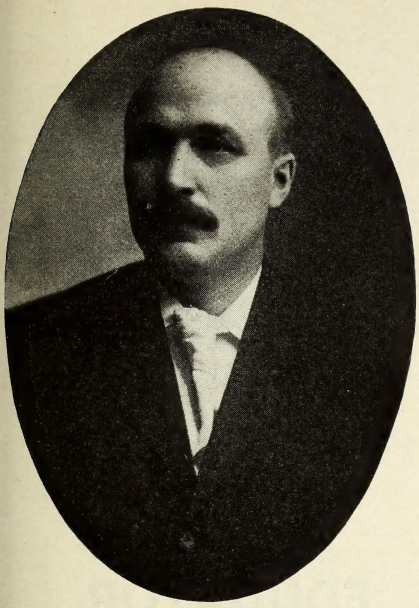
These Expositions have always been distinguished for the high-class character of what might, perhaps, be called the purely amusing and entertaining features and the Exposition of 1909 will not be found lacking in this respect. Music, as usual, will be one of the chief attractions, and sweet melody. by skilled musicians, will fill all the halls of the Mechanics Building for about every minute of the day while the doors are open.

The famous band of Marco Vessella, made up of fifty of the very finest Italian musicians and soloists in America, will give concert in Grand Hall every afternoon and evening. Everywhere this band has appeared, the critics of the newspaper prass have given it the warmest kind of analytic approval.

Vessella, as was to be expected, is of picturesque individuality, lacking, however, in many of the acrobatic qualities of some of his fellow Italian bandmasters, and directs his forces with quiet but effective methods that win him and his organization the loyal favor of those who understand and appreciate good music properly interpreted.

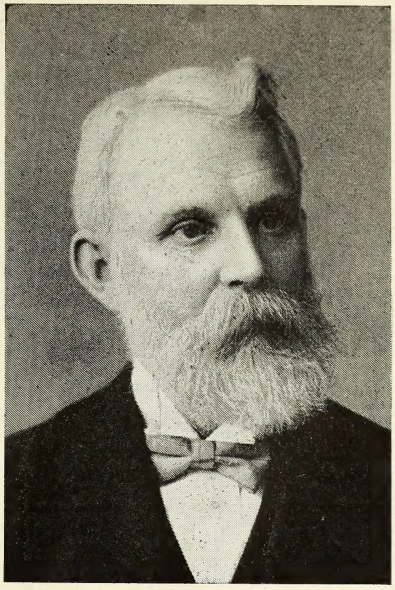
The other band is the famous Belle Yeaton Renfrew's Bostonia Woman's Orchestra, also of 50 pieces. For seven years this organization has toured the United States and Canada and last year was the big, particular hit of the great exposition at Pittsburg. All of the young ladies are most talented and are graduates of various academies and conservatories of the United States and Canada. They dress in exquisite taste and will surely produce a very decided and most satisfying attraction. Besides being a gifted leader, Mrs. Renfrew is a remarkable trombonist and plays this instrument in conjunction with her orchestra either as a soloist or with the brass quartet, the other members of which are S. Ella Morse, cornet; Grace Mae Morse, solohorn, and Alice Florence Morse, horn.

The management has arranged with D. M. Shooshan, Boston's well-known caterer, to conduct the restaurant, located in Talbot Hall, on the balcony floor of the building. This restaurant is arranged to accommodate 600 people at one time and Mr. Shooshan's management for the past two years has made it very popular with the new England public. This down-to-date moderate-priced restaurant is a great convenience to the public, 50 per cent of whom spend the entire day at the Fair. In addition to the restaurant a



DAVID GEROW

PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATION AND CHAIRMAN EXPOSITION COMMITTEE



A. C. DOWSE

SECRETARY EXPOSITION COMMITTEE

opular-priced lunch counter will be ound on the lower floor of the building.

A most important engagement has ust been concluded with Booker T. Washington, whereby he will send to he Exposition sixteen of his best ingers from his Tuskegee Institute at Tuskegee, Alabama. These Tuskegee ubilee Singers are pronounced, by hose who know, to be the greatest in his country and immediately after the Fair is over will make a tour of the world. Charles Winter Wood will accompany the Tuskegee Jubilee Singers nd will give a short talk on the life work of Washington and will also give outhern sketches which, with the plantation melodies by the quartette, will nake up a very entertaining program. Mr Washington himself will be at the Exposition for a couple of days or more.

J. W. Gorman's old-time circus will be one of the strong attractions at the Fair. The very best acts obtainable of an acrobatic, trick and comedy character, will be presented in an environment as near like that of the sawdust arena of the "big top" as can be simulated within the walls of a building. There will be moving picture theatres with the very latest films and the very latest illustrated songs of a sentimental and humorous sort and upon all sides such a complexity of sights and sounds, as to not only entertain and educate but to fairly bewilder every one of the many thousands of visitors to the Third Annual Food Fair and Home Exposition of 1909, held in Mechanics Building, Boston, for the five weeks beginning September 27th and ending October 30th.

The first Educator Cracker was made nearly twenty-fi years ago.

Since then, many other Educator Foods have been pe fected, all having three unusual merits in common:

(1) A flavor that everybody likes.
(2) High food value and thorough wholesomeness an digestibility.
(3) Scientifically perfect baking and the choicest material

The habit of eating Educator Foods is a form of real, th simple, health insurance.





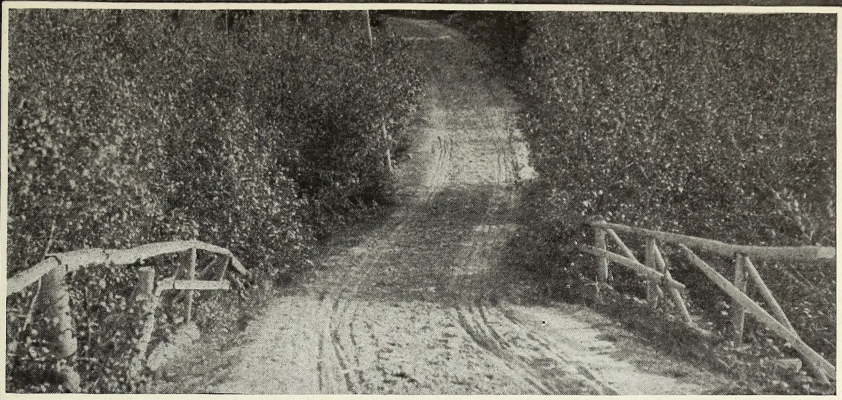


EDUCATOR CRACKERS

Educator Wafers are crisp, thin, deli ious whole wheat water crackers. Th have a flavor that never palls. Especial good with cheese.

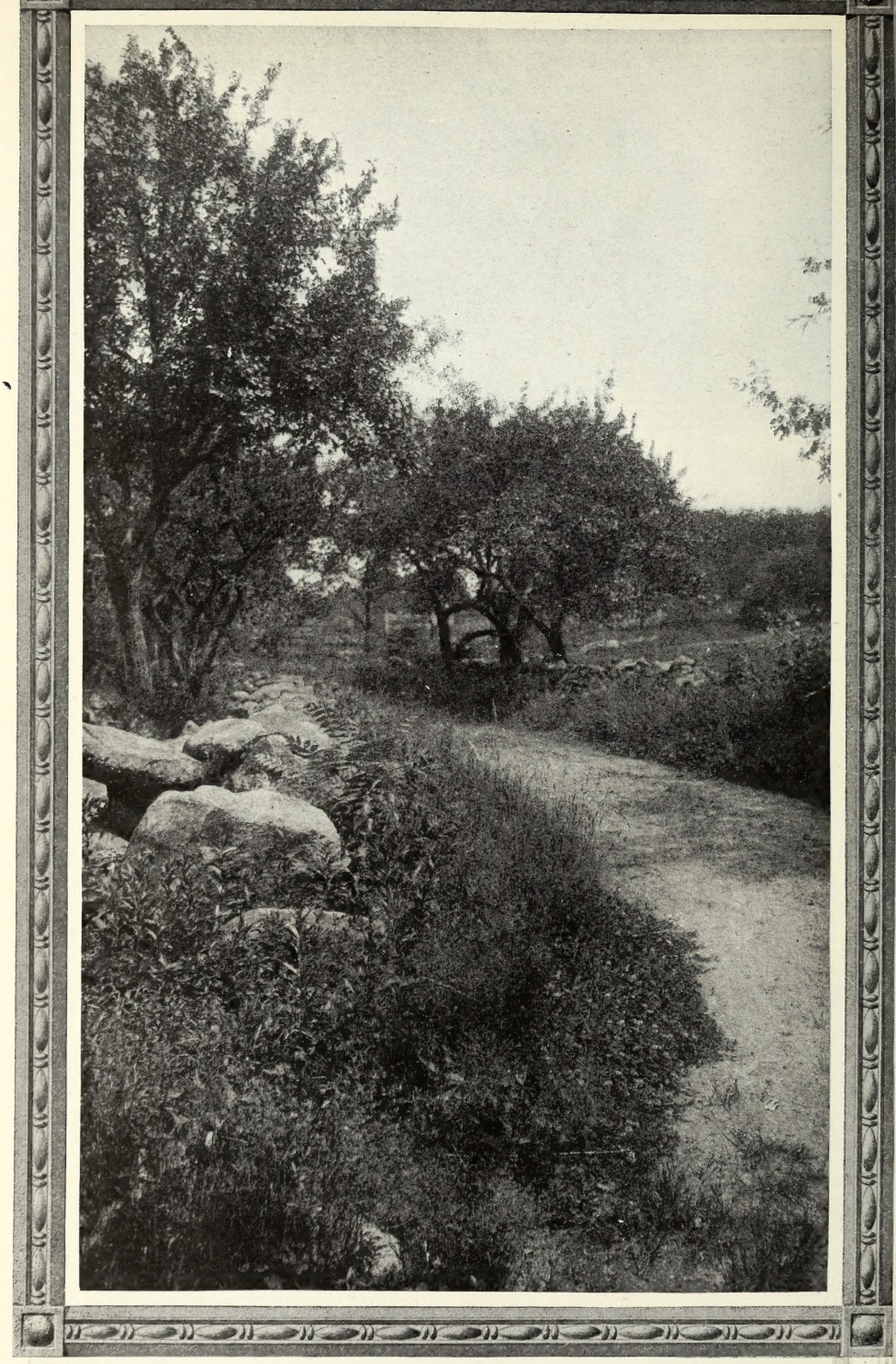
Educator Toasterettes are similar to t Wafers, but are toasted, buttered a salted. They are a revelation to the ep cure, and have a place wholly their ow in the cracker world.

Educator Golden Maize Crackers a made of golden corn meal and Educat Whole Wheat Flour, slightly sweeten and shortened. They are general favo ites because of their taste and great fo value; especially good for growing bo and girls.



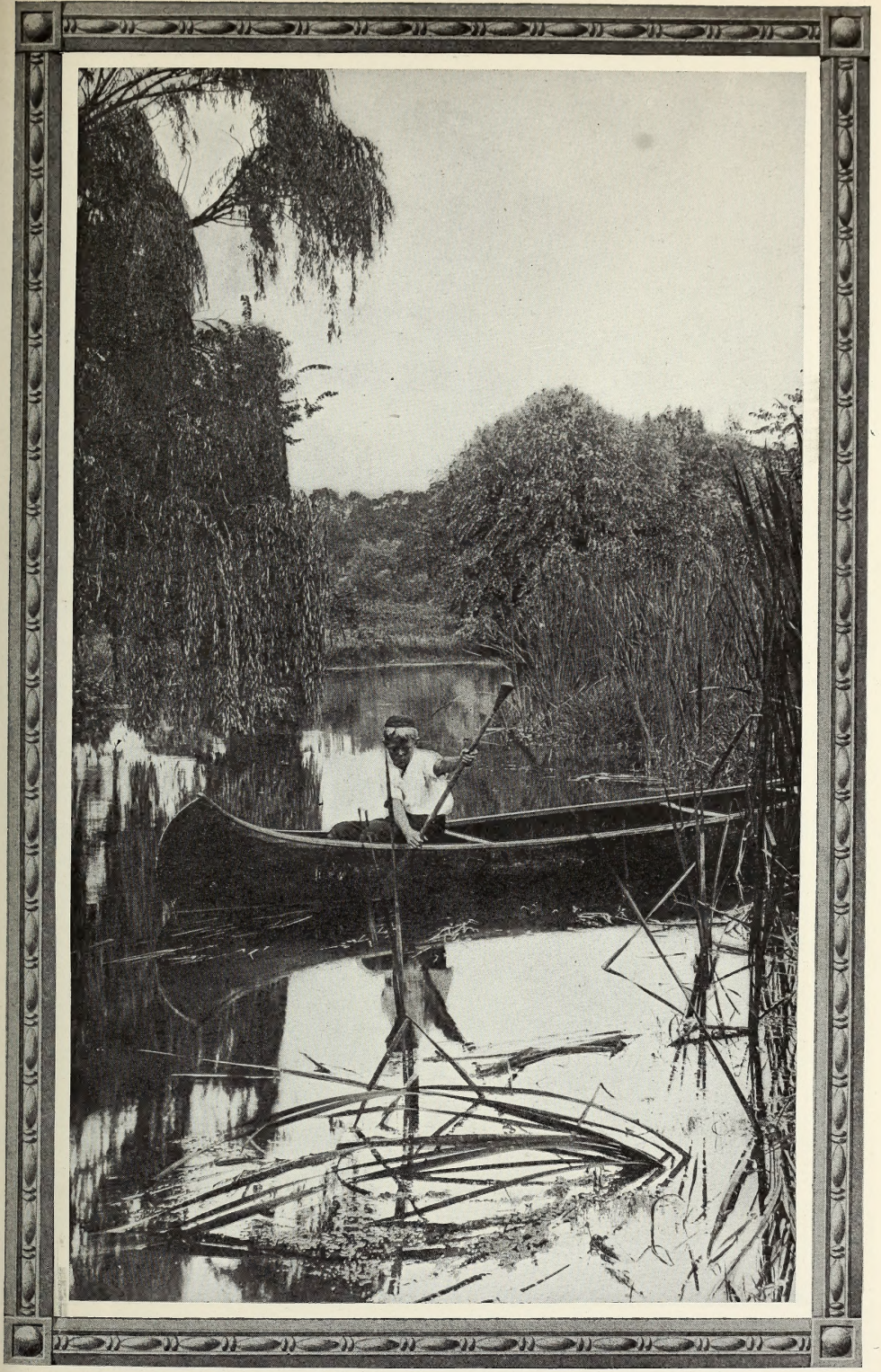
Beautiful New England





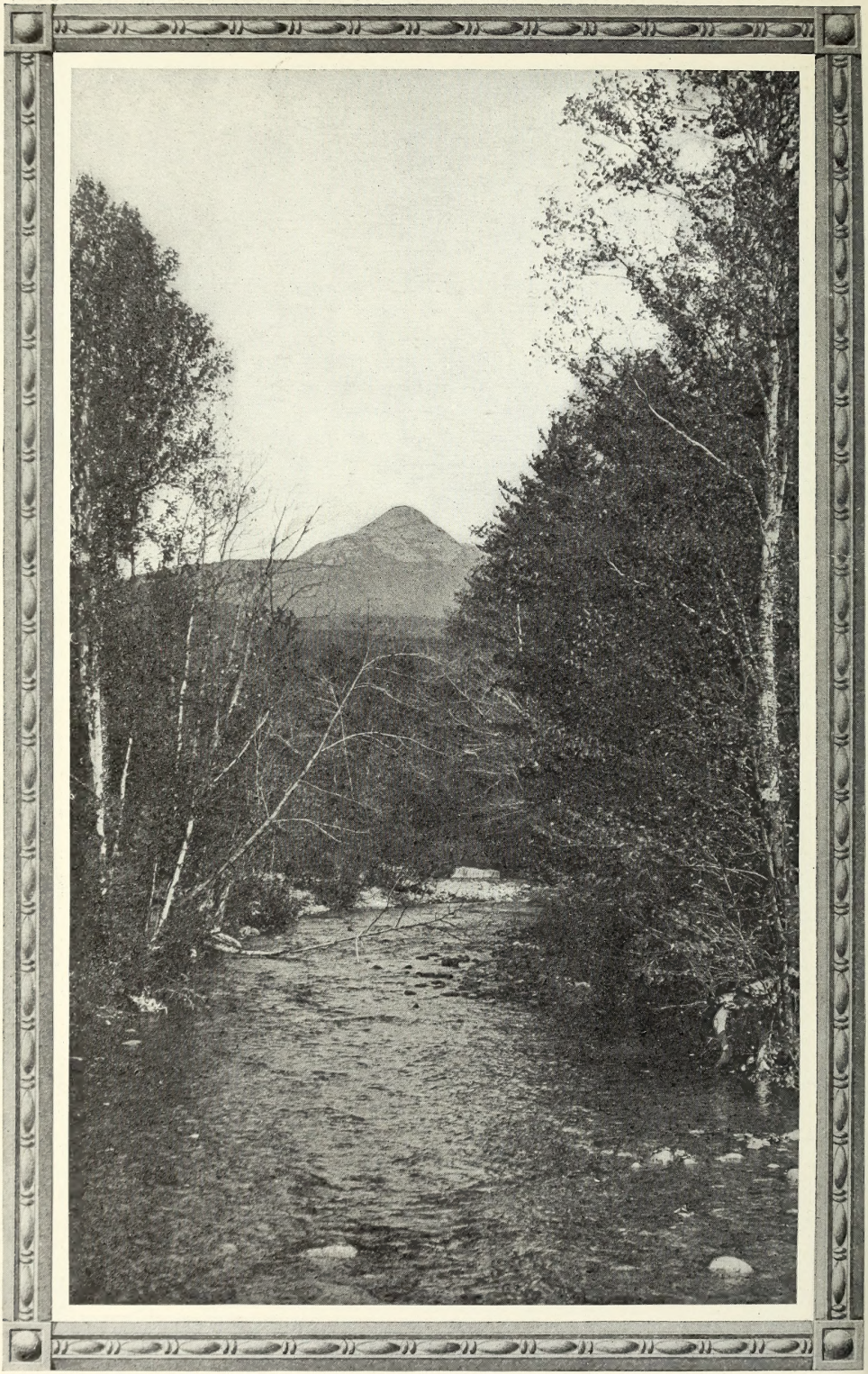
Photograph by E. M. Astle

"THE ROAD TO GRANDFATHER'S"



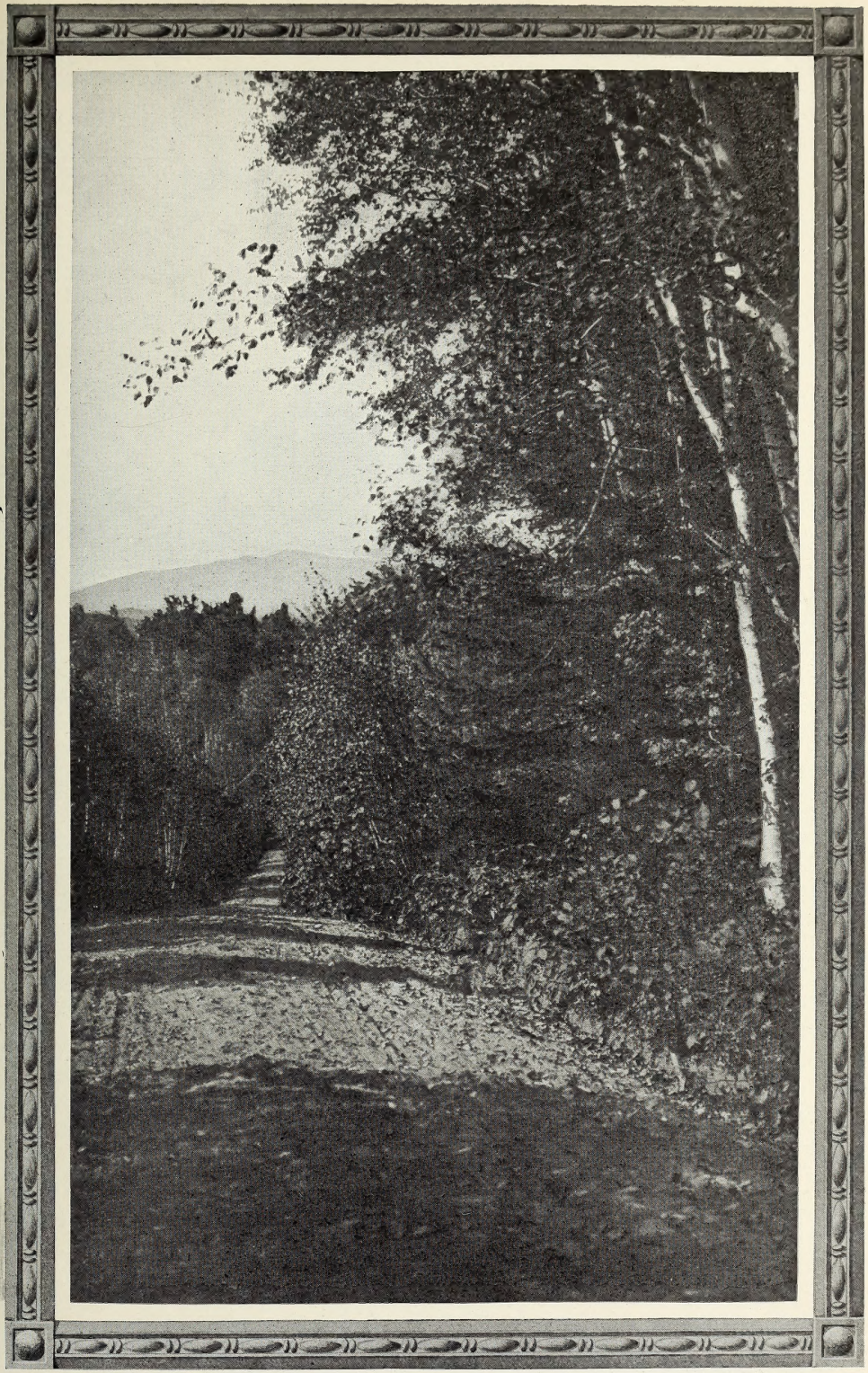
Photograph by J. A. Webb

IN BEAUTIFUL WINCHESTER



Photograph by Miss Lois Howe

MT. CHOCORUA FROM THE RIVER



Photograph by Miss Lois Howe

CHOCORUA, SANDWICH DOME



Photograph by J. A. Webb

REFLECTIONS



Photograph by J. A. Webb

OCTOBER DAYS ON THE UPPER CHARLES RIVER



EBEN D. JORDAN, ESQ., OF BOSTON

From a recent photograph by Dupont, Newport

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

VOL. XLI. OCTOBER, 1909 NUMBER 2

THE NEW BOSTON OPERA AND ITS MEANING

By EBEN D. JORDAN

THE city of Boston, long pre-eminent in other musical forms, has never had the opportunity for the sane and satisfactory enjoyment of grand opera. Its great orchestra has for decades been the best in the country, and one of the best in the world. It was for many years the home of the finest string quartet America could boast. Its choral societies, old and new, were of excellent quality, producing the best of ancient and modern compositions. Its chief conservatory had and has no peer in the United States. In a word, the musical spirit of the town has long been firm, pervasive, and powerful, often creating what it demanded and could find nowhere else.

But Boston's grand opera has always been taken in fitful doses, with that species of hysteria that haste and the feeling of assisting at a very limited social function are bound to engender. For two weeks each winter or spring the great companies from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York (and for a few seasons Mr. Damrosch's fine aggregations) have held forth, either in the barn-like Mechanics Hall or in the far more fitting, but still not ideal, Boston Theatre.

Thus compelled to compress their whole year's opera into the space of twelve days, the people of the most musical city in America would emerge from the tonal debauch as from another sort—sated, impatient, even abusive. It was not very edifying—the result of this kind of opera, but it was the best that seemed possible and it was endured with resignation.

Of course, the dream of permanent opera in an appropriate home of its own was ever present in the minds of some of the apostles of musical art. They knew well enough the refining and educating influence of such an institution on the body politic and the enormous advantages it would present to students.

The story of the inception of the Boston Opera Company is interesting, and for that reason I trust I may be pardoned for intruding almost necessary personalities into the relating of it.

When Mr. Russell came to Boston for the first time with his company, in the spring of 1907, and gave those memorable performances at the Park Theatre, my attention was called to the excellence of these performances by my son, and on attending them, I was much impressed with the artistic work of the singers and the quiet force with which Mr. Russell managed what may now well be called that

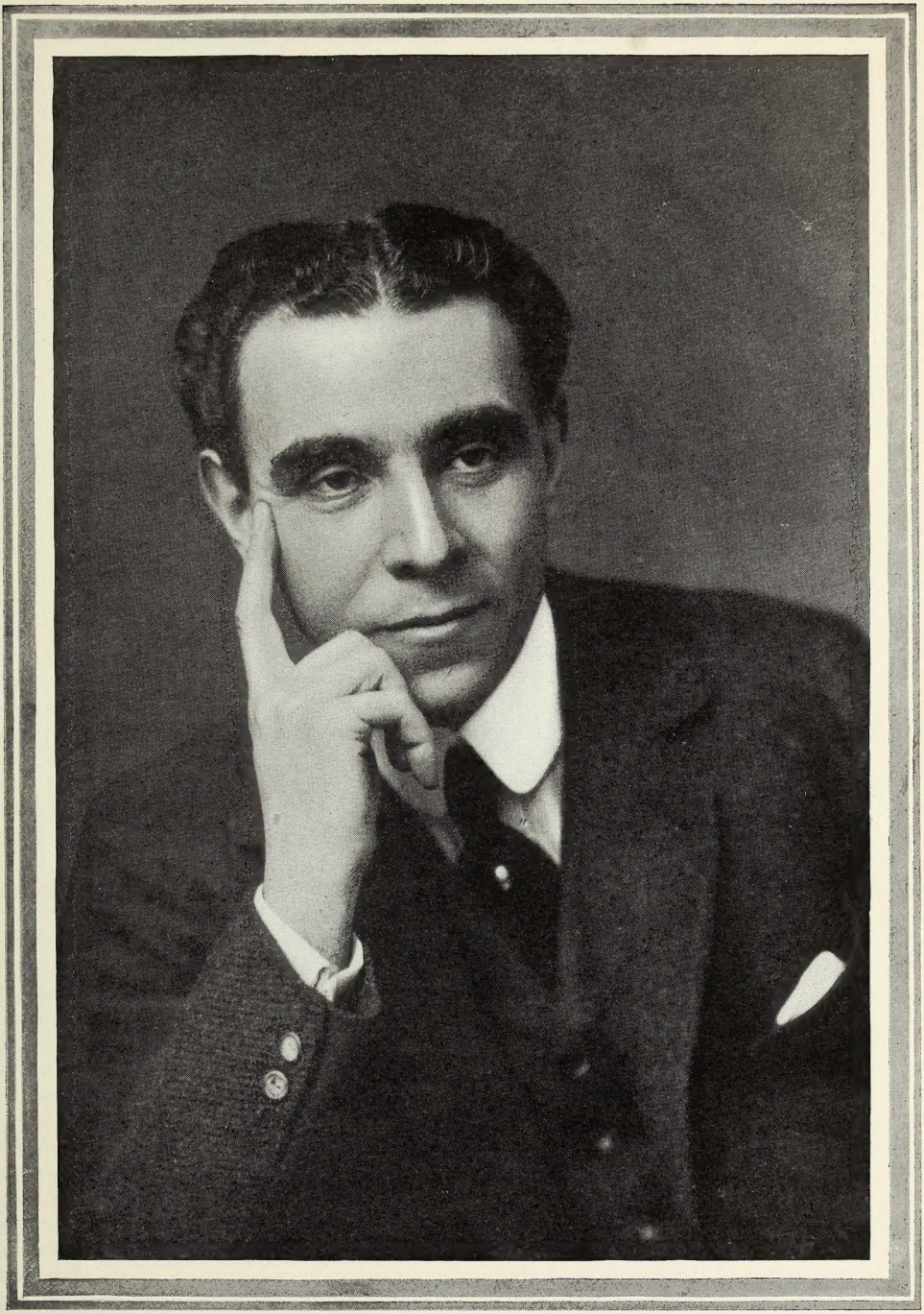
campaign of education. Probably even then the germ of the permanent opera idea was beginning to stir in other minds than my own.

In the autumn of that same year, Mr. Russell came again to America in advance of the voyage of the San Carlo Company from Europe. He had booked the San Carlo Company for three weeks in the Majestic Theatre, but was unable to carry on his rehearsals there, on account of the other attractions which were booked in advance of his. Mr. Russell, having met Mr. Ralph L. Flanders, the manager of the New England Conservatory of Music, during his previous engagement the spring before, went to him and stated his difficulty regarding his preliminary rehearsals. Mr. Flanders immediately offered him the use of the Conservatory halls and rehearsal rooms, and for three weeks the company rehearsed at this institution. I was at that time at the Hot Springs in Virginia, and Mr. Russell came to me there in rather a vexatious position, as he held paper for a considerable amount of money and was unable to negotiate it. It was the famous panic month of October. New York trust companies were crashing into failure, national banks were tottering on the verge of ruin, and clearing house certificates were the order of the day. Here I was glad to be of some service to the man I was already beginning to admire.

During the three weeks of rehearsal at the Conservatory Mr. Russell, Mr. Flanders, and myself had many consultations and formulated plans for the permanent establishment of opera in Boston. Finally, the company opened at the Majestic Theatre, and Mr. Russell's second season of opera in Boston is still vividly remembered. Every performance was well patronized. The city's most representative in musical circles were among those present. Few of the Metropolitan performances had been more brilliant or more enthusiastically appreciated. And the leaven of permanent opera was working vigorously, as the result proved, in the minds of the people as well as in th minds of the three men who had al ready formulated plans for it.

At this time at a meeting in Mr Flanders' office at the Conservatory, offered to build an opera house if Mr Russell would undertake its artisti direction, and Mr. Flanders woul assume its business management. Mr Frederick S. Converse, the composer had been interested in the project fron the beginning, and he assumed th responsibility of getting subscription for the fifty-four boxes which it wa then planned to have in the theatre, a I desired to have the boxes subscribed before taking further action toward building the opera house. Mr. Con verse's efforts in this direction me with immediate success, and the entir forty-six boxes were quickly sub scribed. At this time G. Richmon Fearing and Col. Charles Hayde became interested in the enterprise and a committee composed of Mr Fearing, Mr. Hayden, Mr. Converse Mr. Flanders, Mr. Robert Jordan, an myself was formed. With this com mittee the business details of th enterprise were rapidly gotten unde way. A stock company was formed with a capitalization of $200,000 and shares were offered to the public each share carrying the privilege o subscribing for a season ticket i advance of the general opera goers for as many years as the share wa held. In one week's time $48,200 wa received from the sale of shares, and i less than six months over $150,000 stock was subscribed, and subscrip tions are still being received. Th success of the thing that once seemed impossible was assured. The faith o a few was justified.

Meantime, the artistic side of th enterprise was sent ahead with all du speed. Mr. Russell went abroad t spend a year in searching the high ways and byways of musical Europe for singers to add to his already dis tinguished list. Mr. Flanders, the gen eral manager, looked after affairs i Boston. Mr. P. B. Haven, of Wheel wright and Haven, the architects



Photograph by Chickering

HENRY RUSSELL, DIRECTOR

and I set out on a tour of inspection of all the great opera houses abroad, that the best features of each might be incorporated into the new building whose site had already been selected on Huntington avenue, not far from Symphony Hall and the New England Conservatory of Music. Mr. Robert Jordan, secretary of the board of directors, also spent some time across the water gleaning a good deal of information as to the conduct of opera in foreign capitals, Mr. Converse, during a sojourn in Europe, gave valuable assistance to us all.

During my absence I received a cablegram from Mr. Flanders, in which he stated that the subscriptions to boxes were in excess of our capacity, and the subscriptions to stock was such as to warrant, in his opinion, the enlargement of the opera house. I immediately cabled him my approval of this suggestion, and Mr. Wheelwright and Mr. Hoyt of the firm of Wheelwright and Haven, who were working out the plans in Boston, while keeping in touch with Mr. Haven, were instructed to change their plans and the boxes were increased from forty-six to fifty-four, and the seating capacity of the house from 2200 to 2700.

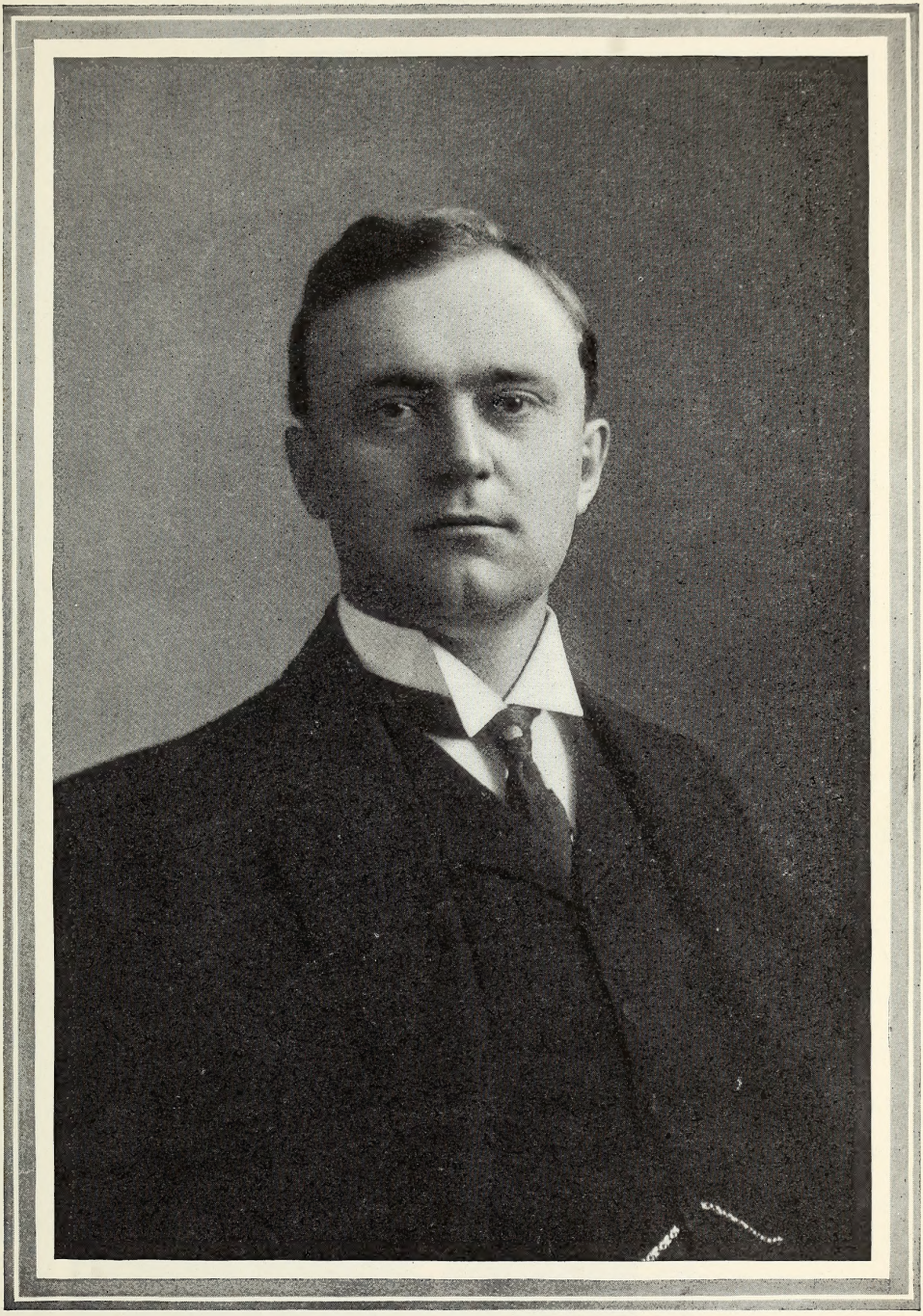
The corner-stone of the new opera house was laid November 30th, 1908, with a minimum of ceremony and a maximum of enthusiastic hope. In spite of a few of the usual unforeseen delays and a small taste of labor difficulties, it is now almost completed, and it will be ready for the first performance of the company, the presentation of "La Gioconda," on the evening of November 8th. For that performance few seats remain unsubscribed, and it is still something of a problem what to do with the distinguished critics from all over the United States and portions of Europe, who have a natural desire to lend their presence to what is reasonably expected to be another of Boston's music triumphs.

The house itself we believe to be the last word in convenience, utility, and beauty. Magnificence is, of course, not aimed at; the splendor of the immensely subsidized institutions, as in Paris and Berlin, would in itself defeat the whole intent of the Boston Opera Company, which is to furnish high-class grand opera at a moderate price, in a home of visual charm, and esthetic satisfaction. The exterior of the building is dignified and eloquent in its semi-classic.

Its red brick and terra cotta and strongly recessed Grecian pillars satisfy the eye and the sense of the fitness of things at once. Here is the one opera house in the new world that looks its part. Much artistic tone will be given the exterior by the three panels for the facade made by Bela Pratt, the sculptor of many triumphs. Here will be seen the chiselled representations of the dance, music, drama.

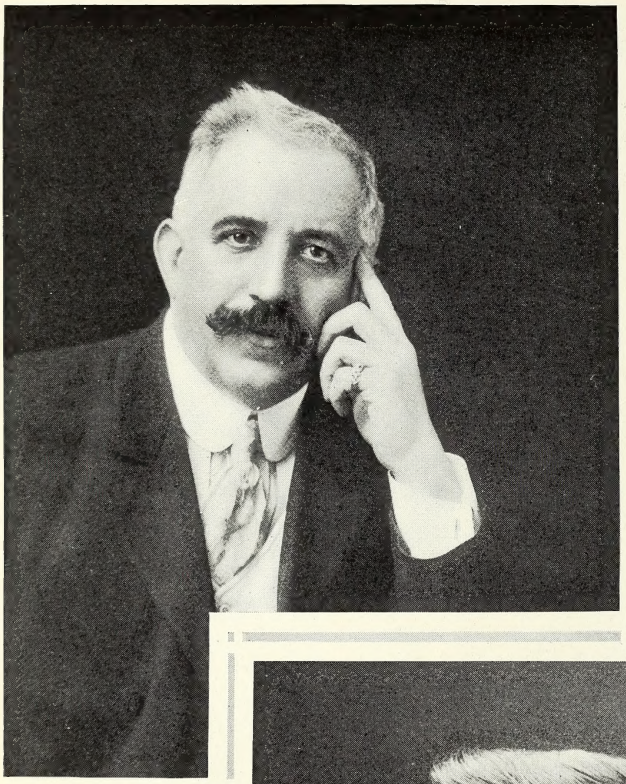
Within this new temple of art is a combination of excellent features found in no other opera house in this country. There is, for instance, no orchestra circle, but in its place a tier of boxes somewhat resembling those at Covent Garden and corresponding to the "baignoires" at the Theatre Francais in Paris. And around the whole auditorium sweeps a splendid crescent-shaped promenade, a reversal to an older but never improved form of theatre building. There is a second complete tier of boxes and others in which seats may be purchased by the general public above them and nearer the stage. The full seating capacity of the house is 2700, and every individual of that number will be enabled not only to hear an opera, but to see it. No pillar or post mars the fine sweep of floor or balconies.

At the time of this writing the interior decorations have not been made, so that no actual estimate of the final appearance of the auditorium can be presented. But enough is known to warrant the assurance that the first great audience to be gathered on the evening of November 8th will find a color scheme of refined beauty and ornamentations of almost classic simplicity and artistic appeal. There will

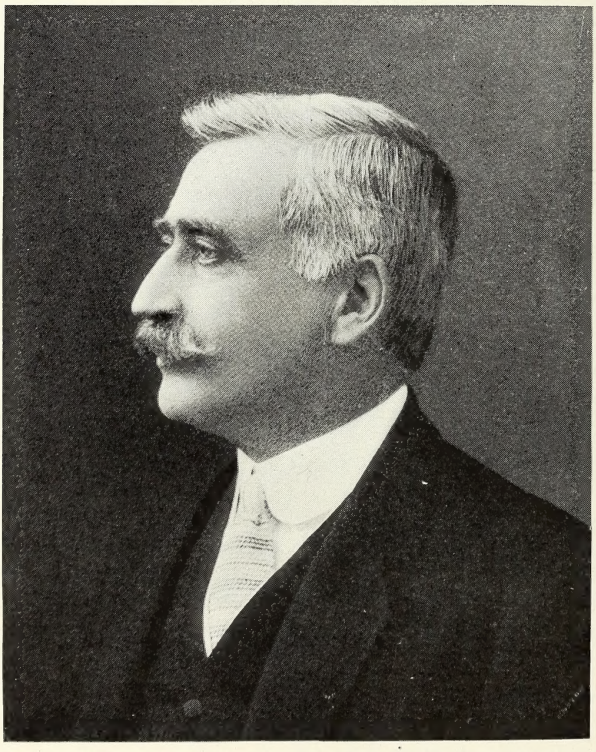


Photograph by Notman

RALPH L. FLANDERS, GENERAL MANAGER



ARNOLDO CONTI, MUSICAL DIRECTOR BOSTON OPERA HOUSE



DELFINO MENOTTI, REGISSEUR GENERAL BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

be warmth without garishness, and adornment without encrusted over-elaboration.

Being the proscenium, the care and attention to detail that has marked the conduct of the whole enterprise



FRANCES ALDA, SOPRANO

us far will be fully in evidence. Every modern improvement has been ncorporated in the ample stage, and ts equipment of machinery is such hat operas can be presented scenically s they have never been in Boston

before. Thus we believe the perfectly rounded performance is near at hand.

People of high rank have been chosen to help bring this happy state of affairs about. There is Menotti, the *regisseur general*, for instance. For years he was a singer in Italian opera, then changed his vocation to become a stage manager, becoming highly successful. His last post was that of regisseur of the Imperial Opera House in Odessa, from which place his release was obtained by Mr. Russell not without some diplomacy. Menotti is filled with a contagious enthusiasm at the prospect of assisting in the establishing of permanent opera in the most musical city in the new world.

Conti, the *chef d'orchestre*, is a conductor who has fully proven his value. He has conducted opera in Paris, Buenos Ayres, London, and Rome, and in the latter city he had the distinction of being the first to conduct there a Wagner music-drama. Upon Conti will devolve the responsibility of the musical interpretation of each opera, including full authority over the work of the singers. Another conductor will be Mr. Wallace Goodrich, long known to us in Boston and beyond as organist and choral leader.

Much attention will be paid to the perfection of the ballet, and here again is shown the interest in the cultivation



RAMON BLANCHART, BARITONE

FELY DEREYNE, SOPRANO

FLORENCIO CONSTANTINO

ALICE NEILSEN, PRIMA DONA SOPRANO

JANE NORIA, DRAMATIC SOPRANO

of American talent which is being fostered in this organization. Forty Boston girls have been in training for a year under the direction of Madame Muschietto, who has danced in all the leading opera centers of the world. This ballet will be augmented by a number of dancers from Europe. Madame Muschietto has been assisted in this work by Maria Paporello, who has been one of the dancers in the leading opera houses of America.

And the singers? Upon them, naturally, chief public interest centers. What is their calibre to be; to what extent are they thus far distinguished; to what degree will they thrill their audiences as well as satisfy the artistic demands of the "cogniscenti"? In reply it may be said that although the "star" system is tabooed in our plans, many of the people engaged belong by right in the ranks of the irridescent. And of the others there is much promise, based upon the expert knowledge of the director of the enterprise. This much we maintain; that the casts will be always adequate, often superb, and that the *ensemble* of each performance will be a constant source of satisfaction, if not surprise.

The soprano section is particularly strong. There is Frances Alda, an attractive young singer, who has appeared with success at La Scala in Milan and the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. There is Celestina Buoninsegna, a dramatic artist of the "New Italy" school; Fely Deresne, the French soprano, whose fascinating "Musette" is well remembered by Bostonians who heard Mr. Russell's performance of "Boheme"; Mathilda Lewicka, a Polish singer who has achieved fame in her own country and who hopes to persuade the director to produce at least one opera written by a Polish composer; Lydia Lipkowska, whose photographs truly bear out the most enthusiastic claims as to her beauty, and who had a resounding success as "Lakme" in a recent revival of Delibes' work at the Opera Comique in Paris; Alice Neilson, the engaging lyric soprano, of whom all Americans are proud; Lillian Nordica, greatest of our native dramatic singers, and Jane Noria, a soprano of temperament whose charm has been felt by Boston audiences before.

The contraltos include Maria Claessens, a Belgian, now appearing in the Colon Theatre in Buenos Ayres. Mme. Claessens is the wife of a German army officer, and her daughter is now being educated in one of the seminaries near Boston. Anna Meitschik a Russian, was educated at Moscow and has sung in most of the great opera houses of Europe. Her voice and style are said to resemble those of Mme. Schumann-Heink.

The tenor aggregation, upon which, rightly or wrongly, so much actually depends in the matter of popular favor, gives every indication of artistic power. Many nations contribute to the list. Eduard Bourillon is a Frenchman, with a large reputation for his work in the modern opera of his country. Edmond Clement, another singer from the land of the Gauls, excels in lyric roles. He recently achieved success in the new opera, "Quo Vadis," produced at Nice. Of Florencio Constantino, the Spaniard, it is only necessary to say that he is one of the very greatest tenors of the world. Ernesto Giaconne is a young artist with a phenomenal repertory and a pretty taste in matters of costuming. Christian Hansen is a Dane who not long ago stirred the people of Nuremburg to unwonted enthusiasm. He is dramatic by temperament and his favorite role is that of "Turiddu" in "Cavalleria Rusticana." Lorenzo Oggero, from Italy, is well liked in Buenos Ayres, whence so many excellent singers have found their way to the north.

Ten basses and baritones have been engaged. Georg Baklanoff, a Russian, is held by his countrymen to be one of the foremost baritones on the stage. At any rate, Director Russell had to pay a large forfeit to the Russian government to obtain his release from imperial engagements. Ramon Blanchart is acknowledged the finest



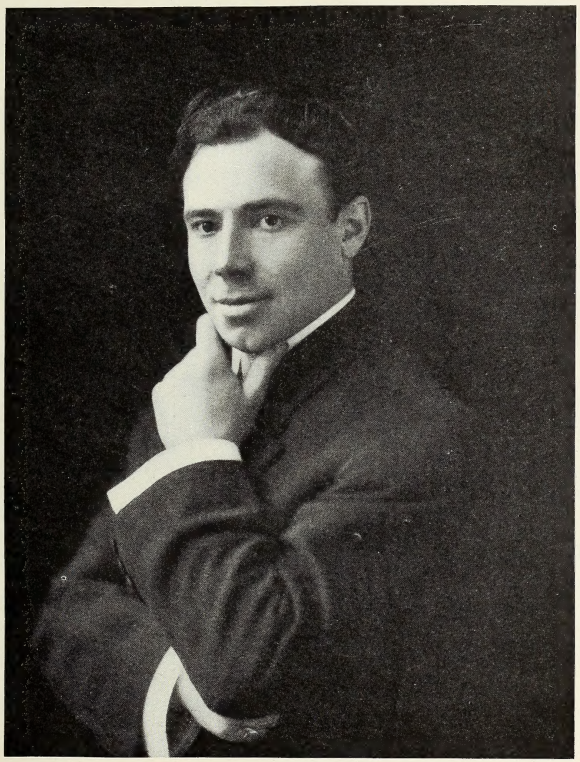
LYDIA LIPKOWSKA, COLORATURA SOPRANO

baritone in Spain. Raymon Boulogne, of France, is compared to Maurel in dramatic methods. Angelina Fornari has already pleased Bostonians by his warmth of singing and acting. A Boston resident appears in the person of Antonio Picco, who will make his debut as Conti di Luna in "Trovatore." Emanuele Sarmiento is said to be an Italian millionaire who has taken up a stage career for the pure love of it and has talent enough to succeed. Francis Archambault, hailing from Canada, has been heard in Boston on the concert stage, but will make his operatic debut as "Barabas" in "Gioconda" on the night of the opening. Nivette, the principal basso of the company, is acclaimed in France as one of the great singers of the day. Pini-Corsi, the buffo, has already won fame as a singing comedian of the first order. Pulsini is a basso profundo whose voice is said to be of exceeding depth and richness.

In the selection of the operas to be

resented during the coming season
Ir. Russell has exhibited great cath-
icity of taste. No opera by an
merican composer is included, for
e very sufficient reason that there
no such work to be given unless the
te John K. Paine's "Azara" be con-
lered in the running. As Mr. Con-
rse's "Pipe of Desire" is to be given
presentation by the Metropolitan
pera Company in New York, it is,
erefore, not available for presentation
the Boston
pera Com-
ny this sea-
n. Of the
ole matter
native
eras, time
ll be the
st arbiter.
is Boston
titution will
ely encour-
the mak-
of them,
l if they
e worthy,
y will have
produc-
. For the
sent, how-
, here is
operatic
vender
n which
people of
England
to be
"La Gio-
la," "Bo-
," "Lak-
"Aida,"
on Pas-
," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pag-
," "Faust," "Ugonotti," "Trova-
" "Carmen," "Romeo et Juliette,"
non" (Massenet's), "Mephis-
le," "Lucia," "Traviata," "Il Bar-
," "Tosca," "Falstaff," "Butter-
"Guilielmo Tell," "Otello,"
stro di Capello," "Serva Pa-
," "Rigoletta," "Elisir d'Amore,"
Anton."

will be seen from this list that "old Italy" still holds a great preponderance in the councils of the Boston opera. And Verdi, with six works, leads every other composer. Three novelties appear, "Maestro di Capello," by Paer; "Serva Padrona," by Pergolesi (both of ancient lineage), and "Anton," by Galeotti, which lends itself to beautiful scenic effects and a strong cast. And new to the late generation of opera goers will be "Lakme," "Manon," "Falstaff" and "William Tell."



FRANCIS ARCHAMBAULT, BASSO, BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

In every great enterprise, whether of industry or of finance or of art, the intent must stand forth clearly before public support will be extended. That such support has been given generously to the Boston Opera Company is evidence enough, we feel, that the motive behind its inception and completion has been understood and appreciated. "Our opera house," said Mr. Russell in the earlier days, "is to be of the people, for the people, and by the people. I intend that it shall be as individual in its policy as is the great land it represents." To this I heartily subscribe.

And so, first of all, the best of operas will be presented by true artists acting and singing for the attaining of a perfect *ensemble* and not for individual glory. To hear them the public is to be charged modest

sums. Here is one dream, at least, come true.

Again, the opera will encourage American artists, not with the cold word of praise that really means advice to go abroad and get a reputation, but with actual engagements. Already is the company's school of

advantages of their city. In ot ways help will be furnished, ge encouraged, ability rewarded with the necessity for the heart-beak experiences Americans so often counter in Europe. I believe it be true, as the director himself has s that the establishment of this sch



ALICE NEILSEN AND ANTONIO PINI-CORSI IN SCENE FROM DON PASQUALE

grand opera, conducted in connection with the New England Conservatory, in existence and doing notable work in training young men and women for the practical life of the stage. Gifts of scholarships for especially promising pupils are beginning to come in; Geraldine Farrar has sent one; so has David Bispham. Added to these, a number of scholarships for $1000 each have been given by prominent women in Boston, who are always interested in furthering the artistic

is the most important step in operatic history of America.

The Boston opera now awaits verdict of time. For the presen financial success is assured, and anxieties that too often beset the year of an enterprise of this sort not exist to drag down an artisti deavor. Whether a New Eng public will permanently support a tem of opera that will not mak appeal with blazing meteors, and gives a season of many perform

stead of a few, is yet to be seen. musical heart believe that the future,
ut those who best know Boston's like the present, is secure.

On the Laying of the Corner Stone of the Opera House at Bayreuth

By RICHARD WAGNER

"The characteristics of our plans for a theater consisted in this: that in order to meet an altogether ideal need, we had to reject one scheme after another as unsuitable, and hence as not to be employed as in all previous arrangements of such buildings, and to devise a new arrangement, which again allowed of none of the usual ornament; and the result was that our building is now the perfection of simplicity. Trusting in the inventive power of necessity in general, and, in this case, of an ideal necessity for ornament, we are confident that, owing to the stimulus given by this problem, we shall yet find a German style of Architecture which will not be unworthy of a structure sacred to German art—to art in its most popular manifestation, the drama—and which shall be distinctively and peculiarly German. Therefore let our provisional structure, growing but slowly to its monumental proportions, stand for the present as a sign to the German people; and let it set them to thinking of what has already been clearly grasped by those to whose sympathy, labor, and sacrifices it owes its erection.

"Then let it stand on that fair eminence at Bayreuth."

PHINEAS AND THE MOTOR CAR

By ELEANOR H. PORTER

PHINEAS used to wonder, sometimes, just when it was that he began to court Diantha Bowman, the rosy-cheeked, golden-haired idol of his boyhood. Diantha's cheeks were not rosy now, and her hair was more silver than gold, but she was not yet his wife.

And he had tried so hard to win her! Year after year the rosiest apples from his orchard and the choicest honey from his apiary had found their way to Diantha's table; and year after year the county fair and the village picnic had found him at Diantha's door with his old mare and his buggy, ready to be her devoted slave for the day. Nor was Diantha apparently unmindful of all these attentions. She ate the apples and the honey, and spent long contented hours in the buggy; but she still answered his pleadings with her gentle: "I hain't no call to marry yet, Phineas," and nothing he could do seemed to hasten her decision in the least. It was the mare and the buggy, however, that proved to be responsible for what was the beginning of the end.

They were on the way home from the fair. The mare, head hanging, was plodding through the dust when around the curve of the road ahead shot the one automobile that the town boasted. The next moment the whizzing thing had passed, and left a superannuated old mare looming through a cloud of dust and dancing on two wabbly hind legs.

"Plague take them autymobiles!" snarled Phineas through set teeth, as he sawed at the reins. "I ax yer pardon, I'm sure, Dianthy," he added shamefacedly, when the mare had dropped to a position more nearly normal; "but I hain't no use fur them 'ere contraptions!"

Diantha frowned. She was frightened—and because she was frightene she was angry She said the first thi that came into her head—and nev had she spoken to Phineas so sharpl

"If you did have some use for 'e Phineas Hopkins, you wouldn't crawlin' along in a shiftless old r like this; you'd have one yourself a be somebody! For my part, I like 'e an' I'm jest achin' ter ride in 'em, too

Phineas almost dropped the reins his amazement. "Achin' ter rid 'em," she had said—and all that could give her was this "shiftless o rig" that she so scorned. He remem bered something else, too, and h face flamed suddenly red. It was C Smith who owned and drove that aut mobile, and Col. Smith, too, was bachelor. What if— Instantly Phineas's soul rose a fierce jealousy.

"I like a hoss, myself," he said the with some dignity. "I want som thin' that's alive!"

Diantha laughed slyly. The dang was past, and she could afford to merry.

"Well, it strikes me that you com pretty near havin' somethin' th *wa'n't* alive jest 'cause you had som thin' that *was!*" she retorted. "Reall Phineas, I didn't s'pose Dolly coul move so fast!"

Phineas bridled.

"Dolly knew how ter move—once he rejoined grimly. "'Course nobod pretends ter say she's young now, an more'n we be," he finished with som defiance; but he drooped visibly Diantha's next words.

"Why, I don't feel old, Phineas, a I ain't old, either. Look at Col. Smit he's jest my age, an' he's got a autym bile. Mebbe I'll have one some day.

To Phineas it seemed that a col hand clutched his heart.

"Dianthy, you wouldn't really—ride in one!" he faltered.

Until that moment Diantha had not been sure that she would, but the quaver in Phineas' voice decided her.

"Wouldn't I? You jest wait an' see!"

And Phineas did wait—and he did see. He saw Diantha, not a week later, pink-cheeked and bright-eyed, sitting by the side of Col. Smith in that hated automobile. Nor did he stop to consider that Diantha was only one of a dozen upon whom Col. Smith, in the enthusiasm of his new possession, was pleased to bestow that attention. To Phineas it could mean but one thing; and he did not change his opinion when he heard Diantha's account of the ride.

"It was perfectly lovely," she breathed. "Oh, Phineas, it was jest like flyin'!"

"Flyin'!" Phineas could say no more. He felt as if he were choking—choking with the dust raised by Dolly's plodding hoofs.

"An' the trees an' the houses swept by like ghosts," continued Diantha. "Why, Phineas, I could 'a' rode on an' on furever!"

Before the ecstatic rapture in Diantha's face Phineas went down in defeat. Without one word he turned away—but in his heart he registered a solemn vow: he, too, would have an automobile; he, too, would make Diantha wish to ride on and on forever!

Arduous days came to Phineas then. Phineas was not a rich man. He had enough for his modest wants, but until now those wants had not included an automobile—until now he had not known that Diantha wished to fly. All through the autumn and winter Phineas pinched and economized until he had lopped off all of the luxuries and most of the pleasures of living. Even then it is doubtful if he would have accomplished his purpose had he not, in the spring, fallen heir to a modest legacy of a few thousand dollars. The news of his good fortune was not two hours old when he sought Diantha.

"I cal'late mebbe I'd be gettin' me one o' them 'ere autymobiles this spring," he said, as if casually filling a pause in the conversation.

"*Phineas!*"

At the awed joy in Diantha's voice the man's heart glowed within him. This one moment of triumph was worth all the long miserable winter with its butterless bread and tobaccoless pipes. But he carefully hid his joy when he spoke.

"Yes," he said, nonchalantly. "I'm goin' ter Boston next week ter pick one out. I cal'late on gittin' a purty good one."

"Oh, Phineas! But how—how you goin' ter run it?"

Phineas' chin came up.

"Run it!" he scoffed. "Well, I hain't had no trouble yet steerin' a hoss, an' I cal'late I won't have any more steerin' a mess o' senseless metal what hain't got no eyes ter be seein' things an' gittin' scared! I don't worry none' bout runnin' it."

"But, Phineas, it ain't all steerin'," ventured Diantha, timidly. "There's lots of little handles and things ter turn, an' there's some things you do with your feet. Col. Smith did."

The name Smith to Phineas was like a match to gunpowder. He flamed instantly into wrath.

"Well, I cal'late what Col. Smith does, I can," he snapped. "Besides," —airily—"mebbe I sha'n't git the feet kind, anyhow. I want the best. There's as much as four or five kinds, Jim Blair says, an' I cal'late ter try 'em all."

"Oh-h!" breathed Diantha, falling back in her chair with an ecstatic sigh. "Oh, Phineas, won't it be grand!" And Phineas, seeing the joyous light in her eyes, gazed straight down a vista of happiness that led to wedding bells and bliss.

Phineas was gone some time on his Boston trip. When he returned he looked thin and worried. He started nervously at trivial noises, and his eyes showed a furtive restlessness that quickly caused remark.

"Why, Phineas, you don't look well!" Diantha exclaimed when she saw him.

"Well? Oh, I'm well."

"An' did you buy it—that autymobile?"

"I did." Phineas' voice was triumphant.

Diantha's eyes sparkled.

"Where is it?" she demanded.

"Comin'—next week."

"An' did you try 'em all, as you said you would?"

Phineas stirred; then he sighed.

"Well, I dunno," he acknowledged. "I hain't done nothin' but ride in 'em since I went down—I know that. But there's such a powerful lot of 'em, Diantha; an' when they found out I wanted one, they all took hold an' showed off their best p'ints—'demonstratin',' they called it. They raced me up hill an' down hill, an' scooted me round corners till I didn't know where I was. I didn't have a minute ter myself. An' they went fast, Dianthy—powerful fast. I ain't real sure yet that I'm breathin' natural."

"But it must have been grand, Phineas! I should have loved it!"

"Oh, it was, 'course!" assured Phineas, hastily.

"An' you'll take me ter ride, right away?"

If Phineas hesitated it was for only a moment.

"'Course," he promised. "Er—there's a man, he's comin' with it, an' he's goin' ter stay a little, jest ter—ter make sure everything's all right. After he goes I'll come. An' ye want ter be ready—I'll show ye a thing or two!" he finished with a swagger that was meant to hide the shake in his voice.

In due time the man and the automobile arrived, but Diantha did not have her ride at once. It must have taken some time to make sure that "everything was all right," for the man stayed many days, and while he was there, of course Phineas was occupied with him. Col. Smith was unkind enough to observe that he hoped it was taking Phineas Hopkins long enough to learn to run the thing; but his remark did not reach Diantha's ears. She knew only that Phineas, together with the man and the automobile, started off early every morning for some unfrequented road, and did not return until night.

There came a day, however, when the man left town, and not twenty-four hours later, Phineas, with a gleaming thing of paint and polish, stood at Diantha's door.

"Now ain't that pretty," quavered Diantha, excitedly. "Ain't that awful pretty!"

Phineas beamed.

"Purty slick, I think myself," he acknowledged.

"An' green is so much nicer than red," cooed Diantha.

Phineas quite glowed with joy—Col. Smith's car was red. "Oh, green's the thing," he retorted airily; "an' see!" he added; and forthwith he burst into a paean of praise, in which tires, horns, lamps, pumps, baskets, brakes, and mud-guards were the dominant notes. It almost seemed, indeed, that he had brought the gorgeous thing before him to look at and talk about rather than to use, so loath was he to stop talking and set the wheels to moving. Not until Diantha had twice reminded him that she was longing to ride in it did he help her into the car and make ready to start.

It was not an entire success—that start. There were several false moves on Phineas' part, and Diantha could not repress a slight scream and a nervous jump at sundry unexpected puffs and snorts and snaps from the throbbing thing beneath her. She gave a louder scream when Phineas, in his nervousness, sounded the siren, and a wail like a cry from the spirit world shrieked in her ears.

"Phineas, what was that?" she shivered, when the voice had moaned into silence.

Phineas' lips were dry, and his hands and knees were shaking; but his pride marched boldly to the front.

"Why, that's the siren whistle, 'course," he chattered. "Ain't it great? I thought you'd like it!" And to hear him one would suppose that to sound the siren was always a necessary preliminary to starting the wheels.

They were off at last. There was a slight indecision, to be sure, whether they would go backward or forward, and there was some hesitation as to whether Diantha's geranium bed or the driveway would make the best thoroughfare. But these little matters having been settled to the apparent satisfaction of all concerned, the automobile rolled down the driveway and out on to the main highway.

"Oh, ain't this grand!" murmured Diantha, drawing a long, but somewhat tremulous breath.

Phineas did not answer. His lips were tense, and his eyes were fixed on the road ahead. For days now he had run the car himself, and he had been given official assurance that he was quite capable of handling it; yet here he was on his first ride with Diantha almost making a failure of the whole thing at the start. Was he to be beaten—beaten by a senseless motor car and Col. Smith? At the thought Phineas lifted his chin and put on more power.

"Oh, my! How f-fast we're goin'!" cried Diantha, close to his ear.

Phineas nodded.

"Who wants ter crawl?" he shouted; and the car leaped again at the touch of his hand.

They were out of the town now, on a wide road that had few turns. Occasionally they met a carriage or a wagon, but the frightened horses and the no less frightened drivers gave the automobile a wide berth—which was well; for the parallel tracks behind Phineas showed that the car still had its moments of indecision as to the course to pursue.

The town was four miles behind them when Diantha, who had been for some time vainly clutching at the flying ends of her veil, called to Phineas to stop.

The request took Phineas by surprise. For one awful moment his mind was a blank—he had forgotten how to stop! In frantic haste he turned and twisted and shoved and pulled, ending with so sudden an application of the brakes that Diantha nearly shot head

"Why, why—Phineas!" she cried a little sharply.

Phineas swallowed the lump in his throat and steadied himself in his seat.

"Ye see I—I can stop her real quick if I want to," he explained jauntily. "Ye can do 'most anythin' with these 'ere things if ye only know how, Dianthy. Didn't we come slick?"

"Yes, indeed," stammered Diantha, hastily smoothing out the frown on her face and summoning a smile to her lips—not for her best black silk gown would she have had Phineas know that she was wishing herself safe at home and the automobile back where it came from.

"We'll go home through the Holler," said Phineas, after she had retied her veil and they were ready to start. "It's the long way round, ye know. I ain't goin' ter give ye no snippy little two-mile run, Dianthy, like Col. Smith did," he finished gleefully.

"No, of course not," murmured Diantha, smothering a sigh as the automobile started with a jerk. An hour later, tired, frightened, a little breathless, but valiantly declaring that she had had a "beautiful time," Diantha was set down at her own door.

That was but the first of many such trips. Ever sounding in Phineas Hopkins' ears and spurring him to fresh endeavor, were Diantha's words: "I could 'a' rode on an' on furever"; and deep in his heart was the determination that if it were automobile rides that she wanted, it was automobile rides that she should have! His small farm on the edge of the town—once the pride of his heart—began to look forlorn and deserted; for Phineas, when not actually driving his automobile, was usually to be found hanging over it with wrench and polishing cloth. He bought little food and less clothing; but always—gasoline. And he talked to any one who would listen about automobiles in general and his own in particular, learnedly dropping in frequent references to cylinders, speed, horsepower, vibrators, carbureters, and spark plugs.



"SHE'S ALL STOVE UP—AN' NOW YOU WON'T NEVER SAY YES," HE MOANED

every night with thankfulness that she possessed her complement of limbs and senses, and she arose every morning with a fear that the coming night would find some one of them missing. To Phineas and the town in general she appeared to be devoted to this breathless whizzing over the country roads; and wild horses could not have dragged from her the truth: that she was longing with an overwhelming longing for the old days of Dolly, dawdling, and peace.

Just where it all would have ended it is difficult to say had not the automobile itself taken a hand in the game—as automobiles will sometimes—and played trumps.

It was the first day of the county fair again, and Phineas and Diantha were on their way home. Straight ahead the road ran between clumps of green, then unwound in the white ribbon of dust across wide fields and open meadows.

"'Tain't much like last year; is it, Dianthy?" crowed Phineas, shrilly, in her ear—then something went wrong.

Phineas knew it instantly. The quivering thing beneath them leaped into new life—but a life of its own. It was no longer a slave, but a master. Phineas' face grew white. Thus far he had been able to keep to the road, but just ahead there was a sharp curve, and he knew he could not make the turn—something was the matter with the steering gear.

"Look out—she's got the bits in her teeth!" he shouted. "She's bolted!"

There came a scream, a sharp report, and a grinding crash—then silence.

. . . . . .

From away off in the dim distance Phineas heard a voice.

"Phineas! Phineas!"

Something snapped, and he seemed to be floating up, up, up, out of a black oblivion of nothingness. He tried to speak, but he knew that he made no sound.

"Phineas! Phineas!"

The voice was nearer now, so near that it seemed just above him. It sounded like— With a mighty effort he opened his eyes; then full consciousness came.

He was on the ground, his head in Diantha's lap. Diantha, bonnet crushed, neck-bow askew, and coat torn, was bending over him, calling him frantically by name. Ten feet away the wrecked automobile, tip-tilted against a large maple tree, completed the picture.

With a groan Phineas closed his eyes and turned away his head.

"She's all stove up—an' now you won't never say yes," he moaned. "You wanted ter ride on an' on furever!"

"But I will—I don't—I didn't mean it," sobbed Diantha, incoherently. "I'd rather have Dolly twice over. I *like* ter crawl. Oh, Phineas, I hate that thing—I've always hated it! I'll say yes next week—to-morrow—to-day if you'll only open your eyes and tell me you ain't a-dyin'!"

Phineas was not dying, and he proved it promptly and effectually, even to the doubting Diantha's blushing content. And there their rescuers found them a long half-hour later—a blissful old man and a happy old woman sitting hand in hand by the wrecked automobile.

purity soon," said Phineas, rising stiff purty soon," said Phineas, rising stiffly. "Ye see, we've each got a foot that don't go, so we couldn't git help; but we hadn't minded the wait—not a mite!"

THE CANADIAN BOAT SONG

By Sir. JOHN (NO) MOORE

Ma boat's on the reevair, ahm smokin' ma pipe,
Of tabac I have plentee an' honions are ripe.
Ma babee is jolly an' all de res:—
Tirteen kids an' ma fam mak me feel lak de bes'.

We've potack in de cellar an' honion an' bean,
An' de bes' happle an' cider you never did seen;
De cabane be warm, hall bank hup wit de leaves:—
Ma hole mare she is soun' 'cept a touch of de heaves.

Twenty chiken, ba gosh, lay an egg every day,
An' one hole mooley cow, and a barn full of hay.
Oh! 'tis notting ah want as ah row on de reever
But de dinner of johnny cake, pork, an' fried liver.

An' catch me de pout an' de perch an' de sucker
An' from mornin' till night ahm a jolly hole wukker.
Ah chop on de log an' ah hoe in de medder,
An' I trap an' I feesh in all sorts of wedder.

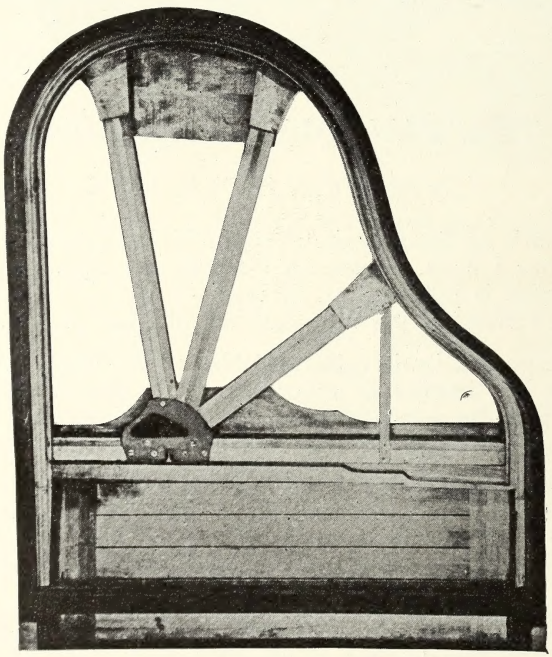
So ah sing as ah row an ah feel lak de bob-o-link,
Ahve got sugar an' tea an' a bottle of—what you tink?
For ahve been to de village wit l' argent a plentee
An' ahm so happy an' strong ah 'most could lick twenty.

So Hoorah for de tirteen petite kids an' dere modder,
An' Hoorah for de cabane dats so fine lak no odder,
Hoorah for de mare an' de cow an' de chickeens,
An' de bottle that makes me cut up like de DICKENS.

THE MODERN ARTISTIC PIANOFORTE—I
CONSTRUCTION

HENRY LOWELL MASON

IF I were determined to become an expert yachtsman, I would certainly study the tides, the charts, and the winds; I would closely observe divers manifestations in the air and on the water's surface indicative of the approach of squalls or storms, also varied appearances of the water denoting shoals, rocks, and sandbars. All these I should no doubt wish to know—but I think I should also wish to know, and, indeed, could not expect to be a dexterous sailor unless I did know, somewhat of the boat itself—its general construction the names of its various sheets, sails, masts, and so on; the form of its hull, its water draught, its necessary and adequate amount of ballast, and many other details.

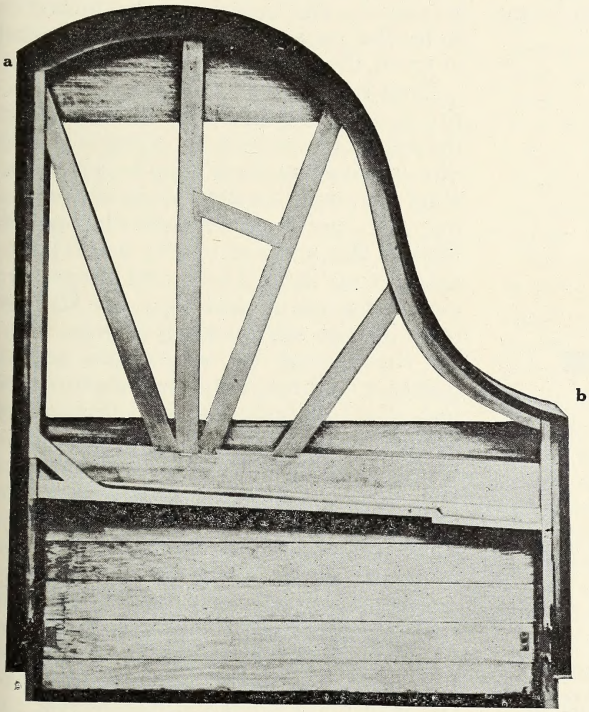


CUT SHOWING THE CONTINUOUS RIM BENT INTO ITS PROPER SHAPE FOR GRAND PIANOFORTE, AND THE POSTS OR BEAMS

In like manner it seems to me that to one who is studying or has studied pianoforte playing, a knowledge of the instrument itself, its construction, the mechanism and workings of the various and principal factors in its m up must be of advantage; and, in without such knowledge—for stance, the mechanism of the pe the dampers, etc.—the best re cannot be obtained by a player. modern pianoforte (and we spea the artisti strument an exceed delicate sensitive m anism, an a certain tent, all tic pianof like men, one from other. there is a of constru which in eral is the for all p fortes, jus all men alike in line, spea broadly; bu in the cas twins, whi outward pearance alike but one from other in perament, ing, and character, so with pianofo and although two instruments be made by the same hands, will not be absolutely similar i respects. For this there are simpl valid reasons. It is unnecessary paper of this kind to point them

or to draw too fine a line, and it is the general scheme of construction upon which pianofortes are built, with certain modifications and differences, which interests us; and while it is also true that in different classes or grades of pianofortes this general scheme varies in detail, still there is one fundamental basic plan upon which all artistic pianofortes are built.

It has been said that "Art includes not only the formative arts, such as



CUT SHOWING THE RIM OR CASING, WHICH IS NOT CONTINUOUS, BUT WHICH IS GLUED TOGETHER AT THE POINTS a AND b

painting, sculpture, and architecture, but also all forms of music and poetry, down to the very novel—in fact, all man's work, so far as it is directly meant to produce aesthetic pleasure." —Charles Waldstein on John Ruskin. A work, therefore, which has as its basis, or which is the outcome of, scientific research, provided it produces aesthetic pleasure, may be termed an Art Product, and there can be no doubt but that the best pianofortes of the present day fall in this category.

The artistic pianoforte is an evolution—an outcome of years of scientific investigation and labor, supplemented by touches of that rare and abiding attribute, genius; and the differences between the cheap and the artistic piano are just as distinct and real as those between a Stradivarius violin and a forty-dollar fiddle; the one is an art product, the other an imitation—alike in form, but in form only—the divine spark is in one, but not in the other. How few of the Rembrandt, the Franz Hals, or the Holbein subjects would vitally interest us to-day if we had only ordinary photographs of the persons in place of their portraits by these great men; the photographs would probably seem to us in no way distinguished or more worthy of serious attention and study than a hundred or a thousand others; but because these faces—albeit commonplace enough in themselves—have come to us from master brushes; because in every fibre they are imbued with that which stands for far more than mere likenesses of persons; because they have in them, to a rare degree, the human quality; for these and other reasons they thrill us and impress us as being the very essence of freshness, brightness, vigor, pathos, dignity, grace, or what not—in a word, because they are the result of genius they are ultimate and real, and, for this reason are they superior to and different from an ordinary painting.

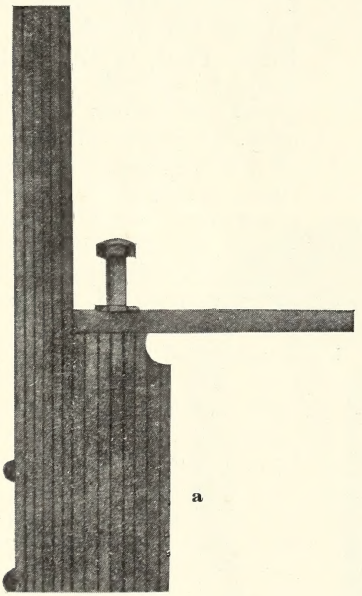
It is the same with pianos; the tones of one instrument go to the foundation of our natures, arousing or soothing our deepest and best emotions, touching our hearts and stirring our very souls; while another instrument.

in which the hand of the artist has had no part, merely tickles the ear, if indeed it does so much as that.

But *revenons a nos moutons!*

In a word, the general construction of the modern artistic grand pianoforte is as follows:

First, the case, consisting of its sides and ends; and within the sides, supporting and holding them in place, posts or braces of heavy timber forming the body or frame of the instrument. To this frame, at its front end, is attached the wrest-plank or pin-block



CROSS SECTION OF BENT-UP RIMS

a, Inner Rim, its eight separate thicknesses glued together may be seen; **b**, Outer Rim, its six separate thicknesses glued together may be seen; **c**, Sounding-board

into which the tuning-pins are driven; while over the frame is laid, first, the sounding board, which is made fast to the sides of the case, and then the iron plate, the purpose of the latter being to hold the strings drawn at great tension across it from end to end. The action is then adjusted in such manner that a hammer on being brought into play by the depression of its keys, strikes a string, or unison, thus producing a tone. Now, the strings, in being drawn from the front to the farther end of the plate rest upon a bridge which bears directly upon the sounding-board, being glued to it. As the strings are set vibrating or pulsating by the hammer blows, the vibrations are communicated through the bridge to the sounding-board causing it in turn to vibrate, thus reinforcing and amplifying the tone from the strings—in fact, upon the capacity of the sounding-board for vibration depends largely the quality or character of the tone. The vibrations traversing the board are conducted by it to the case of the instrument, and, in truth, throughout the entire structure.

This traveling of the vibrations over the sounding-board may be likened to the effect caused by dropping a pebble into a lake; at first ripples or waves start in small circles, their center being the point at which the pebble strikes the surface of the water; they then grow into larger and larger circles, expanding until they are stopped only by the surrounding shores. And so the extent to which the sound-waves or vibrations penetrate throughout the instrument depends much upon the thoroughness with which the different parts are constructed, and the perfection with which they are put together. In the artistic pianoforte this is an important point; in the inartistic piano it is ignored.

With this outline in brief of the general constructon of the instrument, let us proceed to consider in detail the four principal parts, namely, the case, the iron plate, the sounding-board, and the action.

THE CASE

The case consists of the sides and end and the posts or beams which form the body or frame of the structure. The sides in ordinary pianos comprise separate pieces of wood, while in the artistic instrument the entire rim is continuous from end to end without a break. Some instruments are made with the curved sides bent by steam in the solid wood, afterwards being veneered; but the better way is to build the cases of continuous layers of

maple of practically veneer thicknesses and glued together, the whole being bent into the required form by powerful presses. These continuous strips are, for the ordinary small or so-called baby grand, about sixteen feet in length. Several important advantages are gained by this glued-up method: first, a general solidity; second, freedom from shrinking or swelling; third, a reinforcement of the sound-vibrations as they come in contact with the rim or casing from the sounding-board.

In the ordinary piano these sound-vibrations are retarded and broken in crossing from one distinct part of the rim to another.

The continuous rim is itself composed of two sections, an inner and an outer, and the inner rim is not so high as the outer rim, the reason being that a shelf may be formed on the inner rim upon which to rest the sounding-board and the iron frame. The continuous rim, considered as a whole, is then covered with a veneer, inside and outside, and it is the outside veneer which receives the polish.

The posts or beams above referred to help to maintain the downward tension of the sounding-board caused by the pressure of the strings on the bridges glued to the sounding-board; and they also serve to solidify the whole instrument; and yet, at the same time, they do not cause a rigidity, for the whole instrument must, in order to obtain best tonal results, be flexible enough to permit an inter-vibration of wood and metal. The case forms a complement, so to speak, of the sounding-board and other parts, and *vice versa*, the two together making the perfect whole.

It may be interesting to note that prior to the year 1820, spinets, harpsichords, and clavichords, the forerunners of the pianoforte, were wooden structures entirely, the iron plate being inaugurated at a later date, when, owing to the development of these instruments and their culmination in the pianoforte, a greater string tension became necessary. The pianoforte of the concert hall is to-day a far more powerful instrument than it was forty years ago, one reason for this being that modern music with its complicated and heavy orchestration has compelled a greater volume of tone in the pianoforte in order that the desired result may be obtained. In the days of our great-grandfathers such works as the Tschaikowsky *Pianoforte Concerto* in B-flat minor with its orchestral accompaniment could have found no adequate expression in the spinet, harpsichord, or clavichord.

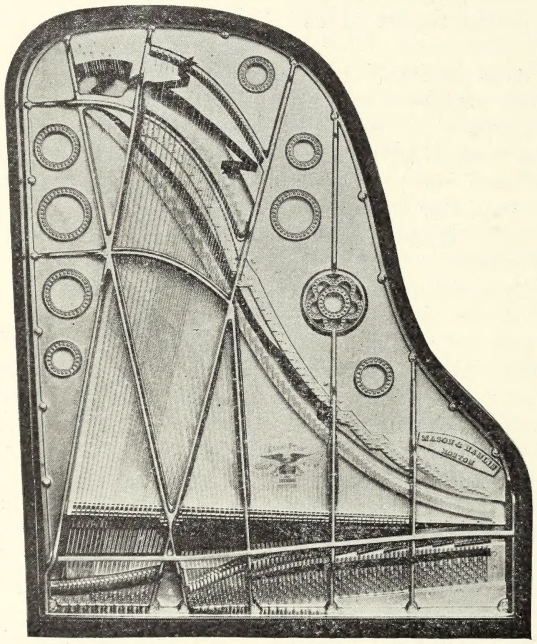
The pin-block or wrest-plank, which is virtually a part of the case, is, as its name implies, the block into which the pins are set which hold the strings, and it is attached to the front end of the frame; and its construction is of great importance, for upon its perfection depends, in a large measure, the capacity of a pianoforte to remain in tune.

Without question, the most perfect manner of making the pin-block is to employ separate thicknesses of hard-wood, usually rock maple, glued one upon another in such fashion that the grain of each layer (and there are usually six altogether) crosses the grain of the layer directly above or below it, at right angles. Owing to this arrangement it becomes well-nigh impossible for the pin-block to swell or shrink as a whole and the pins are firmly and rigidly held—much more so than if they were driven into merely solid wood.

We have stated above that it is the veneer, which covers the casing or frame, which receives the polish. The process of polishing is an essential one, for there are climatic and atmospheric influences which affect the outer appearance of a pianoforte deleteriously unless the polishing is done in a most careful manner. Without going too deeply into details, it may be said that the polishing of the case is no such easy matter at it might seem to be from a superficial consideration. As a matter of fact, the process requires at least three months' time that it may be adequately done. There are a number of separate coats of shellac and

varnish given, rubbings with rottenstone and with pumice. One of the details is of particular interest. After a number of distinct operations there is left but one thing to be done and that is to get the final gloss; and for this there is nothing so efficacious as the human skin. The varnished case is rubbed thoroughly with great care by the soft part of the inside of the hand. This arouses a friction, and the heat generated so acts on the varnish as to create the gloss. The men who do this rubbing must see to it that the epidermis of their hands is kept soft and pliable, and, while they must of necessity exercise a tremendous force in their work, they must perform no labor which will incapacitate their hands for their unique part.

Great care must be taken in applying the different coats of varnish, that one coat be absolutely dry before another coat is added, for otherwise, while the second coat is drying, the under coat will shrink or pull apart, and this causes a streaky appearance in the varnish which is called checking, and which is disagreeable to the eye.



Cut showing Iron Plate

THE IRON PLATE

The principal function of the iron plate is to bear the tension of the strings which stretch across it—and which exert a constant strain (in the small grand pianoforte) of over forty thousand pounds. The plate is made of cast iron, and it is no simple operation even in the hands of an expert iron founder. Nice care is required in the selection of specially qualified metals; also in the casting, to provide against the breaking or cracking of the plate under the enormous strain of the strings. The plate must be perfectly adjusted in its place over the sounding-board, each screw and bolt fitting to a T, that there may be no rattling. Every point of contact between the plate and the rim must be exact.

From the drawing it will be seen that there are openings left in the plate. These openings are made merely to lessen its weight.

Since the plate becomes necessary because of the strings, we may say a word here regarding these latter.

The musical sound or tone of the pianoforte is produced by the striking of a hammer upon its corresponding string or set of strings; some of the tones are produced from one string and some from more; for instance, the last eight tones in the bass have but a single string for each tone; the next fourteen tones are produced from two strings for each tone, these two strings being tuned one with the other, and the two forming what is known as a unison; for the balance, or sixty-six tones, there are usually three strings to a unison.

From this it appears that the total number of individual strings is two hundred and thirty-four, though there are but eighty-eight separate sets of strings. The whole number of unisons, of course, corresponds to the entire number of keys, black and white

which in an instrument of seven and one-third octaves, the ordinary range, is eighty-eight.

All of the strings are made of steel wire, and in the artistic piano the wire used is of much better quality than that used in moderate-priced instruments. The bass strings are wound with copper so as to add weight to them, for the heavier the string in a given length, the deeper the tone (that is with a given tension), and the winding with iron in the tenor register strings is done to equalize the quality of tone from the copper-wound strings of the bass to the plain steel strings above.

In speaking of the length of a string we are led to an important part in the construction of a pianoforte, namely, the scale. By the scale is meant, in a word, the relative lengths of the strings. For instance, suppose a string of a certain thickness and two feet in length gives the tone of middle C, then a string of the same thickness but one foot in length would, other things being equal, produce C, one octave higher; but for better results it may be expedient to use for the shorter string or higher tone a wire of different thickness from that of the first, and it would not then be in length just one-half the length of the first, but longer or shorter than one-half according to its relative thickness.

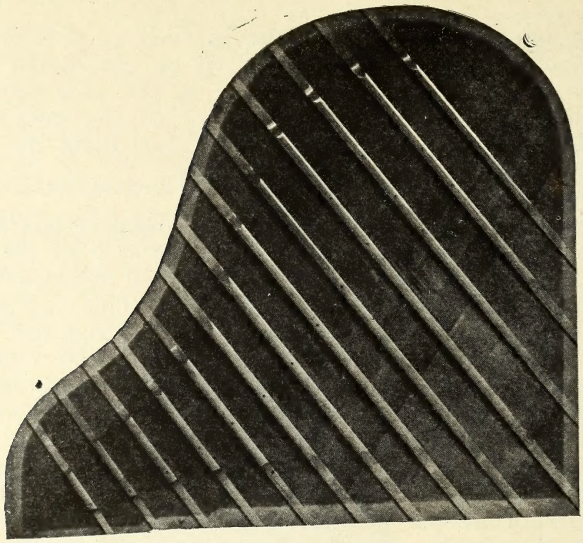
By drawing the scale is meant determining this and kindred points. The scale is a factor in the result of the tone, but only a factor; for two pianofortes with similar scales would not give the same quality of tone unless alike in all other respects, if even then, any more than two yachts would sail at the same speed merely because their lines were identical.

When it is remembered that the big bass strings double-wound with copper are over four feet in length, and that the small strings in the treble are but two inches long, some idea is gained of the difficulty in drawing a scale. For an important desideratum is that the gradation of tones shall be as even as possible. Another factor to be considered in drawing the scale is the positions of the strings relative to the curve of the bridge, which rests upon the sounding-board.

THE SOUNDING-BOARD

The sounding-board has been well called the soul of the pianoforte, and it is the *most important part* of the entire structure. The tone is largely dependent upon it, and the character of the tone is controlled to a great extent by the character of the board, the quality of the wood from which it is made, the manner in which its different sections are matched and prepared, the care taken, and the labor expended. A properly prepared sounding-board may be likened to an arable field which produces the richest kind of harvest, while to expect a full, sympathetic tone from a piano in which the board is deficient is akin to looking for crops from sterile land. True, the casing, the strings, the hammers, the scale, and the manifold factors which go to make up the instrument, do affect the resultant tone; but it is the sounding-board more than any other one factor which determines the tone quality. Two artistic instruments as nearly as possible alike in other respects, but one containing a poor sounding-board and the other a distinctly fine sounding-board, would produce tones at once distinguishable—a commonplace quality characterizing the tone of the former, while an exquisite, superb, musical tone would come from the latter.

The best pianos are provided with sounding-boards slightly arched, over which the strings extend. The strings being spread over the entire surface, must necessarily be on a more level surface than on a violin, for instance, where the four strings bear upon a very small part only of the sounding-board. The tremendous strain of the strings in a modern piano has a tendency from the first to force down the arch of the board. In the very finest and most carefully made pianos the strain of the arched board against the



CUT SHOWING SOUNDING-BOARD

strings, and the strain of the strings against the arched board, are so finely adjusted that the one counterbalances the other. That is to say, the sounding-board is able to carry the strain of the downward-bearing strings, and at the same time is pliable enough to yield to the slightest vibration of the strings. If the sounding-board be too buckram and heavy, then only violent vibrations will affect it, and it will throw out only a blunt, dull sound. On the other hand, if the sounding-board be too weak to carry the strain of the strings properly, there will not be sufficient resistance, and the sound will be wiry and thin. So sensitive is the wood to climatic changes that the sounding-board tends to lose its shape very easily. Under certain conditions the sounding-board will expand, and the soft and hard fibres of the wood will be *pressed together*, which in itself results in no injury; under other conditions the sounding board will *contract* so that it assumes a perfectly flat shape; and even if the board does not crack after such contraction, as it often does, the loss of its original convex shape results in a great loss of tone, owing to its inability to bear against the pressure of the strings, as it once did.

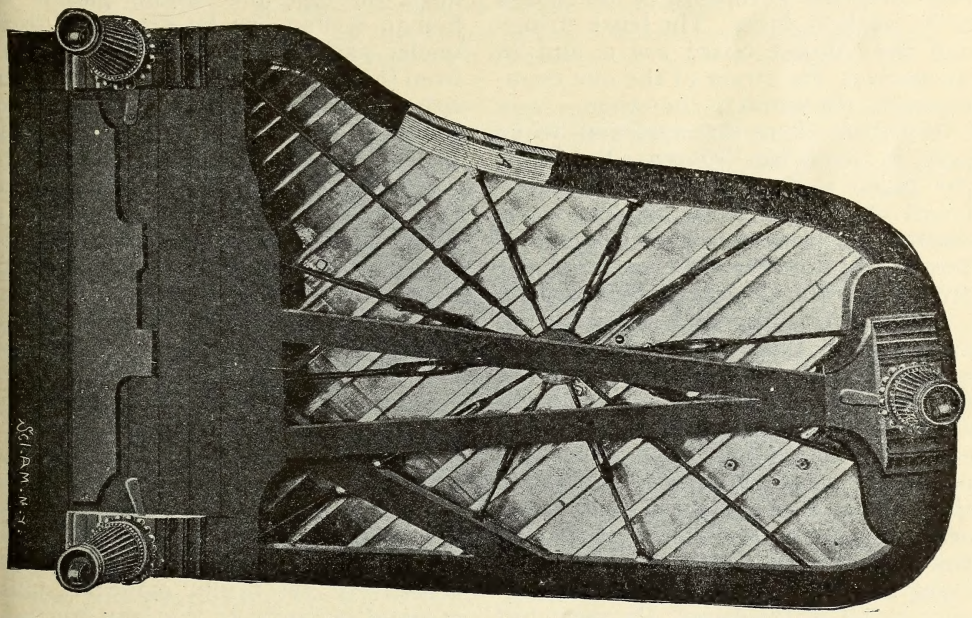
The spruce from which best sounding-boards are made is submitted to a temperature of about 150 degrees Fahrenheit for a considerable time, many months or perhaps a year that the wood may shrink to its very limit; for if there be a shrinkage after the board is in the pianoforte the result is disastrous. Such shrinkage causes a cracked sounding-board, and we then have a piano with a broken heart! It is this which causes so many pianos to sound tin-panny, as we say.

Oftentimes a rattle is heard when an instrument is played, and a crack in the sounding-board is frequently responsible for this; a pin or a button, or, in fact, any such object, however tiny, dropped into the pianoforte and resting on the sounding-board will cause a rattle. Another cause, perhaps, more interesting than any, is sympathetic vibration; that is to say, when a given tone is produced on a pianoforte some object in the room, such, for irstance, as a glass dish, will be set in vibration, and is itself in accord, so to speak, with the tone sent forth from the instrument. This sympathetic vibration will cause the dish or what not to quiver or shake; and oftentimes a person when playing will be met with some such curious experi-

ence and erroneously believe that the jingle or rattle proceeds from the instrument itself. A diligent search is often necessary to ascertain the real cause of the trouble, but when found a slight change in its position will put the object out of accord and the sympathetic vibration will be destroyed.

After the drying process is completed the board is taken from the high temperature to a normal one, when the effect of the temperature, owing to its being more moist, naturally tends to cause a swelling of the wood; to avoid this swelling, bars of spruce are glued on the under side of the board at right angles to the grain of the wood; the effect of this is that the board cannot swell on this under side, being held by the bars, but can and does swell on its upper side, and this swelling causes a crowning or arching of the top side of the board—the very desired end. The same principle is known to us all from the drums of our childhood. Unless the strings on the outside of the drum are taut, the top of the drum when beaten by the drumstick gives only an empty, lifeless sound; but if the strings are tightened the top of the drum is curved or arched, and when struck offer a resistance which results in a tone, or a noise of at least a character of its own.

The downward pressure of the strings in the pianoforte upon the crown or arch of the board causes, in like manner, a tension which vitalizes the vibrations and without which the vibrations and conseqnently the tone would be flabby and jejune. It may be stated, in passing, that the board vibrates or pulsates molecularly; not as a whole, up and down, as a string does when plucked.



TENSION RESONATOR BETWEEN SOUNDING-BOARD AND BEAMS

Speaking of the crown or arch of the sounding-board naturally brings up one of the most important inventions in the development of the pianoforte of recent years, the Tension Resonator.* This invention has been characterized by the *Scientific American* as "the greatest advance in pianoforte construction in the past twenty-five years." It was invented in 1900 and has been proven, after nine years

* Invented by R. W. Gertz.

of use, not only a practical success, but an actual necessity to the most thoroughly constructed instruments

The purpose of the Tension Resonator, in a word, is to maintain the arch of the sounding-board, just as the post in a violin maintains the arch against the pressure of the strings. While it is true that the sounding-board of a violin has a permanent shape, this stiffening-post inserted within the instrument directly beneath the bridge, where the greatest strain is exerted, connects the board with the back and thus prevents a rupture of the board at its weakest point. The tense strings and the vibrant board are a unit in themselves, the strain of the one counteracting the strain of the other.

With the piano the condition, to be sure, is somewhat different; but while the piano is fitted with a sounding-board slightly arched, this arch by means of atmospheric changes and because of the great pressure of the strings bearing down on the board by means of its bridges, is very apt to flatten, with the result that the tone quality is impaired, and even lost. The Tension Resonator was devised to offset this very thing. It consists of a series of tension bars, each composed of two parts, which are oppositely threaded at their adjacent ends to receive turnbuckles or nuts. One end rests in the rim of the case, the other being made fast at a central disk common to all of the bars. By means of the turnbuckles a requisite tension may be secured, making it impossible for the sounding-board to flatten or lose its arch. Without this Tension Resonator a piano gradually loses its tone; while with it, the tone is maintained permanently with its pristine beauty and sonority; without it the piano is much like a violin without its post, so requisite as already explained to support the curve of the board; while with it the piano, like the violin, improves, softens, and mellows its tone with increasing years; without it the piano is, indeed, like an arch without its keystone; while with it the instrument remains steadfast, secure, permanent in its tone qualities for generations.

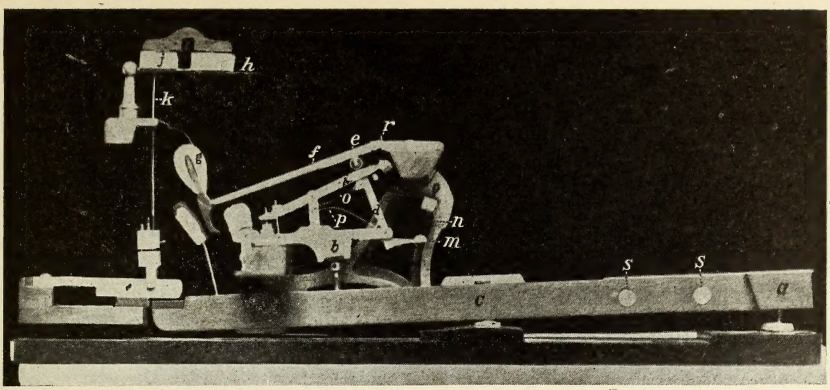
THE ACTION

It has now been shown, however inadequately, that each of the component parts—the strings, the hammers, the sounding-board, the scale, and the casing—lends its influence toward the final tone quality of the instrument; but we have not yet seen how the production of this resultant tone is brought under the control of the player; how the various effects running through the whole gamut of human feeling can be expressed from tender pathos to tempestuous frenzy; from the outpouring of intense passion, either wretched or happy, to the calm, benign expression of a peaceful soul; how the player can produce effects of surpassing grace and exquisite airiness, followed in a trice almost as if some hidden thaumaturgy were at work, by majestic mountain-like chords of grandest dignity; how he is enabled to express the haunting melancholy of a Slavic folk-song, the rich effluence of a Chopin melody, or the serene repose and the deeply religious emotion of Cesar Franck.

It is by the action that these and manifold other effects are accomplished at the hands of a master of the pianoforte, and, as may be readily conceived, the action must perforce be sensitively yet firmly made; it must respond instantly to the faint touch of a well-trained hand and it must withstand the crashing blow of an impassionate virtuoso!

Let us, then, examine its construction.

The action consists of the hammers (made of wood covered with felt) which strike the strings; the keys, which are depressed by the fingers of the player, and which in being depressed cause the hammers to strike the strings; the pedals, and the mechanism which permits of the operation of these various parts. The pedals may not usually be considered a part of the action, but their relation is so intimate that for all practical purposes



MODEL OF ACTION OF GRAND PIANOFORTE

a, Key; **b,** Jack-beam; **c,** Key-lever; **d,** Jack; **e,** Butt; **f,** Hammer-shank; **g,** Hammer; **h,** String; **i,** Damper; **k,** Damper-lever; **l,** Repeating-lever; **s, s,** Leaden Weights

it is fair so to consider them. The keyboard comprises seven and one-third octaves and the width of each key is so nearly uniform in all pianofortes that a player finds but little, if any, inconvenience from this source in playing an instrument strange to him. For each key there is a corresponding string, or set of strings, as already shown, and the difference in pitch between the lowest tone in the bass and that of the highest tone in the treble is very considerable. Each key has its corresponding hammer, and the hammers which strike the great strings in the bass must obviously be thicker and greater in weight than the hammers which strike the small strings of the treble, and were it not for a practical adjustment more strength on the part of the player would be required to depress a bass key than to depress a treble key. This difficulty is obviated, however, by weighting the keys themselves so as to have a comparative uniform requisite key pressure throughout the extent of the keyboard; small discs of lead are inserted in the sides of the wooden keys below the ivory tops for this purpose. When inserted toward the front their weight assists the player in depressing the key; when placed in the further end of the key, their weight makes a greater force necessary. By careful distribution of these leaden weights the key pressure becomes practically uniform throughout the extent of the keyboard, and, roughly speaking, the force required to depress the average key equals two and one-half ounces in weight.

The felt covering the hammer heads must be neither too hard nor too soft; but, as the degree of firmness calculated to produce most satisfying results is never to be found in a natural state recourse is had to the tone regulator's needles. By pricking the felt, thereby making it softer, the tone is made correspondingly softer; by quite another operation by which the hammer is made harder, a more brilliant tone is secured. Tone voicing is an art; and a poor tone regulator may greatly injure a tone which might otherwise be beautiful.

The key, *a*, when depressed, raises the jack-beam, *b*, by means of the key-lever, *c*. As this takes place, the jack, *d*, or hopper, is carried upward until it strikes the butt, *e*, raising the hammer-shank, *f*, and in turn, the hammer, *g*, which strikes the string, *h*. As the hammer strikes the string, the damper, *j* (and there is a damper for every string or set of strings), has raised simultaneously through a connection of the further end of the key with the damper-lever, *k*. The instant the string is struck, the jack escapes from the butt, there being a place cut away in the repeating-lever, *l*, for this purpose.

This escaping of the jack from the butt is an important feature and it is the cause of what is technically known as the afterfall of the hammer—and it is the afterfall which causes a slight resistance noticeable when the key is slowly and partially depressed. Some players desire but little afterfall and some so much as to render the resistance pronounced. The afterfall can be regulated and adjusted to suit the individual. The jack is also an essential feature and may be said to be the nexus between the individuality of the player and the instrument, for it is the mechanical transmitter of the player's touch. We have seen above that the instant the string is struck the jack escapes from the butt on the under side of the hammer-shank and that, at this same instant, the hammer falls back, away from the string; consequently a second tone is produced only by striking the string or unison a second time.

The pianoforte is a percussive instrument and the production of its tone is not continuous as in a violin, for instance. Obviously, then, any quivering of the finger after the key is once depressed is ineffectual in affecting the tone and has no *raison d'etre* save possibly a subjective one.

The character of tone produced, in a given pianoforte, is dependent so far as the player is concerned almost entirely upon the dynamic weight and the elasticity with which the keys are struck, or depressed; and the instant the key is depressed, thereby causing its hammer to strike its corresponding string, or unison, the character of the resultant tone is established and that individual tone cannot be influenced or changed by any manipulation of the key. There is, however, one thing which can somewhat modify a tone once produced—the damper-pedal. And this brings us to the last topic for consideration, namely:

THE PEDALS

Modern pianofortes are equipped with at least two pedals, more commonly called the *soft* and *loud* pedals, but more properly known as the *piano* and the *forte* pedals; and in the modern artistic grand pianoforte there is usually a third, known as the tone-sustaining or *sostenuto* pedal.

The soft pedal, operated by the player's left foot, when pressed down shifts the entire keyboard bodily to the right, thereby changing the touch of the hammers against the strings so that one less string of each unison is struck than normally, except in the case of the single bass strings, and they are struck by a softer part of the hammers. The string which is not struck does not remain silent, however, for it vibrates through the influence of other vibrating strings. To this sympathetic vibration, beauteous in its nature, is to be attributed much of the charm of tone quality derivable from scientific usage of the soft pedal, a charm to which modern composers for the instrument are not blind. In using the soft pedal, however, one should press the pedal down as far as it will go at once, and not only partially or gradually; for the strings, when the hammers in their normal position strike them, make ruts or indentations on the surface of the felt covering the hammers, and if the soft pedal is pressed only partially, thus shifting the keyboard only partially, the strings are struck by a soft part of the felt and do not fall into these indentations; the result is a snarling quality of tone which is neither satisfying nor beautiful.

Prior to 1830 there was a still further shift permissible, so that one string only of each unison was struck; this was the *una corda* of Beethoven, it was controlled by a hand-stop at one side of the keyboard. In those days piano hammers were small and covered with leather, and the hammer blow was much less, so that the wear and tear were not nearly so great as with the large felt hammers and increased hammer-blow of the present day. For this reason, if for no other, the *una corda* would be hardly a desideratum in the modern instrument.

The forte pedal is operated by the

right foot and lifts all the dampers, thus permitting the strings to vibrate freely. When any single key is depressed and the loud pedal is in operation the tone from the single string is reinforced by sympathetic vibration of other strings. This is equally true when more than one key is depressed. The result is an increased volume of tone, and since this increased volume is caused by the operation of this pedal, the latter is generally known as the loud or forte pedal. These appellations, however, are erroneous, for this pedal is used quite as much in *piano* and *pianissimo* playing as in *forte* playing. Its proper name is Damper pedal. The player, by means of the damper pedal, controls a wealth of sympathetic vibration, and can also, at any instant, stop the vibration of strings that are in confusion or discord. The damper pedal opens up an El Dorado of tone color and expression, though at the same time, *horrible dictu*, many a performance, beautiful in some respects, is marred by an inadequate understanding of its use. Ah! that a pabulum for pianists might be revealed which would unlock the secrets of pedaling even as the dragon's heart eaten by Siegfried enabled him to comprehend the song-words of birds.

The third pedal, referred to as the sostenuto, is confined largely to grand pianofortes. By its mechanism the dampers of any unison or group of unisons may be raised regardless of all others. Fascinating effects are thus made possible, among them being what is technically known as an organ-point —the sustaining of one distinct tone while others are sounding and constantly changing.

GENERAL CARE OF THE PIANOFORTE

A few words as to the general care of a pianoforte may not be out of place before ending this paper.

The greatest foe of the pianoforte may be said to be the atmosphere; that is, atmospheric or climatic changes. Nothing will so soon put an instrument out of tune, for notwithstanding the exceeding care taken in the seasoning of the wood which enters into various parts of its construction, it is impossible to render the finished pianoforte wholly impervious to atmosphere, or heat and cold.

As a matter of fact, a grand pianoforte is less affected than an upright, because the strings, being horizontal, are in one stratum of temperature, while the strings of an upright, being perpendicular in their position, obviously at different points in their length, are in different strata of temperature. A draught, for instance, affects an upright pianoforte much more than a grand pianoforte.

Like a plant, a pianoforte requires an even temperature for best results, and any change affects the strings, the iron plate, the wooden frame, the sounding-board, and so on, to a greater or lesser degree. Like any exceedingly complicated mechanism, it must be considered as a whole, sensitive and delicate, and while, if a little care and attention be given it, it will not only last a long time, but will actually improve with age, like good wine; still, if neglected or treated unsympathetically, it will soon fall off and deteriorate. It is like a high-strung, sensitive nature—responsive to a degree if consideration and kindness be shown, but all out of sorts if ill-treated or neglected.

Granted a moderately even temperature, a pianoforte should be tuned at least four or five times each year—especially so the first year, for the strings (as well as various other parts) require time to become thoroughly settled.

It is not well to place a pianoforte near a heat register or radiator.

When not in use the fall-board should be closed over the keys as a slight protection.

The top lid should be closed when the instrument is not being played, to prevent dust, pins, etc., from lodging on the sounding-board.

Dampness is especially to be avoided, for, in addition to swelling the woodwork, it rusts the strings, tuning-pins, and other parts, and the corrosion

eats into the metal and is generally deleterious. The more perfectly seasoned the sounding-board the more easily affected it is by dampness.

CONCLUSION

The builder of a truly artistic pianoforte must have ever before him the idea of quality, rather than quantity. The wood, the metals, and the manifold component parts must be thoroughly seasoned, selected, and tested. They must all be put in their respective places by intelligent, skilled men; unstinted care and unflagging attention are indispensable. The manufacturer of such an instrument may count himself fortunate if the finished pianoforte is ready for the hands of the musician after eleven or twelve months of unremitting labor. His shibboleth may well be "Perfection," and he himself a practical idealist, and, though he may never attain his ideal, for such is the lot of mortals, still must he trudge on and on toward his goal. Well may he cry with Carlyle, "Courage and ever Forward!"

SONNETS OF AN INVALID

(From a Sonnet Serie-)

By FLORENCE KIPER

I.

I must renounce it, then—to touch your hand,
To look upon your all too troubling face,
To feel, like scent of flowers, the subtle grace
Of you steal over me. I must command
My soul that it should steadily withstand
The lure of you, and your loved name efface
From out my life where I have given it place
As children blot out letters on the sand.

And yet I cannot see the sunset sky,
I cannot joy at some deed rarely kind,
I cannot hear a child's heartbroken cry,
But you are with me in my inmost mind;
And with all things I do, or low or high,
Still you are interwoven and entwined.

II.

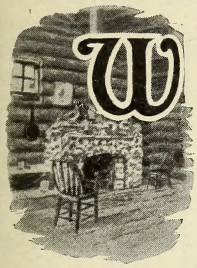
I am all spirit to him—a sad soul
Here disembodied even before the grave,
Renunciant of the joys that others crave,
My lips athirst for Death's soon-proffered bowl;
And he with priest-like fervor, would console,
With steady hand serene to calm and save
The darkening heart that may not be too brave
When it shall reach the uttermost of dole.

And he to me—O body of me and heart!—
Is potency and longing and desire,
He is that life in which I have no part,
The will to be and do that does not tire,
And at the touch of him there glow and start
Strange latencies and stir of passion's fire.

About the Hunter's Fire When Day is Done

By CHARLES EVERETT BEANE

Illustrated by Roland C. Butler



HAT an ideal day for a long hard hunt in the big woods! Conditions could not have been better, but how far from ideal that day would have been for the pursuit of any other sport. Long ere the first peep of light proclaimed the dawn, moccasined feet pressed the west-wending trail and miles separated a pair of eager sportsmen from the home camp when the woods awoke.

Mord's voice, "For she's ma daisy," and the rattle of tin dishes from which deer's liver and hash with steaming coffee and hot biscuits had been hungrily divorced, belonged to a period two hours back.

A sighing breath among the treetops barred off the gentle swish of steadily falling rain, which frequently gave place to flurries of sleet until the forest murmured dreamy strains of an enchanting andante, that gave promise in its increasing volume of an allegro and presto when the powers of nature should burst from restraint.

All night the storm had been gathering, stars fled away one by one at the approach of black-winged clouds and trees and underbrush shed tears upon the earth, lamenting the fickle affection of the god of day, until sodden and silent leaves and grasses grateful to the foot, facilitated stealthy progress among swamps and over hogbacks through the hunting grounds.

What if a swaying branch occasionally did feel about in the darkness, locate the space between one's bare neck and shirt collar and deliberately insert there a half pint of shiver-compelling slush, draw back and gently wipe off all lingering wetness across one's nose and eyes?

Just a little in advance a small tree released itself from the shoulder of one's predecessor and whipped one smartly upon the cheek, filling one's mouth with the piney flavor of the drip from a big evergreen under which it grew,—but reminders that one could at last hunt without that frightful handicap of noisy woods.

A "loud day" usually means an unsuccessful search for the children of the wilds, while demanding unremitting toil and unceasing vigilance, which it may reward with fleeting glimpses of startled game as it goes flying into the depths, tantalizingly waving a white flag in a soul-harrowing adieu, one's richest vocabulary proving utterly inadequate to the proper expression of emotion, though one is still bound to make the attempt.

That low-lying land between the ridges was all afloat and the farther side was punctuated by a sound of churning water until it found escape between moccasin stitches, but it was hardly light when a sharp report changed a big doe from "eater" to "eatee" at the end of a half dozen frantic bounds. No second shot was needed, though five others could have sped from the Remington before she

crossed the little clearing, so rapidly can the auto deliver the goods.

Have you ever pulled up short after a good long tramp in the early morning and challenged your appetite to "come out in the open and show what it can do?" Beats all how quickly one can forget he has eaten as heartily as he knows how but two short hours ago!

An old tree with a dry inside and a few of those dead branches from pine or spruce, furnished all the dry fuel required for a small fire against a rock, and between the forestick and the back one a can of coffee soon began to sing. Just a little toast—a slice or two of deer's heart and — there you are! Finest meal in the world! Hungry? Of course.

If you are ever similarly situated, climb and bring to earth the head of that young birch, your weight holding it while your companion passes across it a short stick, sharpened, and inserts the ends under the big muscle just back of the doe's "knuckle." Stand away and the birch will spring from the ground, lifting your game into position to place props on either side, with crotch near the cross stick, and swing the deer aloft out of reach of the foxes. When you have dressed off your prize, do as those sportsmen did—depart in quest of more sport, leaving the doe to freeze at the tripod. Several days later you may have the exquisite pleasure of "sagging" your deer into camp. It's great exercise—try it. Your shoulders may feel better for a good rubbing, but never mind that.

At noon the rain and sleet ceased and losing nothing of its velocity, a northwest wind had conversation with wood monarchs, who answered his whistling with sundry groanings and squeakings, all uniting to muffle the hunter's approach.



"THERE STOOD A YOUNG BUCK GENTLY RUBBING HIS VELVET ANTLERS"

Before three o'clock a magnificent buck with a fine set of antlers lay at the end of a careful stalk across a ridge, his wild rush for liberty ending at fifty paces from where he stood beside a big "popple" when first sighted, a bullet through the fore shoulder coming to him from out the unknown, without warning of the presence of a foe. He was a beauty and weighed more than two hundred pounds.

"How many miles from the cabin, Hank? I have a notion we'd better beat it. For mine a hot-foot to a great

big dinner with the boys before it gets black dark."

"Wise gazabo that you are, 'But.' I'll take the same for mine. Light enough now, but before we cover that six miles to the stream, it'll be eyes on our toes for sure. Straight across country and no turning out! Follow your leader."

Forgetting all other than the cozy scenes awaiting them at camp, they plunged through brooks that came tearing down the valleys, splashed knee-deep across swamps and threaded their way among tangled bushes and dead vines, following a due east course by compass. As Hank had said, they turned out for nothing, little caring for the good soaking they were getting as they had been wet all day. Good woolens next to the body taboo that clammy sensation, and even though wet, are still warm when one is exercising.

An hour and a half from the time they left the ridges, they debouched into the clearing where the cabin stood and from the other side next the stream three figures were dimly visible coming from the canoe landing.

"Hello, Bill, any game?" called "But."

"Got three in the party. That Hank with you? Here's Chuc and Bob. Chuc's just come in—first time in the woods. Says it ain't like home. S'pose he'll like our boudoir mirrors and morris chairs?"

"That depends upon the color of his blood. If it's a good rich *red* he'll hear music that will ring true and remind him of his ancestors and the good old days when toilets were not so elaborate as now and the distant stars blinked in their eyes as they sank to rest on the bosom of Mother Earth," and striding in advance of the party. Hank set his foot against the camp door, which flew inward and a blaze in a big open fireplace sent a glare into the faces of his companions behind him, who paused for a moment before accepting a chorus of invitations to enter the charmed circle of good fellows, who were sprawled about in exceedingly awkward, though doubtless comfortable, positions.

Everything denoted a care-free party bent only upon getting all out of life there is in it. No frills were to be seen on any of the six men whose smiling faces turned toward the newcomers, unless the "moss" of the unshaven might be termed that. Flannel shirts, more or less open at the neck, soft woolen trousers or corduroy, with leggings and moccasins with the inevitable leather belt and knife sheath in the middle of the back, *a la mode* woodsy —that was the prevailing costume.

Deer and moose heads, with antlers crossed by rifles of all makes and every caliber from 30-30 to 45-90, were everywhere. The dining table along the cabin side never visited civilization and was born in the forest. Bunks, tier on tier, a washstand, and a few chairs, stools rough butchered together from gnarled limbs, and a "deacon's seat" and its mate completed the furnishing, with the exception of the "throne," a place of special privilege, made by cutting a big barrel into reclining chair form, to be used only when the story-teller or honored guest held forth for the entertainment of the "bunch." Numerous deer skins were thrown about the floor.

A big lamp, suspended from the center of the log rafters, reinforced the firelight and revealed rows of woolen stockings and sweaters draped about for drying, like festoons of sailors' truck in the rigging of a cruiser, while all about the smooth peeled logs of the cabin showed moss-chinked cracks, through which, in spite of all, the snapping eyes of the upper world could be seen on clear nights. A door at one side marked the entrance to the cook's quarters and a wholesome rattle of tin dishes told the story of "something doing" ere long.

"The dead alive!"

"Come in and hear this yarn from Steve. He's hit only the high places all day and is dead sore, eh Sam?"

"Hold that tale of woe till full stomachs bear the strain better, old pal. Here, Hank, 'interjuice' your friends."

"Line up! Joe, Sam, Ed, Mord, Fred, and Steve—grip paws with Bill, Bob, and Chuc. That's good enough. You'd forget their long handles if I gave them to you. Get acquainted after dinner. I congratulate myself that I have presented these innocents to the slickest gang of second-story workers and all-around liars in the big woods. Paste that in your hat and sign the bond. 'But' and I will give the mixture a grain of salt."

The dual grind of the deacon seats and shuffling of feet under the long table denoted perfect unanimity of acceptance of this courteous invitation, and after a few minutes of vigorous attack upon a big venison roast and its supporting batteries of vegetables, Steve mumbled an opening sentence of his grouch and the newcomers pricked up their ears as he took up his interrupted yarn.

"That sure was plumb bad after such a chance as I had. Up there by the old



"THERE STOOD THE BIGGEST AND BEST BUCK I EVER SAW"

"Too small to taste at that. Birds of a feather you know. Your feathers are a trifle shy, but you flock our way I notice."

"Only bird house in this region, that's why. Don't think I love you or approve your doings. Nix for Hank. Some of you have a reason for living—others, well, you're here, that's all."

"DINNER! do you hear, DINNER! Quit your kidding and fall to. Great snakes! Must I *drag* you to the festive board?"

lean-to, with a fine fire burning under my coffee pot and hands full of grub, when I heard a crackling sound in the woods, looked over my shoulder, and there stood the biggest and best buck I ever saw in the Maine woods."

"That's what they all say!" interpolated Sam, and ducked under the table to escape a hot biscuit hurled with unerring aim at his left optic.

"Score one for the nigger's head! Say something else that's smart enough to grow whiskers a yard long, will

you, and I'll fill both eyes next time. Put that infant in his crib! I swear that deer was the cheese, and he stood looking at me with a saucy leer in his face until I swung up my rifle and let go at him. Never touched a hair and away he went. My feet were soaked, so I had taken off my stockings to let them dry while I was eating, and—"

"And a deer had the crust to approach? Must have been a fool deer, all right. Sure it was your stockings that were soaked?"

"Back—back to your kennel, Mord. I up and after him in my bare feet, and had gone about five hundred yards when I got a second shot, him standing and poking his head around a big birch. Had as fine a chance as a man could ask for—missed him clean. Off he went."

"Buck fever. You need a chaperone."

"Not on your natural, Hank. I took all the time I needed and drew the bead right down fine into the notch. You ought to have seen the leaves dance and curl up at the fine line of dope I let off at the listening trees. Never knew I had so many choice and sulphurous expletives in my repertoire, but they're there.

"Over the ridge dashed Mr. Buck, and after him went I. Two miles' chase along his spoor and I snapped at him as he broke across a clearing. Three misses and all good chances. Then I woke up. Setting up my hat as a target, I stepped back thirty paces, about the distance of my first trial and tried the gun. Overshot a foot. Tried again. Same result. Perhaps I was in a cheerful frame of mind to know my sights were off and me three miles from camp in my bare trotters with slush on the ground. Wonder I'm sore? Sorer than my feet."

"And I came along the ridge and followed your trail, thinking I was chasing bear signs. Sure they were —your bare feet. Boys, it was a sight the way Steve had crushed tender shoots and ripped up the landscape. Must have torn through the woods with a temper like a cyclone with its tail stepped on. Awful sight up there."

"Don't rub it in, 'But.' Come away from that table—food was made to *save* life, not to *take* it. What was that fable you promised to give our smoke circle to-night? Here, fill your dhudeen and get going with this piece of charcoal. Story and illustrations by 'But'—sounds rich, don't it? All ready for the chorus," and swaying backward and forward in imitation of the cheer leader at college, Steve led the cry:

"We want 'But's' story *and pictures.* We want 'But's' story *and pictures.*"

The tall chap sat back and chuckled until the noise subsided, puffed great clouds of smoke, threw his arms out each side for a good stretch, and, drawing a table toward him, spread a big sheet of paper and sketched rapidly as he talked.

"A certain farmer up in New Hampshire had the life pestered out of him by numbers of neighborly deer, who would persist in visiting his garden patch, eat all they wanted, trample the rest, and generally act the nuisance. He made up his mind to outwit them and set about it this way.

"No deer ever ventured there when any one was about, and if he could fool them into believing the patch had a permanent guardian the trick would be turned. He elaborately rigged up a scarecrow with arms extended wide and to complete his illusion, set an opened umbrella in the dummy's right hand.

"Of course, that device became the talk of the countryside and my farmer threw out his chest until he looked like a pouter pigeon, he felt so good. People said he had a right to. He thought that way, and for several days lorded it over his neighbors as a man of superior intelligence.

"One day rain descended and the floods came, and along about 3 A.M. there was a knock at the farmer's door. Too sleepy to answer, he waited, hoping his disturber might go away. Bang-bang! No let up, and he went to the window.

"'What's wanted? Any one dying?'

"'No, Eben, but we have important business for you to attend to, so you jest git shet of the bed and come along down.'

"Something in the tone caused him to hurry on his clothing and descend to his back door, where his two nearest neighbors stood in the driving storm.

"'Pretty day to call a man out into every citizen of our town takes such good care of the State's cattle. Mighty comfortable to be able to stand there and nibble good stuff and have good company all the time out of the wet.'

"Eben took one long, amazed look, led the way back to the house, and solemnly set out the cider mugs, leaving this scene behind him." And "But" held up his finished sketch,



EVENING GAMES IN A HUNTER'S CAMP

THE CLERK
ARRAH NA POGUE

ROOSTER FIGHT
PIG IN A STOCKING

from a warm nest! Must be something big.'

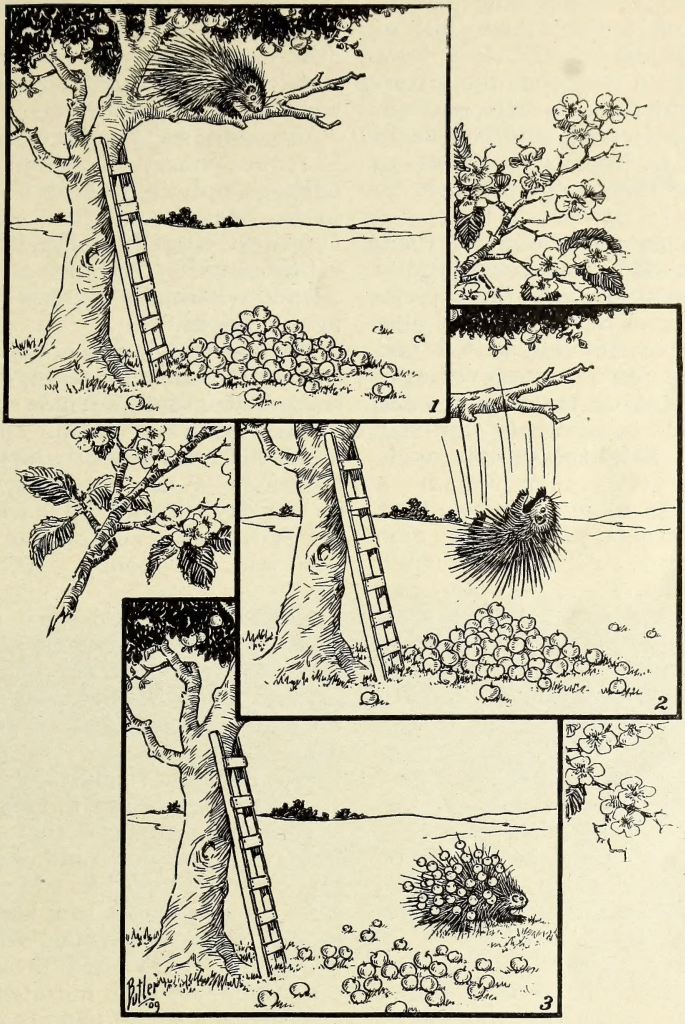
"'Well, I should hanker. Come on behind the barn.'

"As they turned the corner Eben got a start he never recovered from. There stood his scarecrow doing business at the old stand with upraised umbrella, under which posed a young buck gently rubbing his velveted antlers against the handle.

"'Mighty clever idea, Eben; 'taint which provoked a burst of laughter and many a facetious remark in the course of the evening.

"It's mighty lucky for you, 'But,' that a certain illustrious citizen of this great and glorious country of ours never heard that startling tale, for if he had, the other nature fakirs would have to pass it up to you—that crown thing. I'll bet this yarn was born in your think-box. Got any more like it?"

"Here's one Hank told me to-day



"OFF HE WALKED WITH MORE THAN A BUSHEL OF APPLES"

away over beyond Dungarvey. He had me posted at the foot of a long slope that was fairly criss-crossed with deer signs. I just took notice and mentally labeled the runaways 'Buck Avenue,' 'Doe Boulevard,' and 'Fawn Playground,' when I heard a noise like a cavalry charge, and over the ridge, right into my face and eyes, ran two does and a few paces to the rear came a fine buck. They never saw me at all, and I guess would have run right over me if I hadn't opened on them. I'll bet I overshot the buck at least three feet and of all the getting out you ever saw! They're going yet. I was some disgusted. Hank, tell that story you cheered me up with."

"I will if you'll all promise not to punctuate it with growls like 'But' did. Can't blame him though. He refers to a strictly accurate story I'll vouch for, because it was told to me by my friend Fred Parke, one of the best fellers that ever drew breath and a taxidermist up at the head of Moosehead Lake. Fred never tells lies and I guess this tale will stand salt all right.

"A certain friend of his in Greenville Junction is death on hedgehogs

and puts in a lot of his time getting after them and boring them full of holes with his 38-55. Matters have taken such a turn now that the bitterest kind of a feud exists between him and the porcupine tribe, and he swears the quilled pigs lie awake nights to do him dirty. Here's one instance he quotes:

"'Down in my apple orchard them pesky critters had a merry-go-round that was a caution and their pizen marks was everywhere. Looked like an army had carried on a Red and Blue war every night. One evening I took Jed and chased myself inter the lot before sundown and held tight ter watch fer 'em. Bright moonlight made all plain, and pretty soon we saw a forty-pounder sneaking along a limb of a tree we'd jest picked that day. "Stung," thinks I, he'll have his climb fer nuthin', when I see him stop and look down at a big pile of seconds we'd left on ther ground fer ther cider barrel.

"'Fer a full minute he oggled them apples, then hunched himself inter a ball, stuck out every quill and tumbled on his back off ther limb inter that pile. He jest kinder squirmed when he struck 'em and got up and waltzed away with more'n a bushel of apples stickin' all over him. I'll be jiggered if I could shoot ther son of er gun and let him git plumb off with his load. True, by gosh!'"

"Murder—help! You fellows are getting more and more dangerous. Pretty soon you'll be believing yourselves, then the dippy house for yours," and Chuc, the latest arrival, threw up his hands and fell in a faint, from which he was quickly aroused by a faceful of smoke from a strong pipe, which set him gasping for breath in dead earnest, but he refused to believe the porcupine story, even when "But" showed him the pictures. Strange some men are so incredulous!

It is inevitable that horse-play be indulged in when there is a tenderfoot in camp, and in guileless fashion, Steve and Bert got into an argument with Hank and Sam over the relative merits of Arrah na Pogue and The Clerk.

"What's the controversy?" asked Chuc, when others by their perfect indifference made his question opportune. "Is this 'Clerk' something to do with lumbering life?"

"Surest thing you know, kid," gravely replied Steve. "Come on down here, fellows, and we'll show him what we mean. All around in a circle on the floor, feet toward the middle, and Chuc in the center. Now this is the kind of a trade we usually make with the clerk in the woods."

For an instant Chuc was inclined to remain outside this strange game, but so guileless did the men appear that he at length sat within the charmed band, the members of which asked the question, "What you going to pay us for our day's work? Here we been wading snow drifts and cutting timber for you and no money. What do we get?"

Entering into the spirit of the fun, Chuc began an argument as what each man was worth, trying to hire them as cheaply as possible, until they pretended to get exasperated at his meanness, cried, "He'd Jew us—he's no good—kick him out!" and closing in from all sides, they began to kick with their stockinged feet until they had raised him from the floor and were turning him over and over like a big ball in mid air. As soon as he saw his chance, he tackled the nearest man, who then became the "Clerk" and the sport went on. Chuc had been initiated.

When the squad had recovered their breath, Hank's full baritone started the chorus into a full swing of popular songs, after which the party witnessed a "rooster fight" between Bill and Bob that resulted in Bob's ignominious defeat. Bob began the fun by getting away to one side of the cabin.

"Flap-flap-flap, cock-a-doodle-doo! No rooster dares come on my yard! I'm the cock of the walk—I am! Cock-a-doodle-doo-a-rue-a-rue!"

Quickly Bill took up the challenge, strutting and crowing in derision, and the "spurs" were produced immediately. These consisted of stout sticks about three feet long, sharpened on

each end. The "roosters" were made to sit on the floor, knees up and hands clasped about them, where they were securely tied. The "spurs" were then run through between the elbows and knees, the "roosters" placed about four feet apart and given the word.

Hitching toward each other, they got close, when Bob suddenly turned sidewise and made a lunge at Bill, but in so doing lost his balance as Bill dodged, and over he went on his side. Quick to take advantage of his enemy, Bill closed in and bradded Bob to his heart's content, until he cackled in token of defeat. All joined in a barnyard chorus of bleats, moos, and every kind of noise even to the bray of a jackass.

Mysterious disappearances were now becoming the order, until Hank, Tom, Steve, and "But" looked up from a game of "bid whist" to discover that they were alone in the big room with the fire running low, while breathings long and deep told the story of the departure for sandland of their tired comrades. With a look into each other's faces, they arose from the table and got into their flannel pajamas, then climbed into bunks never more inviting.

In a very few minutes, "But" remarked drowsily, "Gee, but I'd like another try at that buck to-morrow. Hank—do you reckon—"

A strenuous snore was the only reply.

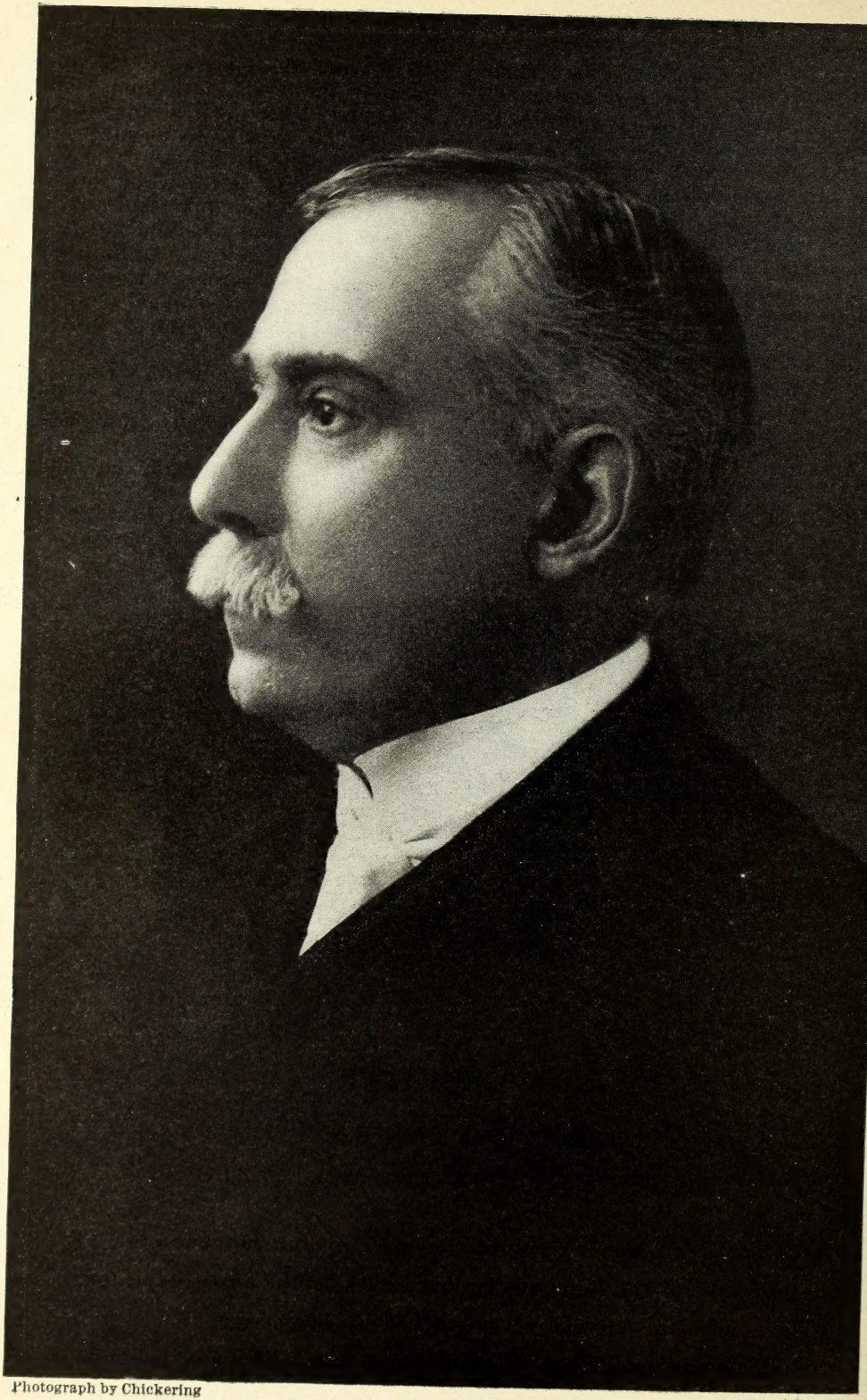


NON SEQUITER

FROM THE CHINESE

By EDITH STEVENS GILES AND WOON HONG FAY

The pool's fair face is troubled, yet grief it doth not know;
The flutter of the light wind's kiss leaves depths unstirred below.
The mountain is eternal, yet untouched by hoary age,
The crown of snow upon its head is not time's heritage.



Photograph by Chickering

HON. NATHANIEL H. TAYLOR

WHO WILL ADMINISTER THE NEW CHARTER

PROMINENT CANDIDATES FOR THE MAYORALTY OF BOSTON—I. NATHANIEL H. TAYLOR

By CHARLES W. RESTARICK

THE recent formal announcement by Nathaniel H. Taylor, the leading editorial writer of the Boston *Daily Globe*, that he is a Democratic candidate for Mayor of Boston made a deep impression on the residents of that city. The declaration also created a sensation, followed by warm approval, in newspaper circles, where Mr. Taylor has been regarded favorably for many years. Not only is he well known to Boston journalists, but in hundreds of newspaper offices in many states he has long been recognized as one of the best all-around men in the profession.

This Democratic candidate for the Mayoralty, known to many thousands as "Nat" Taylor, is one of the most modest and conscientious laborers in the field of journalism. The merits he possesses will never be known from his lips. The writer will endeavor to point out briefly a few of those merits.

The office of Mayor calls for the possession of varied qualifications by the incumbent thereof. Mr. Taylor possesses many of these qualifications. Besides his newspaper experience, Mr. Taylor in the early 70's was with the Union Pacific Railway for a time and was assistant clerk of the Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1873 and 1874. For the two years following he was in Washington with the National Bureau of Education.

His municipal training has been exceptionally thorough. He was Mayor's secretary eight years and City Collector for four years, offices that were unsought by him and which he assumed at the urgent request of Mayors. The present is the only public position he has ever sought, and, as will be seen later, he seeks this solely at the earnest solicitation of a host of citizens of his native city.

In Boston during the past three years there has been a thorough overhauling of the affairs of the municipal government by a finance commission, and another finance commission is now in full power for the purpose of supervising the city business. There has been tremendous excitement during these three years in municipal circles. The citizens have demanded better government and the Legislature has stepped in and added more amendments to the city charter, with the expectation that such amendments will strengthen the government and tend to prevent waste and extravagance in the departments.

These charter amendments are quite radical in some respects, and consequently there has been much speculation as to who would be the best man to elect as chief magistrate to put the charter amendments into force and thereby satisfy the wishes of the taxpayers.

A large number of aspirants for the office have come forward during the year, but it can be truthfully said that many of them have retired from the field. Several still assert in guarded language in the press that they "may be" candidates. Mr. Taylor, however, is the first to formally announce

his candidacy on the Democratic side. In his announcement he says:

"A firm believer and lifelong advocate of the true and righteous principles of Democracy, I have an unswerving and unfaltering faith that strict adherence to those sound, basic principles in municipal administration can alone secure to our citizens the benefits and blessings of proper civil government and insure equal rights to all.

"My platform will be 'Honest Government.'"

Now, strange as it may seem to many, Nat Taylor believes that the office should seek the man. Before entering the field, therefore, he had a complete canvass made among the Democratic voters. He desired to know positively whether or not he was wanted by the people. He was satisfied completely on that point, hence his candidacy. He is the candidate, therefore, of the people, and not of any political bosses.

The citizens of Boston desire a safe, competent, and conservative Mayor. It is known by them that Mr. Taylor should be able to meet all the requirements because of his wide experience in municipal matters. For example: He is the only living man to-day in Boston who had anything to do with putting the charter amendments of 1885 into operation, and his services at that time received the highest praise from press and people, irrespective of politics.

When he became Mayor's secretary in 1885, under Mayor Hugh O'Brien, the city was being administered under the charter of 1854, which law was framed by Chief Justice Shaw. Under the 1854 charter all the executive business of the city was despatched by committees of the city council. Mr. Taylor became familiar, therefore, with that phase of charter work. Soon the charter amendments of 1885 changed affairs, so that boards and heads of departments appointed by the Mayor transacted all the executive business and the only important function of the city council was to pass the annual appropriation bill and the loan orders, the members being prohibited from having anything to do with the executive business.

Mr. Taylor labored for eight months in conjunction with Mayor O'Brien in putting the charter amendments of 1885 into operation, and thereby became thoroughly conversant with the details of the work in every department. It required about eight months to frame ordinances that would agree with the provisions of the new act. When those ordinances were finished the labors of the Mayor's force were lightened somewhat, but all the time, week after week, the Mayor's office was obliged by the charter amendments to keep in close touch with the departments in order that there should not be waste and extravagance. If there was any "grafting" it was exposed promptly and remedies applied, the same as would be done in any well regulated business house under like circumstances.

The newspaper men who had to "cover" City Hall in those days and subsequently, when Mr. Taylor was Mayor's secretary for four years more in Mayor Matthews's administrations. were familiar day by day with Secretary Taylor's tasks and fully appreciated his remarkable executive abilities. His associates have always noticed his rapid yet methodical manner of transacting public business and rightly attribute it to his calm, even temperament. It was this temperamental gift which undoubtedly made it possible for him to become—in addition to a reporter and editor—one of the swiftest and most accurate shorthand court reporters, which vocation he followed for a number of years in his early career, traveling in many parts of the United States and reporting in the highest courts.

A newspaper the other day said very truthfully of Mr. Taylor: "He is a many-sided man—he came into the public offices he has held because of his experience as a skilled stenographer, through his remarkable ability to keep a closed mouth when silence

was a distinguished virtue, through his intimate familiarity with Boston and Massachusetts politics, through his almost infinitely wide personal acquaintance with all the men who are worth knowing in New England, and in short, because he is and always has been 'Nat' Taylor, newspaper man, auditor, expert accountant, confidential adviser and actuary."

During the four years that he was City Collector of Boston, Mr. Taylor collected about $120,000,000, and when he resigned that office—the administration having changed from Democratic to Republican—official expert accountants, appointed by the City Auditor, examined and found his accounts correct. During his administration of that office—the most important in the city, outside of the Mayoralty—he conducted it on an annual appropriation of $50,000 less than it has been managed yearly since, and he collected a larger percentage of all the taxes than has ever been collected in any subsequent year, besides having a smaller percentage of outstanding taxes than any subsequent collectors—all of which was ascertained and reported by the finance commission when it was investigating the affairs of the departments in City Hall. His experience in the Mayor's office, as well as in the financial departments, gave him exceptional opportunities, which his writings show he improved, to understand thoroughly all the actual facts relating to the assessment of property, tax rate, debt, loans, and kindred matters.

Above all else, this candidate for Mayor is a prodigious worker. He has always been on some pay-roll since he began his career as a reporter at the age of sixteen on the Boston *Daily Times*. He belongs to the two weeks' brigades of vacationists, never, except when he went abroad one summer, having ever had more than two weeks for a vacation. In the early days of the Boston *Globe* he worked loyally with his only brother, General Taylor, to help build up that now prosperous journal, and he is still at his post of duty.

Being a worker himself, Mr. Taylor's sympathies are always with those who must earn their living. It was the practice formerly at City Hall to suspend a large number of men from time to time. This led to so much dissatisfaction that Mr. Taylor conceived the idea of keeping the laboring forces at work from January 1 to January 1, or all the year round. He unfolded his plan to Mayor Matthews. The consequence was that the superintendent of streets, who then controlled seven divisions—paving, sewer, street cleaning, etc.—was called in and instructed to lay aside enough money so that it would be unnecessary to make discharges and suspensions for lack of funds. This was the beginning of the permanent basis system of employment, the idea being to carry on the rolls as many men as were actually necessary and keep them busy the entire year. Recently this system was upset. Any one who knows Mr. Taylor cannot doubt for an instant that, if elected Mayor, he would put the force of laborers on a permanent basis again, and not allow them to be suspended for lack of funds, and thereby lose their chance to go on the pension list, when the pension question is settled.

The next Mayor of Boston should be perfectly familiar with all matters relating to the finances of the city. Mr. Taylor has not only made a careful study of these matters but he has had such a long and practical experience in the Mayor's office as secretary that he knows exactly how to manage the financial affairs of the municipality to the satisfaction of the citizens.

The coming Mayor will be called on also to so conduct the municipal business that it can withstand the close scrutiny of a financial commission, which, appointed by the Governor of the Commonwealth, has full authority to investigate the work of every department and board whenever it sees fit, to ascertain if there is honest administration, or if there is any malfeasance or maladministration.

An incompetent Mayor would soon

get into trouble with this finance commission, as well as with numerous civic organizations, and his services would be very unsatisfactory in a very short time. The municipal business cannot be learned in a few weeks or a few months. Mr. Taylor's special training, therefore, renders him the best candidate for the office at this critical stage in our city affairs.

Boston needs a strong and experienced Mayor. She needs a Mayor who is fully qualified to discharge the grave duties of the office. The time for experimental mayors has passed. The city requires the services of a man who will be the Mayor of the whole city, one who will protect the varied interests of all the taxpayers. Her citizens are doing some deep thinking on this subject. A factional Mayor could not improve civic affairs, no matter how hard he tried. Mr. Taylor, who has launched himself at the request of Democratic friends and supporters, would not have to waste two years learning the duties of the office, as an inexperienced man would have to do. He is not mixed up in factional political quarrels. He has always been successful in everything he has undertaken. If Boston chooses him for Mayor her municipal affairs will be conducted by a man of good moral character and one whose honesty and ability cannot be questioned.

THE FIRST SNOW

By EDWIN L. SABIN

Over the zenith crept a haze,
  Till hid from sight the sun;
Chilled was this last of golden days,
  And all the sky was dun.

Sullen and grim the portent spread;
  The earth seemed pinched and old;
Prey to a latent, gnawing dread
  Of famine and of cold.

Out of the dark and low'ring sky
  The flakes came wafting down;
Here on the waiting earth to lie,
  Which else were bare and brown,

Coating with purest white each mar
  All pitiless revealed,
Age and anguish and naked scar
  The gracious snow concealed.

Aye, from that portent grim to view
  The cloak of mercy fell;
Kindly as summer's rain or dew;
  The winter's miracle.

Abandoned Roads

By S. G. MORLEY

"An old road, grass-grown and forgotten, now faintly traced and now disappearing altogether, is invested with mingled charm and awe. The whole countryside has become a palimpsest by the tracings of the roads and paths of succeeding generations."—*Mary Anna Tarbell.*

OF all the summer pastimes, sports, and avocations ever extolled in the magazines devoted to outdoor recreation, I never saw a word of the science of road-exploring. And yet there is nothing more fascinating; it appeals alike to the antiquarian and to the lover of nature; yes, and is not without its atom of danger beside.

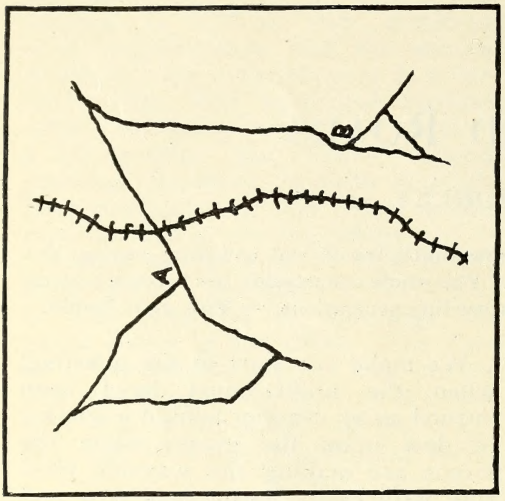
Materials of first necessity: a top-buggy long since relegated to the back shed, innocent of varnish and stout beyond the deacon's dreams; second, an ancient nag, capable of forging through an unbroken clump of birches, straddling a ditch, or pirouetting his way across a rotten bridge, with constant unruffled equanimity; third, a calm and wary driver, skilled in the devices of his special art. Desiderata: a good road-map, an axe, and a rope.

With such an equipment my expert driver and I set forth one July day to investigate a certain locality long under consideration. We have become acquainted, by map and by experience, with a network of well-traveled highways, which in an abstract appear as in the accompanying diagram. (Plan No. 1.)

Observe the gap between A and B. There are no houses at those junctions, nor are the roads that leave them of special importance; ergo, it is not mere chance that brings them into exact line; there ought to be, must be, *is*, a forgotten thoroughfare spanning the mile interval. There is no indication of it on the old county map, but never mind, it shall be restored to our private copy.

We make our start in the morning, when the night must have been burned away, leaving behind a sparkle of dew upon the grass; when the vireos are making the wayside trees ring with their chatter, and now and then a black-throated green warbler, from the top of a distant pine, lets fall his dainty watchword of "Trees, trees, murmuring trees." The highways are dry and sandy, but soon we shall be tracking a sodden path, unknown either to plodding farmers or stylish rigs from the summer hotel.

Even the loitering pace of Rock, our veteran back-roadster, in time puts the miles behind, and from between dusty lanes of alder, birch, and pine we arrive at the three-corners, A. True to our reasoning, behold the Abandoned Road, grass-grown, deserted. No fence bars the way, and heavy ruts indicate that logging teams have penetrated there in the past spring Our advance is easy and open. We cross a marshy lowland, where old Rock sinks to his ankles in mud, but plods floundering through. Beyond, a rise among thick pines, where the needles crackle fragrantly under the wheels. There the loggers turned away to the right to seek their spoil, but we continue straight, guided by the gap, through the boles, like a cathedral aisle between its pillars, and by the double line of stone-walls. How long ago, I wonder, did the sturdy pioneers heap up those moss-grown embankments of gray granite, and thereby clear their mowings also? They builded well and for the future, but



PLAN NO. 1.—ROADS IN TEMPLETON, MASS.

now their work lies obscured among the trees, serving only to mark the deserted route of a buried generation. They did not scant the land for their roads in those days; no country lane is this, but a highway spanning a good hundred feet from wall to wall.

Over the hill we drive, and down across a brook where the successive floods of years have washed away the small stone culvert, and Rock has an opportunity to show his skill. He carefully plants his hoofs on the slippery slabs, and with a leap lands on the other side; the tough vehicle bobs after with a thump, which nearly sends us off the seat, and we follow, swaying, in the wake of the quadruped. It is seldom that these old culverts are found in such bad condition; this one was small and comparatively weak. Usually they are built like a Cyclopean wall and endure like one. The foundations are of granite blocks, the top of a huge single slab, and no cement or mortar was employed. The modern concrete arches compete with them in durability, but not in picturesqueness.

Next the varied way leads through an alder thicket, grown up so closely that the branches lash us in the face, or would did we not hastily raise the carriage-top for protection. A tiny brook has usurped the once worn road and drenched it with spring freshets till only a bed of pebbles remains. Thence we emerge in course and enter another grove of evergreens.

At the top of a hill the horse comes to a halt against the trunk of a great fallen pine. Out jumps the driver for a bit of scouting. He returns shortly and reports the railway ahead. But there are gates in the fence on both sides, and so we escape the fallen tree by a detour, and cross the bare rails with rude bumps. The banks on either side the track show unmistakably that the road had been given up before the railway was built, in the neighborhood of 1874.

Now we are practically sure of effecting a passage to the end, for where there are gates there are men who open them, and they did not enter from our direction. Probably Farmer Doolittle comes that way to fetch his "medder hay."



A CLEARING

In five minutes more we emerge on the dusty beaten road at B, just according to our calculation. In that short transit we have experienced all the titillation of uncertainty, all the thrill of exploration, and all the triumph of a problem correctly solved. Then home; five miles of the commonplace which all men travel.

We are not always so successful. There is a favorite drive which was discovered through a baffled attempt at exploration. The problem first appeared in this shape:

See our second diagram to trace the obliterated route from C to D. Nearly all these roads, even the mapped ones, are grass-grown relics which once served farms now abandoned. It is a surprise to the uninitiated to learn how far one can travel in Massachusetts on such a skeleton of a defunct era. At times it parallels the main roads of to-day; again it forms short cuts from town to town, marking always the straightest and hilliest courses. A fifteen per cent grade was nothing to the six-horse stages which used to thunder down the hills, gathering momentum for the upgrade.

What enchanting spots we pass as we enter from the Gardner side! First, descending a long hill between enflanking rows of pines, to an old stone bridge in the loveliest dell in the world, where the sun, glinting between the thick leaves overhead, flecks the mossy slabs of stone and still mossier boulders in the stream below; then up a steep rise to an open hilltop disclosing a view far off across the valleys. There, on a finely chosen site, stood a farmhouse in years long gone; now there remains only the grassy cellar hole, mounded about with unusual care, and guarded in front by two of the handsomest elms in all New England. The barn was placed across the road and down the hill, low enough not to obstruct the view. Such mounds and cellars and trees are to this new country what ivy-clad ruins are to the older lands of Europe, relics and landmarks of her early history.



OLD CELLAR AND ELM

Not much farther on we reach the beginning of the unknown at point C. A swinging gate separates us from a sheep-run; we open and enter. One stone-wall yet remains to indicate the old course; and guided by it we drive leisurely across the pasture down a gentle slope. We thread a grove of birches, cross a brook, and enter a pine wood. A section of the second wall appears on the left, preserved as usual, where there are pines. We are confronted by a fallen tree; chop through it and pass on. But to-day fate fights against us. The course,



A LOGGING ROAD THROUGH EVERGREENS

still well defined, descends into a swamp, where luxurious nature defies our efforts. In vain we chop down some trees, override others, and push ahead at the risk of capsizing; the trunks grow thicker still and closer, and perforce we must turn back.

But we do not leave our task without another attempt. Forcing a way through a cow pasture to the traveled road which runs parallel, we make a circuitous way to point D. Not one man in a hundred passing by would dream that a highway ever existed on that spot. Pines, beeches, hemlocks six inches in diameter, are growing in the former wheel-track, and only the twin walls of granite cobbles still bear their enduring witness to man's handiwork.

I wonder whether such scenes are to be found outside New England. Does the red clay of Virginia or the sand of Florida lend itself to the perpetuation of abandoned roads? Surely the newer regions of the great West can show nothing of the kind. For their existence in their present state is largely due to the great relocation of population in the nineteenth century. the movement from the hilltops to the valleys. Our forefathers planted their villages and their slender spires where they might be visible from miles away, and careless of time and toil, lined their roads by compass, not by contour. Their children, drawn by the later lure of railways and water powers, were compelled to descend to the valleys, leaving behind them those "old towns" or "centers" which very recently are reviving under the wave of outdoor life and summer visitors. Thus new lines of traffic were established, and the old, voted out of existence by unfeeling selectmen, are left to be returfed and forested by nature.

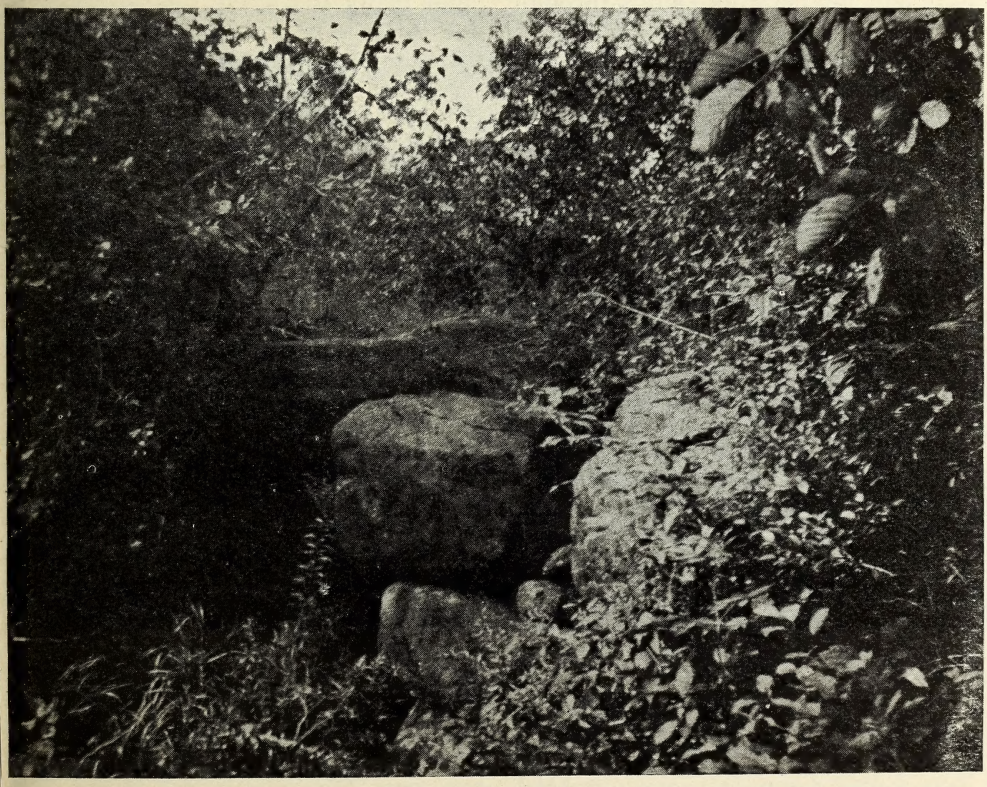
There is an humbler sort of Abandoned Road, the poor cousin of the discontinued highway. It is not dignified with walls, nor was it ever laid out with rod and transit, to serve the

public at town or county expense and risk. Some private citizen made it to reach his mowing, or to cut off his first-growth pine. These are the dim and devious ways you see entering the woods in aimless fashion as you drive along the dusty highway, and, perhaps, incuriously wonder "where does that road go?" It is our task and pleasure to learn, and many the adventures into which we are led thereby.

One day the vanishing trail crosses an open field, and the only sign of the true path is the wheel ruts, deep worn in the sod. When all other traces have been effaced, these remain. And yet they serve in a curious manner to obstruct the passage, for in the broken ground of the ruts the seeds of birch and pine find readier lodgment than elsewhere, with the result that lusty sprouts spring up in the track itself, when the remaining field is clear.

At another time we find ourselves involved in such a tangle of young birches that only consummate skill in driving brings us through. Bending to earth the younger saplings, grazing a stout tree on the right, barely missing a huge stump on the left, we emerge at last, and see below us a hill steep as a barn roof. Then it is necessary to remove the horse from the shafts and lead him down. A pole is thrust through the rear wheels, a rope fastened to the rear axle, and the carriage lowered by hand.

Again, we may wander in groves of shadowy evergreens, as yet untouched by the devouring portable sawmill. Dead limbs fallen across the road snap as we pass over, and startle a meditative rabbit chewing wintergreen leaves beneath the ferns. Not infrequently we are halted suddenly in the back yard of an amazed and indignant farmer, who must know where we

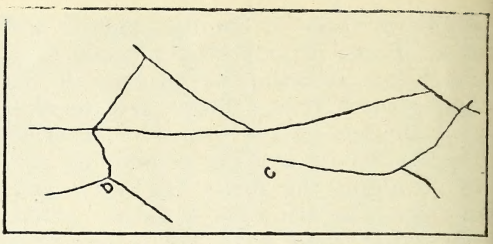


AN OLD STONE BRIDGE

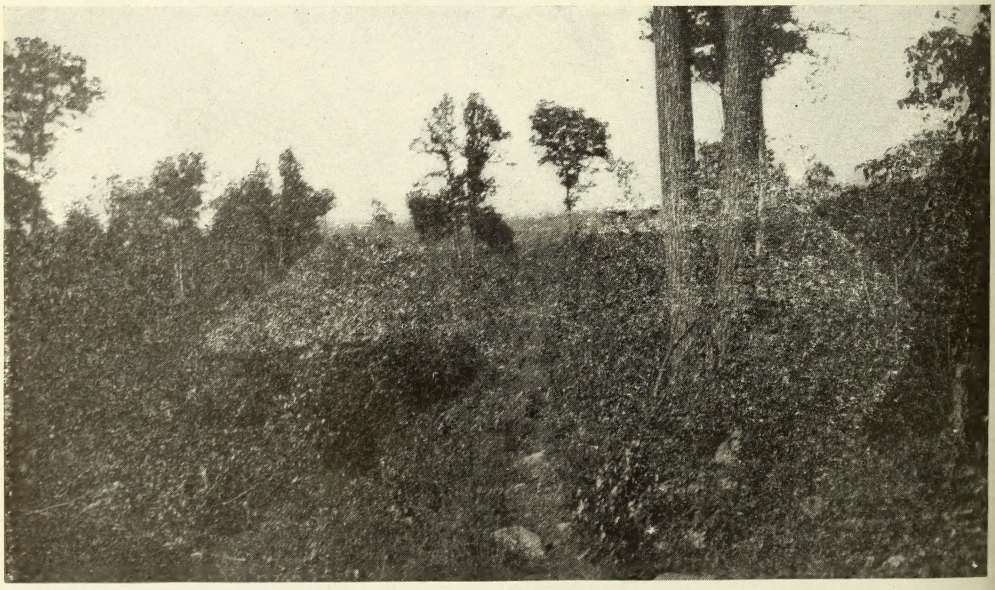
came from, how we got there, and whether we left any bars down for his cows to escape.

I have spent the odd moments of three summers in exploring the neighborhood of one small town, and have not yet sounded all its recesses. The riches of New England's abandoned roads are inexhaustible. Do not think either that you must plunge toward the thinly settled rim to find them; next the very hub, within ten miles of Boston, there are choice examples; on the meadowy banks of the Charles you may find the massive cellars and architectural elms where once stood the seats of fertile farms, now barren. Thousands pass near them every year in automobiles, and do not know of their existence.

They were rich and varied days—those spent in traversing now the silent woods of the thrushes, and now the clearings where the white-throated sparrow preaches from a lone birch, and the chewink skulks through the bushes flaunting his white tail-feathers, now passing in review deserted hearthstones, and again venturing into regions hardly brought under cultivation. Whether in spring, when the turf is soggy with melting snow, or in exuberant summer, or under the leafless boughs and over the crackling twigs of the failing year, the forgotten road opens the surest way to unhackneyed nature, and to an understanding of what New England really is.



PLAN NO. 2.—ROADS IN WINCHENDON AND GARDNER, MASS.



IN AN OLD WOOD LOT

Drawing Out Steel

By ANNE PARTLAN

CLANG-tilli-ing-clang-clang rang, rang the anvil in Martin Harvey's forge. The air was heavy with soft coal smoke and the odor of burning hoofs. Bernard Carroll wilted before the fire while one limp arm operated the bellows which sent blue, yellow and vermillion flames bursting Vesuvius-like through the soft black mound. While the mass grew slowly red, his mind recalled the day, three months before, when he had reluctantly accompanied his mother to the blacksmith's door, where, clear through the din of rasps and the snorting of uneasy animals, her soft tones had voiced their appeal: "Martin, I come to ask a favor from ye. Make a mechanic of my son!" The Vulcan of Pavington had brushed a scale of iron from his cheek with one brown knuckle, eyed him, and turned to his mother.

"He's light for the work, Missis Carroll, but I'll do me best by him!"

He would never forget that day and his own reluctance in yielding to his mother's wish. Her years of toil to care for him and retain the little house and strip of land at the bend of the creek were vivid in his mind and his own desires must not matter. He would please her.

All the days that followed were filled with keenest suffering for him. Continual hammering and the lifting of weighty and reluctant horses' feet strained new sets of muscles which sent him limping slowly home at night. He felt sometimes that he could not endure the pressure much longer.

It was evening at the forge. The pale glow of the sinking sun was reflected in minature by the smithy fire. The shop was at last clear of snorting animals and Bernard sought out the nail bench for a moment's rest, but Martin's severe voice cut the stray fragment of silence with this command: "There's steel to be drawn to-day!" Bernard dragged his lame body back to the forge to take his part in the testing of the metal. His aching eyes watched the black bars grow red and white under the pressure of the intense heat. The bars that bent and the bars that remained rigid stirred within him a mental rebellion. Why should men have to writhe before a flaming forge in order to prove the character of the ore that the earth should have produced flawless and ready for use?

Martin Harvey was singing to the beat of the hammer. Bernard shuddered at the joy in his master's voice and resolved to leave the sooty place that week. One of the boats that moored in the Pavington dock would bear him away to some distant spot where a more congenial field of labor awaited him. His mother would hear this decision with keen disappointment. All this was fast making the ring of the anvil seem like a death knell to her hopes of his ever becoming a man of the forge.

Then, too, there was someone else. On a certain vine-clad porch a slender soft-haired girl had often promised him that she would wait until he was master of his craft. That night he would tell her of his decision. Nellie Doane would be content until he could prepare a home better, brighter than the brown and yellow cottage with the morning glory vines—he would build one finer than that some day—were his reckless thoughts. So he planned as the work of the day went on.

"Mamsey dear, wherever did you get this pretty gingham?" Nellie Doane held the fabric at arm's length and it

fell from its accustomed folds in ripples to the floor.

"I bought it at Kline's. Ain't it grand? I'm going to make a guimpe dress of it for you—the lawn for the guimpe is here, too. Walter Clay waited on me. He says that guimpes are the latest fashion and that kind of gingham is all the rage in New York. Walter is so accommodating. He asked for you, Nellie, and when I invited him to call he just jumped at it and said he'd be here this evening."

The girl crumpled the gingham in five nervous fingers. "But, mother, Bernard is coming this evening!"

Mrs. Doane tossed her head violently—so violently that one of her ladder earrings caught in her hair.

"Now, Nellie! This has gone far enough! If you think I will let you make a fool of yourself over a blacksmith's helper, you're mistaken. The very idea!" The earring was freed and the active woman, seizing the crumpled gingham, began to refold it. "The idea of slighting a young man that's so refined for a poor . . . oh, I don't know what to make of you!"

There was a pathetic droop of Nellie's frail shoulders as she left the living room and climbed the narrow flight of stairs to the second floor, where the shoulders drooped some more and salt tears fell upon the pineapple coverlet of the spare bed.

When, a few hours later, Bernard Carroll raised the latch of the Doane's gate Mrs. Doane was on the porch.

"Nellie ain't home. She went out walking with Mr. Clay!" The woman's mouth set hard, and she rocked the willow chair until the back of it struck the window shutter.

As Bernard turned back to the street Nellie raised the sash of the upper story window. He caught sight of her.

"Bernard!" she quivered, but her voice did not reach him.

Bernard walked down the narrow street, his head well back in order to resist the choking in his throat. Blindly, almost numbly, he reached the gate and felt for the latch, then shuffled into the living room of his home. There, under the lamplight sat his mother, sowing a patch onto his blue flannel shirt.

"You're home early, son!" she said, as he hung his coat on the door.

"Yes! I'm tired," he replied, and felt for the couch.

"Were you hard pushed to-day?" she asked, sympathetically.

"No, not very hard pushed. I ain't tired that way, mother. It's just my head that's tired."

"Mebbe it's the malaria you're gettin'. That shop of Harvey's ain't healthy. The air don't get in the back part of it at all. Won't it be fine when you've learned your trade and I can build you your own place down where the potato patch is now! Then you can have the breezes of the river blowing in on you all day. Oh, I'll be glad of that time, Bernard, when it comes!" She patted the patched shirt and folded it, then reached for the stocking basket.

Bernard's eyes were on the ceiling. His mother clearly counted on his learning the trade. Ah! well, after all, what was to hinder him? No ache or pain or weariness caused by his labor could compare with what he felt that night. He turned his face to the wall and lay there, dry eyed, waiting for sleep.

One warm day the doors of Martin Harvey's shop were left open. Passers-by gazed curiously and admiringly on the square shouldered, eager youth, who stood answering Harvey's blows on the red iron with his own graceful strokes. When the anvil work was done Bernard happened to look out and saw Walter Clay, the pale dry-goods clerk, standing in front of the shop, stroking his ragged yellow moustache with a thin forefinger. The rage within him prompted Bernard to pick up a rasp, but he dropped it and went on with his work and Clay moved slowly by. Bernard had often met him with Nellie on their Sunday walks over the high road. The first time he turned and would not pass them, but the next time he found it easier to bow to the girl. The pale blue necktie worn by Clay irritated Bernard. All the little dandyisms of the fellow seemed despicable to him.

As he left the shop that evening Nellie Doane came up to him and held out a curious bit of shining metal.

"Bernard, won't you please wear this? It's a charm. It will keep you safe from those wicked horses!"

He looked down at the delicate outstretched fingers that held the talisman and replied coldly, measuredly.

"Better give it to the dude in the dry-goods store!"

The girl flushed and stammered: "He doesn't need it, Bernard! He isn't in danger every day."

Bernard squared his shoulders. "Oh, yes he is! The cash carrier might fall on him some time!"

He walked away down a side street, smarting under his own unkindness. He was that sort. But then, why did Nellie act as she had? Her cut had left a mental scar that was slow to heal.

"I'll show her I can stand it! She needn't feel sorry for me!"

"You're losing your color, boy," Martin Harvey said to Bernard, who was lifting some heavy drills. "D'ye think ye ought to take a rest?"

Bernard swung the drills into a corner and laughed. "I guess not. I rest every night. That's enough for me!"

No more was said.

Bernard's first year was at a close, and the thought of the other two had no terror for him. He sought out extra work now as he had previously sought the nail bench on which to rest.

That evening Bernard was returning from a walk over the high road, when at the bottom of the incline he heard some one call his name. He looked back. At his elbow stood Walter Clay, a smile gleaming through the ragged moustache. The smouldering antagonism of months burst into sudden fury. Before he realized it his arm shot out and the slender figure fell forward on the ground. For an instant Bernard stood rigid, then his muscular arms reached down and raised his half-stunned rival to his feet.

"Stand up! Stand up, for God's sake! Why did you get in my way? I couldn't help it!"

"Let me sit down!" Clay answered, faintly.

Bernard supported him to a rock and, taking his soft hat to the stream a few feet away, filled it with water and asked clumsily: "Will I put some of it on your head?"

Without waiting for a reply he opened the collar and loosened the natty tie he had so often cursed.

In a short time Clay revived and said, quietly: "Never mind! Maybe you'll listen to me now!"

"Well! Go on!"

"The Manhattan lace works—of New York—are going to move up here—and they've got their eye on your mother's place. They're getting the Clark Real Estate people to try to buy it for them, just for a blind. Tell your mother to make the price good and steep because they want it bad—on account of the water. There ain't any more for me to say. You're level headed enough to see it through. I don't want to figure in it, because the firm would find fault with me. Give me a lift—I feel all in!"

Bernard took hold of him and led him up the road. Suddenly Clay stopped, and faced his late antagonist.

"Nellie Doane didn't drop you. It was her ma!" he burst out abruptly.

Bernard interrupted him sharply. "Stop! For God's sake! I—" But Clay was not to be silenced.

"Wait!" he cried. "Let me finish! Nellie always thought a good deal of you and does now. She's told me so a hundred times. When this deal with the Manhattan Lace Works is put through, Mrs. Doane won't have any fault to find with you. There! Now you know!"

Bernard felt himself growing smaller every minute. He was only a bolt of black iron. Here was steel, fine and thin and ready to break—and it had been drawn over a dry-goods counter, through silk and other frail fabrics.

When they reached the gate Bernard said: "Come in. I want you to tell mother!"

He raised the latch with one hand, the other grasped Clay's shoulder. "Come," he said again, and his strong arm gently forced his reluctant companion into the house.



Hunting Wild Bees in the Vermont Woods—I.

By MARSHALL OTIS HOWE

It was a warm sunny day in early spring. All the snow had disappeared except in the shady ravines on the north sides of the hills. A few weeks earlier I had heard the first glad notes of the robin and the bluebird, and had waited for this day to hear the sound of working bees. I was traveling alone on a little-frequented road that led around the side of one of the Vermont hills—a road with a border of rank growing hedges—when I paused to listen to a sound of low, sweet music that seemed to come from a clump of near-by willows. The willows were in full bloom, and the yellow pollen-dust was shaken from the catkins at the slightest touch. Here were a dozen or more bees busily at work, making the sound which I had waited to hear for the first time this season. They were all on a single cluster of willows, each one accompanying its labors with music as it passed busily from flower to flower in search of pollen or honey. The sound ceases only for an instant, when the bee rests on a flower, with closed wings, to sip honey, or sometimes to adjust the pellets of pollen on its legs. But while one rests others are in motion, making the sound from the willows continuous. There are few, if any, whose sense of hearing is not pleasingly affected by the sound of bees at work.

To me the sound is something more than sweet music. It is like the baying of hounds to the enthusiast in the chase, for I am a bee-hunter. Hunting wild bees has been my standard recreation for many years, and I find more fascinating than the use of the rod or gun, to which, also, in my boyhood, I was much addicted; and more humane, for the wild bees that I find are never robbed of their stores and the bees destroyed or left to perish, as was once the barbarous custom of bee-hunters. I have a better way, the result of which gave me at one time more than seventy-five swarms of bees, all of them in modern frame hives, and all descended from wild bees or brought directly from the woods. Is not this an entirely justifiable "benevolent assimilation," whatever may be said of another. But the bees do not see it in that light. They defend their natural homes with reckless bravery, using the fearful weapon that Nature has provided them. They have the intelligence, however, to see when resistance is useless, and submit to the inevitable, probably without a suspicion that they are to be furnished with a more fashionable house and initiated into the ways of civilized bees.

In describing a fox hunt on one of the old English estates, and referring to the sound of baying hounds, George Eliot says: "Strange that one of the sweetest sounds in nature should be thus associated with the pursuit and death of one of God's creatures." We can hunt the honey bees and listen to one of the "sweetest sounds in Nature"—the humming of the industrious workers — without the disagreeable thought suggested by the quotation. But we need not permit such thoughts to trouble us too much, for the conflict of Nature's forces is a part of Nature herself. The fox pursues and kills, as he is himself pursued and killed.

One of the qualifications of a bee-

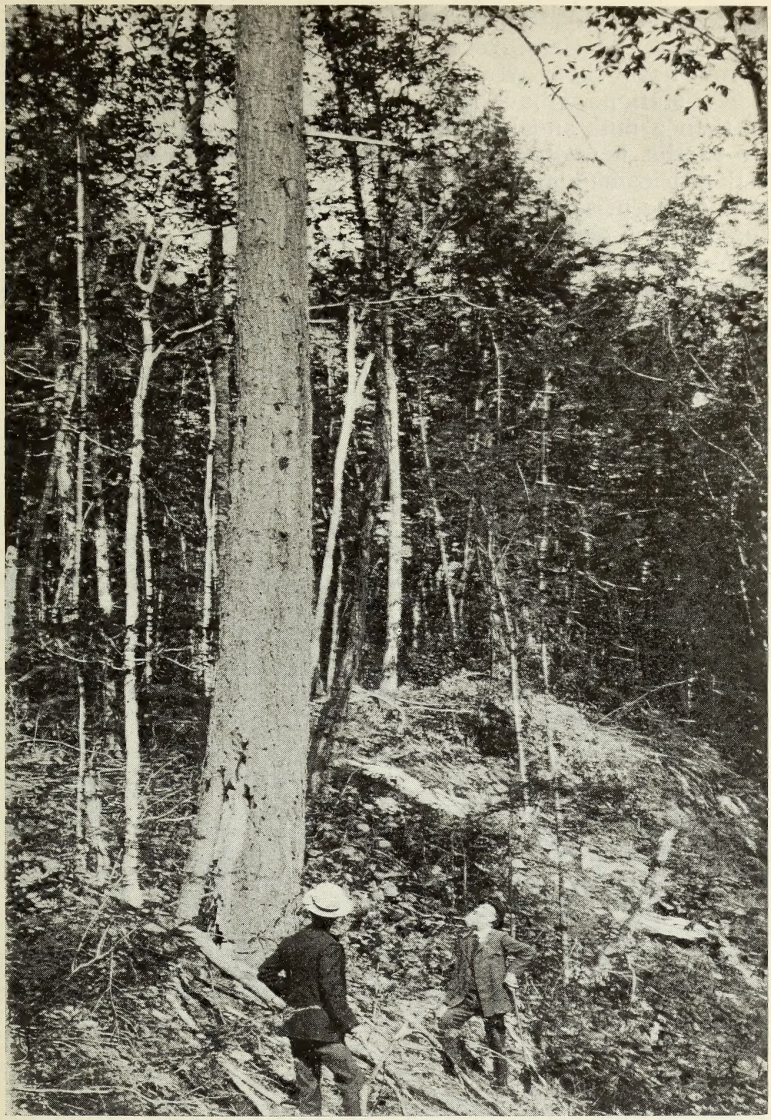
hunter is the absence of avarice or any excessive ambition which might cause him to neglect the bees for the prospect of a fortune, or distinction in literature, politics or religion. To become an expert bee-hunter does not require a college education or even a diploma to practice any of the professions. Least of all does it require one to be possessed of riches in this world's goods. Indeed, I have known more than one very good bee-hunter who was poor—very poor, and scarcely able to write his name.

The capital stock which is necessary to set up a bee-hunter in business, consists of the implements of the trade—a few small pieces of honey-comb with a little honey or sugar syrup, a small box of wood or tin, about 3 x 3 x 4 inches, fitted to enclose another box. To these may be added, as a kind of aristocratic luxury not absolutely necessary, a stout alpine staff to help climb mountains, and to serve the general purpose of a walking stick. A removal cap should be adjusted to the top of the staff so that when set in the ground the bee box may be placed upon it. The catching box is divided into two nearly equal compartments by a sliding partition. The box has a glass bottom. The cover may be a piece of stiff cardboard to lay over the top, or it may be a thin piece of wood. Holding the catching box in the left hand and the lid in the right hand, the bee is gently brushed from the flower into the box and the cover closed over it with a single deft motion of the hand. The box is then inverted and the slide partly drawn, the bee flies up to the glass and is secured by closing the slide. The box is then ready to catch another bee.

In this way you may catch as many bees as you want. When you have enough in the catching box, it is telescoped over the inner box containing the comb and honey, the slide drawn and the glass covered. The bees will then—generally in a few seconds—go down on the combs and begin to suck the honey. The outer box is then carefully removed, leaving the bees free to fly as soon as they have loaded with honey. The first bee caught may be set to work in the box at once without waiting for others, which is often a better way. If the honey or syrup is not too thick, the bee will take about all it can carry in two or three minutes. You would then expect to see it fly directly away with its new-found treasure, but it does not. It first makes you a witness of the intelligence that lies in its small body, or, perhaps, in the gray matter of its little particle of brain. It rises from the box, hovering over it and observing it from all sides intently. After it is apparently satisfied that the miniature hive contains no other bees or no rightful owners to defend it, it begins to examine the location so as to be able to return for more when it has added its load to the stores at home. It flies away a few feet, and, turning, comes back, flying over or near the box. This is sometimes repeated several times. Then it rises higher and flies in circles, generally bearing off toward its home. Pausing for an instant to take a final observation, it suddenly strikes away in a direct line.

If you have been able to keep your eye upon it through all these motions, you will know the general direction to its home. The phrase, "a bee-line," is sometimes used as a synonym for a perfectly straight line—the shortest distance between two points—but practically the bees are not so particular about mathematical accuracy in this matter as they are in the construction of their combs. The homeward bee-lines from the same station will frequently vary enough so that the outside lines will be fifty rods apart at a distance of one mile. When there is no obstruction in the way, as a sharp hill, to cause them to veer, the principal middle line will be found to lead very near to the hive or the tree which is the home of the hunted bees.

Should the swarm to which the bee that we have just sent home belongs be near by, and the weather favorable, it may return for another load in six or eight minutes. Its home may be two



WHERE THE BEE LINES CROSS

miles or even three miles away. In that case the bee may be gone from twenty minutes to half an hour. If the swarm is a mile away, it usually takes a bee about twelve or fifteen minutes to reach home, deposit its load and return. After a few flights from the box to the bee-tree, if the tree is not too far away, the first bee brings others with it. I have known the hunting comb to be covered with bees, eager to make sure of the last drop of honey, in less than an hour from the time when the first bee was caught, but this happens only when the swarm is very near. If it is more than a mile from the place where you have them at work the increase of bees will be slow. In that case you should not wait, but move along on the line. You can take your bees with you. Slip the catching box over the inner box in which the

bees are at work, jar it a little, and the bees will rise up to the glass, close the slide and you have them ready to move to a new station. I have moved them more than a mile and had them come back to the new location, but frequently they become alarmed at being held so long as prisoners, and will not return. In following a line by moving the bees, it is safer to make three or four stands, from each of which they may be moved as soon as several bees return to the box.

When you get near the bee-tree, if you keep the bees well supplied with



BEE-HUNTERS POINTING HEAVENWARD, AND MYSTIFIED OWNER PREPARED TO REPEL THE UNCANNY TRESPASSERS

a nice quality of thin honey or thin sugar syrup, there will be a rapid increase of workers and they will work with increased energy, crowding upon the comb, each striving to get possession of a cell vacated by a loaded bee. It ought to be a short job now to find the tree that you are hunting for. If a cross line is needed, you can move the bees on one side of the line and you will have it. That the swarm will be where the lines cross is evident and needs no explanation.

If you are hunting in a locality where hemlocks abound, you are more likely to find your swarm in a hemlock than in any other tree. I can remember having found about thirty hemlock bee-trees. Next to hemlock, the Vermont bees seem to prefer the sugar maple. I have seen almost as many wild bees in the sugar maple as in the hemlock. Beech trees are, perhaps, more plentiful than any others in the districts where I have hunted. They have often a convenient hollow which a colony of bees might occupy. But the bees seem to avoid them. I can now remember but eight beech bee-trees which I have seen. Within a territory covering not more than two or three hundred square miles, I have found wild bees in eighteen different species of trees, including the hemlock, sugar maple, red maple, white maple, yellow birch, white birch, beech, poplar, spruce, balsam fir, white pine, yellow pine, buttonwood, apple, basswood or linden, white ash, black ash, red oak and elm. Except the beech, I have never found that they avoided making a home in any kind of a tree, provided they found a cavity in it of a size

adapted to their wants, with an entrance not too large and not too small, leading into the interior.

Bees show a wonderful knowledge of the woods and good judgment in choosing a place for a home. They select a hollow in a tree about the size that the expert bee-culturist provides for them in the artificial hive, a space large enough to contain the brood-comb and all necessary stores for winter and for rearing the young bees that will take the place of the old ones in the spring, and not so large that the warmth of their bodies will not keep the interior of the house above the freezing point in the coldest winter weather. The exceptions to this rule do not often occur, but, as in our affairs of state, the leadership seems to be sometimes intrusted to the wrong ones, and the whole community suffers—as when a swarm of bees makes its home on the under side of a limb or in a bush, where it cannot possibly survive the winter. There is not, however, in this climate, more than one swarm in a hundred that chooses a wild home in the forest without taking into consideration its adaptability for winter quarters. I have seen only one full swarm of wild bees that had settled down in a place where sure destruction from exposure to the weather awaited them. It was an average-sized swarm in the number of bees; they had made about a large pailful of comb and honey, with the comb attached to the shrubby limbs of an apple tree.

Upon What Flowers to Find Bees and at What Time of the Day or Year

When a new colony of bees has selected and moved into a home in the hollow of a forest tree, its first business is to put the house in order. Every particle of dust or dirt is removed from the top and sides of the apartment. It is more thoroughly cleaned than we could clean it with a brush and duster. The honey which they store in this place, if undisturbed, is just as clean as any found in a hive.

Honey-bees leave the hive to search for honey or pollen early in the spring. A few days generally occur, warm enough to allow them to venture out with safety, before they can find any flowers to reward their search. So eager is the bee at this time to begin the labors of the season that it will make a feint of gathering the fresh sawdust about the mills or the wood-pile, attempting with some success to load it upon its legs, as it does the pollen of the flowers. The sawdust, if packed in the cells of the honey comb like the pollen, for which the bee has searched in vain, would be useless as a substitute for pollen. It is therefore probable that the bee is only playing at work. At this time, also, it is seen at work on the ends of fresh cut logs or new chips, from which it gets a taste of sap to help out its bill of fare for the day and to economize the home store.

Toward the close of the maple-sugar season, and before there are any flowers, bees are often seen feeding upon the sap. Crawling down on the inside of the bucket and sipping the cold sweet, they often become benumbed, fall into the cold sap, and are drowned. But in this locality the little workers have never long to wait after they are able to fly in the Spring before the pollen and honey-yielding flowers begin to appear. I have frequently seen them entering the hive heavily laden with bee-bread (pollen) before the snow has entirely disappeared.

The long pendant catkins of the alders appear the last days of March or in the early part of April, and in some seasons bear an abundant supply of pollen dust. The flowers of the alder are among the first, if not the first, that the bees visit, but these flowers do not last many days, and there are seasons in which the bees get nothing from them because there are no days warm enough for gathering honey or pollen while they are in blossom. The black alder (holly), which bears the red berries in the Fall, is also visited by the bees, when in blossom late in the sea-

son, but this species is no relative of the early-blooming alder that grows so plentifully about the borders of ponds, streams and rivers. Following the river-alder, and only a few days later, there are two species of poplar trees in bloom. From both of these the bees gather pollen and, possibly, a small quantity of honey.

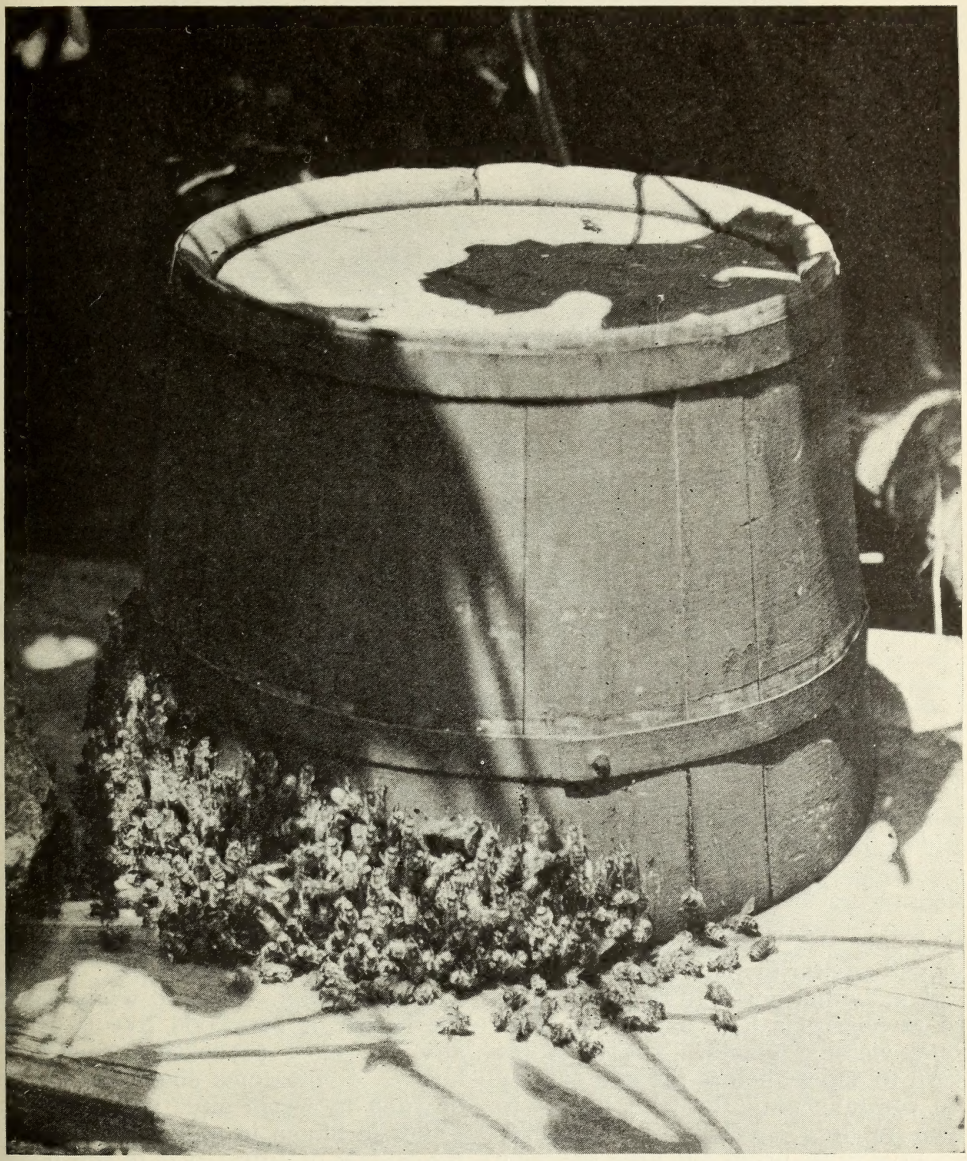
About the same time the elm bears flowers profusely, upon which the bees will be found at work. They also work upon the arbutus or mayflower, which is one of the sweetest and earliest of spring flowers. This grows mostly in the woods and the bees can work on it only in a very warm day, or when it grows in an open place in the sunshine.

The first honey in sufficient quantity to supply the bees with enough for their daily use comes from the soft maples, of which there are at least two species in this locality. Sometimes the yield of honey from these trees allows the bees to make a little addition to their stores. The flowers of these maples, the willow, the river-alder, the poplar and the elm, all appear before the leaves. The red maple is out of blossom in April or the first part of May. From this time until the close of the season in the Fall, there is scarcely a fine day when we cannot find flowers with bees at work upon them. There are several species of willow which they visit, the first blossoming very early, and one a month later.

All flowers do not yield nectar, but all staminate flowers are supposed to yield pollen. But the nectar in such flowers as yield it is not always within the reach of honey bees, and the pollen of many plants is not agreeable to them and they never gather it. It is probable, also, that the flowers of some plants secrete a nectar that bees do not like and never gather. A wise writer of a kind that often appears in print says that bees cannot now be successfully cultivated because so many of them are killed by the poison from sprayed potato plants. The fact is: bees are never seen at work on potato blossoms. The beauty of the flowers might attract them, but they look for something more than beauty, being wiser than some men.

While there are a large number of flowers that yield no nectar, at least for the honey-bee, there are seasons when the best honey plants yield no honey or so little that the bees seldom visit them. I have known the ground to be white with the bloom of clover, and no bees to be found at work upon it, yet in most localities in the North white clover is considered the principal honey-yielding plant. It is only in a few exceptional years that it is not. All honey-producing plants have seasons of failure. It is not enough that the plant should be in full bloom; in needs the right kind of weather to secrete honey just as it needs the right kind of weather for the flow of sap from the sugar maple. The flowers of some kinds of plants may yield honey late in the day when there is none in the morning. More frequently there is a yield of honey in the forenoon and less or none late in the afternoon. Upon other plants the bees will keep steadily at work from morning till night.

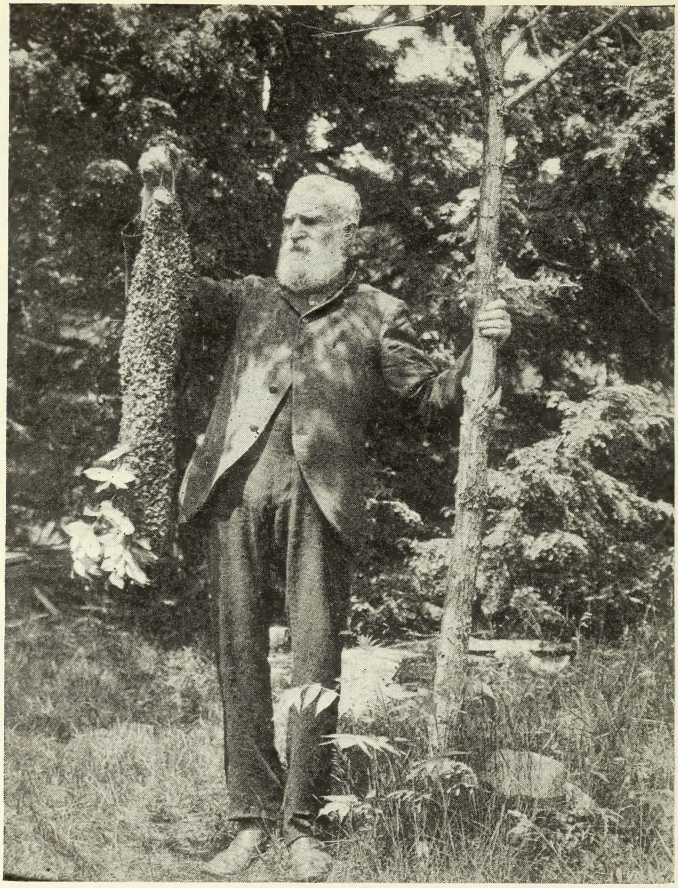
A knowledge of the plants from which the bees gather their stores, the time of the year when such plants are in bloom, and the time of day when the bees will be most likely to visit them, is a valuable part of the bee-hunter's lore. The common names of most of the plants in this locality from which the bees collect either honey or pollen, not including those before mentioned, are given below. I have used the generic or specific name of the botanies in a few cases, in which the name is in common use, or in which there is no well-known common name. The plants are named in the order of their season, beginning the latter part of April and continuing until October: Saxifrage, hepatica, erythronium, currant, gooseberry, bush-honeysuckle, sugar-maple, apple and other fruit trees, dandelion, strawberry, raspberry—several species, blackberry, radish, cabbage, white clover, basswood, gill-over-the-ground, sweet elder, grape, snowdrop, several species of the poppy family, locust—



SWARM OF BEES IN AN OLD SAP BUCKET

two kinds, blueberry and several other related plants, beans, peas, Indian hemp, dogsbane, loosestrife, balm and many species of the mint family, bittersweet, sumac, goose-grass, life-everlasting, woodbine, St. Johnswort, hardhack, sage, corn, pumpkin, cucumber, squash, melon, sorrel, touch-me-not, vervain, Nabulus altissimus, silkweed, fireweed, knotweed, ragweed, wild sunflower, sunflower, mullein, self-heal, boneset, red Eupatorium, clematis, shrubby cinquefoil, goldenrod, aster, plantain, thistle, buckwheat, mustard, heartsease, button pennyroyal, hollyhock and witch-hazel.

I have seen honey-bees at work on all the plants which I have named within an area of about fifteen towns in Windham County, Vermont. Without



SWARM GATHERED IN CLUSTER READY TO FORM A NEW COLONY

many essential variations this almanac will answer for New England, New York and other northern territory. The red raspberry is here one of the best honey-yielding plants. The blossoms begin to appear before the end of May and continue until the fruit begins to ripen in July. When the raspberry bloom is in its prime the bees are busy gathering the nectar from morning till night.

The best part of the white-clover season is in June, though in a favorable locality in a good season, a few white-clover plants can generally be found in blossom until late in the Fall. White clover yields the most honey when it is dry. The bees will therefore be found upon white clover most plentifully after the dew has completely evaporated, but when the weather is warm and dry they sometimes visit it early in the morning. Next to white clover the linden or basswood tree is generally the most productive source of honey. It blossoms about the middle of June in warm situations and continues in bloom in high altitudes until the middle of July. It is in full bloom only once in two years, but there are a few odd trees that can be found in full bloom any year, and a few blossoms may be found on some trees that bore full the previous year. When everything is favorable for the yield of basswood honey, hundreds of bees may sometimes be found at work on a single tree, making a humming that can be distinctly heard by any one passing near. Coming under a bass-

wood tree at such a time, the uninitiated frequently thinks he has found a wild swarm of bees, and puts his mark on the tree. I have seen several basswood trees so marked.

Bees may be found at work in the cornfields in July and August. They work here only in the forenoon or when there is a humid atmosphere. The corn tassels yield an abundance of pollen, but the bees cannot gather it and pack it in the little baskets on their hind legs unless it is moist. There are only three or four hours of an ordinary day when they frequent cornfields. Buckwheat is another cultivated plant yielding both honey and pollen, neither of which the bees can gather when the plant is dry. Great numbers of bees visit the buckwheat fields from eight o'clock in the morning until a little past noon. No honey bees will be found on a buckwheat field much after noon on a fair day, but sometimes they may be found there in the afternoon when the forenoon has been rainy and the afternoon is clear.

St. Johnswort is a wild plant which bees frequent in a dull or cloudy day, or early in the morning before the dew is off. The common Canada thistle, when, as sometimes happens, it yields honey, is visited by the bees at all times of the day. Though formerly quite plentiful, this plant is now fortunately almost extinct in this country. We have a species of spirea or hardhack, a shrub two or three feet high bearing beautiful small red or white flowers in numerous, slender, tapering panicles on the ends of the upright branches. It is in blossom in July, August and September. Bees may generally be found at work upon it through the day, but in some seasons they hardly visit it at all. It is very common in old pastures and waste lands. Meadow-sweet is another species of spirea, having white or slightly pink flowers which the bees also frequent.

The staghorn sumac blossoms in June, and another kind of sumac in August; both kinds are much frequented by bees. In some parts of Vermont immense quantities of shrubby cinquefoil have lately overspread old neglected pastures, taking complete possession of the soil. It bears a yellow flower about half an inch in diameter, appearing on some of the earlier plants in June, and may be found until late in Autumn. Bees may, at times, be seen upon the flowers quite plentifully, which is the only thing that can be said in defence of this intruding shrub.

Of all plants from which bees gather either honey or pollen the goldenrod is the most practically useful to the bee-hunter. The earlier species begin to blossom the last days of July, and from that time until late in September it is not difficult to find some kind of goldenrod in blossom. About thirteen different species have been identified within a small area in this locality—one with white flowers. I think that bees find something to gather from all these kinds. I have seen bees at work upon nearly all of them. The white goldenrod is one of their especial favorites. In general, they will be found most plentifully upon the late kinds, as the rough-leaved goldenrod (*Solidago rugosa*) or the blue stemmed goldenrod (*S. caesia* and *S. latifolia*). The goldenrods are widely distributed and can be found in their season almost everywhere, growing by the roadside, on the borders of fields, in old pastures, in swamps and in the open woods. When the weather is not too cool the bees work upon the goldenrod from morning until late in the afternoon. I have started more wild swarms from bees caught from the goldenrod than from any other plant. Besides, I have had thrown in with the hunt beautiful golden views in the landscape. No dishonest gold was this.

After the goldenrod come several species of wild asters, upon which bees may be found in warm, pleasant days late in autumn. The large blue aster, which grows in swamps or in wet places, is one of the most common and one that remains in blossom latest. It is the last of the season except one—the witch hazel, which puts forth its blossoms in October, after the leaves

have fallen. In very warm days, a few bees may sometimes be seen on the flowers of the witch hazel, but, with the failure of the asters, their field labors are subsequently closed for the season, and they have nothing left but to go into winter quarters.

Nathan was my bee-hunting companion. Not my only one, for I have had many others, including some near the natural condition of man, some highly cultivated students, professors, clergymen and successful business men; but Nathan was the bee-hunting partner of my youth when we were both students of the art, and I remember him as the one of a score or more of co-hunters who was most apt to learn the ways of wild bees, and who had the most enthusiastic appreciation of bee-hunting.

On one occasion, occurring the last week in July, when we were in the midst of the haying season, there was a slight sprinkle of rain in the morning, and it had been decided not to mow more grass that day. Though the honey-bee does not work in the rain, Nathan and I were so eager for a hunt that we started out with our bee boxes for a place near the foot of a mountain about four miles away where we knew there was a small field of buckwheat in full bloom. On the Sunday previous we were picking blueberries and passed by this field. It would have been considered very wicked to hunt bees Sunday, but it was quite respectable to pick berries on that day. By what process of reasoning the difference between the two was established we never stopped to inquire, but took our little part of the great world as we found it, except that sometimes we indulged in private opinions which we were too prudent to make public.

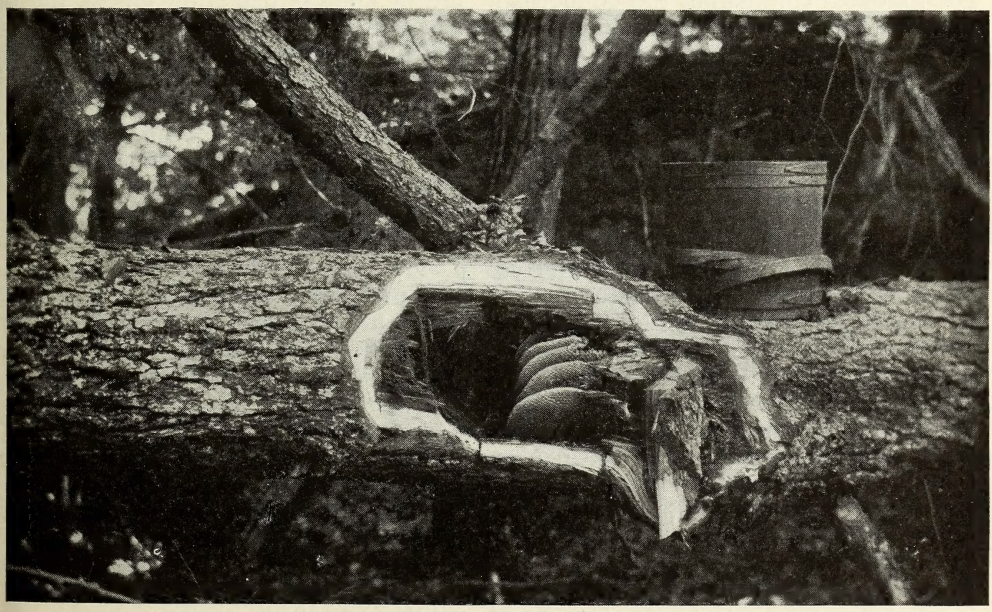
We were, therefore, picking blueberries on the Sunday before, when we found the field of buckwheat without turning out of our way. It was densely covered with fresh flowers. The morning sun was fast dissipating the dew from the mass of white blossoms, and the air was filled with fragrance that was plainly perceptible at a considerable distance. I knew that if there were any bees having their home within one or two miles of this field they would be represented here at this time, and I tarried a few minutes to take observations. My eye caught a heavily laden bee high up in the air flying slowly from the field in a straight line towards the woods. After a little experience in lining bees one can generally tell whether a bee is flying directly home to deposit its load or whether it is flying in a contrary direction without a load. If the bee is heavily laden with pollen and honey—they always collect both at the same time when the flowers yield both—the flight is slow, labored and direct. When the bee reaches the hive or the hollow in the tree, which serves equally well its purposes, both the pollen and honey are quickly deposited, and it returns for another load with a lighter, swifter and more irregular flight. It has spent not more than five minutes in the hive. In some cases, when the flowers are yielding abundant stores, the bee remains in the hive only two or three minutes. It seems to understand the need of the utmost economy of time, for the yield may last but a few hours. Bees can gather honey from buckwheat only when the flowers are moist. In a pleasant day the honey in the buckwheat flowers becomes too thick to be sucked up into the gathering-sac of the bee before two o'clock in the afternoon. There may be more than fifty thousand bees at work on an acre of buckwheat half an hour before noon. At two o'clock in the afternoon it might be impossible to find a single bee on the field.

There were no houses in the direction that my loaded bee had taken. He might have continued in that line for more than ten miles without passing a dwelling. It was the starting of a wild swarm. Somewhere in the forest —it might have been a half or even nearer, or it might have been three miles—was the home. The slow, steady, direct flight, which I had followed as long as it could be held in view, revealed to a practical certainty

the fact that there was a wild swarm of bees somewhere in the direction taken. But we took no bee boxes with us on that day—only our pails for picking blueberries. These were filled and we returned to our homes.

It was only the next Monday, when the poor hay day, to which I have referred, gave us our opportunity, and we started out with our bee-hunting boxes for the place where I had lined the bee. When we had traveled about half way to the field there was a shower of rain sufficient to stop bees from working. But we were too eager to be turned back. When we reached the buckwheat field not a single bee could be found upon it. Though it was not then raining, the flowers were wet enough to drabble the bodies of the bees and they all remained in their home; at least, all that could reach it before being overtaken by the shower.

But Nathan had great knowledge of the ways of the honey bee. He was keen for the hunt and full of resources. Part of the plowed field had been planted to corn. At that time every corn patch had also its pumpkins. In this case the pumpkin vines grew rampant underneath the corn. Their large flowers had been opened in the morning, as is their habit, but the rain had closed them. Nathan began at once to open them and look for bees that might have been caught and imprisoned when the rain closed the long tubular corrollas at the top. His search was successful, and we soon had two bees at work in our boxes. They were somewhat benumbed and stupefied at first from their imprisonment and the coolness that followed the shower. They soon revived, however, and partook freely of the sweets which we offered them. After filling its honey-sac to its full capacity, one of them rose slowly, flying over and around the box, and then in widening circles, and examined closely both the box and the locality. Having completed its observation, it struck off in the same direction that the laden bee lined from the buckwheat flowers on the day before had taken.



METHOD OF SECURING A YOUNG SWARM FROM THEIR HEMLOCK TREE HOME

An Honest Politician

By CHARLES LOWE SWIFT

JOHN HAMMOND dropped wearily into a park settee and took off his hat. He had been done; done to a rich, brown crisp and he was still sizzling as he took his isolated seat beneath the stars. Done by a group of pudgy-faced politicians, who gained their daily bread by graft and greed; by a wolfish pack of gangsters in sheep's clothing who, thus disguised, had posed as his friends. This, too, after he had been of them, sworn by them, fought for them during eight long years, thinking them honest; because he had blindly believed in that parasital paradox: "an honest politician."

With the young attorney, honesty in all things was an inherent trait. His early schooling had been in a little New England town where his father had been one of the selectmen and where the body politic worked for the public good alone. Cherishing the chimerical delusion that politics everywhere might be made as clean as in Barnstable, he went through college and law school nursing the hope that some day he would enter the civil lists and shatter a lance against the forces of unrighteousness. He was graduated into the world's wide university with a succinct knowledge of law, a pliant tongue and a firm handshake, and so when he went to the People's party he was admitted to the outer circle and given a chance at speech making and vote getting. In order that he might preach the alleged "principles" of his party he was kept ignorant of its true intents, with the result that before long his sincerity compelled thoughtful consideration among some others as ignorant as himself. Vitally interested in the course he was pursuing, he worked blindly and tirelessly until as his eighth year in the ranks drew to a close he was in line to become not only a successful lawyer, but also an honest politician.

The campaign of 19— proposed the installation of a ten million dollar sewerage system and the question uppermost in the minds of citizens was whether the money should be turned over, as a cash prize to the Independent party, or whether the People's party should receive it to dispose of "honestly"—a question comparatively easy of solution to the uninitiated, but equally difficult to those acquainted with the devious bypaths of political intrigue.

The slate for the People's party had been made out complete save for the office of commissioner of streets, one of the most important offices on the slate, as its holder would be forced to condemn much property. To do this meant endless litigation unless the office was skilfully managed. If it was skilfully managed according to the political construction of the term, it meant an endless source of revenue to ringsters in the acceptance of bribes for not condemning property that otherwise would be condemned. An honest man in the position might save the city thousands of dollars; one who placed profit before honesty might, with the protection of the mayor, pocket thousands of dollars for himself and the other vultures who prey on the carrion they make of public institutions.

Some months before the election, Lynch, the chairman of the People's party, summoned Hammond to his office. He shook hands effusively with him, pushed over a box of cigars, complimented him on the work he was doing for his party, and then came at once to business.

"We've got to name the nominee for

commissioner of streets to-morrow," he began in a somewhat embarrassed manner, "and we promised you the job. If electioneering was the whole thing you'd get the place without a kick, but Hammond, there's more than that to be considered. There's a big pool at stake in the coming election and we—they—that is, the party has been working quietly for more than six years to form a circle around that pool. We've got a mayor who's onto his job and we've got to have a commissioner who can play in with him. See what I mean? So the majority has decided to put Ryan in as commissioner and—"

"Not if—" broke in Hammond, bristling as he rose.

"Wait a minute now," crooned the other softly. "We'll put Ryan in as commissioner and give you twenty-five thousand dollars to go on working and make a noise like a clam, when it comes to talking about the inner circle. That's fair, ain't it?"

For a full minute Hammond stood before the other in unbelieving astonishment. Twice he tried to speak and twice the words withered on the tip of his palsied tongue. Then stepping over to the chairman's desk, he spoke a little lower than his natural tone.

"Lynch," he said, eyeing the other keenly, "twenty-five thousand dollars is a big sum of money. It is more than I ever had in my life, but it's too small a price to buy this office from me."

"Well, call it fifty," returned the other, trying to assume an easy air.

"No, nor a hundred and fifty. You'll slate me for commissioner of streets or I'll show you and the others up like a floating mine under a searchlight."

"Oh! no, you won't," said the chairman, conciliatingly. "You'll take the money," and, rising, he patted the lawyer on the shoulder.

Hammond brushed away the hand as though it had been a scorpion.

"You'll give me the position or I'll show you up," was the uncompromising reply.

"Come now, don't be a fool," said Lynch, shortly. "You'll be in line for something better than commissioner later on, but just now—"

"Just now I'm needed in the position of commissioner more than I'll need the position of governor later on. I want the place."

"Well, you can't have the place!" and the thick neck of the other swelled like a glutted leech.

"Then I'll hold you up before the public gaze for the bunch of boodling vampires that you are."

"You blab and you don't get a damn cent! We've got the "World" and "Leader" with us and the rest of 'em 'll say you're a sorehead because we won't give you what you want. Now take the money and stay with us. Before long we'll boost you into something good. This city is the seat of the state government—"

"With most of its brains in its seat," exploded the attorney. "No, I'll stay square to the finish."

"Well, I see your finish coming," sneered Lynch as the door banged.

. . . . . .

A summer zephyr that was filtered through the flower beds of the park, sent its refreshing breath through the moist hair of Hammond in his seat on the park bench. It played about his open throat and caressed his throbbing temples until at last, as his heated brain cooled, a determined resolution crystallized itself therein. Then lighting his half-consumed cigar he strolled slowly to his rooms, the disappointments of to-day behind him, the prospects of a new to-morrow ahead.

The next morning four men sat in the office of Jim Francis, cooling their heels and waiting. The Boss, who sat behind his desk a few yards away, was one of the most unique figures in city politics. He was a boss in the most generous interpretation of the expression; an autocrat who ruled with a hand that broke wherever it could not bend, yet to those who were loyal to him he dealt favors lavishly with that same hand. A self-acknowledged spoilsman, he took all that was yielded in the political dragnet, and those who

formed the army of his adherents shared the glory and the infamy of his name. With him nothing was too sacred to sacrifice, yet all that he did was done shamelessly and openly. Of this last trait his office was typical. There was no inner sanctum and any who desired to see him and talk with him must do so before any who might be present, a fact which often made the first desire to be last and gave the last an unwilling opportunity to be first.

On this particular morning the first to be called was a square shouldered, well-groomed man whose features were marred by a pair of shifting eyes and a weak mouth. When the office boy called his name he was nervously prodding the carpet with the point of his cane and he started suddenly on hearing himself spoken to. As he stepped toward the desk at the other side of the room, the man before it raised his hand and pressed a button. Instantly a big negro appeared and as he reached the side of the visitor the Boss looked up and with his eye on the latter he spoke deliberately to the negro.

"Roger," he said, "this is Mr. Fletcher, of the eleventh ward, who sells his friends at the highest figure. He has come to talk with me but as I haven't time to hear his talk I want you to take him out there and tell him what I think of him. Then, if he lets you live after that, show him through the back entrance where we send out all of our rubbish."

Fletcher went white to his hair.

"Francis, you can't—"

"Roger will talk with you," returned the Boss, waving his hand toward the door. "Tell Mr. Sheehan I'll see him," he said to the boy, and the first, his features furrowed with a black look of hate, followed Roger through the door.

Sheehan was a slick politician lawyer who, when there was any money in it, did anything for anybody and then generally hid his doings under the name of somebody else. He was quick of tongue and motion and as he stepped sprucely over to the big desk he stretched out his hand with an oily word of greeting.

The Boss sat back in his chair, ignoring the extended hand.

"Did you do the job?" he asked, pointedly.

"I've landed all of 'em," returned the other, laying a paper on the desk.

Francis looked over the paper carefully and, satisfied with its contents, reached for his checkbook.

"Er—Mr. Francis, do you mind making the payment in cash?" asked the lawyer, with a smooth smile.

"Don't want the bank people to know that you and the old man are friends, eh?" flashed Francis.

"Well, ah—the other's a bit safer, you know."

"Yes, I know," dryly came the answer. "You're willing to do my work, aren't you?"

"Certainly, certainly, but—"

"Then you'll take my paper," and he handed over the check. "Tell Garland he's next," turning to the boy.

"Hello, Garland," he said, as the other man came before him. "You look a little yellow this morning. Overtaxing your liver?"

"No, it ain't my liver," returned Garland, laughing feebly. "Guess it's my heart. Lynch has offered me a good chunk of the People's graft if I—"

"Going to flop, eh?"

"That's about it, Boss."

"Think you can do better by yourself than the old man's done by you?"

"Not that you ain't treated me white, but it looks good the other way. You see—"

"Certainly I see, my boy. It's the naked knife between us after this. If you think you can do better on the other side, try it, and if I can do you while you're trying, I'll do it. If there's anything left of you after the polls close, come 'round and see me. You're square."

"Thanks, Boss," and shaking the outstretched hand, Garland went out.

"I'm ready for Mr. —" Francis took another glance at the card in his hand and turned around to look: "for Mr. Hammond," he finished, slowly.

"How are you, Mr. Hammond?" he

said, nodding shortly. "What are you doing in the enemy's camp?"

"I'm considering a change of faith," said the other flatly, "and I want to know what prospect there is for a new recruit in the Independent ranks."

For a full minute the older politician scrutinized him sharply.

"Steam roller?" he asked, at length.

"Yes and no," returned Hammond. "I wanted and was slated for the position of commissioner of streets. I was too honest for that, so they changed the slate and offered me that very excellent but unsatisfactory mediator between grafter and the honest man—cold cash. But that isn't my end in politics. I wanted enough political power to show that I'm square. It seems I can't have that. Then I want to do the next best thing and join a crowd that whatever its methods, and whatever its ends, always does what it says. For a chance to succeed in politics, for a chance to get into power, I am willing to sign body and soul into your possession; willing to take up your standard and follow your dictates; willing to lay aside principles and self-respect. Then when you agree that I have acquitted myself of my obligations toward you—if it isn't too late—I want to turn square and reclaim what I have bartered."

Francis watched the pallor overspread the face of the man before him and listened to the tremor in his voice with a calloused fascination. He knew the man, his record and his value as an ally.

"Rather a risky trade both ways, isn't it?" smiled Francis. "Do you know what the full cost will be if I take you up?"

"Exactly what I offer for sale; body and soul, self respect, friends, principles, honor—all these go into the scale. But if they will buy me what I want more than anything else in life; what I have fought for fairly and squarely—a chance in politics—the bargain is made."

"Suppose I don't take you up."

The other's jaw set hard.

"Suppose, too, without taking you up, I give the story of this visit to the papers."

"Naturally I'd deny it by calling you a white-livered, black-hearted liar, and the other gentle epithets exchanged by warring politicians, but—" and his voice grew deeply serious, "Francis, you're going to take me up. In a close election like this I'm too good a political asset for you to put aside. The others don't know my full power, but you do. If I bolt and go into the third, fourth and fifth wards and tell them why I bolted, I'll swing those wards whichever way I go. They believed in the cause for which I was fighting because I believed in it myself, and if I take this story to them and tell them of the graft and rottenness in the People's party, they'll believe and go with me. If I swing in with the Reform Party there is a hope, but I don't want to risk on a hope when I can win on a certainty."

"Hammond, you're even more of a politician than I thought you were," said the Boss, smiling. "If I take you in tow, what concessions do you want to offer your people?"

"Only a fair tax rate. The men in those three wards, mostly working men, own their own homes. It would be ruinous to foist a high tax rate on them as the Lynch people are going to do in order to further their own selfish ends. Then, too, low taxes is the most potent shibboleth we can raise in these wards and if I raise it they'll believe me."

"Well, so much for the people. Now what do you want?"

"Commissioner of streets."

"Too much, entirely too much."

"Well, what do you offer?"

"You won't take money? Say seventy-five thousand, cash?"

"No, I don't belong to the tip taking class. If you've got a candidacy to offer me, all right; if not—"

"Suppose I offer you the tax assessorship."

"I'll take it!"

"Even though your hands are somewhat bound by commissioners who are in the organization?"

"Yes."

"When will you make the avowal of your change of heart?"

"To-night, at the People's mass meeting in the Criterion theatre."

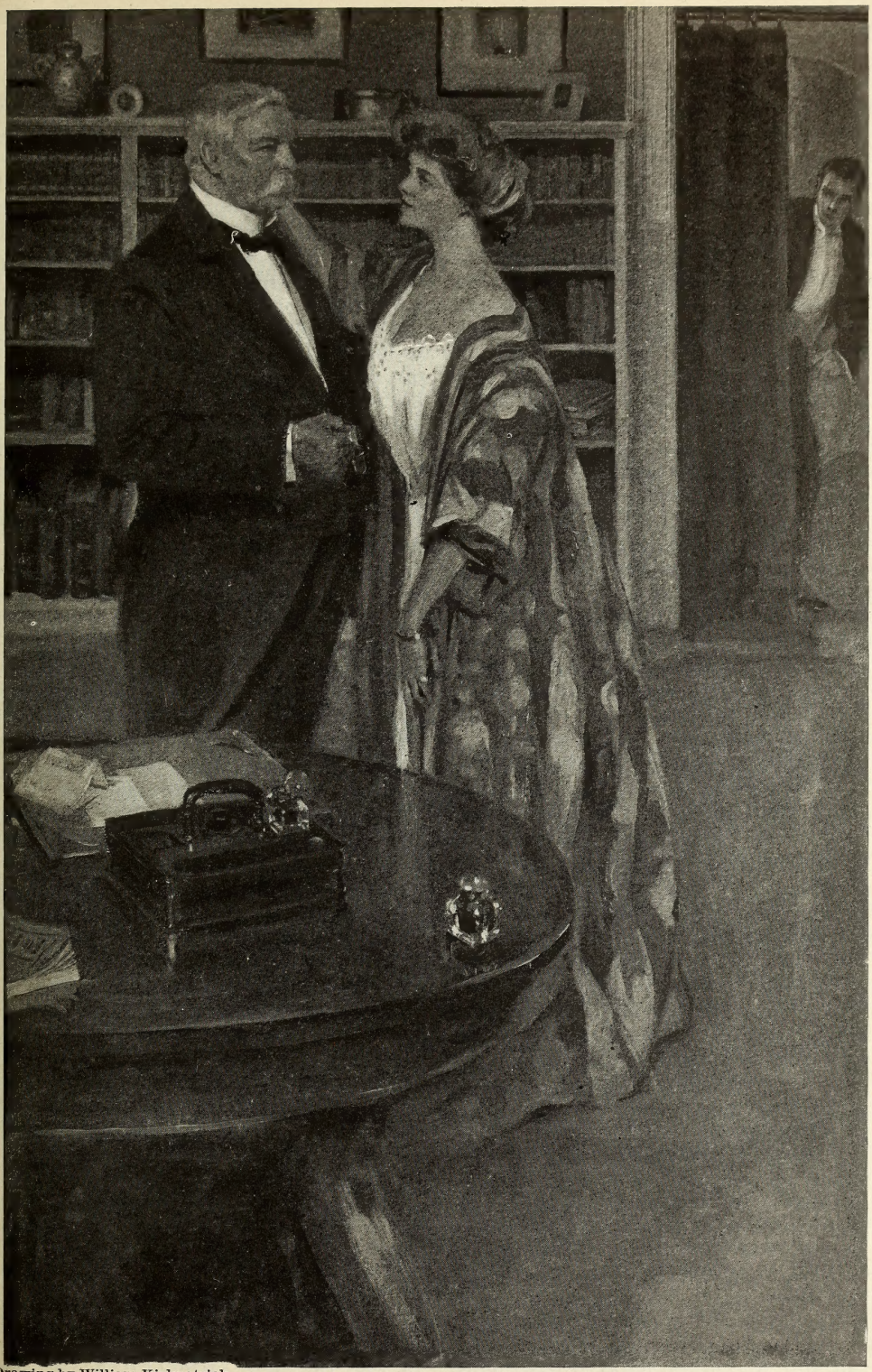
A glimmer of admiration sparkled in the old man's eye as he reached for the button beside his desk, but the glimmer softened to something closely akin to affection as a door opened nearby and the slender figure of a young girl stepped out. As she approached Hammond stared and started as though the wraith of his departed honor had danced before his vision, and as he continued to gaze, an irrepressible admiration that was suddenly stirred in him seemed to melt almost into affection. There was nothing about her that was suggestive of association with the type of men who daily frequented this office; rather she was quite the antithesis of these, suggesting character, refinement, education and the essence of pure womanhood. She was not overpoweringly beautiful but from out of the fine meshed frame of wavy chestnut hair there appeared a face of which the winsomeness combined well with the witchery of her figure. A glance at her was a revelation; a long look engendered danger to the heart of the chaste beholder and Hammond was still staring hard when she stepped over to the desk.

"Miss Marion," said the Boss in a tone that caused Hammond to glare at him. "I want you to drop a line to the leaders and tell them to meet me here to-night at eleven o'clock. That's all. Oh! I want to present to you Mr. Hammond, formerly of the People's party. He's coming with us. This young lady, Hammond, is the only stenographer in the state who can take a message and forget it as soon as she has despatched it."

Like a caress, Hammond's glance rested on the dark tresses as she slightly inclined her head in acknowledgement of the introduction and when, a half an hour later, the bargain made, he left his soul in the possession of the politician, his heart was every whit as much in the possession of the private stenographer. As he walked up the street his truant thoughts dwelt not so much on the great sacrifice he had made to enter the political arena as on an eloquent pair of slate grey eyes which seemed to have awakened a longing greater even than his ambitions.

That night a mass meeting of the People's party had been advertised for one of the theatres of the fourth ward and, as Hammond was scheduled to speak, the audience was composed mainly of his adherents from the third, fourth and fifth wards. The news of his break with the party was known only to a few of the heads who, hoping that they might keep the attorney's support, had thought best to keep the matter quiet until he took steps against them. Oysting was the only one of these who was present and a smile of satisfaction passed over his features when he saw Hammond take his place on the platform. Oysting and several of the others had spoken when Hammond's name was mentioned, and the applause that greeted him as he came to the front of the stage plainly displayed the feelings of his audience towards him. He was their favorite. Understanding them, he always said things that they understood; when he promised better pavements in Aisquith street, the people got better pavements; when he said that electric lights would be placed at the corner of the alleys, they were put there. He never promised great things, but when he said his party would do a thing he saw that it was done and, more than that, he mingled with his constituents at their socials and picnics after election as well as before.

He bowed smilingly in acknowledgement of their applause and when he began to speak the men stopped smoking to listen. They laughed at his opening story; they cheered his personal sallies at some of their prominent men; they yelled wildly when he skilfully praised their desire for the best government and their loyalty to their candidates, and they leaned over the seats in front to listen when he bent over the speaker's table and impressively raised his long forefinger.



Drawing by William Kirkpatrick

"GOOD NIGHT, BOSS," SHE WAS SAYING, AS SHE PINCHED HIS CHEEK

"My friends," he said in a clear, strong voice, "I was scheduled to make a speech before you to-night, a speech praising the virtues of the People's party, a party in which you and I have had unquestioned and unbroken faith for over eight years. But since that announcement was made something has occurred which has caused me to change my mind. Instead of making a speech I am going to make a confession."

Hardly were the words out of his mouth when Oysting sprang towards him with a bound, but the sudden shuffle of feet and an angry snarl from the gathering warned him back to his place, white and trembling. Then with the mighty mallet of his rhetoric, Hammond shattered the structure which he had been eight long years in building. He showed the leaders of the People's party in exactly the position of a "floating mine under a searchlight." He exposed their methods, flayed their practices, clearly pointed out the careful plan they had laid to surround the vast sum of money to be expended; then after he had made plain his reasons for joining the Independents he openly challenged, in the courts, one or all of the People's party to prove his charges false.

Every paper in the city printed his remarkable confession on the following day. Even over their violent vituperations, the "World" and the "Record" quoted the words of the young lawyer. The general effect of this was not only a benefit to the Independent party in the third, fourth and fifth wards, but from doubtfuls over the entire city, His bold and unanswered challenge made inroads against the ranks of the opposing party and while as yet the election results were doubtful, the betting odds were slightly in favor of the Independents.

His break from the People's party had brought down upon him a deluge of work for which his previous preparation had trained his stroke, and fearlessly breasting the current he kept his head high above the flood of hard work and hostile censure. He was fortunate in having few detractions to vitiate his efforts and that thief of time, greater even than Procrastination—a Girl—had not yet been added to his lists of encumbrances, diversions or necessities. Thus it was that the ingenuous intimacy which sprang up between himself and the private stenographer of the boss politician was a great boon to him now that some of the men who had been nearest to him had deserted him because of his questionable affiliations. During the hours of pressure when the work in hand was of a private nature, the Boss "lent" him his stenographer and as the termination of the campaign approached, these hours became more frequent and more dear to the prospective assessor of taxes.

The Boss exercised a jealous care over Miss Marion and kept most of his low-browed followers from her. Hammond he trusted, knowing that his weakness was political power, not women. So, a warm uninterrupted companionship grew up between them. Often during busy hours they lunched together in the cosy office of the maiden and as he watched her brew the coffee or manipulate the dainty chafing dish on her desk, his thoughts of politics vanished away into the shadow of a shade. Several evenings when the Boss was attending to business in the suburbs the pair had dinner together beneath a secluded arbor up the river, and one glorious, moonlit night she stole away with him for a canoe ride on a narrow stream that emptied into the river. They were floating beneath an arch of willows which overhung the bank when a trailing vine lightly kissed her cheek. Muttering something about a snag ahead, Hammond swung the canoe around and snatching the tip of the vine and kept it for himself lest some other canoeist might steal the kiss.

That he knew nothing about her family made no difference to him. He didn't care who or what they were so long as she remained as she was. Once in one of their little outings he had spoken of his home and the conversa-

tion had occasioned some reference to her mother by him. "My mother died when I was a very little girl," she told him simply, and that was the only time the subject was ever mentioned between them. She refreshed him mentally and made up for the loss of his intimates; more than that he did not desire. Their friendship was always pleasantly informal. In addressing him she laughingly called him "Mr. Assessor," and in turn he named her his "Goddess of the Machine," for short, "Goddess."

Thus they grew together, neither trying to analyze the feelings which existed beneath the surface of friendship, each glad when enjoying the companionship of the other.

. . . . . .

Late one evening in the Fall, Hammond leaped up the imposing marble steps of the Francis mansion, pressed the button, and finding the door slightly ajar strode in without waiting for the butler. He went up the thickly carpeted staircase three steps at a time and was on his way back to the spacious study at the rear of the second floor when, on glancing into the room beyond, he saw a sight that made him stagger. There, at that hour, in a flowing dressing gown was Miss Marion, her upturned face between the hands of the politician who kissed her as she stood there. A horrible, revolting suspicion tore its way through the brain of Hammond like a dumdum bullet, and an impulse came over him to rush in and kill the man. He knew Francis to be all that was unscrupulous in politics, but this—somehow in his lowest estimate of him he had never accused him of this.

"Good-night, Boss," she was saying as she pinched his cheek.

"Good-night, Maid Marion," smiled the man, and then dully realizing that the relations of each was the same to the other, Hammond stole unsteadily down the staircase.

His ring had not awakened the butler and he stood irresolutely on the front steps thoughtfully pondering the scene which he had witnessed. He could not reconcile his thoughts to what he had just seen. It seemed impossible in this man he had come to know so well and in this girl he had come to—to like so well. Thoughts of the past few months flew through his mind like faces in a car window; his first meeting with the girl, their frequent association, her continual alertness, her knowledge, her womanliness, her—innocence. He squared his shoulders with a sharp jerk. His ambitions were to succeed in politics, not to act as an amusement for strange women, and he gave the bell a long, loud ring. A few minutes later, after his card had preceded him, he was ushered into the study of the politician.

"You're up late, Hammond," said the latter, as he looked questioningly across his desk.

"Yes," returned the attorney, "I've got something on my mind that isn't exactly conducive to sound sleep. Talbot and O'Gorman are going to bolt."

The Boss's eyelids narrowed as he leaned forward and looked piercingly at the younger man

"Talbot and O'Gorman?" he queried, slowly.

"Talbot and O'Gorman and your son, Henry."

"My son, Hen— You lie!"

Hammond bent over the desk until his face was within a foot of the other's.

"Francis, I'll throw you through that window if you don't take that back," he menaced.

"All right, I take it back. Now prove to me that you don't."

"The three came to me an hour ago and offered me the commissionership if I'd go with them. From what they say, the Reforms will go with them. If Henry breaks and decries you with the others it will give them strength. He is bitter about that license board place you refused him, and the others have convinced him that your reign will come to an abrupt finish with this election, so Henry wants to be on his feet when you fall."

"Hammond, I trust you implicitly.

You really know this? They came to you? Tell me, was my son with them when they called, Hammond?"

"Yes."

"You swear it?"

"Have I ever lied to you?" broke out the lawyer. "Would there be anything for me to gain in a lie like this?"

Francis dropped limply into his chair.

"Henry, my own son," he repeated, feebly. "I made Jim Talbot, put him where he is and kept him there; O'Gorman, too, though he always had to be whipped into line, but my boy, Harry!"

With his head between his hands the Boss sat there. His mastery was gone, his fierceness shattered, and as Hammond eyed him bowed and thinking, he appeared a senile, broken down old man whose reign had indeed tottered. A suspicion born that hour kept the younger man from sympathizing with him, but he could not keep back a wave of pity as he watched the bent figure.

At last he raised his head. His face was white and set.

"Hammond," he said in a tone of quiet decision, "call up the morning papers and tell them to send their political men up here. Then call up Loden of the Reforms. We'll renounce them first and beat them with their own cards."

On returning from the telephone Hammond picked up his hat but the other motioned him to a seat.

"You're not going yet," he said quietly, as Hammond slipped into an armchair. "I have a story to tell you.

"Thirty-five years ago I went into politics somewhat as you started. I learned the rules of the game in my class at college, but when I began it was with principles as clean as yours were. I entered civic strife at a time when we voted with a pistol in the right hand and a ballot in the left. For ten years I played a losing game with the best men in the city, then the chance came to join the others with personal profit to myself. Sick of always being on the losing side and firmly resolving to turn honest later on, I changed. My former friends I betrayed outright into the hands of my former foes. I changed my religion as a means to gain power. A man's soul I never considered where his vote was concerned.

"When I was still honestly striving I married the love of my youth, a pure girl who had a beautiful faith in my uprightness. We had three sons. They grew up under their mother's influence until their father changed. Then they took their coloring from his associates and from his character. The oldest fell from the window of his hotel during an orgy with women of the street. One of them is to-day responsible for a suicide a week at a racetrack which is 'protected' by my methods of politics. Henry, who runs the biggest distillery in the state, because the saloons to which I give Sunday freedom buy his whiskey, spends three months of the year in a sanatorium. How much affection he has for his father is evident from what you have seen to-night. We had another child, a daughter, whom I have kept away at school most of the time in order that she shouldn't find out just what her father is. She is what her mother was before I broke her heart by my political dealings, and she is the only person in this whole world who has one drop of genuine affection for James T. Francis. That is the story of a man who started into false politics hoping to turn true as you are hoping.

"Hammond, by trampling on the hearts of men I have come nearer and nearer the goal of my hopes, but always farther and farther from the goal of my earlier resolves. To-day I have affluence and influence, but honor I have not nor can I get it. Without that life's whole game isn't worth the shadow the candle throws. In the beginning I meant well; hell is paved with a highroad of my good intentions, but over this road my evil acts go rumbling on in an endless procession. To try and redeem these acts is hopeless now. Their taint is not only in the blood of the men that I have corrupted, it is ulcerating the blood of the sons

that I have raised. Into your hands I am going to place the knife that is to remove this sore that I have procreated. Not to cause pain by turning the blade in the wound but to run it in to the haft and cut out the fester. You are going to be the next mayor of this city."

The bell rang as Hammond rose tremblingly to his feet.

"Here are the reporters now," said Francis, quietly.

. . . . . .

The days which followed the astounding announcement of the Boss of the Independent party were days of strife and consternation. Chaos came out of comparative cosmos. The wheels of machine government were clogged and broken. The organizations were disorganized. Complete revolution had upset the careful planning of years, and the ward buzzard's wings flapped restlessly above the field of battle. The Reform party was shattered on the rock of its own treachery. Some joined the Talbot forces, while many flocked to the Hammond banner. A large contingent of the Francis element divorced itself from that following because of the lessening of future hopes, while other truly independent men, having long followed the hopeless choice of accepting the lesser of two evils, sided with Hammond. The papers now, save the "World" and the "Record," were with him from title to tailpiece, from diamond to pica, and their influence promised to make up for the loss of the vultures who had winged their way to the Talbot camp.

A new suite of offices had been secured by Hammond in one of the downtown skyscrapers and he had had but one occasion to go to the office of the Boss since the new slate had been made out. That was a brief visit after office hours and aside from that he had either used the telephone or sent a messenger. Moreover, when the Boss now wanted to talk with him he went to the office of Hammond, so that the young man had not seen Miss Marion since the night of the revelation. The Boss had once, with some degree of reluctance, Hammond thought, suggested that in case he needed the girl he would be glad to "lend" her to him, but Hammond declined with thanks.

By keeping his mind filled with work he tried to crowd out all thoughts of the girl who had hitherto nestled so close to his ambitions. He succeeded in convincing himself that he was a fool to permit himself to become interested in any woman at such a critical period of his career, particularly a woman in the employ of such a man as Francis was. Continual reminders of her came to him as he reviewed reports and files that she had written, and for a time the image conjured up by a tantalized mind troubled him. Gradually, however, by a forced process of reasoning he changed his opinion of her; altered the image that caused his mind unrest; corrected his mistake in believing her refined, cultured—innocent. Then, assured of the finality of his convictions, he worked on with unclouded mind, without another thought of her until one day he met her face to face and alone in the office of the Boss. There, like ice under a summer sun, his coldly constructed opinions were melted in the warmth of her pure smile; his cautiously compiled arguments were openly refuted by the innocence which radiated from every lineament of her person, and he stood before her, flushed, abashed, delighted.

"Why, Mr. Mayor, nee Assessor, where have you been?" she asked, as she exchanged a firm and friendly handclasp.

"Busy, very busy, Miss Goddess," he said, guiltily trying to hide his confusion.

"Too busy even to remember old friends?" she questioned, still smiling.

"No, busy trying not to remember them," he replied, and then as a swift, searching look momentarily checked her smile, he laughed in spite of his feeling and added, "but my attempts have been hopeless."

The smile returned.

"But during all this rush how *could*

you manage without the aid and suggestions of your private stenographer?"

"Consideration compelled me to make up for previously having overworked that lady."

"Necessity knows not even the law of consideration. Now, if I needed you—"

She stopped with an embarrassed blush while he looked at her steadily.

"If you ever need me, really need me," he said, earnestly, "you can count on me without an instant's hesitation. I must go," he added, abruptly. "I've got to train my verbal artillery for to-night's bombardment," and leaving with her a package of papers for the Boss he went into the street, violently deprecating his weakness, weakly attributing it to her apparently innocent irresistibility.

Yet after seeing her his ambition seemed to have received its second wind. With sharpened wits he hewed his way through the arguments of his opponents; with a new zest he threw himself into his work. Every hour was filled with making or carrying out plans. He was the commander and the commanded in one. He gave suggestions to be acted upon, he acted upon suggestions that were given, until at last, late on the night of Tuesday, the third of November, he dropped wearily into a big chair in his apartments and laid aside his hat. A mild breeze sifted into his open window through the bare-limbed trees in the park beyond where three year-long months before he had dejectedly sat on a lone bench and felt that all was lost. He had fought his good fight and won. The people had stamped their appreciative approval of him by electing him their mayor. From the opprobrious shafts of humorist and cartoonist he had at least partially vindicated the term, "an honest politician." His face was a bit more haggard and his form somewhat more attenuated than when he began his fight, but as he lighted a cigar and settled back in his chair there flowed through his being a placid physical contentment, the surface of which was ruffled by but one distracting thought, a thought which time and again he tried to drown, but which ever and anon bobbed lightly to the surface for solution.

"Mr. Mayor." From the lips of half a hundred he had heard it in earnest to-night since the returns were indicant of his election. Restored friends and new acquaintances, patrician and plebian, had spoken it, but not even when the present mayor had thus addressed him while shaking his hand did it give him the thrill that it had on a previous occasion under other circumstances when his election was far less sure. Ah! if only he could convince himself otherwise. If only there were another solution. If instead of seeing it with his own eyes, somebody had but told it to him. What a wife for a politician She would make. What a great help She would be in the struggle that was coming. What an inspiring companion such a girl would be in— He checked his thought with a shrug of displeasure, but even as he dreamily exhaled a blue cloud of smoke his thought seemed to complete itself in a suggestive wavering ring of vapor that slowly circled before him.

The jingle of the telephone on the table beside him interrupted his reverie and laying aside his cigar he reached for the instrument.

"Hello," he said.

"Who is this, please?" came the low voice of a woman.

"John Hammond," and his own voice trembled as he said it.

"Mr. Hammond, I need you—urgently," pleaded the voice, "can you—will you come up at once?"

"Where are you?"

"At the Francis home."

"I'll be there at once," and dropping the receiver he reached for his hat.

Fifteen minutes later, as he sprang from a hansom, an auto cab rolled up before the Francis residence and a man carrying a small, black case followed him up the steps. They ascended to the second story where they were met by Miss Marion. She quietly opened the door of her employer's sleeping chamber and then stepping aside permitted the two men to pass within.

Before the bed in his shirt and trousers, Francis knelt, his pallid face beautified by an expression of great peace. The doctor motioned toward the door, and as Hammond closed it he loosened the man's shirt and placed his hand over his heart. Its beating had ceased. Rising he made a careful survey of the room and at last, beneath a newspaper on the table, he found an empty wineglass. Sniffing it gently he turned to Hammond. "Cyanide," he said quietly, and dropped the glass into his medicine case.

"I shall notify the papers of this," said the physician as he stepped toward the door. "The cause of his death was heart failure due to the unusual excitement of this time. I think you understand," he added significantly.

"Perfectly," returned Hammond.

As they passed through the hall Miss Marion approached the lawyer.

"Will you come into the study a minute?" she asked.

He followed her into the room at the end of the hall where she took from the desk a long envelope which was addressed to Hammond, bearing the inscription: "In case of my death to be read in the presence of my private stenographer."

"I found this on the table beside his bed," she said.

Breaking the seal, Hammond read:

"To John Hammond, Esq., I bequeath one hundred thousand dollars to be paid in cash out of my estate: my political power to be bettered by him with the strength that in him lies; also the care of my daughter, Marion Francis. The residue of my estate, including the body and soul of said John Hammond, purchased by me from him on September second, 19—, I bequeath to my daughter, Marion Francis."

His daughter! Hammond stared wide-eyed at the revelation—the great solution which the will offered. Then, turning to the girl, who sat crying softly in her father's armchair, he handed her the bequest.

A flush crept into her white cheeks as she read it and then without looking up she buried her face in her hands.

"Marion," said Hammond quietly, as he stepped over to where she was sitting, "this wish of your father's is my dearest desire. Are you willing that I should take this care and you to keep for always?"

She looked at him through her tear wet eyes.

"Out of gratitude to him?"

"No, from a great love for his daughter."

For a while she sobbed in silence; then looking away from him, she said:

"Mr. Hammond, I knew my father better than you did, and far, far better than he, himself, thought I did. I knew what his career was; I know how he was estimated in the minds of right-thinking men of to-day; I know, too, that I bear the name that he dishonored. Knowing all these things I stood by him because I loved him dearly. Yet—yet, if you seek to—to—"

"To change your name for my own," he aided.

"Even then you share it," she continued, "and in many personal ways—people who knew us both say it—I resemble my father."

"You do. I have seen that. What was best in him is a part of you, and there was much that was fine in your father. What he has done in this last election has proven that. He sent himself on the rocks to leave a clear channel for me. He died hoping, praying that I might begin anew and retrieve whatever wrong he did. That with God's help I am going to do, but, dear, I want also the help that you can give."

He bent over the huddled, sobbing form and very gently raised her face to his.

"The body and soul that were mine are yours; won't you take, too, the heart that is yours as well?"

Again she bowed her face into her left hand, but with her right held out to him she nodded her head ever so slightly, and he taking the hand drew her to him and holding her close, buried his face in the fragrant depths of brown, wavy hair.

Some Adventures of the Wife and Son of Henry Hudson—II.

By MILLARD F. HUDSON

A FEW entries from the diary, in which Richard Hudson is mentioned, follow:

"Jan. 4.—And I sent Richard Hudson to Cochie to take notis of thinges left in our howses, and delivered them to Shinso Dono, greate Domingo's father, and weare as followeth, viz.:—817 long shething plankes, 136 shorte ditto, 005 square tymbers, 002 ladders, 006 dores for gedonges, and 1 dore lost out of littell howse, 006 windoes to shutt, 002 shipp boates or skiffs, without ores.

"Feb. 12.—I sent Ric. Hudson to fetch back my letter which I wrot to the Precedent at Bantam, dated the 10th present, and sent per James Littell, the Scotchman, which letter I instantly, at recept thereof, shewed unto Mr. Eaton and Jno. Osterwick, etc.

"May 26.—The X Japon coates or *kerremons*, sent from the Emperours councell to Capt. Camps (of the Dutch factory) and my selfe for a present, came this day, and we tooke each of us 5. And I gave 3 of myne to Mr. Eaton, Mr. Osterwick, and Ric. Hudson.

"June 3.—As we sat at supper at night, there entred a Japon gentellman into our howse, with 30 or 40 men attending on hym, and came into our halle before we saw hym. Soe I desird hym to sitt downe and take parte of such fare as we had; which he did, and seemed to take it in very kind parte. And sowne after he sent me a jarr of *nipa*, or rack of *pi*, for a present, per one of his gentelmen, per whome I understood his masters name was Ismo Dono, a greate man of Xaxma (Satsuma), whome the king of that place sendes up to Edo to kisse themperours handes and geve hym thankes for the greate presentes and good entertaynment themperour gave hym at his being at Edo. Soe, after his man was departed, I sent Ric. Hudson with Tome, our *jurebasso* (interpreter) abord his bark (for he passeth secretly, and lodgeth not ashore) to crave pardon of his Lordshipp, yf I had not geven hym such entertaynment as his worth deserved, being ignorant of his greatnesse and abashed at the honour he did me in sending me a present. And withall I sent hym a bottell of strong water which, as it seemed, he took in very kynde part. Ric. Hudson and the *jurebasso* said he had a very great bark with a faire cabben in it, hanged all about with ruch damask, and attended on with many men, both ould and yong, with greate reverence and silence, their heads bowed downe to the grownd, soe that they judged hym a man of greate qualletie; yet he seemed not to be above xxx yeares of adge."

On November 30th of this year Cocks started on his last recorded journey to Yedo, this time in company with the Dutch head-merchant, Leonard Camps. Before his departure Cocks wrote to the Company a letter, which

is calendared, in part, as follows: "Osterwick going with Cocks to Yedo, for one is not to go alone to the Emperor; only Eaton left to stay in the factory during their absence, and Ric. Hudson, a young youth."

They delivered their presents and, after long delay, were given leave to depart; but they were dismissed without the usual return gifts, which Cocks thought "truly the greatest wrong or indignety that eaver hitherto was offered to any Christian." This was not until the 18th of the following March, and in the midst of the homeward journey, Cocks made the following entry in the diary:

> "March 23.— . . . And, by the way, we met with Quiemon Dono, our barkman or *sinde* (boatman), of Sackay, whoe brought me 3 letters from Mr. Eaton, 2 of one date, 3th of January, and both coppis verbatum, and an other of the 10th of February; wherein he writes me all the Japon presoners which were in our howse are sett at liberty; and that the Hollanders sent our 6 English men ashore againe which weare abord their shipp, being compeld by Japons. Soe they carid them all to Nangasaque, and Jno. Yoosen hath them in his handes and will not deliver them unto us, allthough Mr. Eaton sent Ric. Hudson and a *jurebasso* with hym to demand them, offering to pay all the charges he hath disbursed. But he answered that he would not deliver them, although the King of Firando and Governor of Nangasaque comanded hym, for that he had mad ready his junck and ment to send them to the Holland factory at Jaccatra, except we would buy his junck and pay hym 20,000 *taies* he had disbursed in provitions to send thither. But the world knoweth that Yoosen is not worth 20,000 pence."

While Cocks was making this journey and Richard Hudson was peacefully employed in the factory at Firando, Mrs. Hudson applied to the Company, in London, for a part of her son's wages. But affairs in Japan were not prosperous and the directors did not feel disposed to be generous. The court minutes of December 13, 1621, show the following: "Petition of Katherine Hudson for part of her son's wages; he is now at Japan, and went out eight years since; no wages made with him; was told she could have nothing."

On March 24, 1622, Cocks' diary ends abruptly. In November of that year, the ship *Bull*, Captain Cockram, arrived from Jacatra, and Cocks sent Edmund Sayers and Richard Hudson to Yedo with the customary presents, explaining the matter thus in letters to the Company:

> "Edmond Sayer, with Ric. Hudson are at this instant ready to departe towards Edo with our presentes for themperour and his Councell, as the Hollanders are the like, and our ffrendes geve us councell not to stay behind them. And Mr. Joseph Cockram goeth in the *Bull* for Jaccatra. Soe Mr. Jno. Osterwick and my selfe or necessety must stay heare to gett in monies to dispach away the *Elizabeth*, as I think Mr. Eaton must doe the like; for it is noe staying a shipp of such greate charges as she is any long tyme upon doubtfull occations.
>
> "Edmond Sayer and Ric. Hudson and 2 Hollanders, went from hence towardes Edo with presentes to themperour and his Councell; and we have adviz from them of their arrivall at Miaco, and that all men speake ill of them and cry out against them. Soe God knoweth whether our presentes will be receved or noe."

The time was now approaching when the effort to establish trade with Japan could no longer be maintained. More than ten years had been consumed and large sums expended, but no adequate

trade had been established. At a consultation of the Council of Batavia, April 25th, 1623, the dissolution of the factory was determined upon, and Captain Cockram was soon after dispatched, with the *Bull*, to bring away the factors. His credentials commanded all the members "to come away from thence upon the ship *Bull* for Batavia; hereby charging you and every of you to fulfill our said order, as you will answer the contrary at your perils."

The arrival of the *Bull* made it necessary to send presents, once more, to the court of the Shogun, and the choice of a messenger again fell upon Richard Hudson. The letters which he carried recited:

> "And nowe, seeinge yt cannot be otherwise, wee doe now send the bearer hearof, Richard Hudson, whoe carreth with him certaine small presents for his Majesties Councell, beinge such as the tyme will aford and our abilities of meanes strech unto; humbly entreatinge your Highnes to further the dispach of this messenger, that he maye returne in tyme to further the dispach of this shipp in our departure."

Although the *Bull* arrived in July, it was not until the 23rd of December that the factors were able to go on board; they then remained one day longer, in order to partake of a banquet with some of their Japanese friends, and sailed on the 24th, at noon. Thus "failure" was definitely written upon the effort to establish trade with Japan and China, for the time being.

Upon their arrival at Batavia, poor Cocks found himself in serious trouble, the Council being disposed to cast the entire responsibility for the failure upon him. His lack of discipline, the confusion of his accounts, and other irregularities were urged against him; and it was proposed that he be treated as a malefactor and sent home under arrest. But his age, his position, his bad health and testy temper, were urged in extenuation. It was thought too, that harsh treatment might shorten his life; and, in the end, milder counsel prevailed. It was determined to leave him to be dealt with by the Company



THE LANDING PLACE, ASSANAN

in London, but his goods were ordered to be seized upon arrival. "Thus," says the editor of his diary, "in disgrace and broken in health, Cocks went on board the *Ann Royal*, and on the 24th of February (1624) sailed for England. But he was not to see his country again. A month later, on the 27th of March, he died at sea, and was buried 'under a discharge of ordnance.'"

The subsequent services of Richard Hudson with the East India Company were to be in India.

Katharine Hudson in India, 1617-1619

It would seem a reasonable assumption that a woman who had lost a husband and one son in the cause of exploration, and who had sent another son (perhaps the only one remaining) to far-off Japan, had made sacrifices enough to the adventurous spirit of the age. It appears, however, that the atmosphere of adventure, in which she had lived so many years, was more powerful with Mrs. Hudson than such considerations as these. Nearly three years after her son's departure from England, fired with ambition to do some adventuring on her own account, she obtained leave of the Company to go to India on one of its ships.

The fleet of the year 1617 consisted of five ships, all under the command of Martin Pring,—the same Pring who, in 1603, was the first European captain to sail into Massachusetts Bay. Mrs. Hudson was a passenger on the *New Year's Gift*, Nathaniel Salmon, captain. On the same ship were Captain Gabriel Towerson, his wife, and Francis Webb, a young woman whom Mrs. Towerson had leave to take along as her lady-in-waiting. This group of people were closely associated with Mrs. Hudson and merit brief notice.

Towerson was probably a son of the William Towerson, who was a "merchant adventurer," made a voyage to Guinea about 1555, and was interested in the voyages to the northeast of Fenton and Davis. It is also possible that he was related to the Hudsons. He was in the Company's first voyage, in 1601, acted as its chief agent at Bantam from 1605 to 1608, and commanded various ships at different times. In 1614 he married the widow of Captain William Hawkins, an Armenian whom Hawkins had married at Agra, in 1609, at the suggestion of the Grand Mogul. Her mother subsequently married "a Dutchman, from Antwerp, called Abraham de Duyts, a diamond polisher, a great friend of the Prince Sultan Khurram (son of the Grand Mogul) in whose service he was." The year after his marriage, Towerson applied to the Company to be again employed, but was refused. In this situation, being doubtless in need of employment, his thoughts naturally turned to his father-in-law, and it was in the hope of promoting his interests at the Indian court that he prevailed upon the Company to allow himself and wife a passage.

Richard Steel, "a young man of Bristol," who had been in Persia, had conceived a hare-brained project for building water-works for the city of Agra, and prevailed upon the Company to allow him to take out in the fleet a number of workmen for that purpose. Before sailing, he had secretly married Miss Webbe, and they took passage on different ships; but her condition upon arrival at the Cape caused a scandal and obliged him to acknowledge her and to go on board the *Gift*. Captain Salmon wrote the Company, from Saldania, concerning this, in lively style:

> "But before I pass the equinoctial, I am to acquaint your Honours and Worships with a strange accident which hath happened contrary, I do think, to any of your expectations; and that is that one of the gentlewomen which came with Captain Towerson and his wife is great with child . . . but the best is she hath a father for it in the fleet, yet none aboard of the *Gift* (where haply it might be judged, were not the contrary known) but aboard the *Anne*; the party, Mr. Richard Steele, who was married unto her before our

coming forth and since the acknowledgment of it hath been resident aboard our ship. Captain Towerson and his wife were ignorant of it until it was publicly known; only it was Master Steele's project at home to get them to entertain her, and so had thought it should have been kept secret till they had come to Suratt."

The fleet reached the Cape at the end of June and the Comoro Islands in the middle of August. The *Gift* captured on the way a Portuguese trader, carrying gold and ivory from Mozambique to Diu, worth between eight and nine thousand pounds. The same ship, with the aid of the *Bee*, also rescued a Mogul ship from two English freebooters, just before reaching port and, giving chase, took them as prizes. They reached Suwali, the outport of Surat, on September 20th, and Capt. Towerson and his party took up their quarters in the English factory at the latter place.

The city of Surat, former site of the presidency for the East India Company, is the chief city and administrative headquarters of Surat District, Bombay. It lies on the south bank of the river Tapti, ten miles from the sea. Early travellers describe it as populous and wealthy, and it is still an important town, although most of its trade has long since been transfered to Bombay. Both the English and the Dutch had their principal factories there in the early days of their trade, and the French also had a small settlement. It was the custom for trading ships to dispose of only a part of their cargoes at Surat, in exchange for indigo, and then to sail to Acheen and Bantam, where they exchanged the remainder of their European goods, as well as the Gujarat cottons taken on at Surat, for spices for the home market. In 1638 a young gentleman of Holstein, Albert de Mandelslo, paid a visit to Surat and left an interesting account of it, which was published at London in 1669. Extracts from this book are given in *Churchill's Voyages*, which give a picture of the English factory at Surat, very nearly as it existed at the time of Mrs. Hudson's visit.

Glad as they were to welcome the fleet, the coming of Towerson and Steel with the women in their party was an unpleasant surprise to the factors at Surat. The factory building did not afford room to lodge them properly, without inconvenience to the factors. A letter from Edward Monox to the Company shows how they felt about it:

"Mrs. Steele shortly after her sea travel travailed on shore, and brought forth, to the no small joy of her husband, a goodly young son, of whom you may hope one day to have as good service as from his father; but in the meantime you must be content to suffer want of due service from some whom would be glad to express their duty therein, which for want of convenient room they could not perform, the house being so pestered with them and Captain Towerson and their retinue that for my own part during my abode there I had no chamber to lie in nor place to write in, which caused me unwillingly to omit duties which, otherwise, I should have performed; notwithstanding Mr. Kerridge had been plain enough divers times both with Captain Towerson and the rest, who could not or would not find a house in all the town to serve his turn; but I cannot greatly blame him, for it eased his purse well. But by great importunity, a little before my departure, he was persuaded to take a house (though not to his liking); so I hope before this time he is removed. But what he intends to do, I think, no man knows, no, not himself; for while they were at sea all their talk was in going to Agra, but since their landing, from that course quite altered. I fear of a



JAPANESE TEA MERCHANT'S SHOP

bootless errand he is come out and of a sleeveless one he must return home; but I much doubt you will find it had been better you had given him £500 than his passage forth and home in your ships."

The son born to Mrs. Steel was the second child born of English parents in India.

The factors at Surat were three in number: Thomas Kerridge, Thomas Rastell, and Giles James. Over them was Sir Thomas Roe, who had been sent as an ambassador to the Grand Mogul, Jahangir, charged with the duty of negotiating a treaty. His *Journal*, published in part of Purchas and more fully in Churchill's *Voyages*, gives an entertaining account of his adventures. At the time of the arrival of Pring's fleet he was at Mundu, where Jahangir then resided, awaiting the outcome of his negotiations.

Mrs. Hudson took with her the sum of £100, which she wished to invest in private trade. The Surat factors were careful to lay this matter, as well as Towerson's and Steel's desires, promptly before Roe and to ask for instructions. The coming of the party with their demands for special privileges, gave Sir Thomas much annoyance; but he was a man of firmness and did not shrink from his duty. He replied promptly and fully, leaving the factors no room for doubt as to his views. He refused to permit Towerson or Steel to endanger the lives of the women in their party by travelling without a proper escort; while urging them to send the women home, he strove with kind words to attach them to the Company's service; private trade in cotton goods he would allow, under certain conditions; but as to the chief commodity, indigo, he positively forbade it. He insisted that Towerson and Steel must bear their own expenses and reproved the factors for permitting the latter to use some of the Company's funds. "Captain Towerson and his wife will be welcome hither; but if the king continue his purpose, it will ease them much to meet us at Amadavaz (Ahmedabad). Commend me to them; they shall find the Company's respect in me."

Late in October the imperial court

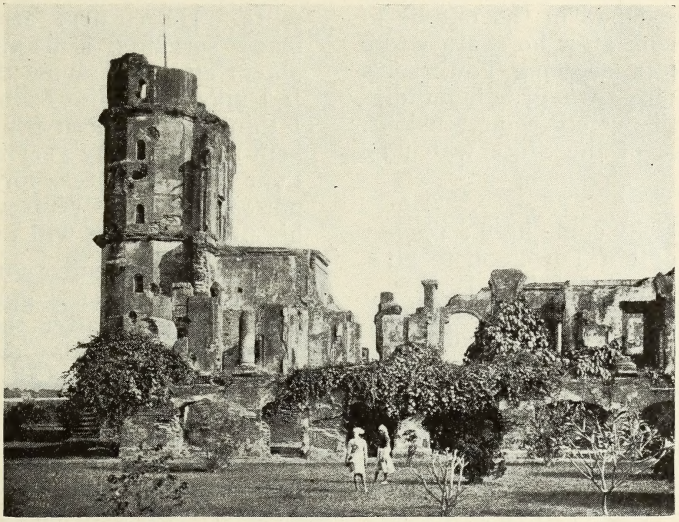
left Mandu and moved by slow stages toward Ahmedabad. Roe left the former place on the 29th and overtook the royal cortege two days later; on the 2d of the following month he was joined by Steel, who brought some pearls which Roe had promised the Mogul's minister. After an interview with Steel, Roe wrote the factors:

"I have dealt with Mr. Steel very fairly and clearly, and opened his mind. He gives me satisfaction in his promises, and I doubt not to accommodate all so well as we may live like friends. The principal difference will be about his wife. For both their misfortunes I am sorry; but we must all endeavor to mend and not to make the worst or take advantage of errors. To this purpose I have dealt freely with him, to let him see the inconvenience that will follow to us, the charge to him, the displeasure of the Company, all which may be recured by a good course, to persuade her to return home, which I have prevailed so far in as that his own reason hath drawn his consent, and to that end hath promised his endeavor to satisfy the gentlewoman, whom I am sorry for. But this cannot be so well effected except you join with him to discourage Captain Towerson from purpose to stay. His father (father-in-law) will do little, nor is able; his mother-in-law poor, at Agra, and he will be consumed if he fall to travel on his own purse, and from the king can expect nothing but penny for penny at best; his wife's aunt promised in marriage to Frans Swares, the prodigal Portugall; and finally nothing before him but consumption. I write this plainly for good will, if he so accept it. Therefore he shall do most discreetly to return in a fair ship; for his wife cannot have any English women in company with her, with our safety. This at large I have discoursed to Mr. Steel . . . For Mr. Steel, perhaps some mistaking in him at first might move discontent and some roughness to him occasion it. I had myself some exceptions against him, but I have passed them. I desire you to do the like. By private letters of recommendations I find him well respected at home, and, therefore, we must not be too rigid here, as long as he offereth his employments and endeavors so fairly. He hath taken pains and travail; and if some of his projects are yet doubtful, some in my judgment infeasible, yet we must not disgrace them without trial, lest we incur the same censure of rashness which by it we would cast upon him. Therefore, I desire you he may be fairly used, admitted as a second man into your consultations, for that he is to bide here and those for Bantam more strangers to this business than he can be. I doubt not, his professions are so fair, he will every way be conformable to the service of the Company, and by all industry assist your business. Therefore, I shall likewise hope you will use him with courtesy, forgetting of all sides past passions. Thus the business proceedings, and he prevailing with his wife for her return, I desire he may return to me with the presents, bringing with them his artificers as a guard; for, the court settling at Amadavaz, we will make full trial what may be effected, that we answer upon judgment the Company's expectation, etc."

It is clear from this that there had been dissension between Steel and the Surat factors, and that they had refused to admit him to their councils. Five days later, while still upon the road in Mogul's train, Roe wrote the factors:

"If I find any fault it is at you, that you will suffer Mr. Steele to run out at beginning, to take the Company's money to lay out for

a house, or to waste in his expense any way. If he will be vain, let him do it at his own cost; for, roundly, I will not allow any extra ordinary charge for his wife, and therefore I pray reckon with him. If she return and he stay, I will do him all kindness according to his desert, and recommend her to the Company's care. Excuse what is past, but let not them smart for it that are innocent. You that have the Company's purse must order it. Money is dear ware in India. I would have you use her your and my advice may be favored. . . . His (Steel's) wife will be ruled and return; and therefore consider her sex. Use her lovingly, assist her and lend her all fit comforts. I hope the house kept apart is at their own charge, for I perceive not the Company intended to keep their families. You have done as much as is necessary to Capt. Towerson. He will be deceived in Court and in his wife's friends. If he will not see it, let him run his fortune, so the other women return.



THE PRESIDENCY, LUCKNOW

and Captain Towerson with courtesy, but not to live upon you, lest they stay too long."

His next letter was written in "The Woods, 30 course (koss, about 60 miles) short of Amadavaz," on December 6th; and discusses Mrs. Hudson's wishes:

"For private trade you know my orders, and I the Company's pleasure. The prime commodity (indigo) no man, I hope, will deal in under any pretence; cloth, if they do, and consent to acquaint the factors with it and remit it to their masters, it may pass, and by . . . I received Mrs. Hudson's desires from herself. And for indicoes, she pleads Sir Thomas Smith's consent; which, if in writing, private or public I had yielded to; now I cannot. Her demand is like Martin's, to have the Company's (indigo) for money, or to invest it for her. Your answer must be as mine; the first is unreasonable and cannot be answered; the second is too late and cannot be fulfilled. If she desires it in cloth (that takes small bulk), though these sums are very great, yet for her £100 you may admit, consign it to the Company, and

leave their liberty to themselves. I would her example would teach others, the Company's servants, to trust their masters. She may be as lucky as a calling duck; and therefore try her."

The expression that he had received Mrs. Hudson's desires from herself appears to mean that she had written, upon finding the Surat factors obstinate, as she had not left Surat at that date.

The Mogul having turned aside to Cambay, "to gaze upon the unfamiliar ocean," Roe now made a forced march to reach Ahmedabad in the middle of December. Soon after he again wrote the Surat factors, showing Towerson's arrival there, his own growing indignation with Towerson's pretensions, and his dislike of the State which he maintained:

"I perceive by some here a resolution in Captain Towerson to go to the southward, to which I never can nor will consent; neither take notice of it, until it be moved, but by provision give you my reasons: particularly for him, he pretended to the Company no purpose but to come to Suratt, only to visit his wife's friends, not to trade, but those things he had, pretended for gifts and presents, and to that end signed them a deed with his wife, which they have sent me, to urge him with, if I see him take any course perjudicial to them or begin any new which he had not licence for nor acquainted them with; with this they have given me caution to have an eye on his courses and actions, which were a very blind one if I should not see the disadvantage of his passing so great a stock through all the Company's commodities and ports. A general reason against him is the clause in the letter written to you where they declare that kind of private trade more prejudicial to them than a bare return for England; and that I know it is, for Martin, Christian, and many others are an example. Neither see how the Company can give such liberty to him, and so restrain me and all their servants, whose deserts will equal any captain or woman. Perhaps they thought her greatness (Mrs. Towerson) could do them some pleasure; if so, they mistake their friends; it is well if she return as she came. What courtesy I can do him I will, such as I can answer with my discretion and no more. He is here arrived with many servants, a trumpt (trumpeter) and more show than I use. If I may stead him I am glad, but I think it had been fitter to have kept the Company's servants about their own business, for I known not when he will return, nor what his presence here will produce."

Steel, with the ladies under his care and the artificers as a guard, reached Ahmedabad soon after the middle of February, 1618. A day or two before their arrival, Roe wrote to the factors: "The woemen are almost arrived at court, but I hope I shall depart this towne before, the King goeing out suddenly, which makes mee now take my leave." On the same day he wrote a letter to the Company in London, from which the following abstract is made:

"Towerson and his wife find poor reception; her friends are poor and mean, and weary of them; he came with hopes of good diamonds; is sorry for him and his little vanity, and has used his best advise to persuade his return; he pretends the Company's licence for private trade. Evils of granting this favor; it makes all their servants grudge. Mrs. Hudson claims the like for her proportion, but has also denied her. Is the same to man and woman."

My Grandfather's Story

By JAMES RAYMOND PERRY

I REMEMBER Grandfather Alden, notwithstanding he died when I was a very little girl. He had a noble face, for all the world like the face of one of those beautiful New England poets. He was a poet himself, though, of course, not famous like those others. Grandmother Alden was much younger that grandfather, though she lived but a year or two after he died. She had a very sweet face, and anyone could see that she must have been a beauty in her young womanhood. Indeed, she was a beauty to the last. They have both been dead a score of years, and I am sure neither would mind now if they knew I were publishing the manuscript bearing the title of "Playmates," which I found not long ago among grandfather's papers. I do not suppose he intended it for publication when he wrote it, but wrote it for the mere pleasure of writing, as one will when his heart is full and overflowing. This is it:

To make a good beginning I must begin the story with Belle. Belle Hathaway is a daughter of my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Atherton Hathaway. I have been a friend of the family for close on to two decades. I trotted Belle on my knee when she was a baby, made paper dolls for her when she was a little girl, helped her with her lessons when she was a Miss at school, and once or twice have taken her to the theatre since she became a young lady; for Belle is almost twenty now.

I am tempted to describe Belle to you, but, upon reflection, do not think I will. The description could not fail to be a failure. Words cannot picture flesh and blood—say nothing of soul! And if they could, they couldn't picture such a combination of flesh and blood and soul as Belle! But the next time you see a woman whose beauty attracts and holds you more than any you have seen for a good six months, think of Belle! It will not be like her, of course,—for God made only one like her—but it will be nearer like her than any woman you have seen before for six months.

"A bachelor of forty rhapsodizing over a girl of twenty!" That is what you say. And you add, "Probably she is really plain, only he doesn't know it." But that would be a mistake.

However, it doesn't matter whether you think Belle is beautiful or not.

Charlie Hunter is twenty-two, and a handsome, wholesome young fellow. He and Belle must have known each other for at least five years. And for the past two years I think the parents of both the young people, as well as the intimate friends of the two families—myself included—have looked forward to their marriage as not only possible, but probable.

Not only would there be no objections raised to the marriage of Belle and Charlie, when they should become old enough, but on the contrary, the prospect of their union was agreeable to their respective parents and friends. It was thought they would make a very happy couple, and it was certain they would make a very handsome one. If no match ensued it would surely be the fault of no one but the young people themselves. The course for love to run in was wide and smooth, and if it didn't run in it, and run smoothly, it would seem to indicate that the love wasn't true love,—that is, if there is any truth to the old adage. There may not be.

As far as Charlie Hunter was con-

cerned, there seemed to be no doubt about his love being true enough. He was devotion itself to Belle. I don't know that I ought to say his affection for her struck me as dog-like, for "dog-like" is scarcely applicable to Charlie under any circumstances; but so far as faithfulness is concerned, his affection seemed as true as that of a faithful dog. It was not until you came to Belle that the uncertainties of this love affair began to appear. That she liked Charlie was plain enough to any of us; but whether it was merely a friendly regard, a sort of sisterly liking, or whether it was something stronger and deeper, was not so clear. Belle isn't a girl who wears her heart on her sleeve, or for that matter in any place where its maidenly beatings are exposed to profane eyes. She keeps it nested deep in her bosom, and if now and then there have been flutterings—and what maiden's heart of twenty has escaped them?—no eye has seen them So none of us knew whether Belle loved Charlie or not. I sometimes thought, perhaps she did not know herself. If she did not love him I thought she could easily learn to. It seemed to me that Charlie was just the sort of fellow to win a young girl's heart.

Another young man, Hadley Brooks. had paid Belle some attention, and Belle, if she had not smiled upon him, at least had not frowned. Brooks was an excellent enough fellow, for all that I can say. I know of absolutely nothing against him. And yet I don't like him. I don't know whether it was the remark he made one day, in my presence, about poets — not a complimentary remark, exactly—that awakened this dislike, or not. I think not, for, unless I am mistaken, I had conceived a dislike for him before that. It is quite possible that remark deepened and confirmed the feeling. But however that may be, that fact remains that I dislike him. And if he really cared for Belle and wanted to win her affections, he could not have been a very good plotter for a maiden's heart. And I will tell you why. Any lover with his wits about him must have seen that Belle valued my opinion highly. He should have known—for Belle never sought to disguise it—that she held me and my opinion in quite as high esteem as the person and opinion of any old friend of the family. Her father and mother used to try to get her to call me "uncle," but she said, "No. I wasn't her uncle." She wanted to call me John, just as they did. I was her playmate and it was proper to call me John, just as they did. It would be absurd to call her playmate "uncle." That was the conclusion she reached at the age of six, and she has adhered to it ever since, Thus I have always been John to her, and am to this day. So you can readily see that, under the circumstances, it would be very foolish for a lover of Belle to affront Belle's old friend John. If I may put it that way, I was the one courtier at Belle's court whose favor should have first been sought by any seeker after the heart of the Queen. I was the minister whose words were certain to have most weight with her. The fact that Hadley Brooks failed to recognize this indicates to my mind that after all he was a rather dull young man.

So that remark of Mr. Brooks about poets—Belle didn't hear it, or she would probably have dismissed the young man then and there—might very easily have proved to him a costly blunder. Charlie Hunter was different. He has always treated me with apparent deference. I am not so pessimistic—if I am a bachelor—as to suppose he has been other than sincere in this regard. He saw that Belle liked her old friend and playmate, and, perhaps, it didn't occur to him to dislike anything that Belle liked. Certainly he has seemed to like me, and I am quite sincere in saying that I have always liked him.

So if it came to Belle's making a choice between Charlie Hunter and Hadley Brooks, you can see easily enough in whose favor my influence would be cast. And more than once, lately, I had feared she was inclin-

ing towards Brooks. But as I have said, the heart so deeply nested in her bosom made it hard for even so close and jealous an observer as myself to be certain towards whom her affections inclined.

Now the future happiness of Belle lay very near to my heart, as you can easily imagine from what I have already told you. No real uncle, or father for that matter, could be more deeply interested in the welfare and happiness of a niece or daughter, than I was in Belle's. I believed honestly enough that she would be happier with Charlie Hunter than with Hadley Brooks, and when, as it seemed to me, she began to show more interest in Brooks and a little less in Charlie, I became frightened. And it was this that determined me to take a hand in the matter and use what influence I could command in favor of Charlie. This favor to Charlie—inestimable, should my efforts prove successful—was to be done without his knowledge. I could picture to myself the gratitude he would feel when he learned that my influence had been used in his behalf. Never by word or act had he expressed the hope that I would intercede for him, but I knew that he would be overjoyed if I would.

Though I liked the young fellow well enough on his own account to hope that I should be successful, I will not pretend that it was at all on his account that I did it. It was done entirely on Belle's, and because I believed her happiness was thereby being promoted.

This decision to interfere in behalf of Charlie was reached several days ago, but it was not until last evening that the opportunity I was looking for arrived.

I frequently spend my evenings at the Hathaways, and last evening went there according to custom. On the way I passed the Hunter's door, and Charlie chanced to be coming out as I approached. I wondered if the young fellow's destination was the same as mine, but he started off in the opposite direction. He gave me a cheery "Good evening, Mr. Alden!" as we met, and after I had returned his pleasant salutation and passed on, I thought to myself: "You lucky dog, if you knew what I am going to do for you the first chance I get, you would not only give me that cheery smile, but you would pause and wring my hand as well." I don't know but I sighed softly once or twice after meeting Charlie. I'm afraid I envied the young fellow his happiness.

Belle was at home. "Papa and mama have gone out to make a call," she said. "I'm so glad you've come. I've been thinking what a stupid evening was before me, and wondering what I should do. But now we'll have a nice time together."

"But what will you do with a prosy old fellow like me, Belle?" I asked.

"You're not prosy," she said, laughing. "You are poesy—Is there any such word?"

"I hope so," I said, "but whether there is or not, don't you know there is no one so prosy as a bachelor of forty who writes verses?"

"What have you written lately? I want you to recite it to me at once!" she said, with some of the old childish imperiousness in her tone and manner that had always struck me as delicious. In these later years it had betrayed itself with less frequency.

"I believe I haven't written anything lately, Belle," I said. "I'm not sure, but I'm gradually getting over the disease. Some day I may be completely cured!"

"Disease!" exclaimed Belle. "I only wish 'twas contagious and I could catch it!"

Belle has always been foolishly fond of the little nothings I have written in rhyme. Many's the jingle with which I caught her fancy when she was a child, and to this day she wouldn't think Christmas was Christmas unless my present to her was accompanied by some little Christmas sentiment that I had fashioned into verse.

"Well, Belle, what are we going to do?" I asked. "You are so much of a young lady now that I am beginning to feel afraid of you. Young ladies ought to be entertained, but I've for

gotten how—if, indeed, I ever knew. I'm rusty, you see, and I've got to leave it to you to suggest what we shall do."

"O, let's just talk to-night, John. I suppose I could let you entertain me by singing to you if I would," she said, with a little laugh, "but I don't believe I want to sing—at least, not yet. I think it will be cosy to have a nice talk together, don't you?"

"Indeed I do, Belle. You couldn't suggest anything that would please me better," I replied. Here was the opportunity to say what I wanted to about Charlie, I reflected. The thought brought me a curious pang, but I had no idea of wavering in my purpose.

"And I'll tell you what I'm going to do," she said. "I'm going to turn the lights low, and we are to sit here by the window in the moonlight."

"The very thing!" I said.

"There! isn't this nice!" she said. She had turned the big easy chair round so that it faced the window and made me sit down in it, and then she had drawn a hassock alongside and seated herself on it, with one arm resting on the arm of the chair. The moon was nearly full, and sailing in a clear sky, so that its splendid radiance dimly illuminated the darkened room.

"Now, John, I'm a little bit of a girl again, and you are my playmate, and we are resting after a hard day's play. Isn't it so?" she asked.

"Yes, Belle," I answered, lightly stroking her hair.

"Sometimes I wish I could have stayed a little girl always," she said, softly.

"So do I, Belle, for then we could always have stayed playmates. But now that you have grown up into a beautiful woman, it will have to end, of course. You will be getting married one of these days"—you see I went at the subject courageously and without circumlocution—"and I—well, I suppose I shall have to hunt up another little playmate," I finished as lightly as I could.

Belle was silent, gazing out upon the moonlit street. I fancied I knew of what she was thinking; that she knew, as well as I, that the dear old days were ended, that they could not go on, that she was a woman now, and a woman's life was opening before her.

"And Belle," I went on, with a brave attempt at light-heartedness, "in choosing your new—'playmate,' let us call him—would you mind listening to a few words of advice from your old one? Trust me they will be spoken with motives as kind and loving as ever prompted human speech."

Before answering Belle changed her position, taking her arm from my chair and clasping both hands about her knee.

"I know that whatever you say will be prompted by the kindest motives," she said, in a low voice; but I feel sure she would quite as lief not have me talk upon the subject. But I would not let that deter me. I had made up my mind to talk to her about Charlie and was not to be dissuaded.

"I may prove a sad old blunderer, Belle," I went on, "and if I make a botch of it, and hurt you, you must make up your mind beforehand to forgive me. It will be because I am stupid and don't understand women and not because I am unkind."

Belle sat perfectly still, and did not take her eyes from the moonlit street. "It has seemed to me, the last few weeks," I continued, "that you haven't treated Charlie Hunter as kindly as you used to. Of course, I may be mistaken, and even if I'm not, you may have reasons of which I know nothing that are sufficient to cause a change. But it seems to me that one man's estimate of another ought to be of some value to a girl who may sometime have to choose a husband"—Belle made a little movement at this, but resumed her former position and again gazed out at the moonlight—"and what I would like to say, Belle, is that Charlie seems to me like a good hearted, noble young fellow. I believe he would make a kind, devoted and loving husband. That he is handsome you know as well as I. That his pros

pects are good, you also know as well as I. That he loves you, Belle, is as clear as day to the rest of us, and you cannot be blind to the fact. Charlie's father and mother are delightful people, and they already love you as if you were their daughter. And your father and mother, Belle, knowing that they must, sometime, lose you, would, I am sure, rather see you married to Charlie than to any man they know."

I happened to glance at Belle's hands clasped about her knee, and I thought the soft little things were clenched. But moonlight is deceptive and it might be I was mistaken.

"I would not speak about it to you at all, Belle," I went on as kindly as I knew how, "if things seemed to be going now as they seemed to be going a few months ago. Then we thought that you cared for Charlie, and some day would make him happy by consenting to marry him. If you didn't love him, at least there seemed to be no one else that you cared for more. He had no serious rival in your affections, we thought. But now we do not feel so sure.

"You must know, Belle, that I would be the last one to want to put restraint on your affections—the last to want you to marry a man you didn't love; but what I want to say is, that as between Charlie Hunter and Hadley Brooks, I believe you would be much happier with Charlie. I know nothing against Mr. Brooks, but I don't like him. It may be quite unwarrantable prejudice that I feel, and I certainly hope it is that, Belle, if you really have learned to care for him—if you care for him enough to—"

"I don't care for him, Mr. Alden." Belle's voice was low and quiet, but it had a note in it that somehow awakened my pity, and lessened the dismay that her "Mr. Alden," caused me. My words must have offended her, for she never called me Mr Alden, except sometimes in the presence of others. I began to wish that I had not spoken. "Meddlers always get into trouble," I thought. But what I had done I had done for love of Belle, and though she might be offended now, later she would see it and forgive me. But along with the pity and dismay, her words had also brought relief. She has said she did not care for Brooks; and now she was adding: "Perhaps I have seemed to care for him sometimes, but if I have it has been because—it has been on Charlie's account. I knew that Charlie cared for me and would tell me so at the first opportunity. I didn't want —I wasn't ready to—So I have pretended to like Mr. Brooks' attentions. It wasn't fair towards Mr. Brooks, I know, but I wanted to gain time, and—" She hesitated, and I asked:

"Do you mean, dear, that you don't care for Charlie?"

"All that you have said of him is true," she answered. "I know he is a noble fellow, honest and kind-hearted. I do like him, but—"

"But don't love him?"

Belle was silent. Her behavior had puzzled me, but now there came what seemed a flash of intelligence to me. "If unknown to us you have met someone else, Belle," I said, "someone other than Charlie or Mr. Brooks, that you care for, I am sorry that I have urged Charlie's suit. Not for the world would I have you marry him, if your affections have really settled upon another."

Belle's face was turned away from the moonlight now and through the gloom I could see that she was gazing up at my face with wide eyes. "No," I heard her say faintly, and in another instant her head was bowed upon her lap and the darkened room echoed with her sobs.

"Why, Belle! Why, my poor child, what have I done?" I exclaimed, bending over her. "I didn't mean to hurt you, dearie. I'm a blind old blunderer, and hadn't any business to go talking to my little girl about love—an old bachelor like me! Forgive me, Belle, if I have hurt you, and forget that I've ever said a word on the subject."

But her frame continued to shake with her sobs, and she made no answer. I laid my hand on her shoulder, but she moved so that it slipped off. At that

I believe the tears started into my eyes. Perhaps I had forfeited my little girl's affection with my foolish meddling. I wished fervently enough now that I had kept quiet. Puzzled as I was at Belle's unexpected behavior I felt certain that I must have offended her. Why had I been such a dunce?

Suddenly Belle's head was lifted, and she reached out to where my head rested on the chair. "Oh, John!" she cried. "I must tell you, if it kills me—if it makes you hate me. I can't help it, John, I—"

She stopped, and I found myself trembling, scarcely knowing why.

"Oh, John, can't you see! Can't you see!" she cried, and again her head went down upon her clasped hands, though this time they rested on my lap.

"Belle!" I cried.

Then I put my arms around her and drew her up until she was looking at me. Our faces were very close to each other, and it was not so dark but that I could read her face and she mine. "Belle!" I repeated. "Is it true?"

Through tears and blushes there broke a wonderful smile—a smile of infinite beauty and infinite love.

"I couldn't help it," she said simply almost as a child might, confessing a naughty act.

"Darling!" I cried, drawing her close—very close—and from where her face was hidden against my breast a dear voice asked: "And don't you hate me for telling you, John?"

"Hate you, sweet! I never loved any one in all my life as I love you this moment, Belle! You've made me happier than I ever believed it possible I could be."

"And you won't try to find another playmate, John?" Her face was raised again, and she was looking at me with happy and smiling eyes.

"No, sweetheart mine, I'm only too happy to keep the dear, dear, old one."

And to-day, when I could tear my thoughts for a moment from Belle herself, I've been wondering if it was merely a coincidence, or something more, that I bear the name of John Alden.

THE SPENDTHRIFT

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

There was love enough twixt you and me
  To last us a lifetime through
Had we only used it carefully
  As cunninger folk might do.

But we tossed it there, we tossed it here,
  With never a thought of wrong;
We paid the piper in gold, my dear,
  For every note of his song.

How could it be that our store increased?
  Yet little we guessed, indeed,
When we squandered all on a single feast
  Of the gaunt to-morrow's need.

Had we only hoarded in craft and fear,
  As cunninger folk might do,
There were more than these broken meats, my dear,
  To last us a lifetime through.

NAPOLEONIC MEMOIRS—I.

By F. P. STEARNS

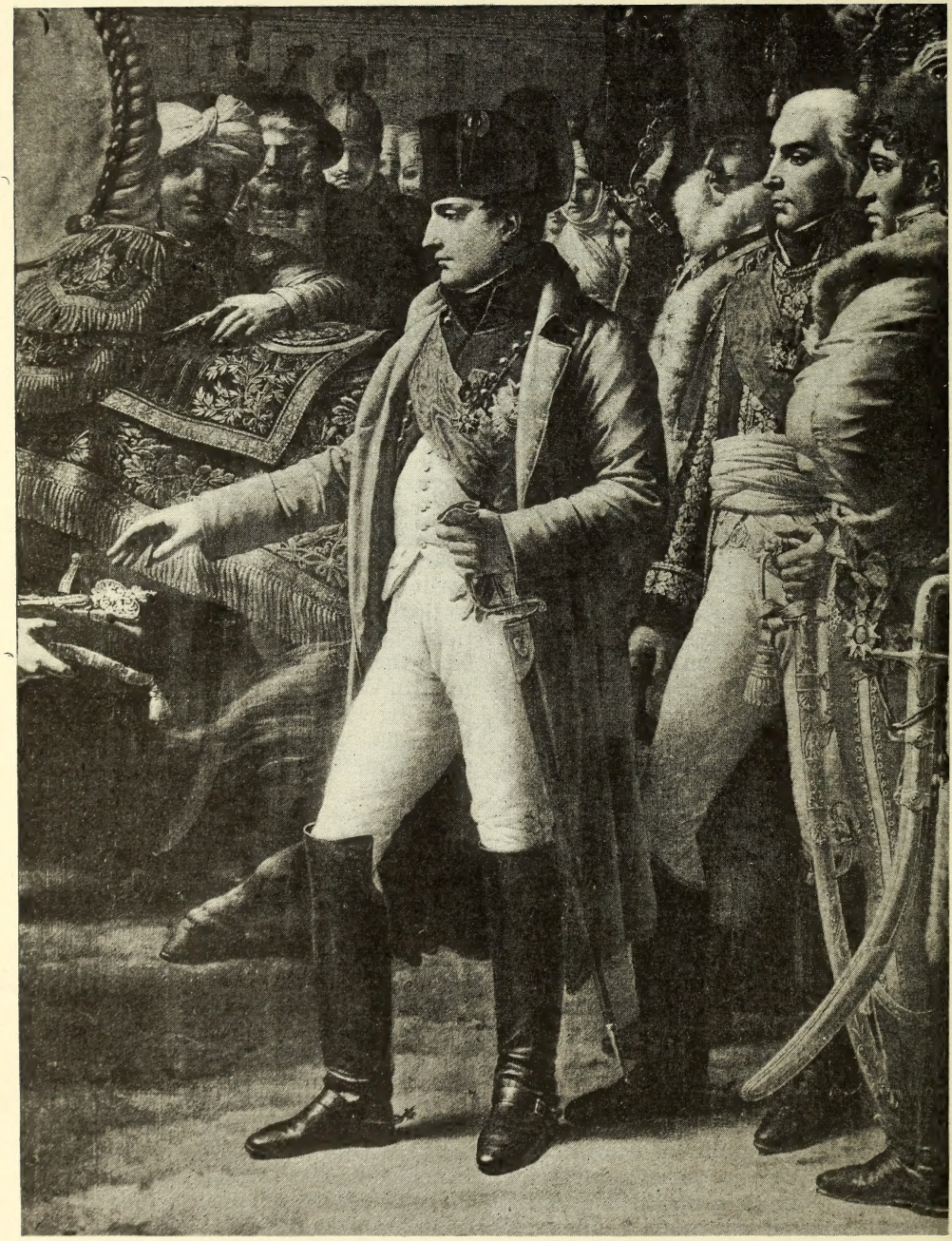
MEMOIRS are not the most trustworthy of historical documents. They are commonly written in old age, long after the events referred to have taken place, and it is one of the peculiarities of our later years that the events of our boyhood or girlhood reappear much more distinctly to us than those of mature life. Our imaginations also play strange tricks with us at times. I have myself sometimes supposed that I remembered an extract from a certain author with perfect distinctness, but, on looking it up, I found the wording of it wholly different from what I supposed. Memoirs are also more likely to be prejudiced than any other form of composition, on account of the nearness of the author to his or her subject. The remembrance of past favors, as well as grievances, trifling affairs in themselves, which otherwise he would not think of mentioning, enter into his mind and more or less influence his judgment. Recently published American memoirs like Conway's and White's are transparent enough with the predilections of the writer—Conway's partiality for his own section of the country, and White's feeling of obligation to those to whom he owed his foreign appointments. A mischievous slander, played by a designing person or an intentionally sincere one; like the horrid calumny of Theodora, which was accepted by Gibbon, may impose upon the public for centuries.

A reveiew of the various memoirs concerning Napoleon would constitute a large volume by itself. In fact, Rosebery's recent work on Napoleon is little more than a discussion of the records preserved by Napoleon's friends, who shared his imprisonment at St. Helena. It is a fair and candid work for an Englishman, and a marked contrast to the misrepresentations of Macaulay, Green, and Seeley; but it has limitations of its own which are worth a passing notice. Of these, the two most important are what he considers Napoleon's lack of judgment in his choice of men, and the peculiarity of his religious opinions.

In regard to the first, I think it might almost be said that no other man has recognized merit so quickly and rewarded it so well as Napoleon did. It was largely to this that he owed his earlier successes. It would be difficult to prove or disprove Rosebery's assertion. No one can tell what there may be in the ocean; but what have we ever heard of Wellington's or Blucher's subordinates? Murat, Meg, Soult, Lannes, Massena, and Victor are celebrated names in the history of those times; and if they did not always accomplish what Napoleon hoped of them when they were fighting against the odds of two or three to one, the fact is not surprising.

Massena was the only one of Napoleon's marshals, however, to whom military critics have given the credit of being a great commander; and when we examine Napoleon's campaigns, we find that it was always to Massena that he intrusted the most difficult commissions. He was already an invalid in his Spanish campaign, but Massena in his prime was probably a match for either Blucher or Wellington. His defeat of Swanoff at Zunich was a masterpiece of military skill.

In regard to Napoleon's religion or philosophy, Rosebery goes a long way off. He believes him to have been a Mohamedan and a materialist. The



NAPOLEON, BESSIERES, BERTRAND, MURAT

terms are contradictory. Mohamedism is a sensual religion, but sensuality and materialism are not convertible terms, and for absolute faith in the divine will there are none like the followers of Islam. Materialism in philosophy invariably leads to skepticism, and a skeptical Mohamedan is as rare as a white blackbird. On the other side, sensuality was hateful to Napoleon, as everything was which tended to mental or physical weakness. His creed was the gospel of strength. He courted the favor of the Sheiks in Egypt as Alexander did that of the Persian Magi, in order to obtain political, as well as military, control of the country; but there is no trustworthy evidence that he went so far in this as to compromise himself as a Christian. What we gather from the various comments on religious subjects which have been reported of Napoleon, is that he had no very definite religious creed, though a very decided religious faith. He makes some such statement of himself somewhere, and it is a very fine one. Such was the mental attitude of Plato, Shakespeare, Goethe, and many others, and it testifies to the depth and sincerity of Napoleon's moral nature. As Goethe states it in Faust: "Who can say I know Him, who can say I know Him not?"

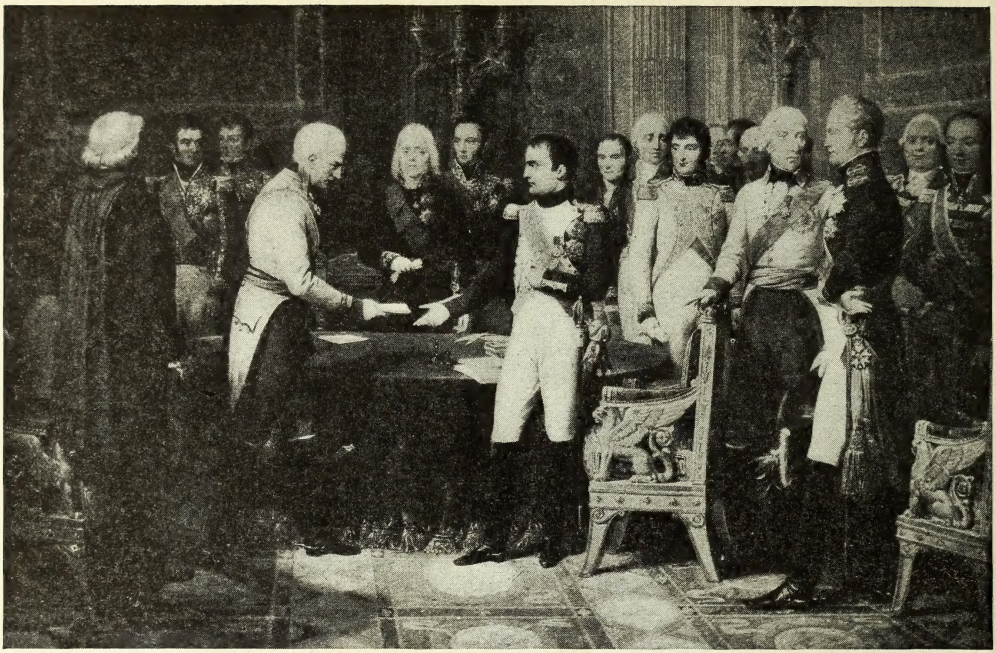
He was too much of an idealist to be called a materialist; too practical, perhaps, to be called an idealist. You might call him an idealist-utilatarian. His mind always preserved an equitable balance between theory and practice. He read little philosophy and had a particular horror of what he called idealoges—doctrines such as Fourier and John Stuart Mill.

Lord Rosebery, however, admits what Metterich denies, that Napoleon was a true statesman; that the earlier period of his government might be termed ideal; that he was by nature of a kindly disposition and wished to do what was right; that he preserved the fruits of the French revolution to posterity; that he was the greatest of generals, and one of the greatest of law givers; that his wars were mainly forced upon him; and that he had only one fair opportunity of making peace (in the summer of 1806), which "either his suspicion or his madness" prevented him from seizing.

It is generally supposed that the death of Charles James Fox prevented Napoleon from making peace with England in 1806, and Napoleon intimates this in a letter to his brother, Joseph, written at the time; but it is not probable that an enduring peace could have been consummated, so long as Holland, Belgium, and France remained under the same government.

In regard to the numerous records of Napoleon's mournful life at St. Helena —the fifth act of the tragedy—Rosebery considers General Gourgand's diary to be the most veracious and trustworthy, on the ground that it was evidently not intended for publication. This, like the others, cannot be proved, though he assigns plausible reasons which have their value; but it seems like a narrow basis on which to form a judgment. In such cases the character of the individual should always be taken into account. General Gourgand was one of the bravest and most devoted of Napoleon's personal adherents, but his portrait, as well as his diary, indicates a man of not more than mediocre intellect. He served the Emperor as a sort of staff detective. He discovered the mines which were intended to blow up Napoleon at Moscow, and killed a dragoon who was attacking Napoleon at the battle of Brienne. Once, when the Emperor's party were out walking at St Helena, they were threatened by a drunken or insane British soldier, who leveled his musket and ordered them to halt. Napoleon merely said: "General Gourgand, take charge of that fellow." Gourgand made a sort of flank movement, then suddenly darted on the soldier and wrested his weapon from him in a twinkling.

This, however, would seem to have been the limit of his capacity. Napoleon surely would not have approved of the statement which Gourgand published concerning the battle of Water-

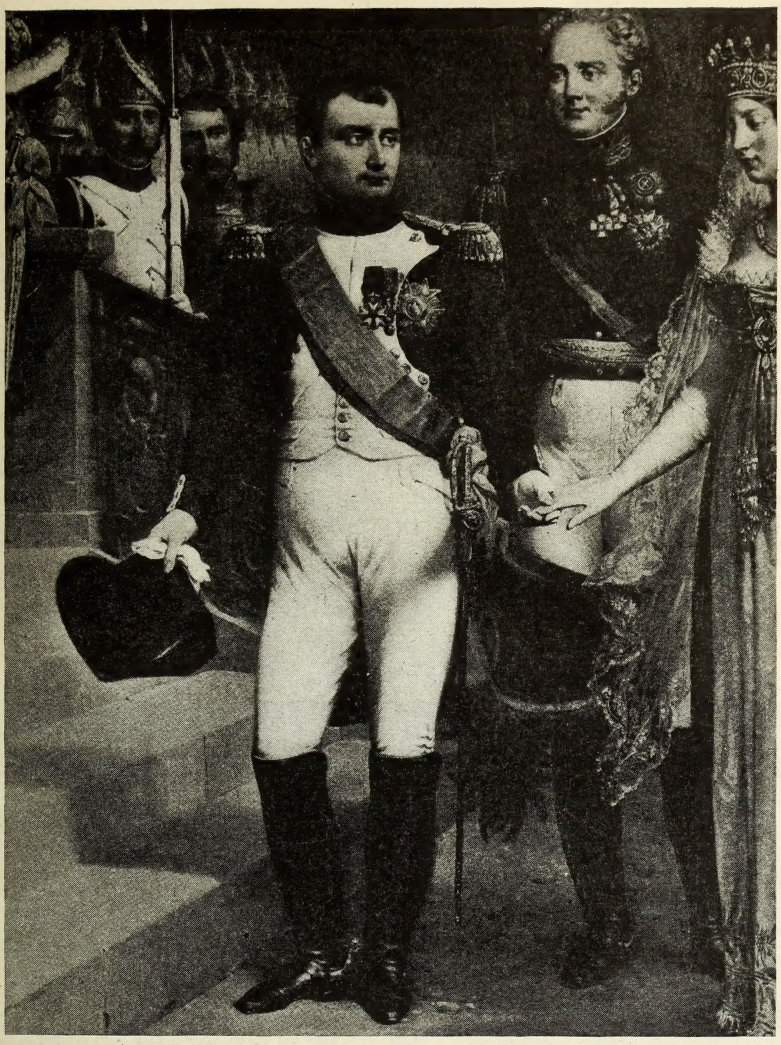


NAPOLEON RECEIVING THE AUSTRIAN EMBASSY

loo, that so offended the British ministry. He was a forcible man, but narrow and unimaginative. Napoleon could not have conversed with him on large and important subjects as he did with Montholon and Las Cases, and we consequently find that Gourgand's reports are meager and not particularly interesting. The most conspicuous fact in his diary is Napoleon's continual effort to cheer and encourage the spirit of his companions. Gourgand was still in the prime of life, and when other methods failed, Napoleon held forth to him the prospect of a favorable matrimonial alliance—which came to pass some ten years later by Gourgand's marriage to a French countess.

Lord Rosebery has examined the evidence in Surgeon O'Meara's case against Sir Hudson Lowe and finds much of it quite untrustworthy. This need not, however, make any serious difference to us. The civilized world has long ago condemned Sir Hudson Low, nor has he ever found an apologist for his absurdly spiteful behavior, and nobody cares to hear any further discussion in regard to him. Rosebery himself admits that the general mass of evidence is decidedly against Sir Hudson. What still makes the "voice from St. Helena" interesting are Napoleon's commentaries on his battles and other important matters which it contains. O'Meara could not have invented these, and they agree remarkably well with the statements made afterwards by Montholon and Las Cases. O'Meara has this advantage over the others, that being unacquainted with the history of those times, he could ask Napoleon more direct and pertinent questions than they very well could, from fear of inquiring about matters which they might be supposed to know already.

The best of the Napoleonic memoirs are those by Las Cases and Savary, both men of superior character and intelligence. Savary, the Duke of Rovigo, was a brave soldier, and brave men are much more likely to be truthful than those whose courage has never been tested; witness Grant and Sherman. Savary did not prove an able



NAPOLEON AND THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA, 1807

ommander, but Napoleon made use f him to discover the movements of he Russians at Friedland, and to open ommunication with Davout at Eckuhl—at the risk of a dozen lives. His ccounts of the battle of Austerlitz, 'riedland, and Eckmuhl, although incomplete, have the vitality of an eyeitness. After Fouches' retirement Napoleon made Savary superintendent f police. He followed the Emperor to ngland, but he was proscribed by ouis XVIII. and the British governent imprisoned him at Gibraltar, when he afterwards escaped to Asia Minor and returned to France after twelve years of exile. His life was one of the most adventurous and interesting of that stirring period.

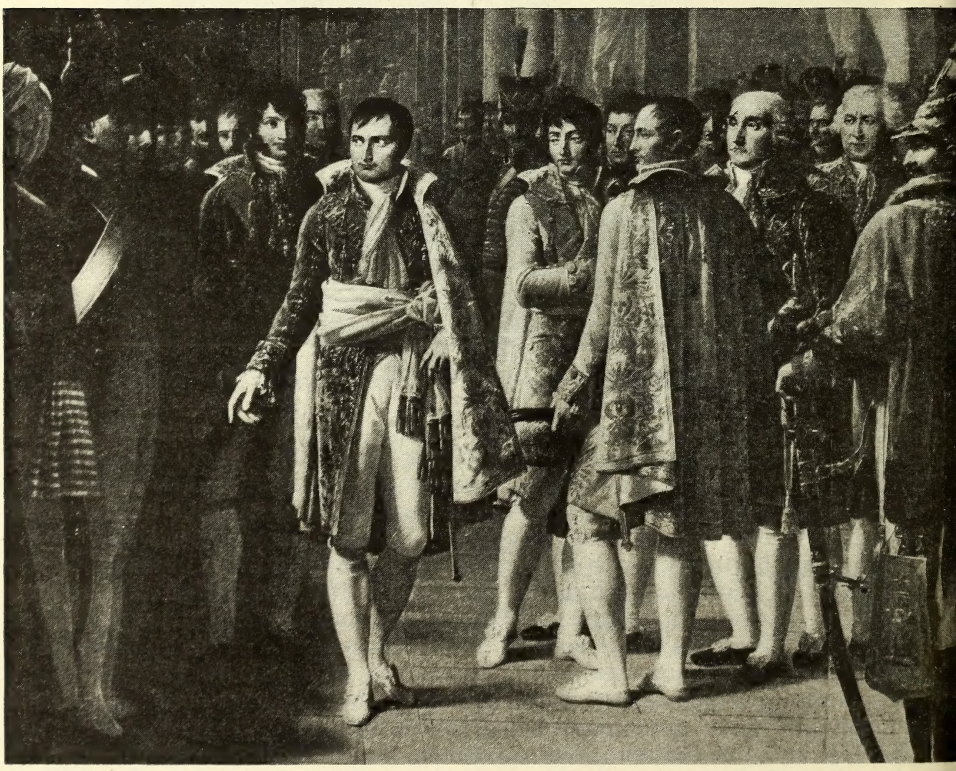
He was a man of astute intelligence, and his writing has much of the frankness, directness, and perspicacity of Napoleon's own. If he appears somewhat too favorable to Napoleon, it is not in what he says, but in what he leaves unsaid. His points are well taken, and his remarks on the condemnation and execution of the Duc d'Eng-

hien are the most judicious of any among his contemporaries.

Count Las Cases belonged to the old French nobility, and his writing has the tone of high cultivation. He fled to England at the outset of the reign of terror and supported himself there by the publication of what he called an atlas, but which would seem to have been an epitome of the history of nations.* He returned to France by favor of Napoleon's amnesty, and soon became so convinced of the good intentions of the Emperor that he accepted a position in the government Napoleon, however, saw or knew little of him, until after the battle of Waterloo he was surprised by Las Cases's determination to acompany him in exile. Las Cases was sent away from Helena by Sir Hudson for sec though perfectly honorable commu cation with Napoleon's friends Europe. Sir Hudson made a mista and attempted to rectify it by havi Las Cases detained at the Cape Good Hope for some six months, d ing which time he suffered sever from the vindictiveness of the Brit officials there. He was not permitt to land in England for fear of the formation he might circulate conce ing the ill-treatment of Napoleon, he was hustled over to Rhenish Pr sia, where he suffered similar gri ances to those at the Cape. His bo bears every mark of an honorable m and a conscientious writer.

* He afterwards republished this in Paris under a *nom de plume*, but the French Academy frowned up Las Cases reports that one of the Academicians told him that "they did not believe in literary work w emanated from the nobility." This was the way in which they afterwards treated Dr. Morton, the discover etherization.

(*To be continued*)



NAPOLEON AND THE GRENADIERS

GLEN NOBLE*

By WINSLOW HALL

CHAPTER XXIX.

SUPPLEMENTING these conditions, Glen went on to say that there was food for deep reflection in the fact that the strictly native population, which complacent theorists hold up to us as able to "assimilate" unrestricted immigration, is sadly decreasing instead of increasing, in all the older sections of the country. In New England, for instance, he cited by substantiating figures, there are actually one and a half more deaths than births among every thousand people whose parents are native-born. "In our own State," Glen exclaimed, pausing a moment to let the significance of his words sink home, "the conditions are even worse, the deaths exceeding the births by ten and four-tenths among each thousand native-born Americans. The families of foreign parentage, on the contrary, show an excess of births over deaths of fifty-eight and a half, while in the old Bay State the excess is almost as great —forty-five and six-tenths. In short, the last census shows that in many localities the number of native-born Americans is either standing still or actually decreasing, while the people whose parents are foreigners are increasing tremendously.

"And yet," Glen continued, raising his finger at the red-faced Speaker in the chair, "we go on playing politics for petty, transient gain and give no heed to the trend of these momentous events, which, if unchecked, as surely spell the extermination of the old stock American and his free institutions and conquest of our Country as the unchecked coming of the Anglo-Saxon to these shores spelt the elimination of the American Indian and the conquest by numbers of his once proud domains. If, Sir," he exclaimed, "we of the lineage of Washington, of Stark, of Sullivan and Lafayette, are prepared to follow the Indian into virtual bondage and ultimate extinction, then, Sir, we can in no wise hasten the day more surely than by putting into control those who have no heed for the future of the country, but who content their small souls with gratifying their selfish lusts while the ship of State holds her wayward course toward the ominous clouds on the rock-fretted near horizon."

Amid the burst of spontaneous applause, in which even some of the administrative members were compelled by the tense excitement to join, a uniformed messenger sped down the aisle and handed a yellow envelope to one of the group which sat closely round Glen's towering young form, on chairs and the nearby desks of other members.

At a nod from Glen he opened the telegram and, hastily reading the contents, his face grew grave and reddened. "Impossible to reach Judge before night," he read in a whisper, over Glen's shoulder. "Last train five-thirty. Let damn rascals hang themselves; outraged people will attend obsequies. Back on special. Terrill."

Glen made no move or sound to indicate the depths of his disappointment. Just pausing sufficiently long to gain a full knowledge of the message, he went on, in a lowered tone, still addressing the Speaker:

"And so, Sir, with a firm conviction that my act is right, I adhere to what

Copyright, 1908, by Winslow Hall. All rights reserved.

I have so often stated, and pronounce again, if it will in any measure clear the atmosphere, that neither on the first ballot nor on any subsequent one may you expect me to vote for the nominee of your caucus if permitted to retain my seat in this assembly. If, because of that decision, I am marked for punishment at your hands, then, with a free conscience and no misgivings I await your pleasure."

An almost painful silence filled the chamber as Glen sat down. His hearers were too profoundly moved for present outburst of applause or temper. Presently one member, more conscious of the presence of the master mind behind the scenes than others, moved the previous question.

Then the storm broke out anew, and while members of the opposition clamored for opportunity to speak upon the motion and the gallery shook with the tumult of contending voices, the Speaker, rising, put the original motion in a voice unheard by all save the recording clerk and announced it carried.

What might have occurred, when the fact went home to the understanding of the opposition and of the gallery crowd, that the crowning act of grave injustice had been put through by form of legal process, it would be difficult to hazard, but just as the Speaker's gavel fell, Glen, who was watching it, slowly rose, his pale face set, and gathered the few papers on his desk together.

His slow, methodical, unimpassioned bearing, and tall young form as it rose above the heads of his friends about him, seemed to catch and hold the absorbed attention of the gathering, and as he turned and moved down the aisle the tumult ceased, and an almost complete silence lent its weight to the closing scene of this impressive drama.

Men bowed and smiled to him, and women in the gallery waved their dainty handkerchiefs, but he seemed not to note the interest centered on him until he had reached the rear of the dense-thronged chamber. Then he looked up at the animate scene above him, and, realizing that all this was meant for him, he smiled and bowed slightly in recognition.

But then, of a sudden, as he again moved on, his great, young form erect and graceful, his face changed, and a glow of red mantled to his temples.

For, amid the hundred faces bent down upon him from above, his quick vision had picked out one—but one the fair, suffused face of Constance Carter.

He passed out of the high-arched door, and as he disappeared the tense strain behind him broke and such a storm of appreciation for him rolled from gallery to floor and floor to dome as shook the vast chamber to its foundations.

With a few friends he escaped the throng of wrought-up people who surged down the stairways, and by a side entrance gained the street and hurried to his apartment in the old-time hostelry. There he was joined by others who had stood by him in the crisis, and later in the afternoon the Major came, towering like an angry thunder cloud, and, while Glen rested, insisted on hearing every scrap of what had been said during the afternoon repeated by those who had been present.

It suffices for our story to relate, that that evening, in the Major's chamber there was formed an organization known as the Constitution Party Club with the Major as its first president and Glen as its secretary and treasurer, which was to have a potent bearing on future politics. That information, and the kindred statement, that, as this factor in local civic life was being born, the Legislature met in grand committee and carried out the bargain of its Master, by electing the Honorable Theopilus I. Burland to the high office which he had contracted for, must close the portal leading further on down the labyrinthic way of practical politics, into which our little romance for a brief time inadvertently wandered.

When Glen Noble arrived home at Stonestead station, he came little like a discredited hero.

A delegation of personal and political friends was there to greet him, headed by good Doctor Gey, who beamed his delight on the brown-haired, broad-shouldered young man whom he had helped into the world and whom he had solicitously watched through all his vicissitudes and triumphs up to the present hour.

He made a characteristic little speech of welcome, in the name of his fellow-townsmen, to which Glen was obliged to briefly reply, and then the hearty, good-natured crowd surrounding the little, rambling railroad station cheered itself hoarse, and with crude but honest acclaim vowed allegiance to "their candidate," pledging him that if the courts did not reinstate him in his seat they would elect him two years hence to a higher office by such an overwhelming majority that no returning board would dare to count him out.

Of course, such spontaneous, sincere outpouring of loyalty and sympathy was pleasing to Glen. Even an older face than his might have been excused the blush of pleasure that mantled his handsome, manly young features and the moisture of gratitude that for a moment dimmed his deep brown eyes.

He went with his friends to the village hostelry, where dinner was prepared, and after a little impromptu speechmaking over coffee and cigars later, he held an informal, old-friend reception in the hotel parlor.

But when it was all over, and the last formal word in heart-felt greeting had been said, Glen firmly declined the offer of friends to see him home, and started out afoot, as in days gone by, by highway and across lots for the farm.

Not that he did not appreciate fully the sincere testaments of good will and honor shown him, for his heart was swollen with appreciation and thanks. But while his whole being responded gratefully to such friendliness, his thoughts were with another, and she an absent one.

How true it is, as someone, somewhere, has so well said, that a sliver in one's little finger is of more concern than a famine in India.

To Glen, this mild, sunshiny winter's day, plodding along over the half-bared fields toward his welcoming home, it mattered little for the moment that the public prints far outside the State's domains were applauding him as a hero and as a martyr in humanity's loftiest cause. His mind was not at all concerned with the prominence he had attained nor with canvassing the future which was destined to bring him further honors.

The applause and turmoil was left behind, forgotten, and with head bent and hand thrust in his coat pockets he plodded on, unfeeling the buoyant pulse of the glorious upland air, unconscious of the golden sunlight on the dappled landscape, the glint of bird wings, or the perfumed scent of the moist turf, that ordinarily he would have inhaled with deep, luxuriant breaths. He heard nothing and saw only the fair face of the girl he loved, bent to him from the crowded gallery with its smile.

The following morning early, after the sausages and fried pudding with maple syrup had been disposed of, Glen backed into his great coat, which one of the men held for him, and after giving some directions as to the work of the day, he drove off toward Ludlow.

He arrived at Major Terrill's office just after the old lawyer had settled down into his chair to read the morning paper.

"Well, well," exclaimed the Major, sticking out a welcoming hand to be shaken as Glen stamped in. "What's the early bird out for this morning?"

Glen said he had some business in town to attend to, and thought he would drop in in passing.

"Glad you did, glad you did," rejoined the Major, carefully poising his glasses on the assertive ridge of nose that he held up to receive them. "Indeed, I wanted to see you specially about that brief I'm to file in the recount matter. Wait till I see what's in the paper and we'll talk it over."

Glen threw his overcoat across the

table and busied himself with a file of Boston papers until the Major laid down the newspaper.

"Oh, by the way, Major, have you a pretty good telephone service here?" Glen asked, nodding toward a telephone on the nearby wall.

"Tolerable, tolerable," said the Major, glaring over the rubber rims of his glasses at the instrument, as though that was the first time he had noticed such an innovation in his office.

"But as to that brief, Glen," he continued, withdrawing his gaze from the telephone after scrutinizing it and finding it uninteresting.

"Copper circuit?" asked Glen.

"Ha?" said the Major, jerkily removing his glasses and looking keenly at his visitor, who still stood contemplating the instrument.

"Have a copper, out-of-town wire?" Glen supplemented, still viewing the telephone critically. "I've heard they're the best."

"I'd know," said the Major, after a pause. "I know they charge like robbery for it. It ought to be something extra fine for the money. But as I was saying—"

"Fairly private service?" Glen interrupted, still interrogatively.

The Major snorted. "You thinking of going into the telephone business?" he asked, sarcastically.

"If you're going down to get your mail, Major, I'll wait for you," said Glen, slowly. "While you're gone I may like to use your telephone, if you've no objection."

The old lawyer watched his visitor as Glen stepped to the telephone and interestedly viewed the instrument in all its details. The expression on the old lawyer's countenance indicated a perplexed doubt whether his young friend was slightly demented or if he himself was wavering mentally.

"I—" He was going to explode with a strong exclamation to the effect that he had no intention of going to the post-office for an hour yet. But then he paused and looked keenly at the square-cut shoulders of the young man, who, by now, was deeply absorbed in the uninteresting titles of the calf-bound volumes which were marshaled in even array on the shelves.

The kindly old practitioner was far from being dense. "I guess I *will* go down to the office," he said. "May be something there from the court that I may want to see about."

He pulled on the old fur cap with its floppy ear-laps that had been lying, top down, on the table with a pair of dark-stained buckskin gloves thrown into its frayed, silk interior. In back, the fur of that familiar old cap was all worn off to the shiny hide, from contact with up-turned coat collar, and when the Major put it on he tugged it down so on the back of his head that only a little frings of iron-grey hair showed below it.

Glen listened to the slow, heavy thump of the old man's rubber-shod feet on the stairs, until the outer door banged shut, a quizzical smile on his face, half self-accusing for playing such a shabby trick on his old friend. Then he quickly took the telephone book from its hook and ran a finger down the printed pages until he came to the "W's." Then he rang up central.

"I want seven, eleven, two—the Seminary in Westborough," he said, when "central" answered. "This is number eight forty-seven, Ludlow. I want to talk with Miss Constance Carter. You'll call me? All right!"

He hung up the receiver and went and gazed out the window, an odd, anxious expression on his face.

When the telephone jingled he crossed the wide room in three strides.

"Hullo? Hullo?" a gentle inquiring voice was saying in his ear: a voice now rounded and softened to full maturity, but which he recognized instantly, and oh, so well.

"Hullo!" he rejoined into the mouthpiece. "Hullo, Constance! Is it you?"

"Why, Glen. Is that you?" asked the voice in pleased surprise, and after the idiomatic manner of repetition and query peculiar to conversation over the phone.

"Yes," Glen answered. "I'm down at Ludlow. I'm in the Major's office."

"Oh, is that so?" replied the voice at Glen's ear, still adhering to the somewhat vacant colloquialism of telephony. "Is the Major there?"

"No." Glen shifted to the other foot and smiled at the blank wall. "He—he had to go down to the post-office."

"Oh! I wish he were there. I'd like to hear his dear voice."

"Say, Constance!"

"Yes?"

"Say!"

"Yes, Glen."

"Say. Would it be proper for me to come over to Westborough? I've something very special I'd like to see you about."

"Me, Glen?"

"Yes."

"Why, Glen. I'd like so much to see somebody from home, but, you know, it's against the rules for us to receive gentlemen company here. Would you come with the Doctor and Aunt Clara?"

"No," exclaimed Glen, and little as the word is it made the instrument rattle. "I'm coming alone."

A musical little laugh rang over the wire. "Oh, my, Glen! That would never do."

"Well, rules or no rules, I'm coming, unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Say!"

"What?"

"Say! If I don't come will you promise me something?"

"Why, Glen!" A pause. "How dreadful mysterious you are this morning. Does politics make people always so mysterious?"

"Say!"

"What, Sir?"

"Will you promise?"

A little, amused laugh, half doubtful, half confused.

"Promise what?—you bother."

"Say!"

"Yes?"

"Say, Constance; it really isn't much. If I'll agree not to disrupt your old school by coming over to see you, will you promise me one little thing?"

"Is that a threat?"

"Partly."

"Well-l-l." Long drawn out. "You know, Sir, I never was good at resisting a dare."

"Dish this phone! I can't say half what I mean standing here to a hole in the wall."

"Do what to it, did you say, Sir?"

"Dish it."

"Oh!"

"Say," from Glen.

"What?"

"Say, Kit!"

"Yes?"

"Say! When you coming home?"

"Easter, Glen."

"Easter? When's Easter?"

"Why, Glen! Easter's the sixteenth."

"Sixteenth? Say!"

"Yes?"

"Say, Kit! If I won't come over and bother you, will you promise me to—to— Oh, confound this way of talking, anyway! Constance!"

"Yes, Glen."

"Are you there?"

"Yes." A little smothered laugh.

"Say! If I don't come over, will you promise me all of Easter evening to ourselves? I—I want to see you about something."

A long pause.

"Hullo!"

"Yes, Glen—that is," hurriedly, "I mean I'm listening."

"But do you promise?"

"Why, Glen." A pause. "You see, the Robbins girls and I were going—"

"Well, don't. Tell 'em you can't—that you've got another engagement. Tell 'em anything. Only promise."

"Why, Glen—I—I—O, Glen!"

"Yes?" Anxiously.

"Miss Taft, the matron, is coming. I'll have to say good-by."

Commotion at Glen's end of the line.

"Constance!" earnestly. "Please promise," oh, so pleadingly.

"Is it so important, Glen? Will it please you?"

"So very much."

"Well," a pause. "I don't begin to understand you now you've grown up and got to be such a great man. But if it really is necessary." A pause.

"Well." A noise of some one trying to get further into the receiver at Glen's end.

"Well—if it really makes any difference—Yes, I promise?"

"Thank you so much, little one," and Glen settled back onto his heels. "I'll explain everyhing when you're home. Good-by, if I must."

"Good-by, Glen. Remember me to all the folks and to the Major."

"Until Easter."

"Until Easter."

"Good-by."

Glen heard the receiver being hung up slowly, and as he turned away, a bright light in his own brown eyes, he heard, on the outer stairs, the slow skuff of the Major's feet as the old lawyer slowly ascended.

When he came in Glen was deeply absorbed in a bulky, black volume which had been nearest to his hand at the moment of the opening of the door. The Major tugged off his cap and tossed it on the table, and drew off his gloves slowly, eyeing Glen narrowly.

"That government report on interstate commerce you've got there, young man, ain't very recent," he said, slowly, and Glen's eyelids fluttered. "If you want something real interesting, I just got the department's latest treatise on Constitutional Limitation, that ought to make nice reading.

Glen looked up laughing, but the Major was already seated, adjusting his glasses astride his nose and pawing over the papers on his desk, while he hummed a bar or two of an old love song.

Finally, after he had read through several legal-looking forms and signed a letter or two, he pushed back his swiveled chair and put one pudgy knee up against the edge of the desk, removing his glasses and closing and squinting his eyes as he did so.

"About the brief," he said, as though he had not from the first been interrupted in the subject, and Glen closed the dry-as-dust government report and took a seat by his friend, who had been the boyhood friend of his father.

For some time they discussed their affairs, politics, farming, *etcetera.* Finally Glen got up to go, promising to be in town again the following week, on request of the Major. Lunging into his great coat and pulling on a pair of fur gloves, he said, "good-by." He was just closing the door when the Major said:

"Oh, a-Glen! If there's anything about that old telephone that you don't like, I'll have it remedied."

Glen paused on the threshold. A broad back was all he could see of the Major, but there was a suspicious agitation of the stooped shoulders. He was about to make answer, when the Major interrupted him.

"That's all right, Farmer," he said, his face buried in a law book. "Come in any time. Post-office hours from ten to ten-thirty."

Glen closed the door with a bang, and passing by the window that opened from the office onto the dusky hallway he rapped on the grimy window-pane, then clattered down the stairs and passed out into the winter's sunshine.

CHAPTER XXX.

Candlemas day that year dawned leaden, with banks of clouds curtaining the eastern skies and all the forenoon a hushed expectancy brooded over the up-country. But at noon the sun broke through and flooded the white world with radiant splendor. Then again the mist-veils were drawn and the afternoon passed into history a gray, shadowless phantom. Whereby it came to pass that prophets that season were disconcerted.

Whether the ground hog had or had not seen his shadow was a mooted question one of the village tavern debating club spent several sessions over, but which was finally left undecided.

But the antis finally had the weight of evidence on their side, for the spring that year was early.

March, the mad month of strange erratic tendencies, both came and went the lamb; the lion only roaring once

for a brief night and day, about the middle of it.

Then came the south wind, kissing back to laughter the long mute mountain rills, and calling, whisperingly, the dead to rise. Soon the keen eyes of country folks began to notice the swelling of the buds, and up the southward slopes Spring came apace, heralded by first the robin, then the bluebird, and then other songsters of her merry train.

Days passed—pensive, yet gladsome; quickening, yet languorous—with blue skies just dimly veiled along the far horizon by fleecy mists and sunshine unalloyed from sun to sun.

Sheep-bells started forth again their tinkling sounds from slanting fields where the heavy coverlets of winter were already gone, leaving the well-protected verdure succulent and green.

Crows, black pirates of the air, came from the sheltering pinewoods and settled on field and fence posts, gossiping shrilly that seed-time was near at hand. Like ancient signal columns from mount to mount, the smoke coiled upward in the still air from heaps of rubbish burned by forehanded farmers clearing the land of useless stubble, or from a smouldering stump; and afar, at intervals, deep detonations rumbled from where new land was being cleared with explosives for the coming of the plow.

Spring comes apace up here amid the northern hills and at her advent the quest of the farmer is a busy one. The little legs of the little souls who prate of the life monotonous would have felt a tired ache had they followed Glen about his duties these golden days, and that, too, alack, without the splendid recompense of conscious glory in such tire.

About the time the jaded woman of the town, after her winter's round of artificial gaieties, puts off her sables, the pussy pillow in the country dons its little furs and thereby strikes the hour for action.

One day, it was along in April, Mrs. Marsh had been up to the Grey place all the afternoon. Work on the farm had been imperative and Glen had not found opportunity for his usual visits, but Mrs. Marsh had been to see Aunt Kate quite frequently. She remarked at the tea table that she had a delightful visit, for a dressmaker had come up from the village and was engaged in making a dress, "an elegant creation," for Constance; and the three women had, in consequence, been in their glory.

It was to be a blue silk, Mrs. Marsh said, but the four men about the table, Glen, Mr. Marsh, and the two farm "boys," were enthused to no comment. Glen was cogitating the suggested picture of a brown-haired, bright-eyed girl in a blue gown contemplatively, and thought that the presentiment was good, but the other three men again took up the discussion of the respective merits of centrifugal vs. gravity cream separators, which had been under discussion before Mrs. Marsh spoke.

In the next pause the good housekeeper ventured the surmise, come at after a lengthy comparing of views by herself, the dressmaker, and Aunt Kate during the afternoon, that it was going to be some kind of a wedding gown, and Glen dropped his fork and the girl in blue seemed to fade away into the distance, smiling sadly as she went.

"Why?" Glen asked, somewhat explosively, and was glad the next instant that there was such a thing as cream separators to absorb other men's minds.

Well, Mrs. Marsh had no real foundation for her belief, but when the dressmaker had been over to Westborough to consult Constance it had been plates of wedding gowns that had been called for, and then, too, the dress now under construction was to have a train, something that no ordinary dress had. Then there were other circumstances, most of them inexplicable to the male mind. The dress was not for the school wear, that was certain, for it was to be done only the second week in June, after commencement, and at the time when Constance herself was expected home after graduating.

Glen not only lost interest in the

wonderful dress, after a while, but in his supper also, and excused himself and got up and went out on to the veranda.

The early twilight had come and above the last crimson streak across the western sky the quiet heavens were purple, set here and there with palpitating stars, like headland lights on a darkened sea.

Glen thrust his clenched hands in the sagged pockets of his rough tweed jacket and went and leaned against the trellis of the porch, looking off southward over the dimming valley. A bell, for Thursday evening prayer service, sounded faint from the village, coming teeteringly on the gentle breeze; here and there the lights of homes flashed forth, gleaming yellow, like a constellation fallen down from the serene sky above, and then the late moon poked her prow above the distant black-shaped mountains and launched herself on the placid sea of night.

But of these scenes and sounds the tall silhouetted figure on the veranda took no evident note, and the call of the men to the cattle for the night, the flashing of a lantern down the lane, and the clamor of Lad, the pup, wheedling the sheep from the nearby pasture into the fold, all of which should have called him from his reverie passed unnoticed.

The cool of the spring night strengthened, but Glen did not feel it. Only shifting his weight now and again from one rough-shod foot to the other, he continued leaning against the vine-clad support, his unheeding eyes roving from light to light and down the long, pensive shadows of the woods.

Perplexed by his peculiar position, beset and handicapped by untoward circumstances, he had got himself into that frame of mind where the unintended shaft of doubt, let loose by Mrs. Marsh's chance remark, penetrated his armor of patient faith, touching him to the quick with its sting of poignant dread.

He turned and went back into the house. Mrs. Marsh was just sitting down with her crocheting by the evening lamp. Her husband, his toil-roughened hands in contrast with the smooth vellum of the volume, was reading a copy of Glen's well-worn set of DeQuincey essays. Alan MacLaren sat droning by the open fireside, his pale blue eyes fixed vacantly on the leaping flames.

The old Scotchman sat thus much of late evenings, thinking, thinking, seeing faces in the fire of those he loved. The bonny tresses of the wife he had lost and of the daughter lost to him also were in the yellow of the flame and their bright eyes in the glow of the lambent embers.

At times he would start forward in his old rush-bottomed chair, gripping his great, age-weakened fists together until the kuckles knotted like rope ends, murmuring impotent curses on all who had any hand in luring Flora from him.

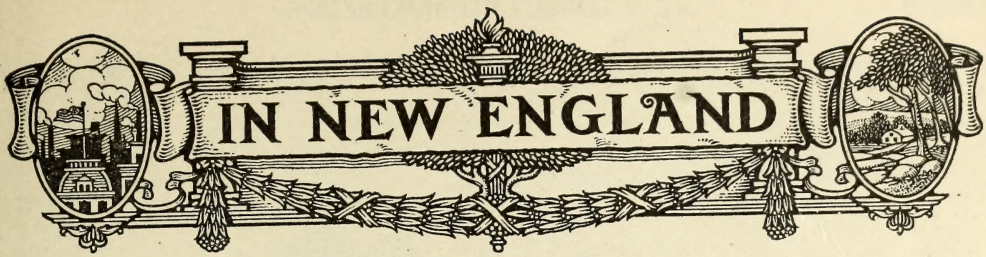
Once, a year before, he disappeared for several weeks and then came back haggard and spent after a vain search out in the cruel world, of which he guessed so little, for his "wee bonny lass," as he never ceased to call her.

Since then he passed but little time in his cheerless cottage, but haunted the house, keeping close to Mrs. Marsh or to Glen, saying little, but following them for evident companionship in his travial of heart like a dumb creature. For many things which he did he was not responsible, and no duties were put upon him. But he pottered about, doing this thing and that unconscious that the responsibilities of old had slipped from him.

Glen sighed as he passed the bent figure by the hearth, and touched the old man's head gently as he went on through the living apartment and up to his room in the old wing of the building.

In this older part of the dwelling Glen maintained his dominion—one room his chamber, the other, full of books, boyish gimcracks, old furniture, fishing rods, and, as Mrs. Marsh was wont to exclaim on cleaning day, "general disorder."

(To be continued)



THE GREAT "DISCOVERY"

The New England press for the past month has been lining up with the Peary or Cook camps.

We are not aware that any individual has an inalienable right to be first at the North Pole. The principal asset which the world has derived from the adventurous spirit has been the stirring of red blood and the access of manhood incident to the struggle with the brute forces of nature. It is more than likely that it will judge the relative merits of competing candidates for the honor of "discovery" by the manliness of their respective attitudes, and it is quite possible for any and all to so conduct themselves that the world will shrug its shoulders, and say, "who cares whether you were there or not?"

At the same time this would be unfortunate. Let us be patient and not belittle the greatness of a great achievement.

STREET RAILWAYS AND SCENERY PROTECTION

Street railway companies in Massachusetts have offered to aid the state in its battle against forest fires. The state has accepted the offer, and general orders have gone forth to many of the railway superintendents to begin the work of co-operation at once, on a well-planned system. This move on the part of the railway companies places a commercial value on rural scenes. It is to protect scenery, because its attracts the people and creates traffic for the companies.

THE PRENDERGAST CAMP, BOSTON

Through the generous gift of twenty acres of land in Mattapan, by Mr. James M. Prendergast, the Boston Association for the Relief and Control of Tuberculosis has been enabled to undertake a new experiment in the after care of discharged sanatorium patients.

The return to live in congested quarters of the city often negatives the good results of Sanatorium treatment, so Prendergast Camp has been developed to offer a continuation of the Sanatorium life so far as is consistent with a return to work.

In a beautifully wooded tract within the city limits, and only fifteen minutes by trolley beyond the Forest Hills extension of the elevated railroad, men who have had the tubercular process arrested may find ideal outdoor conditions under which to clinch the cure. An administration building, with kitchen, dining-room, shower baths, and toilets, and a long "lean-to," accommodating twelve men, comprises the present equipment. In the sleeping shack the ward effect has been avoided by a division into "cubicles," with walls of canvas reaching part way to the ceiling. In each cubicle there is a bed, chair, closet, and chiffonier. Each cubicle is open to the front and has a window in the rear high over the bed, offering ideal conditions for outdoor sleeping.

It is expected that patients from the different sanatoria who are ready to return to work, but who dread a return to unfavorable living conditions in the city, will be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity to continue the treatment. The price for board has been fixed at $4 per week. It is aimed to serve well-cooked and appetizing food, with free use of milk and eggs.

A small garden was cleared last spring. This will be extended so as to



PRENDERGAST CAMP FOR MEN AT WEST ROXBURY

furnish a supply of fresh vegetables for the table.

Mr. Henry E. Paulson and wife are respectively superintendent and matron at the camp. Mr. Paulson left Rutland three months ago, and has undertaken this position in preference to returning to his former work in one of the shoe factories at Campello.

The Prendergast Camp—a night camp, it might be called—is a new departure in caring for tuberculosis. Its progress will be watched with great interest, and if successful it will surely lead to the development of suburban homes specially adapted to rental charges and in construction for the housing of the entire families of patients, both men and women, who seriously need something better than is offered in the congested districts of the city, at a rental within the means of the workingman.

BROCKTON FAIR ATHLETIC MEET

The Brockton Fair is planning this year to hold the greatest outdoor athletic meet ever held in New England. They have gone to a great expense to build a quarter-mile cinder track within the oval of the Fair Grounds, with a good building for training quarters, supplied with shower baths and other accommodations. Having this quarter of a mile track they are enable to have a more complete meet than in former years, when they were dependent on the horse track for their use. There will be another departure this year, the athletic games taking place on Thursday, October 7, one of the big days.

On Tuesday, the first day, there will be the usual children's sports of all kinds, with basket-ball and football games; on Thursday, the seventh annual athletic meet of the Brockton

Fair; on Friday, the second annual Marathon race.

The athletic events have come into such prominence that the best athletes in the country are glad to come and take part in the games and races.

associations, and Y. M. C. A.'s. The above makes a fine list of attractions, and assures all those interested in athletics that they will have a good day's sport if they attend the Brockton Fair on Thursday, October 7th.



FROM A PAINTING BY J. A. S. MONKS

The standard of the prizes, established years ago by the Brockton Fair, has always been maintained, and when an athlete says he has won a prize at the Brockton Fair, his friends know that it is of the value claimed.

Among the events that are to take place on Thursday are the 100-yard dash, 220-yard run, 440-yard run, 880-yard run, one mile, three mile, running high jump, running broad jump, pole vault, shotput, 120-yard high hurdle, 220-yard low hurdle, and a one-mile relay race, open to all colleges, athletic

A correction. The illustration on page 718 of the September number represented the timely arrival of Captain Bailey and E Company of the 9th Infantry. We regret that the title printed was erroneous.—*Editor.*

ART

The typical Monks picture repro-

duced above has been recently acquired by E. C. Berhek, Esq., of Boston, who is to be congratulated upon the possession of so masterly a work from the studio of this distinguished Boston artist.

Mr. Monks' chosen field is one inviting either the most laborious study or —slovenliness! To gain a fairly adequate knowledge of the form and habits of an individual species and vary its presentation in pastoral composition might be thought quite sufficient by men of no mean quality. But it is not in this way that Mr. Monks has attained his masterful strength. He is never done with the study of his sheep. He lives among them, and when the accidental interest arises in the great play of out-of-doors, he is there to chronicle it with interpreting insight of his long training. Mr. Monks' sheep are, in the first place, real sheep, capable of moving about on the legs he gives them and cropping grass with their strong teeth and lips. In the second place, they are individuals, each with his personal equation, and in the third place, they are doing something that sheep do in the way that sheep do it. But this is not all. Nor is it sufficient to add that Mr. Monks has been a close student of light and successfully transfers to his canvas an infinite play of color.

Over and above all this, which is the firm foundation upon which his art builds, is a pastoral quality drawn from the human heart. His impressionistic realism is set to work doing something more than transcribing objective actuality—to which, nevertheless, it is never false. In all his paintings is that ineffable touch that makes all the world kin.

The picture before us is of sheep conscious of the shepherd's care. About them is no fear, no anxiety. They are the sheep of the Twenty-third Psalm—the sheep that are known each by its name. In the background is a hint of abundance, of shelter, and of house. Trust, contentment, peace—these are its message, over and above its splendid drawing and masterful transcription of light and shade.

Mr. Monks is an industrious workman. From his field workshops and from his studio, at No. 296 Boylston street, new pictures are constantly appearing, each with its distinctive quality—sometimes leaning toward broad, poetic landscape, sometimes toward almost literal portraiture of the flock or some strong leader or meek-eyed ewe. In this fruitfulness as well is that master shown which ranks him among the men who in our day are making the city of Boston known as an art center to be seriously reckoned with.



As was forecasted in our September number, the opening of the theatrical season in Boston was unusually brilliant. At the Tremont Theatre Mr. Louis Mann's strong acting relieved the tameness of a not very strong play. It was followed by "The Candy Shop," a musical comedy cast along popular lines. At the Majestic also musical comedy holds the boards. "Havana," fresh from a six months' run at the Casino in New York, with Edith Decker as prima donna, will be very likely to repeat its success in Boston. At the Hollis Street Theatre Robert Edeson, in the "Noble Spaniard," was well received, the houses being unusually large for so early in the season. "On the Eve," which followed it with the German actress, Hedwig Reicher, a woman of great beauty, as well as dramatic genius, in the leading part, is as strong a play as is likely to be seen in New England this season. It is interesting to note that in the unusually strong cast of this piece Miss Stella Hammerstein, whose dramatic career opens most auspiciously, will appear. At the Park Theatre, "A Gentleman from Mississippi," a laughing comedy that is part of the fun of the day, is the attraction. Every one will want to see it. "Senator Langdon" is a character to be



FLORENCE ROCKWELL, WHO WILL TOUR NEW ENGLAND IN "THE BARRIER"

emembered and Bud Haines, the oung reporter, and Randolph Lang- on and the "Bouquet of Buds from lississippi" are all memories to lighten any a day with good-humored uckle. Not to see "A Man from lississippi" is to be as much out of e with the times as to miss Rose ahl in a "Chorus Lady" at the Co- nial. For that is another of the all- und shows for everybody that is en- rtaining the Boston public.

"The Candy Shop," which is the new attraction at the Tremont, is enjoying, says the *Transcript*, the good fortune of a musical play that discovers new talents in familiar players, and gives unfamiliar players their opportunity. "The Candy Shop" is really an assemblage of opportunities for an able company. Few of them go unimproved.

William Collier and his laughable farce, "The Patriot," follows "On the Eve" at the Hollis. He is surrounded by an admirable company. More and more in recent years Mr. Collier has

written his own plays and while the skeleton of "The Patriot" is the work of Hartley Manners, the actor himself has oftenest clothed it with the dialogue.



THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF BOOKKEEPING. Single and double entry. By Calvin G. Hutchinson, accountant, and Walter S. Parker, assistant superintendent of schools, Boston.

This valuable book has lately come under our notice and we are inclined to call attention to it because there is now much discussion of what are called modern methods of accounting. It begins with a narrative diary of business transactions and explains why these records need to be stated in regular and recognized forms.

The principles of bookkeeping are as old as those of arithmetic and are so stated as to be understood by any one. The relation of debit and credit is clearly explained, and the several forms of accounts are stated under several heads as follows, viz.:

Ordinary Accounts—Accounts current, cash, notes receivable, notes payable, inventory and valuation.

Subordinate Accounts—Outlay and income, proprietors' capital, or stock account.

These are so exemplified as to show what classes of facts belong on either side of the several forms, and many sets of books and examples for the pupil to write out are given.

Beyond the proper field of school study there is much general information not elsewhere published, comprising bank statements, the clearing house, analysis of financial reports, comparisons of the United States National Bank and Bank of England systems, and a great variety of relative matter.

The book is highly commended by high officials of the United States Treasury, the chief cashier of the Bank of England, and eminent teachers.

It is of the utmost value for self-instruction and is issued in two editions. For common schools, elementary principles, and single entry, 88 pp., 50 cents; for high schools and self-instruction, single and double entry, 240 pp., $1.00. The publisher is now C. G. Hutchinson, 14 Wales street, Dorchester, Mass.

THE ETHICS OF PROGRESS

To found ethical conceptions upon a generalization which will hold for an age that no longer leans on authority for its ethical standards, and that will at the same time afford an illuminating point of view from which to discuss moral questions now sharply at issue, is the professed purpose of a very serious discussion by the Rev. Charles F. Dole, who has already contributed to the subject such essays as "The Golden Rule in Business," "The Problem of Duty," etc.

The ethics of progress is distinctly idealistic and theistic without being theological in the usual sense of the word, or bound by tradition. The discussions are fresh, thought-provoking and vital. If he has not altogether escaped the temptation to overwork a phrase as the perfect key to the solution of all ethical complications, he has at least taken pains to define his catch-word of "good-will" on clean and simple language. We still detect, however, a trace of the old New England spirit in Mr. Dole's "man of good-will," and would very much dislike to be at his mercy. The long upper-lipped variety of saint might find a very comfortable standing-ground well within the borders of this phrase on which to pose and this is the trouble with all catch-words. New England life, the New England character, has been so blighted by just that kind of thing that it will require more than one generation more to eliminate it.

But Mr. Dole's ethical discussions are far more human than is usual to moral essays.

If we find in it a disappointing retention of this old flavor, we also miss one strange element that belonged to the elder ethical discussions.

Mr. Dole's theory of the nature of sin seems to us inadequate—rather thin, to put it plainly, and, as a necessary consequence, his discussion of forgiveness becomes correspondingly unsatisfying. To say that "your blame ceases as soon as the occasion ceases. This is the essence of forgiveness" (page 259), is to forget the very soul of forgiveness as the great initiative of moral regeneration. Forgiveness that sits down and waits for the other fellow to turn over the new leaf and make everything right is not forgiveness at all—it is merely a good-natured setting aside of a grudge. Forgiveness as self-initiated, outgoing, regenerating activity is the greatest of all ethical facts or forces. Mr. Dole's definition smacks again of New England coldness and doctrinairism and is the most unsatisfactory phase of the book. Turning from these things to the body of the discussion we find much insight and breadth, a true humanity and honesty that is quickening and refreshing. While we would criticise the book rather sharply in sane particulars, we would wish it a wide reading and rejoice in its appearance. It is published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., in a handsome one dollar and a half octavo volume.

THE NEW HUDSON SHAKESPEARE

The classic of classics has gradually wrought out for itself in the world of books a typographical form which few publishers would have the tenacity to radically alter. Between the ponderous folios of old, and the dainty little hand-books which the public has come to associate with the publication of a Shakespeare play is to be found about every style of book-making known to the art. But they have simmered down to a pretty well-established type, within the lines of which there is still abundant room for individuality.

"The New Hudson Shakespeare," as issued in a school edition by Ginn & Company, is a handsome series of volumes, bound in red cloth and clearly printed with numerous annotations and illustrations.

A comparison with the old Hudson Shakespeare shows the notes to be entirely rewritten as well as condensed and reduced to a more logical form. More attention is paid to sources and to historical and contemporary influences and the notes are indexed. The text is conservative.

The student who purchases the New Hudson Shakespeare comes into possession of a handsome little volume not unfitted for a place in his permanent library.

The notes are not as obtrusive as might be supposed from the fact that they are printed on the same page as the text, and in that, as in other respects, convenience has been carried to the very highest point. Details, such as the printing of act and scene numbers at the head of each page and the use of a heavier faced type in the notes to indicate the words and phrases commented upon, detract nothing from the appearance, while they greatly facilitate rapid reference.

The book does not seek to exploit its extraneous material above its great original, and its modest dignity in this respect reflects all the more credit upon its editors. Its popularity is assured.

OLD WHALING DAYS

To any one who has loved the traditions of New Bedford or gray Nantucket town, the very title of Howland Tripp's new book "In Whaling Days" seems a talisman. It will unlock, perhaps, the secrets of those grim old barks in the historical paintings sailing serenely against a background of hard yellow sky and oily green sea. The square-rigged ships, indeed, have almost disappeared from the wharves of New Bedford to-day, but in all the whaling towns, the dignified and ample

houses still attest to the success of the olden enterprise.

The actual life of the whaler on the high sea has been given in many a novel, from the little known "Moby Dick; or the White Whale" to the "Cruise of the Cachalot." It is the second phase of whaling life that Mr. Tripp has chosen to describe, the retired merchants in their white-pillared houses or in their loafing place at the Mercantile Insurance Company. It is extremely desirable that these traditions should be preserved and the series of character sketches that Mr. Tripp has presented show the requisite knowledge of the past, together with a deep interest in the subject. His diligent and careful workmanship is undeniable in the studied development of situation and the detailed description of the old captains. Some of the climaxes, though a little measured, are very telling. There is the homely philosophy of the ship-owner, who never hired a man from captain to foremast hand without knowing who his mother was, and there is the admirable retort made by the soft-tongued Quaker to an overshrewd competitor.

"I *try* to be a gentleman," the latter had said in tentative apology.

"I am a gentleman," said the Quaker, as he left the office.

Out of the very precision and diligence of the work, however, rises a self-consciousness that tends to make it a malted extract of the old salty flavor. Some ingredient there is that is lacking in the composition. The atmosphere should be as thickset with romance as a fog from the southeast, but it is as rarefied as mountain air. The tang of the salt is not here, and without it any tale of New Bedford must lose its savor. If Mr. Tripp had lived, he would doubtless have merged in complete harmony his power of narrative with an appreciation of environment. As it is the collection of tales must remain an earnest only of what maturer powers might have accomplished, yet a book creditable in itself and valuable to New Bedford.





THE BOSTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BANQUET

The carefully planned and skilfully executed merger of the Boston Chamber of Commerce and the Merchants' Association has at last made its official bow before the public in a great banquet at which the President of the United States was among the guests of honor. The occasion was picturesque and memorable. Among the interesting things, such as always develop at such a time, was the revelation to many of the clean-cut, oratorical ability of Governor Eben Draper The governor's speech was all that the time and occasion required and was delivered with ease and force. President Taft, whose speech was, of course, the event of the evening, remained significantly silent concerning the tariff, took occasion to eulogize Senator Aldrich, defended his great tour, and urged reformatory financial legislation. His sincerity impressed the great audience very strongly, and from the moment that he rose to his feet his personality dominated the vast audience and its sincerity and overflowing good humor became the atmosphere of the occasion.

The Boston Chamber of Commerce, it is needless to say, was greatly gratified by securing the attendance of the President of the United States as its guest of honor at the banquet. It takes pride in the recognition of Mr. Taft of the value and significance to every progressive community in the country of an example of enterprise and energy in the cause of progress throughout New England. The significance of that consolidation, from the point of view of the Chamber, is the proof it gave that civic patriotism and earnestness of purpose to labor for the general welfare, and a refusal to allow selfish consideration to obscure public duty, were placed whole-heartedly at the service not only of Boston, but of all the other interdependent communities which are comprised in the name "New England." The Merchants' Association, which consented to sink its identity in another and younger organization, was composed of members entitled to be proud of past achievements, who, only a short time before, had reorganized themselves for still more effective work than they had been doing in the past. Their recognition that, by merging with the Chamber of Commerce, they would be able to advance the cause which they had at heart still more effectively, was striking proof of their high conception of public duty.

The reorganized Chamber desires to impress upon the public the fact that the scope of the public service which it has equipped itself to render is not bounded by Boston alone. Its field is New England, and it is to her commerce, her industry, and her public interests no less than to those of Boston proper, that it purposes to devote itself. The advancement of those interests in Boston will, it believes, benefit all the other communities of the section of the country of which Boston is the metropolis, and it earnestly hopes for co-operation from without as well as from within its municipal limits.

NEW ENGLAND SHOE AND LEATHER ASSOCIATION

By Secretary Thomas F. Anderson

With a threatened "invasion" of British shoe manufacturers, and with Senator Warner, of Missouri, predicting that his state is by and by to become the center of the shoe manufacturing industry of America, the representatives of our great New England industries certainly are getting some food for thought just now.

And, as if this were not enough, there has been a lively Peary-Cook controversy in progress between the ultra-protectionists of the Home Market Club variety and the free hide advocates, as to the ultimate effect on the manufacturer of footwear and the much-discussed "consumer" of the recent removal of the hide duty and the lowering of the tariff on shoes and leather.

The so-called "foreign invasion" is giving New England manufacturers but little concern, and they are just now more interested in the question of shoe prices than in the industrial ambitions of Missouri.

It appears to be the opinion of most manufacturers here that even with the protective tariff on a certain grade of shoes reduced to ten per cent, it will probably be a long time before the foreign manufacturer finds a profitable entrance into the American market, if, indeed, he ever does.

There is a certain subtle quality called "style" that foreign manufacturers, even with the aid of American shoe machinery, have not been able to impart to their products as yet, and there are various other respects in which their footwear falls short of the American consumers' requirements. With an enterprise that is greatly to their credit, some of the British shoe and leather manufacturers are already displaying samples of their goods in the Boston and New York markets and advertising their product in our newspapers, but thus far they have made but little impression.

On the other hand, our American manufacturers, partly as a result of the great free hide victory, are beginning to give more serious thought than ever to the foreign markets for their own products. There has never been a time in the history of the trade when the outlook for the extension of foreign business in leather and footwear has been so promising as to-day, and it is generally believed that the next five or ten years will witness a remarkable expansion in American shoe and leather exports, accompanied by more intelligent and systematic methods of exploiting the foreign field. The unscientific and desultory manner in which our entire foreign trade has been heretofore handled is rather discreditable to us, anyway.

Any considerable increase in the exports of New England made products of leather (and what a bewildering variety of them there is) will have its direct effect upon the commercial development of Boston, the improvement of its port facilities, the earnings of the railroads centering here, and the general prosperity of its people.

This entire question of foreign markets for shoes and other products of leather is to be taken up in a broad and systematic way by the New England Shoe and Leather Association, and this is likely to form one of the organization's most important activities in the near future. It certainly is a most promising and inviting field of action.

Incidentally, the association has inaugurated an important "forward" movement, with the idea of adding considerably to its already large and representative membership. With this end in view, it has instituted a vigorous canvass of the entire New England territory. In view of what it has accomplished for the benefit of the trade it represents in the past, and of its splendid opportunities for usefulness in the future, it is obvious that no individual or firm associated with the shoe and leather business or their allied industries can afford not to be connected with it.

Commercial organizations, of course, ought to be of direct and definite value

to their individual members as well as a tower of strength to their trade in general, and if they do not meet these requirements, they would better not exist at all.

The NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE is doing splendid missionary work along this particular line, through its "With the New England Boards of Trade" department. The latter is a clearing house of ideas and a bureau of information and suggestion that cannot help being of much value to all of our numerous New England trade bodies.

HARTFORD'S ASSET IS SKILL

By T. J. Kelley

An increase of 7000 wage-earners in Hartford the past ten years is shown by an industrial census just completed by the Board of Trade. This means that the industrial activities of the city have practically doubled in a decade. The net gain in population during the same period has been 32,000, the present figures being 112,000. Statistics procured from forty factories show that every one is on full running time during the first week in September, with seventeen on overtime, two being on a twenty-four hour schedule. The revival trade wave is also reflected by the additions to factories and new manufacturing homes. The Hartford Machine Screw Company will erect a large addition to its plant this fall and the Universal Machine Screw Company will erect a new building. The Pope Manufacturing Company has expanded by purchasing the immense tube plant from the steel trust, which it will occupy at once in the manufacture of its cars. This factory has an area of five acres.

A significant feature of the building statistics procured in connection with the census of the Board of Trade is the tendency toward cottage life and away from the tenement type of dwelling. Mechanics here aim to own their own homes and they generally build a two-family structure away from the congested district, yet near enough to the manufacturing center to enable them to be in close touch with their work by trolley.

There are at present five outside concerns seeking Hartford capital for the establishment of branches of their industries here. One of these will give employment to 2500 men. The reason given by each of them for being desirous of locating in this city is that it affords better opportunities for procuring skilled workmen than any other city in New England. It was for this reason that the Underwood Typewriter and the Royal Typewriter companies came here. Between them they employ approximately 3000 mechanics. Hartford's great asset therefore is the skill of its workmen. It is winning fame and earning wealth for the community to such extent that the stride of the city's progress is amazing. There is not a vacant factory here today and the space available for light manufacturing is being so rapidly absorbed that factory building will soon prove one of the best and safest investments for surplus capital.

NEW BEDFORD

Editor NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

New Bedford's situation is perhaps unique among the rapidly growing cities of the country, in that its growth has been accomplished almost entirely without the "booming" efforts which are made by some of the Boards of Trade and commercial organizations in other places. Business men, and particularly those engaged in the manufacture of cotton goods, have long appreciated New Bedford's natural advantages, and have themselves profited by the situation without urging in the customary way.

While there have been, from time to time, the usual "write-ups" distributed through the ordinary medium, New Bedford has depended, largely, for its advertising upon the local newspapers. That these newspapers have loyally attended to that line of work is a fact which many people in New Bedford do, and which

many more people should appreciate. There is no question, however, that such a chance for blowing its own horn as was afforded New Bedford in the September number of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE is of great value to the city, and that it will result in good returns, for which the enterprise of the magazine should receive a just proportion of thanks.

Like every community, New Bedford possesses some well meaning citizens whose pleasure it seems to be to criticise, rather than to help, especially when the subject happens to be "The Board of Trade." Because, at some periods of its existence, the Board of Trade has made mistakes, the critics prefer to join the knockers' chorus, instead of singing praises for what good has been accomplished.

I presume that every Board of Trade secretary finds something of this sentiment in his community. If there is one who has a good prescription for curing such a condition, I would suggest that he take advantage of the Board of Trade column in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE to offer his fellow-secretaries a "hand-out" for their benefit.

The usefulness of the Board of Trade, as it seems to some of us, lies in its readiness to do things when doing is required; the conservation of Board of Trade energy is perhaps better than frothy wastefulness, which is hardly worth the powder to make it go.

W. H. B. REMINGTON,
Secretary.

SPRINGFIELD

Editor NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

It is very interesting and decidedly encouraging to note the commercial atmosphere in western Massachusetts to-day, as compared with that of a year ago. Business men on every hand feel a confidence in themselves, in their business, in their neighbor, and in their neighbor's business that was little in evidence during the fall of 1908. Retai trade is brisk, manufacturers are work ing, in many cases, overtime, and build ing operations are notably numerous.

With all the rest the Board of Trad is anticipating a very active year, an already committees are busy with va rious problems, many of which wil require unusual consideration and ma ture judgment.

During the summer months a com mittee of ten have been working t perfect a building code, a much-needed piece of machinery in Springfield. Th summer heat was, indeed, a test fo faithfulness, and no small amount o credit is due the members of the com mittee who have recently presented t the city government a building cod which, it is hoped, will be in the mai immediately effective. The questio of the consistency of our state pur food laws, as compared with the na tional pure food regulations, is on which is receiving much attention a the hands of our committees on mer cantile affairs and legislation, actin jointly. Local dealers are, of course much interested and are looking fo definite action in the matter. Severa transportation problems and others, in cluding the developments of foreig markets, both at home and abroad, wil be taken up by the board during th early fall.

Before this short Springfield sectio has gone to press the Board of Trad will have held its second annual clam bake, an institution which, in a singl year, has become very popular. Thi year the "clambakers" will be for tunate enough to have preceded thei dinner with a greeting from Presiden Taft, for, as the bake is to take plac on September 15th, arrangements hav been made to give the President a rous ing send-off when his train passe through the city shortly after noon After all, good fellowship of the righ kind pays!

Very truly yours,

C. HENRY HATHAWAY,
Secretary Springfield Board of Trade

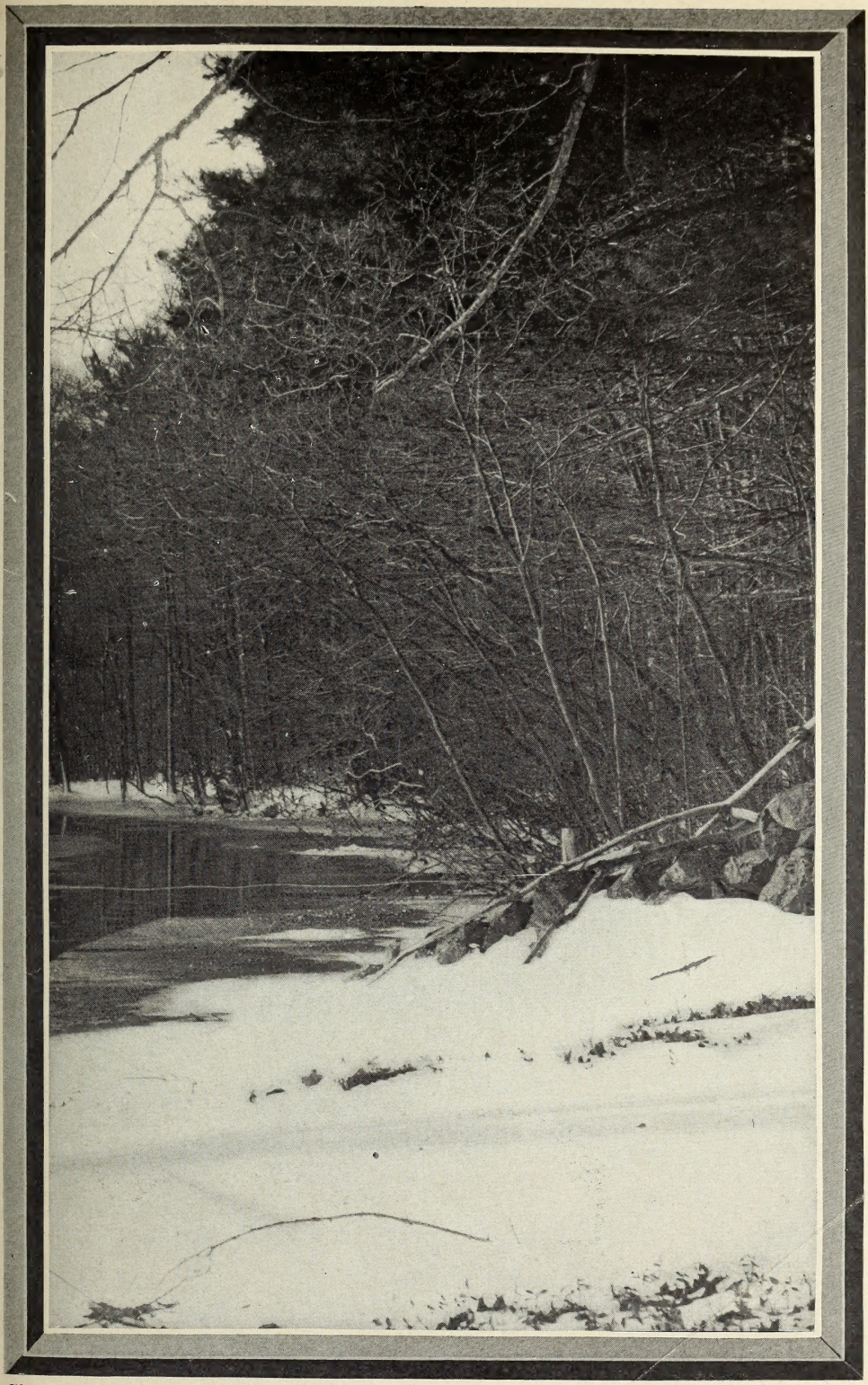


Beautiful New England



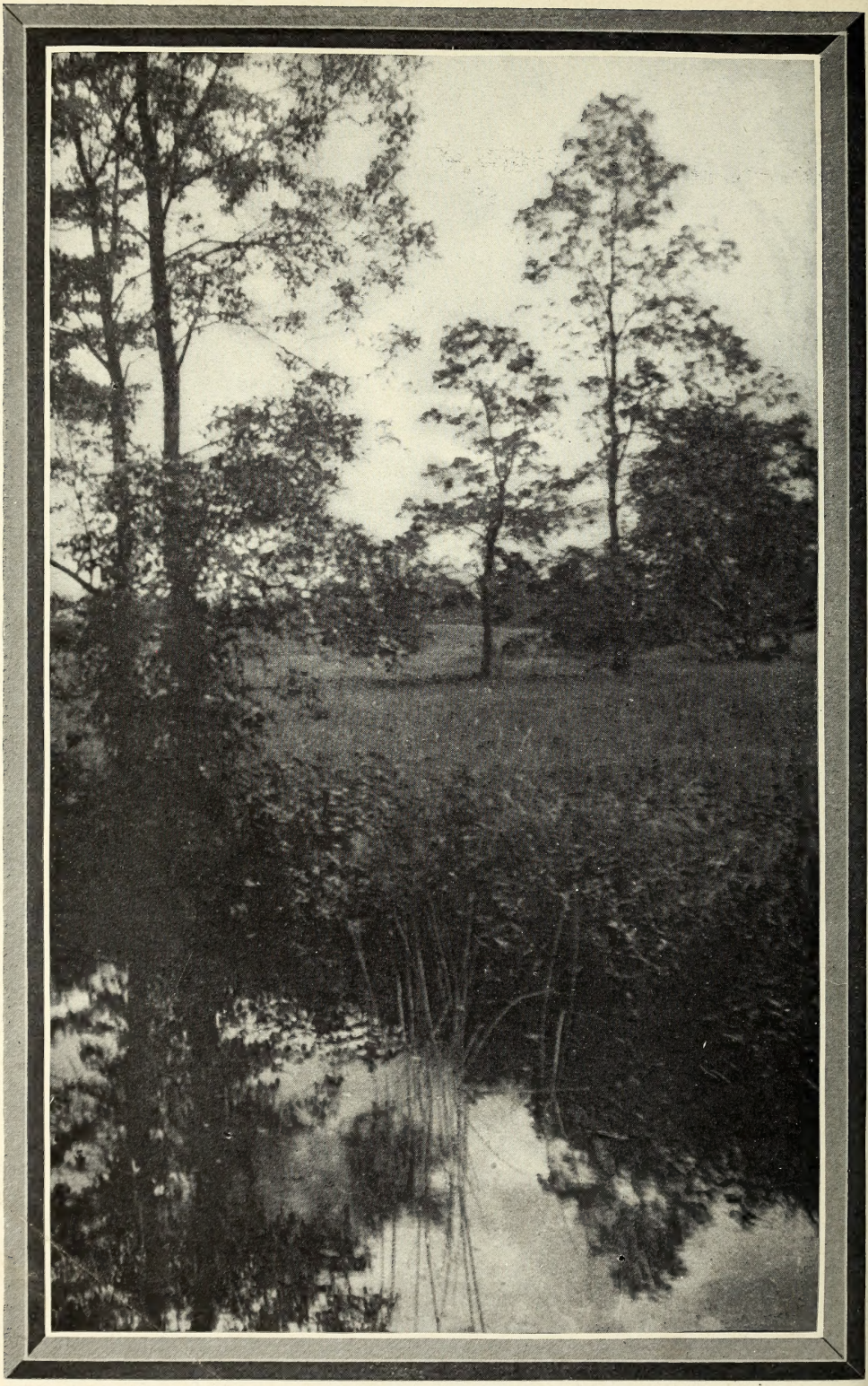


AUTUMN IN THE WOODS AT BOXFORD



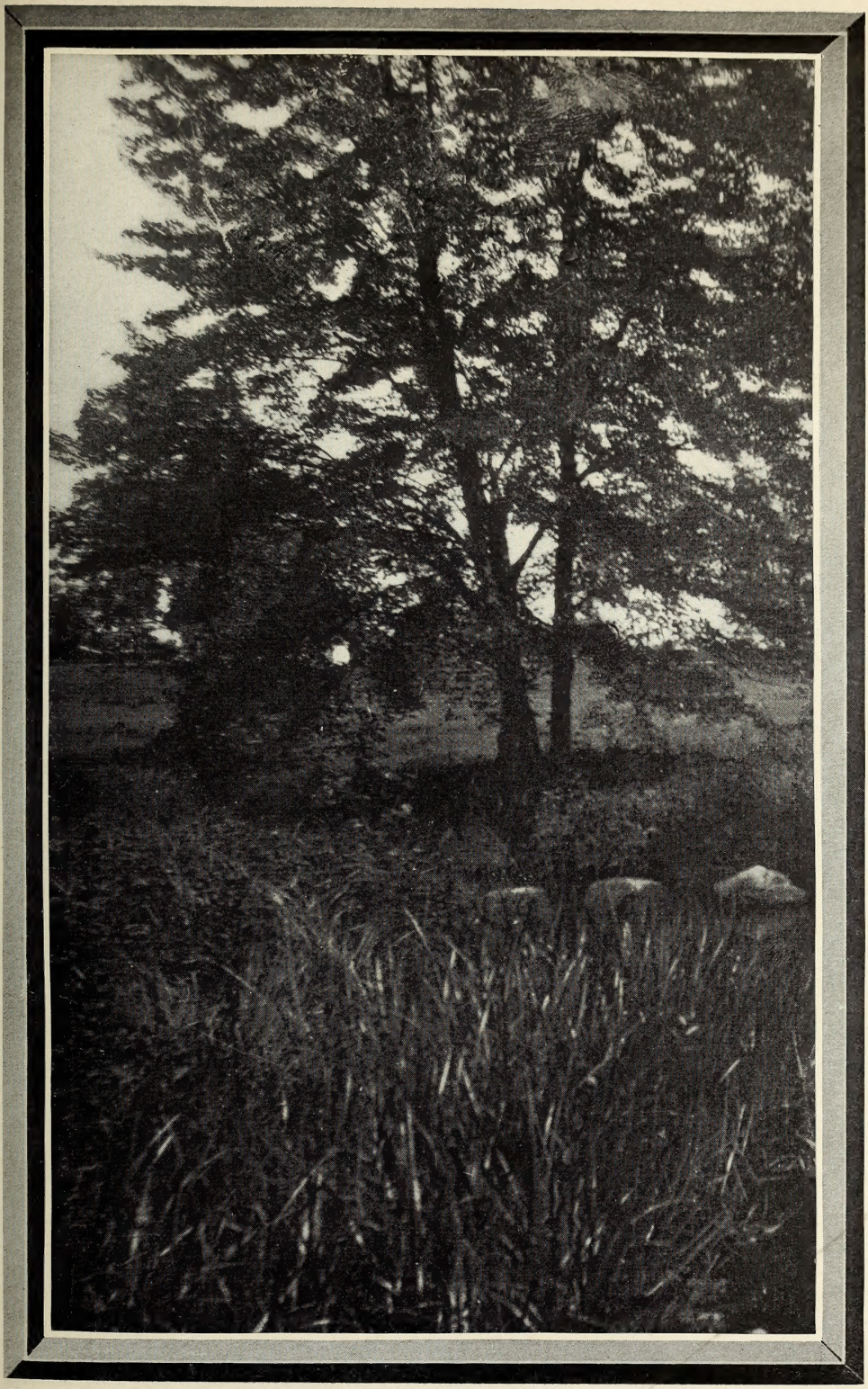
Photograph by Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer

EARLY ICE—VIEW IN BOXFORD



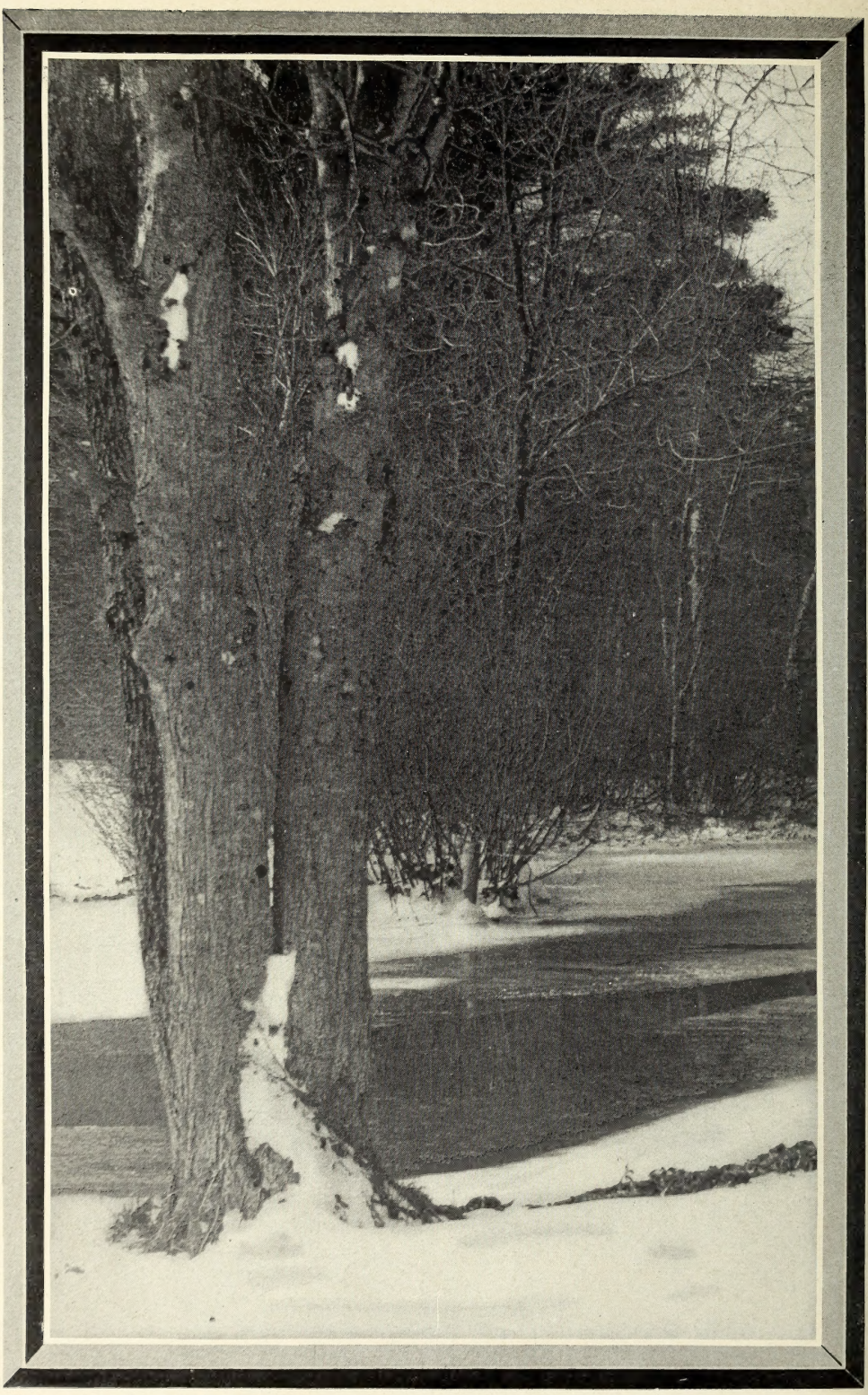
Photograph by Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer

THE MEADOW BROOK, BOXFORD



Photograph by Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer

A BIT OF PASTURE, BOXFORD

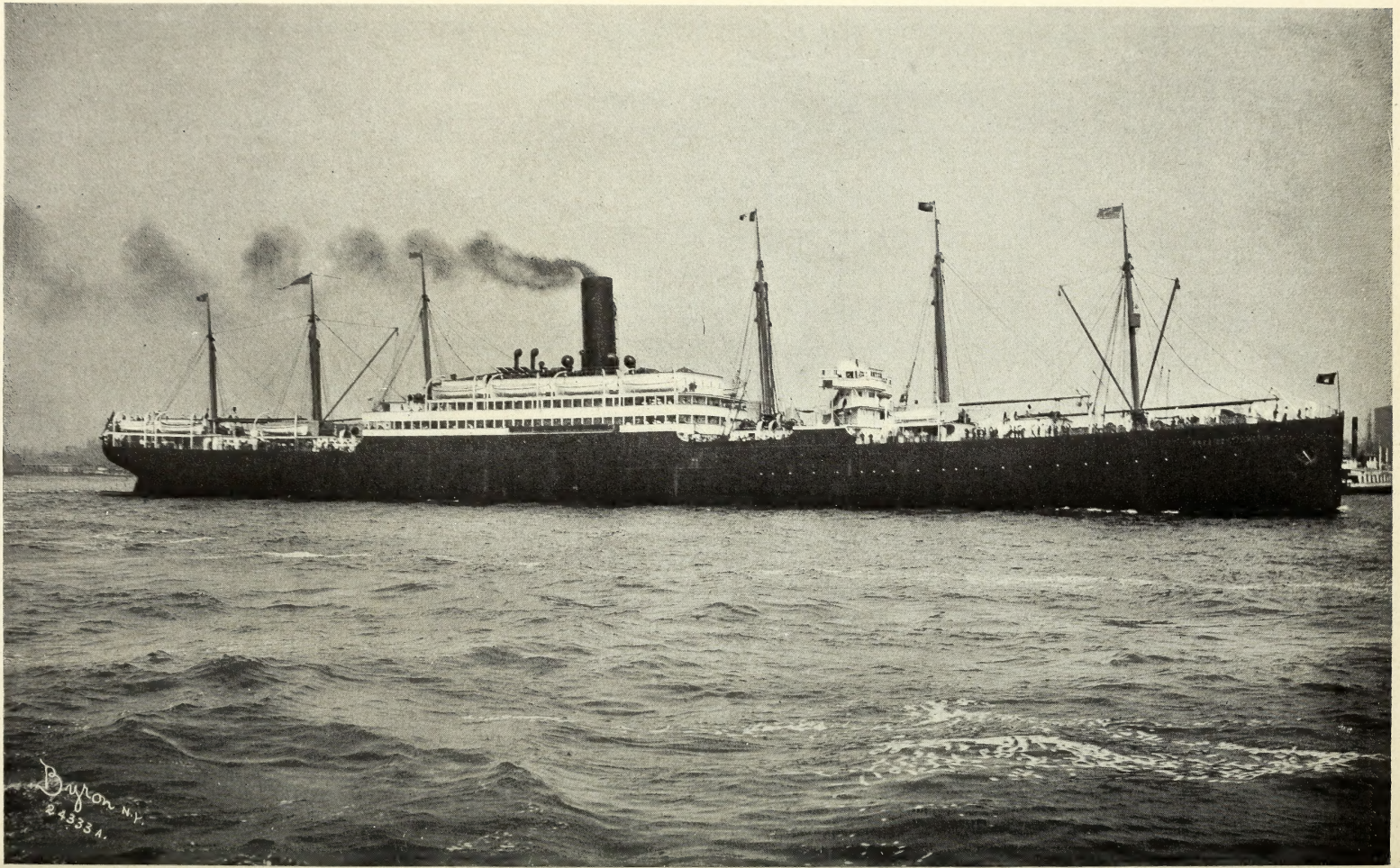


Photograph by Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer

THE HEART OF THE WOODS, BOXFORD



THE PATH THROUGH THE GROVE, BOXFORD


Bolton N.Y.
24333 A.

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

VOL. XLI. NOVEMBER, 1909 NUMBER 3

CENTRAL AMERICA

An Opening Market for New England's Export Trade

By LOUIS A. FROTHINGHAM

With Illustrations by the Author

CENTRAL AMERICA! How many people know where it is or what the term implies? In a vague way it is classed by those who do not know it intimately and who place it at all, as part of South America. Yet when we consider how few knew the exact location of the Philippine Islands or of Greater or Lesser Antilles until our war with Spain, or had a definite knowledge of the Isthmus of Panama until the United States undertook the building of a canal, it is hardly to be wondered at that so little is known of Central America. Not until I was called there a few years ago on a business trip did I have more than a dim idea of the location or know of its great industries, marvelous beauties, and wonderful possibilities for the future.



RAILROAD TRACKS THROUGH JUNGLE

Central America is situated between Mexico and South America, or, more strictly speaking, between Mexico and the Isthmus, because Panama, being no longer part of Colombia, seems to be classed simply as the Isthmus.

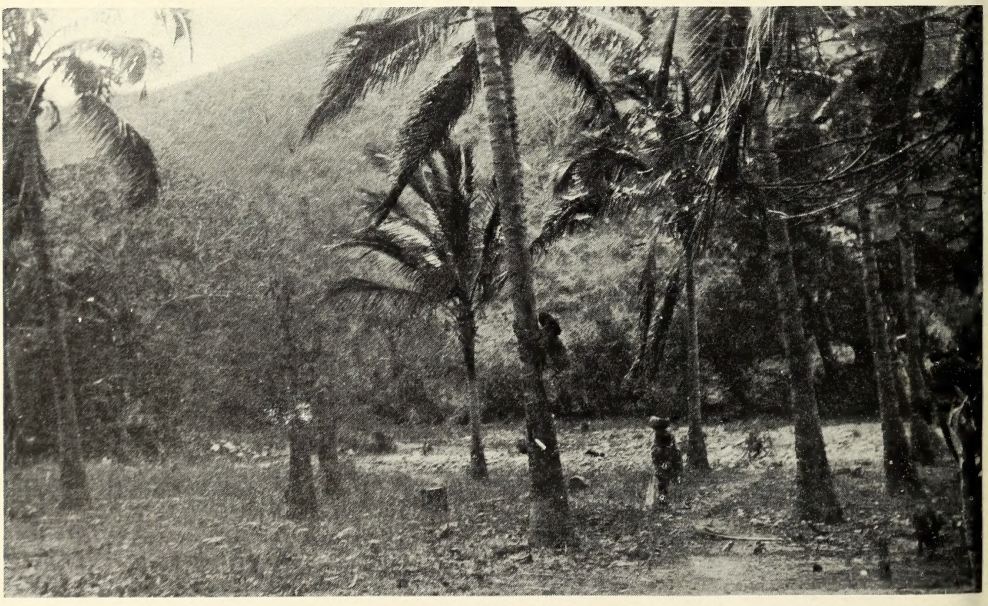
Following the lead of Bolivar, the George Washington of South America, the Spanish yoke was thrown off and for a few years beginning in 1823 the five countries in Central America (British Honduras was not a Spanish dependency) were united under one President. Though attempts have been made at various times to re-establish the union, there has never since then been a united Republic of Central America. So much jealousy exists between the separate nations that such a union is to-day most difficult to establish.

Guatemala, the most northern of these republics, about the size of New



CRUDE METHODS OF TRANSPORTATION ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS BEFORE COMPLETION OF RAILROAD

York State, is situated just south of Mexico. The population, amounting in 1906 to nearly two millions, is made up of people of Spanish and Indian blood—about sixty per cent being Indians. Every variety of country is found, from the low, hot but fertile lands on the Atlantic to the high, mountainous, salubrious country toward the Pacific. The Atlantic abounds in luxurious growth. On the train from Puerto Barrios we passed azaleas and orchids growing wild in the forest, vast lands planted with bananas, mangoes, cactus, palms, mahogany, and pine-apples, growing with the ease and pro-



GATHERING COCOA-NUTS FOR US

fuse luxury that exists only in the tropics.

As one reaches the high country, amid the great mountains and extinct volcanoes, and the higher he climbs draws his breath in cooler and cooler draughts, the soul expands with the picturesqueness and grandeur of the landscape.

Guatemala City is some five thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is the capital of the country. Here President Cabrera lives. With its beautiful parks abounding in brilliant and luxurious tropical growth, its picturesque and often grand buildings, its distinct view of mountains, some thirteen thousand feet high, one feels well repaid for the tedious journey of two hundred miles from the coast. There is now a railroad running the whole distance from Puerto Barrios. When I went there in 1906 it had only been completed to Zacapa, so the rest of the journey—sixty miles—was made on mule-back, with a drive of some dozen miles at the end. Steamers run regularly from New Orleans and, I think, from New York to Puerto Barrios, where one enters an excellent harbor and may board a train from the wharf to the capital.

There are four hundred and eighty miles of railway in the country and projects are under way for connecting with the Mexican and Salvadoran frontiers by rail. This will prove a great civilizer for Central America, for by easy intercommunication and opening up of the marts of trade, the tendency to revolutionary outbreaks will diminish.



PALACIO DE MINERVA AT RACE COURSE ON OUTSKIRTS OF CITY OF GUATEMALA

In imports to Guatemala the United States leads, but in exports Germany commands over fifty per cent. The greater part and the best of the great staple of the country—coffee—goes to Germany. Cotton is the next important export. With the completion of the railroad to the Atlantic, thus making an all-rail carry from the Pacific possible, much more of the export trade should turn toward our shores.

In and around the city of Guatemala are many beautiful parks, luxuriant with the gay-colored flowers of the



VIEW FROM HOTEL WINDOW, GUATEMALA CITY

tropics. In one of these is a noble monument to Christopher Columbus, who sailed down the Atlantic coast of Central America and entered what is now called after him, Almirante Bay, in Panama. This was on his fourth voyage, in 1502, and he was searching for a passage to the Pacific. No natural one exists except that one at the tip of South America, discovered some years later by Magellan—but the completion of the Panama Canal will bring to realization the dreams of Columbus. A picturesque and imposing cathedral rises in its majesty close to this park and back of the cathedral is the great market. Here the Indians bring their produce in the early hours of the morning, carrying it in a basket fastened on their backs and traveling, in spite of this encumbrance, at a jog-trot for many miles across country.

Most of our riding was done on mules, though sometimes a good horse was procurable. They were invariably small, however, and seldom had a good trot. The "trotte," as they call it in Spanish, is not "au fait"; nor were our riding breeches, which were a constant source of gaze and even merriment. The natives ride in long trousers and prefer to sit a gentle pacer rather than be incommoded by rising to a trot. On these they can amble along without exertion to themselves, stopping to talk with the fair damsels who sit waiting for an afternoon call behind windows, carefully barred.

The bull fight, gambling, and cock-fighting are the amusements of the people. Siestas are the order of the day after breakfast, which comes at eleven or twelve o'clock. Guatemalans are early risers and do their morning's work on a cup of coffee. In the evenings, except when there is a band con-



OX TEAMS SHOWING NATIVE YOKELESS HITCH



STATUE OF COLUMBUS—CENTRAL PARK, GUATEMALA CITY

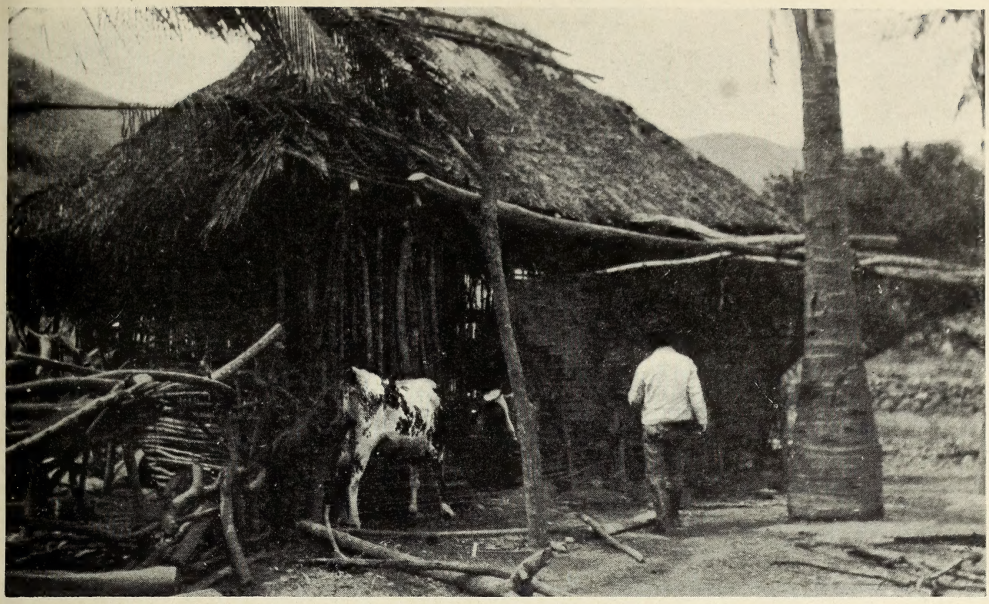
cert, the streets are deserted and the city deadly quiet. There is an excellent opera house in the capital, but it is only used when a traveling company arrives on the scene from Mexico or elsewhere. One afternoon I visited the bull ring with some friends. After being regaled for a long time by the performers of a traveling circus, the real show which we had come to see was started at nearly dusk. This was a fight between a bull and a man. After a short teasing of the bull, a really noble creature, the man, with bare arms, chest protector, and shin pads, entered the ring. No sooner did the bull see him than he lowered his head and made a dash straight at him. In-

stead of dodging, as we supposed he would do, the man stood waiting for the bull to approach, and just as he seemed on the point of being gored and thrown a lifeless mass in the ring, jumped forward with arms extended and made a perfect dive straight between the horns of the angry animal. The crowd held their breaths in intense excitement. The bull raised his head and came to a stop. The man, with a firm grip around the huge neck of the animal, was thrown high in the air, but held firm and fell gracefully back, his body coming squarely between the horns. Then came a struggle for mastery, the bull throwing his head now up and now to one side. Gradually he began to tire when he found how relentlessly the man clung to him. But the man grew weak also, his grip gradually loosened, and after a few minutes more of struggle he slipped onto the ground, exhausted by his efforts to choke the bull into submission. What was our horror to see him fall directly under the bull's nose. Surely a ghastly sight would soon meet our eyes! But the bull seemed dazed and the waiting attendants, seeing the dangerous predicament of the prostrate man, at once rushed forward and by waving red cloaks distracted the bull's attention from his victim. Some of the spectators then cried out to kill the bull. Fortunately the authorities refused to gratify this call for blood from those who felt defrauded at not seeing some spilt, as at a regular bull fight. It was quite exciting enough, however, for me, who had never seen the regular article and never desire to see it.

The railroad from the capital to the Pacific gives one a grand panorama of the huge volcanic mountains, one of which was responsible for the destruction of the old capital. A visit to its ruins, a few miles from Guatemala City, is a favorite and most interesting excursion. A short distance from the present capital we pass near the shores of Lake Amatillan and can see spots where the water bubbles with such fierceness from the hot sands below that one can boil eggs in it, while other parts of the lake are temperate and others freezing cold. After an interesting and comfortable journey we reach the port of San Jose. Here there is no harbor, merely a straight sandy



HOUSES NEAR MOUNTAINS ON TRAIL TO GUATEMALA CITY



AT HOME

beach on which comes, unhindered, the long swell of the ocean. And this is the great Pacific, this dull, noiseless, glaring, monotonous, unvaried stretch of water. The large steamers do not venture alongside the pier, which stretches out gloomily into the vast ocean. We are lowered on board a lighter and hoisted up again in chairs on the steamer's deck. Then heat and monotonous windless steaming, and Guatemala vanishes from our sight.



NATIVE HOUSES ON ROAD FROM ATLANTIC COAST TO GUATEMALA CITY



MRS. BARBER IN HANDEL'S "LARGO"

The Significance of the Present Dance Movement

By LUCIA GALE BARBER

SIDNEY LANIER, the poet, he who wrote so suggestively that "music is love in search of a word,"* prophesied as early as 1866, that "music would revolutionize the world." Later he followed up this prophecy with the more specific forecast that music would transform the entire art and life of our own country. However, he did not foresee how this great change was to be brought about. Although, in all his writings, he clearly recognized the part rhythm had played and was playing in poetry —he went so far as to classify language as a form of music—he did not apparently realize that he could quite as well have carried this analysis further and have described music as a form of dance.



DANCE OF "INSPIRATION," "ARABIAN PRAYER"

Be this as it may, evidence is accumulating that we are face to face with what has been called "the Renaissance of Dancing."

In all circles, European and American, social and professional alike, there is a revival of dancing. Old dances are being revived, and new dance-forms created. There are ancient and symbolic dances of the Far East, dances of Greece and pre-Christian Rome; folk dances mediaeval and modern; new aesthetic dancing and modern classical dances — presented in drawing rooms and on the stage, in outdoor pageants, and at indoor festivals. They are also practiced ardently, privately, by people of all ages, from the little children to men and women of advanced years—for this interest in the dance is not confined to youth; like Socrates, who began learning to dance at the age of sixty, they take no thought of years; they have learned that dancing is a pleasure for one of any age.

Primitive man instinctively ex-

* In his poem "The Symphony." In that wonderful essay, "Retrospects and Prospects," Lanier elaborates this thought: "To the soul, music combines in itself the power of steam, the agility of electricity and the fidelity of the printing press. It is civilization in a conch-shell. Love is a vast lily whose petals gleam faintly just under the wave of life, and sometimes sway and float out above it. Up from this lily there arises an odor. It is music. 'The orator,' said Quintillian, 'should know everything.' How much more should the musician understand all things! For the true musician is as much higher than the orator as love is higher than law. The Greeks did well therefore when they made their word 'mousike' signify a symmetrical and harmonious education of all the powers of man."



"OVER THE GREEN FIELDS THE FAIRIES ARE DANCING"

pressed his emotions, his feelings, in rhythmic movement. His religious ceremonies, his tales of battle, his joys, sorrows, loves, and hates, his adoration of nature's phenomena, and his awe of them, the changes of the seasons, the festal days, the rising and setting of the sun, were all told or expressed in dancing. His only language was, at first, but a language of signs, gestures, and pantomime; and, when we make a cross cut through the races, we find the primitive man of to-day doing the same thing which he did at the beginning; and now, we of this later day, are returning to this form of expression and pouring into it, so to speak, the content of the ages, with all their expressed and implied multiplication of effects. By a natural process of involution modern man has gone back to the dance through the demand in himself for expression.

In the process of time, dancing had given birth to music, poetry, and sculpture, and then itself shrunk back, became embryonic—a "lost art." Man in his differentiation lost touch with the elemental, fundamental, side of life. He forgot that the basic principles of music, sculpture, literature, and life are all the same. But many influences have concurred to bring this truth home to him, and the revival of dancing is a dawning appreciation of its values for the expression of human feeling through the natural vehicle for such expression—the human body.

Rag-time, which happily is now passing, was a protest from what Professor James vivaciously calls "the jungle of reality"; a rebellion against slothful art conditions; an anarchistic desire to kick and yell and give vent to feelings long repressed. This protest came first, naturally, from the bottom, not the top, in the scale of culture, and so it expresses a primitive form of rhythm, crude and sensual. It is an expression of life, but not of art.

Space permits but the most rapid enumeration of the characteristic qualities of the dancers who are now before the public, and these only those who come within the purview of this article. Miss Loie Fuller deserves the greatest credit for being a pioneer upon the professional stage in the great revival movement of the dance. Her long-continued success in Paris before a populace notoriously like the Athenians, "lovers of new things," curiously attests the tremendous hold the dynamic instinct has upon humanity. But,

more than this, she moves in a heaven all her own; she brings color to her dancing—the painter's art—blends it with music, and with her marvelous effects of drapery suggests the cosmic motion, the music of the spheres. Miss Gertrude Hoffman, on the other hand, is not so eclectic; she voices the protest "of the jungle," gives little heed to the blending analogies of music—is a *bonnet rouge*, and appeals to the same element of which "rag-time" is the expression. Thus her appeal remains powerful and elemental—if not so subtle and refined as that of the Muses of the Dance. Miss Maud Allen is fully responsive to the rhythm of the music, and embodies a wonderful harmony of physical movement of the virginal type. The form of her dancing and its movement is plastic and sculptural in effect.

Miss Isadora Duncan, without lights, without draperies, with a neutral background, with personality in abeyance, tells us the story of the soul of the music, which is the experience of human life. In her art one feels the creative power of the soul, and sees the endless variations of its moods and emotions and its spiritual possibilities. Still, she has not yet reached the climax of her own powers, nor has she grasped the possibilities of the human body in the great work of social regeneration.

In short, the dancing in which the world is now interested has little to do with the usual social dancing, the ballet, skirt dancing, or the "high kicking" of the musical melange. It is a far different, far subtler thing altogether. Rhythm "makes for honor" nowadays, and is taking its proper place in the work of social creation. It is concerned with the interpretation of thought, feeling, and character, by the aid of music, pantomime, and rhythmic movement, not only expressing the moods and meanings of the arts, but also bringing into activity the various emotions, moods, and feelings of the dancer. Dancing may be religious, martial, joyous, sad, or imitative of nature, as the music or the emotion shall suggest. It is a psychical, as well as a physical, experience, co-ordinating body and soul It is thought and emotion expressed in motor terms.



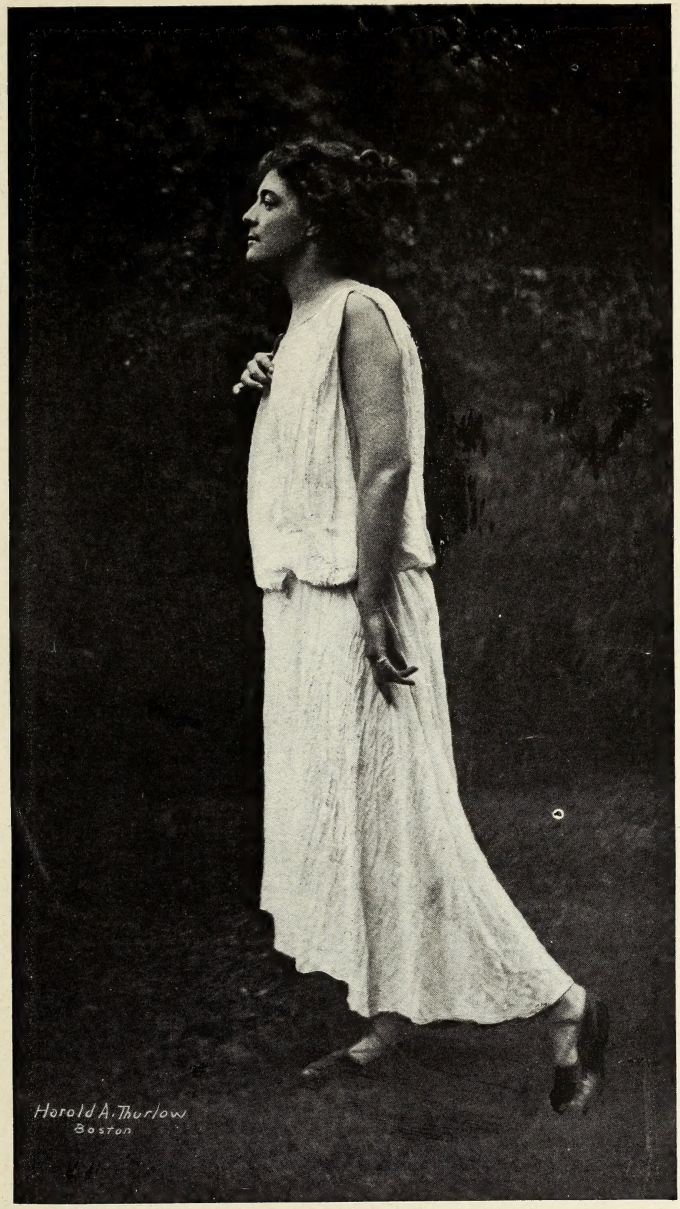
MODERN MARTIAL DANCE, "MARCH IN D FLAT"—A. HOLLAENDER

There are dances of fear, of jealousy, of love, of anger; dances of adoration, consolation, pity, inspiration; dances of spring, summer, autumn, and winter; dances of water sprites, naiads, dryads, and nymphs; dances of courage and victory; dances of gnomes and fairies; spinning songs, the songs of the harvest, and the weaver's chorus. There is an ever-progressive desire in man to express the pent-up life of the race which surges in him, to get into the rhythm of life. He can hardly name the instinct, but he is no less mas-



"CONSOLATION." — MENDELSSOHN

dances of butterflies and birds; dances of flowers and trees; dances of pure play—the child spirit let loose. Then in minor key there are funeral marches and solemn religious rites performed as dances; even the work of the world is danced to the rhythmic measures of tered by it; he knows that he wishes to obey it, and that in doing so life acquires greater meaning. It must be clearly seen, however, that in this response he is laying the foundation for a higher art than has yet been achieved by modern civilization.



"A MOOD OF LOVE." — GODARD'S MAZURKA

The modern waltz, in its genesis, betrays a history not unlike that of ragtime in music. It, too, came from the bottom, and had to make its way very slowly to general acceptance. In the early days before the war, in New York, the young men of the *jeunesse doere* were sent to Vienna to join the Austrian cavalry and there learn to ride, to fence, and to dance. The Viennese were then the best waltzers in the world, and the cavalry was the crack arm of the Austrian service. From Vienna, through Southerners and New Yorkers in the Austrian service, came the waltz, and with it the music of the



"JOY DANCE."—SCHUMANN

Waltz King Strauss slowly and surely made its way in every circle throughout the land, even in New England. The so-called "Boston" as a special form of the waltz is a resultant of two forces: The demands of human nature and the refusal of the "New England conscience," so-called, to wholly surrender and relax to the time-spirit. It is the waltz in the minuet spirit.

However, Americans generally are now the best dancers in the world, and Boston easily leads America in her interest in the dance. The love of music has been so fostered in New England as to justify Lanier's version of a state controlled by music above the law; and this readily explains why dancing in New England has also come into her own.

Music is the child, not the parent, of dancing, and it is only the perversity of ascetic discipline that has obscured the fact. Happily, now, all controversy is over. The relation and the coordination of music and the dance is perfectly understood by every one. Nothing remains for the rational being but a policy of non-resistance to the sweet and noble use of both arts, which have been playing "hide-and-seek" ever since the conch of civilization.

Classical dancing, thus distinguished from rag-time and the ballet, is the truthful expression of emotion in rhythmic form. The natural movements of the human body are those which alone accord with true emotion and feeling. Classical dancing is a perfect co-ordination of motion with emotion, according to anatomical structure and to psychical content. To truthfully express emotion, motion must begin in the basic muscles and evolve in rhythmic sequence to the smaller muscles. (The physical law conforms with this.) When the emotions and feelings are aroused every part of the body is employed, and if any part is kept static when it should be in use, the harmony



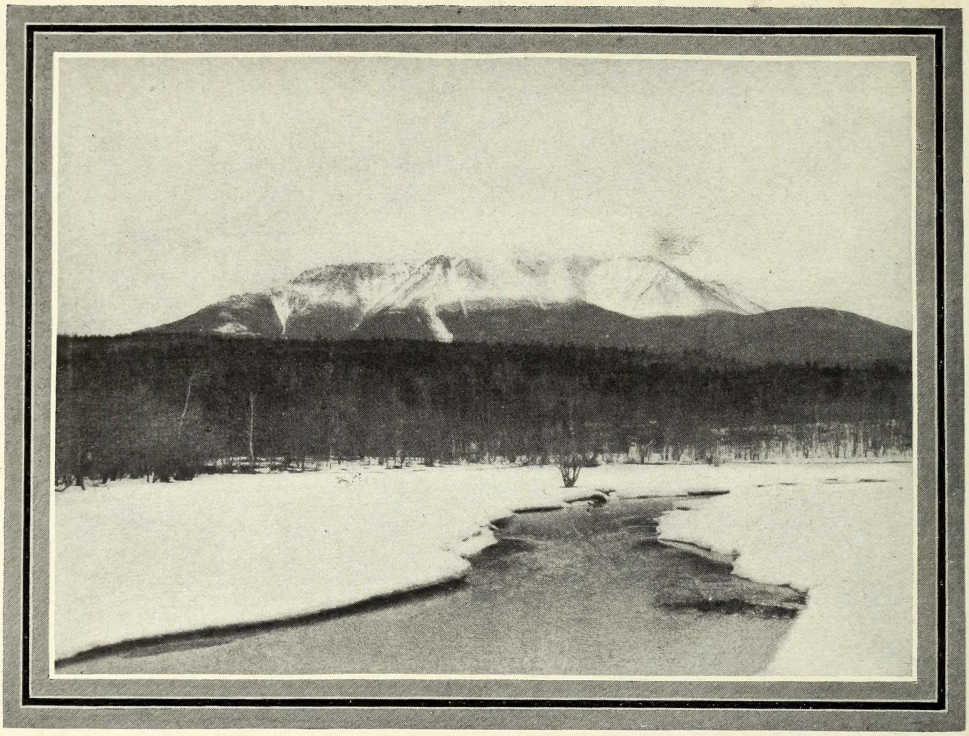
"Spring song." — Ch. Gounod

is broken, and we get un-rhythmic conditions which destroy the classic, or natural, lines. The notion which has so long prevailed that the trunk of the body must not be moved except as one rigid whole, has destroyed all rhythm of motion, has eliminated grace of carriage and of walking, and, more than all else, it has prevented man from developing feeling, because limited expression limits soul growth. Without expression we cannot grow. It has also been responsible for a large part of the nervous troubles of modern civilization, for when the spine, the main aqueduct of the nervous force, is not allowed a natural outlet its function is hampered and impaired, and the result is a nervous system out of equilibrium.

Originally the meaning of the word "dance" covered the whole field of expression. Pageantry itself is but a form of dancing and coincident with the revival of dancing we note the revival of pageantry. Thus, on the highest authority, "Rhythm is the father of all the arts"—the true leader of the soul—the creator of a sound mind in a sound body, making for honor, but no less for the health, the comfort, and the joy of life.

Not only objective art, but the art of living, for the vital uses of music, for the human being, are to create possibilities of feeling, and every new feeling pushes back the horizon, relieves the vision, deepens the understanding, and loosens the bonds from sympathy, love, and tenderness.

Music being of the soul, is in its essence, love, and the understanding of music is an indication of spiritual development. Dr. Carl Muck, the former leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, says: "Music is essentially spiritual. A man cannot sit down to write music with hate or evil passions in him, and the effect of that music upon others will not be evil."



Photograph by E. W. Prouty

MT. KATAHDIN IN WINTER

MT. KATAHDIN, MAINE

By EDITH M. PROUTY

LIKE a gigantic sentinel keeping guard over the great forests that surround it on every side, Katahdin stands alone, vast and solitary, the second highest mountain in New England.

Situated as Katahdin is, in the heart of the hunting region of northern Maine, the West Branch of the Penobscot offers a delightful and comparatively easy way of reaching the foot of the mountain. In summer the trip is made by canoe, while during the winter season, from December to May, the "tote road" leading up the Sourdnahunk Valley, and through the heart of the forest, affords a most picturesque journey, and the glimpses of mountain, lake, and forest on every hand, as one rides through the wilderness, are grand, beautiful and most impressive.

Of the several trails leading to the summit of Katahdin, the one on the northwest, where the start is made from Daisy Pond, proved to be the best. The "Atol trail" on the south side takes one through the woods to the great slide up which one must climb over loose rocks and steep places for 2000 feet, and then there is the necessity of carrying a camping outfit, for it is almost too great an undertaking to reach the summit and return in a day. The northwest trail, however, is much more satisfactory, as

the trip may be made easily in a day from the camps at Daisy Pond.

After leaving the camp and crossing Daisy Pond a short carry brought us to Elbon and Grassy ponds, where we left our canoe and took the trail where Katahdin stream comes down the mountain side. Just beyond Grassy Pond we passed a great cedar thicket, which had been the winter home of many deer; the branches of the trees as far as the deer could reach had been browsed upon and we could look in all directions through the thicket, and every tree had lost its lower branches. We asked our guide if deer were as plentiful as that in this region, and he replied, "Oh, yes! There are hundreds around Katahdin and a good many live on the sides of the mountain, too." We remarked that this was evidently one of their principal dining rooms.

From this point we could catch glimpses of the summit in the distance, and it seemed as though every step nearer the mountain took us farther away from the much-desired summit, which resembled a huge pile of rocks, and seemed almost inaccessible.

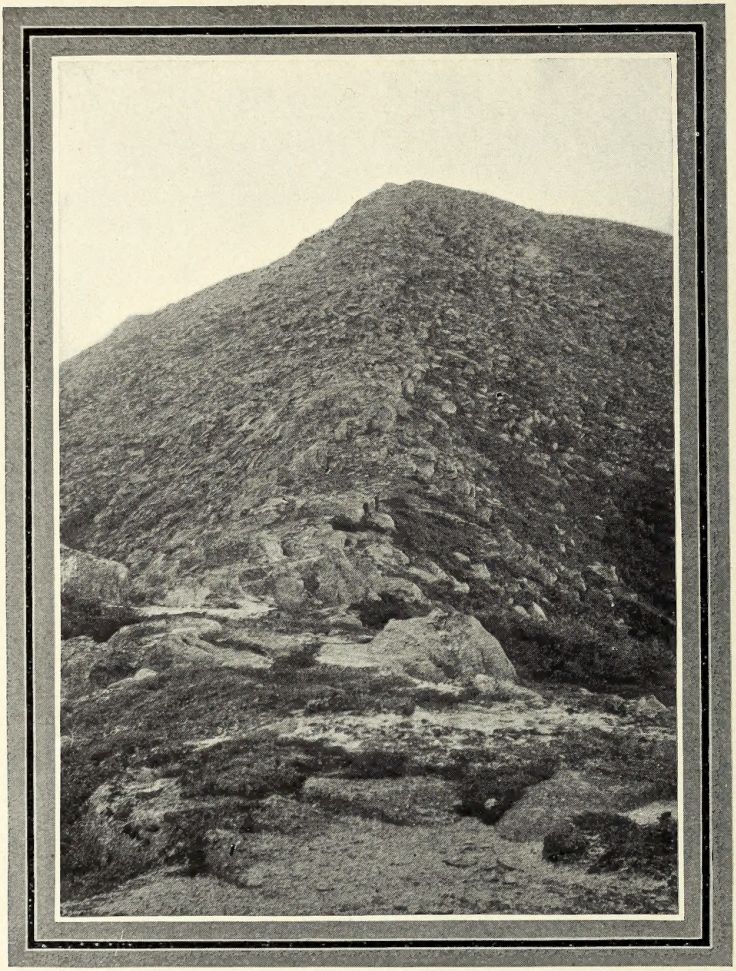
Thoreau in writing of its appearance says that the mountain seems a "vast aggregation of loose rocks, as if at some time it had rained rocks and they lay as they fell on the mountain sides." And when we looked upon this great mass of rocks, nine miles long, four miles wide, and nearly one mile high, a feeling of awe and fear came upon us; we thought of the Indian tradition, and wondered if we would perish in our attempt to reach the summit, for "Pomola," the Spirit dwelling on the mountain, is always angry with those who climb to the summit of Katahdin.

No finer description of the grand old mountain has been given than that which Thoreau gives us in his book,



Photograph by E. W. Prouty

LOOKING WEST FROM JUST ABOVE THE TIMBER LINE ON MT. KATAHDIN



Photograph by E. W. Prouty

CLIMBING THE WEST SPUR OF MT. KATAHDIN

"The Maine Woods." He ascended Katahdin early in September, 1846, and the country is practically the same to-day as it was sixty-two years ago.

Thoreau, however, did not reach the highest northerly peak, as banks of cloud constantly drifting over the summit obscured the peak, except when an occasional gust of wind would blow the clouds aside.

In making the ascent from the west side, after passing the timber line, the rocky character of the mountain is much in evidence, while the summit itself appears even farther away than when we started from the valley below. The camera was used at this point, showing the western peak and the rocks of which it is composed. After climbing this, we stopped and looked about, as Thoreau did, and saw "that Maine country, flowing, rippling down below." A photograph was also taken showing the extensive western view, with its many lakes and ponds gleaming in the bright sunshine. From this point the climb was along the south slope, where portions of great snow-drifts were found, although it was the third day of June. The precipitous side of the mountain is seen very clearly here, and a feeling of awe comes



Photograph by E. W. Prouty

SUMMIT OF MT. KATAHDIN AND NORTH END OF THE MOUNTAIN, LOOKING INTO THE BASIN

over one as he looks upon those gigantic proportions. Thoreau thus describes it. "It was vast, Titanic, and such as man never inhabits. Some part of the beholder, even some vital part, seems to escape through the loose grating of his ribs as he ascends. He is more lone than you can imagine. . . . His reason is dispersed and shadowy, more thin and subtle like the air. Vast, Titanic, inhuman Nature has got him at disadvantage, caught him alone, and pilfers him of some of his divine faculty."

We also felt our littleness, our mere nothingness in the midst of such a stupendous work of Nature, and a sudden fear came upon us as we realized our intrusion, as it were, unbidden and unwelcomed to this, Nature's own realm.

"Chaos and ancient Night, I come no spy
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your realm, but . . .
. . . as my way
Lies through your spacious empire up to light."

On the summit of the ridge is a great tableland of one thousand acres, and from here it was about three miles to the top of the highest peak. More snow was found here, and the view from this plateau was particularly beautiful. The summit was still distant and seemed ever to retreat before us. The climb here became much more arduous, and many times we had to scramble on all fours, or pull ourselves up by clinging to projecting rocks.

But the view, when the highest point was finally reached, amply repaid us for the difficulties encountered in the ascent. From this elevation the country for one hundred miles east, west, north, and south could be overlooked. No house to be seen and the clearings where were the occasional camps could not be distinguished from the boundless forest itself.

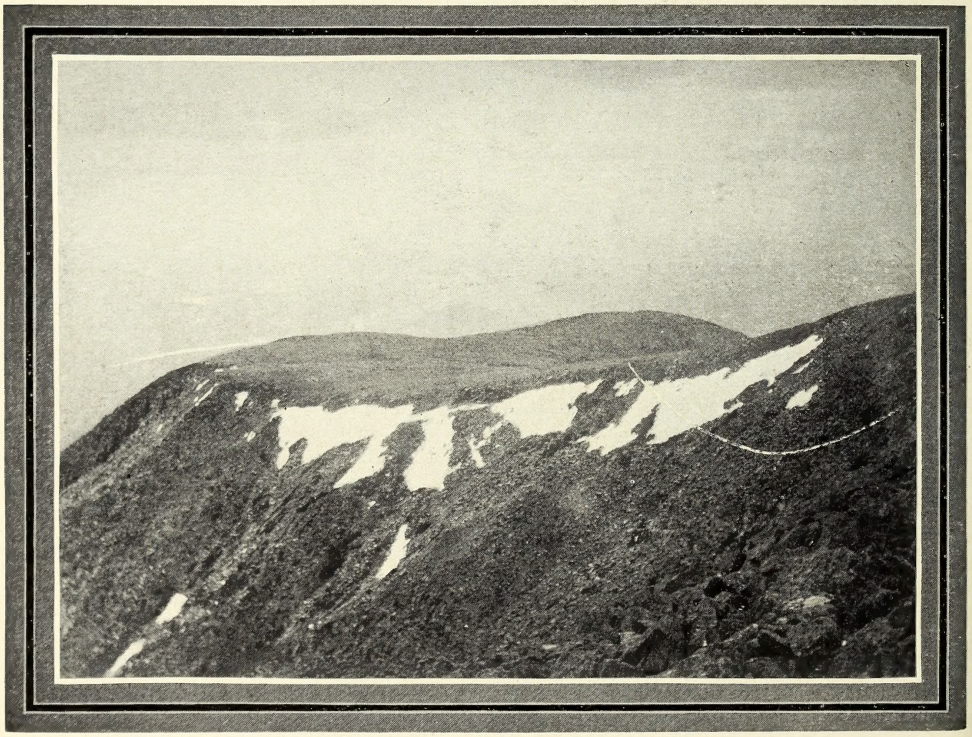
Thoreau in his description says, "Countless lakes, Moosehead in the southwest, forty miles long by ten wide, like a gleaming silver platter at the head of the table; Chesuncook,

an island; Millionocket, on the south, with its hundred islands; and a hundred others without a name; and mountains also, whose names for the most part are known only to the Indians. The forest looked like a firm grass sward, and the effect of these lakes in its midst has been well compared to that of a 'mirror broken into a thousand fragments, and widely scattered over the grass, reflecting the full blaze of the sun.'"

The photographs give but a slight idea of the immense proportions of the mountain and beauty of the scenery, for how could one compress such vastness of Nature into a few small pictures?

As Thoreau writes: "This was that Earth of which we have heard, made out of Chaos and Old Night. . . .

Man was not to be associated with it. It was matter, vast, terrific—not his Mother Earth that we have heard of, not for him to tread on or be buried in—no, it were being too familiar even to let his bones lie there—the home, this, of Necessity and Fate."



Photograph by E. W. Prouty

WESTERLY END OF PLATEAU, MT. KATAHDIN, SHOWING SNOW DRIFTS JUNE 3, 1908

AUTUMN

By ALFRED ERNEST KEET

Soft drips the rain amid the bronzing leaves,
Damp woodland odors from the chilled earth rise,
And blent with the sweet breath of violets steal
On vagrant zephyrs through the forest drear—
Hushed are the voices of its feathered choir.

"When Half-Gods Go, the Gods Arrive"

By JOANNA GLEED STRANGE

CHARLES stood on the front porch of the big rambling farmhouse and looked toward the road. Long rows of evergreens formed a colonnade from the house down the sloping yard to the gate. It was a warm April day, still and bright. The grass, like a faint green mist, was just visible over the big yard, and near the house a double row of snowdrops bloomed.

Charles was listening for the rural mail wagon. Friend Benjamin South would be along any time now, driving his little gray mare to the new mail wagon, and Charles was waiting for him with greater anticipation than usual, for to-day he was expecting a package and it was to be addressed to his very own self. Neither the weekly newspaper, nor the church paper, nor any number of seed catalogues, nor a letter from Brother Samuel, who was away off working in the city, nor even the arrival of Charles' beloved story paper, were half so exciting to him as a package.

Charles was ten—a sturdy, bright-faced, yellow-haired Quaker lad, with deep gray eyes that laughed a great deal more than most people knew. He was the youngest of the family. His only brother was away from home, and so Charles lived very much to himself. But he was quite content, spending his days with the animals on the farm, or walking a mile and a half to the little white schoolhouse, where he studied his sums and his spelling book. And then he had his story paper that came once a week, and this was partly why he was waiting for Friend Benjamin South and the rural free delivery wagon.

But the biggest part of the waiting—the package part—was a secret, and only Charles knew it. He had kept it to himself for almost a month, and to-day he was sure it would come, because yesterday he had had a postal card saying something about a "favor received," which he didn't understand, and some more which he decided meant that the secret would be here right soon. Charles swung himself up on the porch railing and dangled his small blue overalled legs. He pushed his big straw hat back on his head and went over the secret in his mind.

It was four weeks ago to-morrow that the premium number of his story paper had come. And such a number! Full of pictures of the most wonderful things—some of them in colors as natural as life—and everything under the sun was to be given away for sending in from one to five new subscribers to the story paper. Such a joyful time as Charles had had, spelling out the words and dreaming of all the beautiful things that might be his. If only he knew lots of people who wanted the story paper for a year. The idea of really getting a subscriber never entered his mind. All the neighbors were people who almost never read anything. And Charles seldom went to the Quaker town four miles away, except with his father and mother to meeting on first day or on fourth day, and then it did not appear quite seemly to advertise his story paper.

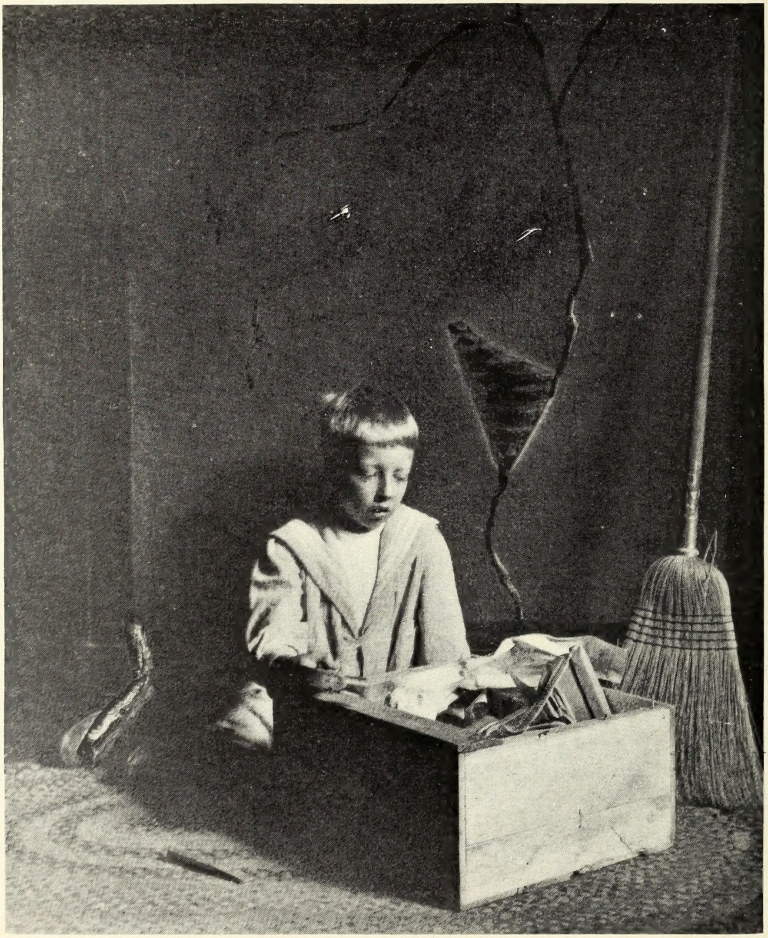
Several days after the premium number had arrived, Cousin Paul Haycock had stopped at the farm for dinner on the way to town from his home some ten miles away. Cousin Paul Haycock was a great friend of Charles—chums, they called themselves, although Cousin Paul was just four times Charles' age. And after dinner, while mother was at work in the

kitchen and father had gone to the barn, Cousin Paul and Charles had looked over the pictures in the premium book together, Charles pointing out various wonders with great enthusiasm. After the pictures had been shown and discussed, Cousin Paul had said, as he rose to his feet and pulled out his big gold watch, "Well, Charles, if I subscribe for the story paper for little Ellen, what will thee choose for thyself?"

Charles could hardly believe his ears. But he only smiled up at Cousin Paul and said eagerly, "I should have to think more about it Cousin Paul. Will thee truly have the paper for Ellen?"

And when Cousin Paul handed him a two-dollar bill from the flat leather folder that fitted the inside pocket of his gray coat, Charles was radiantly happy.

So there began several exciting days of deciding what he should have. For one subscriber he could get a ping pong set with colored balls and red-handled rackets, according to the picture; or a watch, a silver one—life-sized in the premium book— as big as Cousin Paul Haycock's. Charles could almost hear it tick. Or he could get a gold-framed picture of a crying yellow-haired child in a red dress and blue apron, sitting on the floor beside a pool of milk and a broken pitcher.



"WAS IT BROKEN?"

And then there were books, animal books and fairy books and a book on games, and there were gloves, brown ones with fur at the wrists, and many, many things to which Charles went back, time and time and again, enjoying them all, but not quite sure which he wanted.

On the last page of the book was a picture of the Victory of Samothrace, the "Winged Victory," the description said, which was "a statue six inches high, to be had, charges prepaid, for one new subscriber," and this pleased Charles more and more each time he turned to it after carefully going over all the other premiums. He couldn't tell why he liked it, for by some error in the printing, its head and its arms and one foot were left out, but the wings were to his liking—such strong sweeping wings! Charles wished he could see a premium number where the head was on. It was too bad that his number should be so defective, and it was not at all thrifty to get a thing without knowing first what it was even like. Again and again he made up his mind to choose the gloves or the fairy book, but each time he turned once more to the picture of the wings.

Charles smiled to himself now as he sat on the porch railing and waited for Friend Benjamin South and the mail wagon. He was thinking about the Victory—the secret—as he had thought, oh, so many times since the carefully penciled note, with the two-dollar bill enclosed, addressed to the story paper, had been given into Friend Benjamin's hands. When it came, he would surprise mother and father with it. He knew they'd think it fine. The head would have to suit, and the arms too, because the wings were so satisfactory.

A robin in a lilac bush near by sang a few clear notes and flew into the first evergreen. Charles followed it with his eyes and wondered about the Victory's wings. Would they be the color of the robin's? He believed he'd rather have them like the blue pigeon's wings, all glinty in the sunlight. The premium book said nothing about the color, but all statues, Charles knew, were colored. There was one on the organ in the front room, a flower girl in a pink dress and blue hat, with a match holder at her side. Father had bought her from a poor old peddler last summer. Still Charles didn't know but he'd rather have the wings gray, like the wings of the eagle he saw one time when he was out with Cousin Paul Haycock. My! but he wished he had wings like the Victory had. He'd fly—he could just feel himself go, oh, ever so high, just as it was when he "worked up" standing in the big swing in the grove. He could feel the thrill down his backbone now, as he thought how he'd sail in the air, higher and higher, and he smiled to himself, unconsciously straightening his back and taking deep breaths. He knew where he'd go, if he had wings. He'd go to the city and see Brother Samuel, and he'd fly far away in the winter, down south, where the flowers grow all the year around, and he'd bring lots of them to mother. And when he got big enough, and his wings very strong, why, he'd just take mother along to see things. She could ride on his back. Oh, it would be fine to be Victory himself! But to have the statue all for his own would be almost as good, and Charles measured with his finger about six inches on the post, so he could judge its size.

He had not been able to imagine how the head would look, but he was sure it would look all right. He could hardly wait for Friend Benjamin. He would run down to the road and sit on the big rock by the gate. To-day was seventh day, so he didn't have to go to school. On other days he always met Friend Benjamin on the way to school, but on seventh day it seemed a year after Charles had done his chores till Benjamin stopped at the gate and raised the cover to the tin mail box. To-day, it seemed forever.

Charles waited, impatiently throwing little lumps of earth at a patch of green across the road. At last he heard the hoof beats of a horse and then the rattle of the cart, and the rural free delivery wagon came around the bend

in the road, Friend Benjamin South sitting bent over on the seat, his broad hat pulled well down over his eyes.

Charles started up the road, his heart beating so hard and so fast that it seemed as if Friend Benjamin must hear it. But Friend Benjamin didn't even see Charles till he was quite up to the small boy, and then as Charles' excited voice called to him, "Good day, Friend Benjamin. Has thee anything for me to-day?" the horse was stopped with one jerk, and a jolly round face beamed at the boy, as he jumped up beside the driver.

"Anything for thee, Charles?" Friend Benjamin questioned, his blue eyes a-twinkle. "Well, I should say so. Get up, Kitty," shaking the lines over the mare's gray back. "Now what would thee say, Charles, to a big package, addressed to thy very self? And what does thee think it contains? A box of monkeys from thy brother in the city, does thee think?"

Friend Benjamin chuckled at his own wit, as he drew Kitty to a stop at Charles' gate. He reached into a big bag and pulled out a box, the size of a small shoe box, and handed it to Charles. "Well, here it is. See, it has thy name in fine writing on the outside. And it's a heavy one—twenty four cents in stamps, it took."

Charles was in the road now, hugging the secret close to his blue shirt, and looking up at Friend Benjamin, who added, with a wink, "Maybe it's rubber boots Samuel has sent thee. Be sure thee wears them to school on second day, so I can see them. Will thee? Get up Kitty."

"Thank thee, Friend Benjamin, and good day to thee," Charles called after the cart. Then he sped up the incline between the evergreen trees to the the house. He went in the front way, and up the front stairs, so no one would see him, and into his own little room with its neat rag carpet on the floor, its small white bed in the corner, and its chair and dresser and little chest all primly against the white walls. And here he placed his box on the floor and with hands a-tremble cut the strings with his own jack-knife, which Samuel had sent him Christmas. Then wrapper after wrapper he took off the box; then the cover, and then in the excelsior his cold fingers felt something hard. Quickly he tore off the packing, and there was a wing, all alone. His heart fairly stopped beating. Was it broken? He laid it carefully on the floor, and plunged his fingers again into the excelsior, and another wing came to view. It would be a dreadful thing if it had been smashed on the way. A lump came into his throat. Again he felt the hard plaster in the box, and he pulled out the headless body. Charles set it down and for the first time noticed the fasteners on the wings. In a trice his nimble fingers had fitted the wings in place, and were back in the box for the head and arms. In every corner he searched, at last pulling the packing out of the box bit by bit in his effort to discover the rest of his Victory. Of course the head and arms were somewhere there, and would fit on as the wings had. But though he hunted everywhere, he could not find them. The box was solid, so they couldn't have lost out on the way, and if they had been broken, the pieces would be there. Slowly it came to him that the story people had forgotten to send them. His eyes filled with tears, and his lips trembled. In his disappointment over the lack of the head, of all parts the part he most wanted to see, it was quite a moment before he discovered that the Victory was all white —all of it—dead white. It was a cheat. He had been fooled. They'd forgotten to send the most important part of it and they had sent him an all white Victory. He put his head down in the excelsior and sobbed. If the head had only come, he believed, after a while, that he could stand the whiteness. But the idea of them forgetting its head seemed almost too preposterous. He would look once more for it. He sat up, and began to put the excelsior back into the box, looking carefully through every handful. After the last scrap was in, Charles shut his lips

tightly together. He would write to them and tell them about the mistake. He picked up the cover to the box, and —why! there was the same picture on it that was in the premium book, only larger, and this one was without a head or arms, too. How queer. He looked at the statue in the middle of the floor, and compared it detail by detail with the picture. It was just the same. Even the foot was gone. Charles sat quite still and thought it all out. It wasn't a mistake in the picture then. It wasn't a trick of the story paper people, for they had been perfectly honest about it. There weren't any fasteners for a head or arms as there were for the wings. That was all there was to the Victory. It didn't have any head. It didn't have any arms or feet. He supposed it was even meant to be white. His fingers felt numb and cold. His lips were dry. He pushed his hat from his head and wiped his forehead with his sleeve. Then slowly he reached for the Victory, removed the wings, put the three parts in the box, placed the cover on it, and bundling the wrappers about it, pushed the whole thing under his bed, just as far as it would go, and hurrying upstairs and out into the back yard, he climbed the tallest apple tree, just beginning to show its green leaves, and stayed among its branches till the dinner bell rang.

All that afternoon and the next day Charles was very quiet. His mother began to wonder if he was sick, and stirred him up a dose of molasses and sulphur for his blood.

Charles tried not to think of the Victory, but it had been his one thought for so many days, that to drop it absolutely, with nothing to take its place, was impossible. In meeting on first day, he tried very hard to listen when the spirit moved Friend Esther Starbuck and Friend Ezra Hadley to speak, but all the time he was wondering to himself if Friend Rebecca Hadley, Ezra's daughter, who taught Charles' Sabbath School class, hadn't herself the very head for the Victory. He believed she had, and he grew so excited thinking about it, that he could hardly wait to get home.

After dinner he slipped away to his room, pulled out the box from under the bed, brought forth the body and wings, fitted them together and stood the whole thing on his bureau. It was a bad bargain, he had to admit to himself, but it was his own fault, and the wings were just as beautiful as he could have dreamed them, and he was almost glad they were white. And since he had it, he would look about among his friends and find a head to fit, and then imagine it on. Of course, somewhere there was a head beautiful enough for the wings. But Friend Rebecca's head wouldn't do. He couldn't just say why, but he was sure it wouldn't.

When his mother came to his room some time later, to see if he was sick, he pointed out his Victory to her. "I got it with the subscription Cousin Paul gave me to the story paper," he explained hurriedly. "It came yesterday. I was going to surprise thee and father, but thee sees it wasn't a good bargain, because there isn't any head nor arms."

"Why, did they break coming, Charles?" she asked, examining the statue with interest.

"No. It broke before." Charles explained. "There weren't any pieces in the box. I'd better have had the gloves or the fairy book, but thee sees, mother, how fine the wings are, and I loved the wings in the picture." He looked up at her puzzled face, and she bent and kissed him.

"Never mind, dearie. It's too bad thee was disappointed, but as thee says, the wings are beautiful, and thee will know better next time." She smiled at him and held out her hand. "If thee will come down now, I'll read thee a Bible story."

But though she read the most interesting of the Bible stories, though she held Charles close to her on her lap, and rocked back and forth, it was not the story, and it was not her sweet voice that Charles was thinking of; but he was thinking that if his mother's

hair wasn't quite so gray, her head would be just the one for his Victory. Her face was exactly right, but he didn't believe, even if the Victory were colored, that it would have gray hair.

The next day at school, Charles examined with interest each of the little girl's heads. He was surprised at first how far they all came from fitting the Victory. Not one would do. But the teacher—Charles stared so long at her that her face got quite pink, and she stepped into the hall where the mirror was, for a moment. She never knew how near hers came to be the head for the Victory of Samothrace. Charles felt she was almost the one, but alas, she wore eye glasses, and they never would do for this statue. Some statues had them, he knew. The grandfather statue at Cousin Paul's wore eyeglasses, but Charles was sure his Victory wouldn't—not even those with a gold chain, like teacher's.

Aunt Rachel, his mother's cousin, was very beautiful, Charles thought, and her hair was not gray, but black and curly. She didn't wear eyeglasses either, but he heard mother say one time, with a shake of her head, that Rachel was the only worldly one in the family, and surely those wings couldn't have a worldly head, no matter how beautiful.

And so all of Charles' friends and relatives had their turn, and one by one they were checked off as lacking this or that which the Victory must have. It seemed very soon, that not the head alone, but the owner also, must in every way reach Charles' ideal of the Victory.

Each morning, as he left his room, Charles looked back at the spreading wings and said to himself that maybe this would be the day he'd find the perfect head; and each night his last thought was, "To-morrow I'll find it."

It was one rainy day when he conceived the idea of looking through the big illustrated Bible for his Victory head, for surely he could find it in the Bible, if anywhere. So he spent the afternoon stretched out on the floor, his head propped with one hand, turning page after page of the big Bible. It took a good while to look at all the pictures and Esther and Ruth and Rebecca and Mary Magdeline were all given a fair chance, but none of them fitted, and Charles closed the book at last, got to his feet, and looked out of the window for a long time, his nose pressed hard against the cool glass and the lump in his throat very, very big. The Bible had failed him, none of his friends or acquaintances would do, and he felt as gray and as cold as the sky looked.

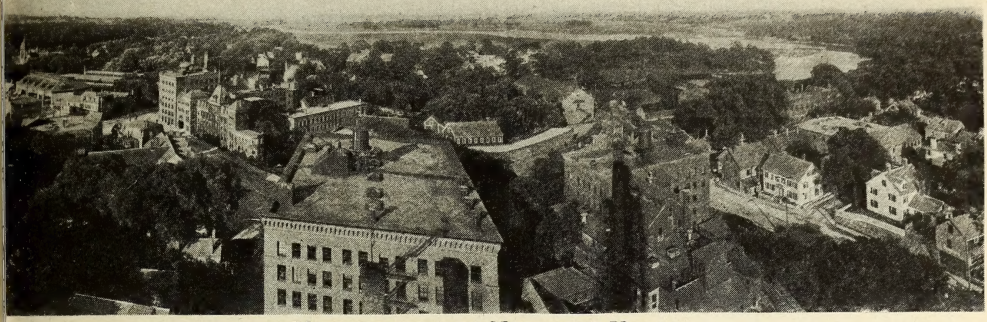
But early the next morning the sun streamed into Charles' room, striking the little mirror of the dresser and casting a rainbow over the spreading wings of the Victory. A bluebird sang on the window-sill and Charles awoke, his eyes on the little statue. He lay quite still for several seconds, watching the delicate bar of colors. Then suddenly sliding from bed, he stood in his long white gown before the Victory, and exclaimed joyfully,

"I'm glad thee hasn't any head, Victory. There *isn't* any head in the whole wide world beautiful enough for thee!"

THANKSGIVING

By ETHEL SYFORD

Nature's Bounty all Life holds close to her breast,
The Harvest glow bends low from the radiant West
And kisses the sombre hills;
The tall oaks shudder, their sere leaves fall,
The pines murmur, croon softly,—the woodland enthrills,
I feel the all-grandeur and bow my head.



MILTON AND THE NEPONSET VALLEY

MILTON ON THE NEPONSET

By D. ELFLEDA CHANDLER

SEVEN short miles south of the State House and separated from Dorchester by a narrow stream, the town of Milton wends its quiet way through the centuries with so little ostentation that few people outside its boundaries even dream of the beauty, wealth, and antiquity which it guards so fondly.

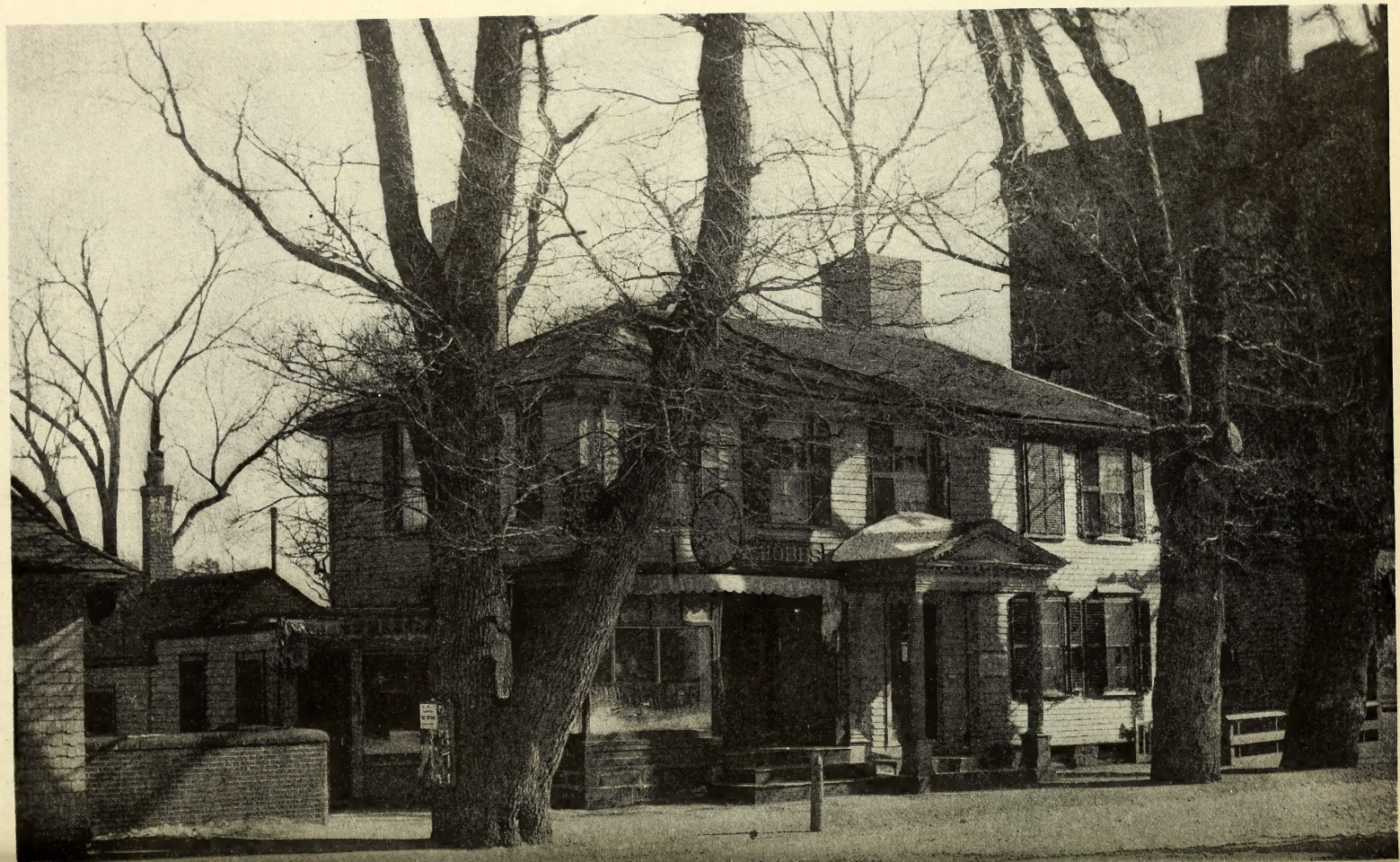
Secure in the knowledge of its worth, this conservative township has no desire for the plaudits of the general public, else its treasures might never have hidden from the world until this late day. A rich field for both the historian and the genealogist is here, for Milton led the new world in many of the great industries of the present time and still harbors many a family whose American tree was planted upon Plymouth Rock. Many noted soldiers, statesmen, authors, and inventors have lived and are buried in Milton, while some of her present citizens are well known, even in foreign lands.

In that far off olden time which is only history to us, when the Pilgrim Fathers anchored at Plymouth, little time was lost in discovering the lay of the land newly acquired. Less than a year after the first arrival, Captain Miles Standish with a party of twelve men landed at Squantum under the guidance of an Indian known as Tisquantum, for whom the spot was probably named. Leaving but two men to guard the boats, this little party followed the trails across the marshes and up the Neponset River until they came to Massachusetts Field, as the Milton Marsh was then known, Massachusetts being the name of the tribe in possession of these lands. Here, on September 21st, 1621, the first white men set foot upon what is now the town of Milton.

Soon after this the town of Dorchester was settled and the section south of the Neponset River was known by the Indian name of Unquityquisset.

In 1633 Israel Stoughton obtained the first grant of land, erecting in that same year the first power mill in the new world at the little falls near the Adams Street bridge of to-day. One year later Richard Collicot erected the first house in Milton at the corner of Adams and Center streets.

One by one new dwellings sprang


HOBBS



UNITARIAN CHURCH, MILTON

nto existence until 1662, when the ttle settlement of Unquity decided to eparate itself from the mother town, nd with Dorchester's permission, de- lared itself an independent township in Iay of that year, choosing Milton as ie name by which it should be known ı future. Why this was chosen is ot known for a certainty. Many be- eve it was named for the poet Milton, ıen at the height of fame, while others eclare it was so christened in honor f the many English towns of that ame.

Deus nobis hoec otia fecit (God has fforded us this quiet) was the motto chosen for the municipal seal of these peace-loving, God-fearing Puritans, and that motto is quite as fitted to the Milton of to-day as to that of 1662. Though only seven miles from the center, and only a few rods from the rim of that restless human whirlpool, known as Boston, the "Hub" of Massachusetts, this offspring of old Dorchester is unrivaled for repose and pastoral pleasure by any rural settlement in New England.

The electric car is a vehicle little patronized in Milton, as the trolley lines are, for the most part, far removed from the residential section of this

aristocratic town; also the tracks of the steam trains. The auto alone is tolerated by the dwellers of the hills, as nearly all of Milton's wealthy residents choose the high lands. Even among the less fortunate of Miltonites the three-flat dwelling, that hive-like horror of modern cities, is entirely unknown, while the house occupied by two families is by no means common. A tiny cottage with grass plot in front and small garden in rear is the abode of the working class oftenest seen.

Manufacturing plants, with their noisy engines and whirr of machinery, are also relegated to the lower sections of the town, where their ceaseless pursuit of various occupations is powerless to annoy the quiet-loving residents.

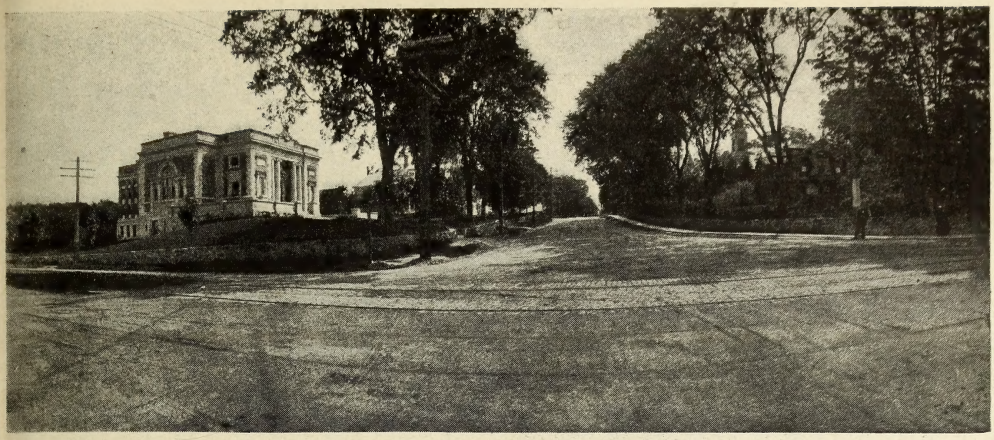
Soon after the Collicot house was built, what was later known as the old Littlefield house sprang into being on the site now occupied by the residence of T. R. Glover, on Adams Street. Here in 1650 the wife of William Daniels, a noble and generous-hearted woman, first attempted teaching the Indian to read English. For a year she labored without help or remuneration, when the results of her work became known to the executive heads of the Colony, in Boston, who at once caused a sum of money to be paid her for what she had accomplished, with the understanding that her future attainments in this line would receive like returns. She continued the work until the close of 1653.

The first real church was erected in 1671 on land donated by Robert Vose. Meetings had been held, previous to this time, in a parsonage at the head of Churchill's Lane since 1664, when the land was first given.

Although Ensign Ebenezer Tucker, a retired soldier, was elected as the first school teacher in 1669, no inde



PAUL'S BRIDGE



MILTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

pendent building was built for school purposes until 1718. Many descendants of both Robert Vose and Ebenezer Tucker still live in Milton.

In 1675 five residents of the town south of the Neponset River formed a partnership and erected a powder mill near the mill of Israel Stoughton, where powder was manufactured for the defense of the Colonists against the Indians, who had become very troublesome. This was the first powder mill built upon American soil, and was very successful until 1744, when it blew up, killing nearly all of its inmates.

The first paper mill in this country was also established in Milton in 1728 near those busy little falls which had furnished so much power for new industries, a mill for slitting iron having been built here in 1710 by a Mr. Jackson.

Perhaps the other towns in Massachusetts were too busy with their wars and the making of our more strenuous history to turn their minds to the pur-



ENTRANCE TO HUTCHINSON GARDENS

suits of peace, for Milton continued to lead them all in the establishment of those enterprises learned in the mother country across the sea. In the fall of 1764 that immense factory now known as the Walter Baker Chocolate Mills made its debut in a building erected upon the site of the old powder mill, and, strange to say, its birth was due to an act of charity.

James Boies, an emigrant from Ireland, discovered a countryman, John Hanan by name, wandering aimlessly about Adams Street, in a destitute and disheartened condition. Upon inquiry, he learned that Hanan had been a chocolate maker in the old country, and had emigrated in the hope of bettering his condition, but failing to find chocolate mills in the new world, he was at a loss for employment and funds. Boies at once offered a helping hand to the discouraged wayfarer, and arranging with Wentworth and Stone to allow him a part of their sawmill, established him in the business of chocolate making, just before the opening of the new year of 1765. Hanan proved an industrious, hard-working man, and his business, the first of its kind in America, was a success. Both his work and his life came to a close, however, in 1780, and the business which he began was continued by Dr. James Baker, who had been a staunch friend of the founder.



C. E. Guild residence and garden, Atherton Road

Upon the death of Dr. Baker, the mill fell to his son, Edmund Baker, who in turn left it to his son Walter, in whose name the business still remains. In 1854 Henry L. Pierce, a relative, succeeded Walter Baker in the direction of the business and under his management it grew into one of the largest industries of its kind in the world. In 1895 the business was incorporated



OLD HUTCHINSON MANSION

under the laws of Massachusetts. From a room in the old Milton sawmill, it has grown to a plant now occupying six mills in Dorchester and Milton, which cover a ground space of about eight acres and stands to-day a noble monument to the good deed of one man to a fellow countryman.

In speaking of Milton's business section, it is impossible to overlook a portion of Dorchester, known as the Lower Mills, and so closely allied with the town south of the river that it is generally referred to as Milton Lower Mills, as designated upon the trolley cars which run from Pierce Square to East Milton.

The car barns of the Boston Elevated Road situated at the termination of Dorchester Avenue on one side of this square are marked "Milton Car Barns," and when the Ashmont and Milton cars reach this destination, the conductors announce "Milton, end of the route," thus leading the stranger to believe that Pierce Square is in Milton, although it is at least three minutes walk before one crosses the bridge which marks the dividing line between the two towns.

To be sure, Milton has manufactories, stores, and banks of its own, but owing to the fact that the majority of these are on Adams Street, just across the river from Pierce Square, they serve merely to complete the section of which the above named square is the principal part.

Many old buildings are also found in these Lower Mills, among others an old village inn, built in 1809, while a little further upon Washington Street the store of J. C. Talbot, a man well known in the public life of Milton, has stood for the past ninety-four years, having been built in 1815 by the grandfather of its present owner.

Upon the Adams Street side of this

square, near the office building of the Chocolate Mills, another well-known enterprise is housed in the large building occupied by the Mason Regulator Company.

Some twenty-five or six years ago its founder, Mr. William Mason, invented a device for use upon steam engines, called a regulator; the invention was welcomed by engineers all over the country and Mr. Mason continued to invent machines of this character until his valves, pumps, and governors are used in all parts of the globe. He maintains foreign agencies in all the principles countries of the eastern hemisphere, as well as those of our own continent. He is ranked among the well-known inventors of modern history.

Just across the bridge in Milton, near the immense store houses of the Chocolate Mills, the large grain elevator of Swan & Babcock, with its connecting houses and office, lend an air of importance to this busy little center. The Strangman Manufacturing Company also give employment to a large number of wood-workers, machinists, and wheelwrights in their carriage manufactory and repair shop nearby.

A short walk from Milton's business section takes one to Milton Hill, which is another interesting point connected with Massachusetts' early history. Here Thomas Hutchinson, last of the Royal Governors to rule the British Provinces of North America, built his residence in 1743 and established that exclusive social standard which is still a distinct feature of this part of Milton. Although well liked by his colonists, and a most honorable man, Governor Hutchinson was no match for the spirit of rebellion which seized his people in 1774, and realizing his inadequacy, he abandoned his post and went to England, the home of his an-



J. A. Turner's residence, Central Avenue

cestors, leaving his Milton Hill house in charge of his son. In the turbulent times which followed, the property was confiscated, however, and falling into other hands, the furnishings were later sold at public auction.

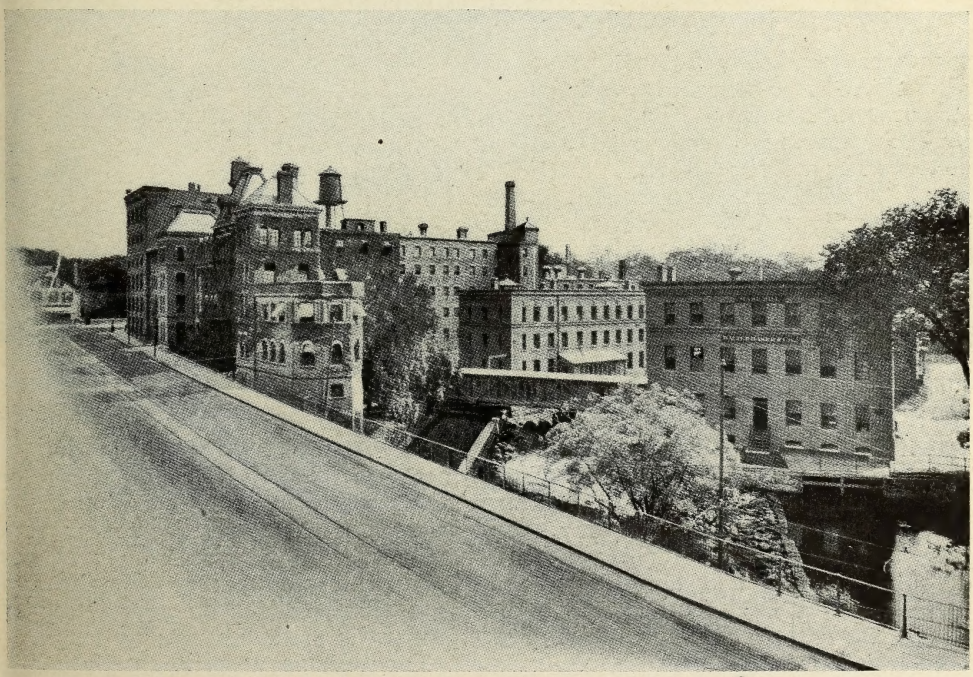
In 1812 the property was purchased by Barney Smith, one of whose descendants, Miss Mary Rivers, still owns and occupies the mansion. Little of the old house remains, however, as repairs and additions have converted the dwelling into a magnificent residence of a more modern type, but the beautiful gardens, with their grass walks and ancient trees, are little changed from those grounds which were the Govenor's pride. Just below the western entrance a large arbor leads into the gardens and out upon the principal grass walk.

From the eastern windows, the view, though entirely different, is not less striking than that which overlooks the gardens, for here nature has formed a garden after her own fancy, which is seldom outdone by human efforts.

Down across Hutchinson's Field, which the Metropolitan Park Commission has purchased for the free use and enjoyment of the people, the eye travels out upon those famous Milton Marshes, where at low tide the Neponset River, strangely sensitive to the color of sky and tree, loafs idly among the thick grass, as though reluctant to surrender its burden to waiting ocean.

Just beyond the residence of Miss Rivers is the home of Miss Dorothy Forbes.

Continuing across Milton Hill on Adams Street, one passes the Peabody estate, the Cunningham estate, and several Forbes estates, coming eventually to the estate of R. B. Forbes, whose father was an extensive traveler in foreign lands. He imported many rare and beautiful ornaments from China and at one time topped the entire wall which fronts the estate with china tiling. Mr. Forbes' china wall became famous in Milton and people came from a distance to see the unique barrier. The present owner of the estate decided to have it removed later,



MILLS (NOS. 1, 2 AND 3) OF WALTER BAKER & CO., LTD.

and to-day there is nothing about the estate that even suggests its existence.

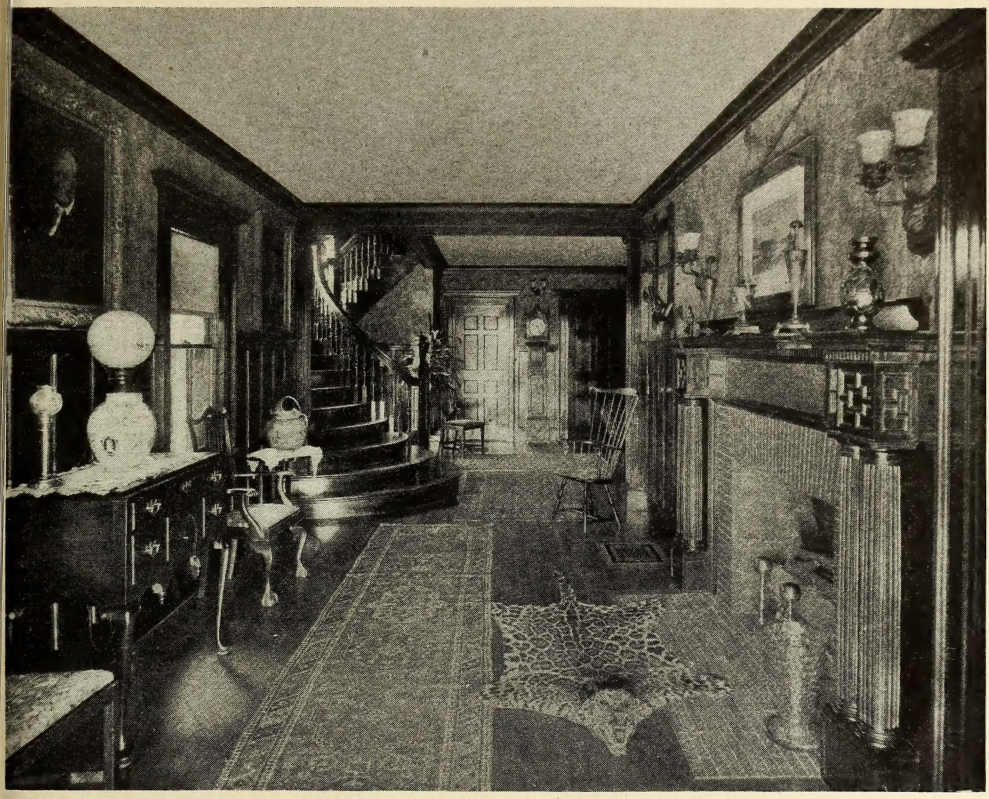
Near the settlement of East Milton, Adams Street leads into Squantum Street, which in turn crosses the tracks of the N. Y., N. H. & H. Railroad. Right here is another interesting relic for the historian, a section of the road-bed and a frog from the first railroad built in America, which was laid from the quarries just over the Quincy line, through Milton to the Neponset River for the transportation of granite in the construction of Bunker Hill Monument, stone for which, though quarried in Quincy, was cut in Milton. Unlike the railroads of to-day, the ties for this first steel-way were of solid granite, laid lengthwise end to end, about five feet apart, upon which the rails were securely fastened with iron pins.

In the latter part of the eighteenth century, Benjamin Crehore, one of those rare individuals who are "Jack of all trades" and master of each, built a little shop on the right-hand side of Adams Street, a little back from the river. Attracting much notice by his genius, the manager of an opera company about to play at the old Federal Street Theatre in Boston brought him a battered old bass viol, much needed in the orchestra, but so out of repair as to be useless, there being no place then in existence where musical instruments were repaired. Soon mastering its mechanism, Crehore repaired the instrument, making it even better than in its original state. This success so elated the mechanic that he at once began the manufacture of violins, and in 1798 succeeded in completing the first violin made in this country.

Turning his attention to larger instruments, he began work upon a piano



BLUE HILL METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATORY



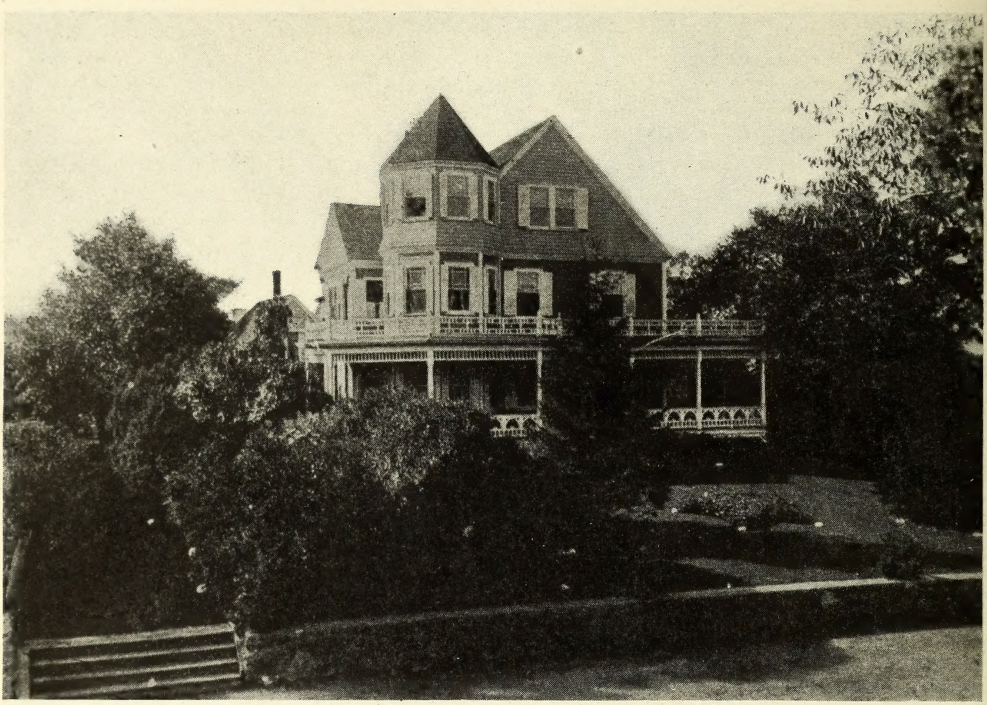
HALL IN FRANCIS HART RESIDENCE

and in 1800 completed the first piano made in America. He continued the manufacture of pianos for some time, until other enterprises claimed his erratic fancy, when he sold the piano business to Allen & Babcock, who built a factory upon Washington Street, Boston. This came later into the hands of Chickering & Mackey, who lost the factory by fire early in the nineteenth century, after which Chickering alone continued the business, establishing that immense factory still standing on Tremont Street, and now known as Chickering & Son.

Becoming interested in a student of Milton Academy, who had lost a leg in the War of 1812 and sought an education to enable himself to gain a livelihood, Crehore decided to furnish him a substitute for the lost limb. After some experimenting, he succeeded in making a jointed leg, which proved to be an efficient aid to the unfortunate soldier-student. This was the first artificial limb made in the new world.

A short distance beyond Mattapan Square on the Blue Hill Parkway is the Leopold Morse Home, founded in 1888 under the title of Boston Home for Aged and Infirm Hebrews. In 1894 the name was changed in honor of the founder, when it was decided to gradually convert the institution into an orphanage. Although supported in the main by the Jewish societies of Greater Boston, the home has received many endowments from prominent members of Hebrew families.

Another institution, supported by the charity of Milton residents, is the Milton Convalescent's Home and Hospital at East Milton, where the poorest Milton residents are treated free of charge and accommodation is also given to those more fortunate citizens who are able and do pay well for care. Situated upon rising ground, with its tennis



WM. MASON'S RESIDENCE, ADAMS STREET

courts, croquet grounds, and extensive woodland pathways, this Home has proved a godsend to many a tired mother and ailing child.

Milton contains quarries of fine granite, with all her other industries. Mr. P. T. Maguire, who has just completed that beautiful Pilgrim Monument which is attracting so much attention at Provincetown, shipped the finest stones used in its construction from his Milton quarry.

G. H. Bent's cracker bakery at East Milton is a very interesting factory of its kind, for here the little water cracker so well known to every housekeeper is baked in the selfsame manner employed by Mr. Bent's ancestor, Josiah Bent, who made the first crackers in America at his home on Highland Street, Milton, in 1801, later establishing the factory now owned by the National Buscuit Company at the corner of Central Avenue and Elliot Street. Old Dutch ovens are heated by burning in each a bundle of fagots bought at two cents from Milton boys, who gather them from the woodlands, after which the floors of the ovens are thoroughly washed with soft water, then covered with the little crackers, which are made entirely from flour and water.

But the man who really "cuts the most ice" in Milton is J. A. Turner, whose estate numbering 75 acres is situated upon Central Avenue. The pretty pond in the rear of his residence makes a pleasant variation in the landscape during the warmer seasons, and, aided by Jack Frost, yields a rich harvest during the winter months.

Down among the shops, stores, and factories at Milton Lower Mills an old house still maintains its original position and form, although it has watched the decay and destruction of every comrade of its youth. A marble slab near its weather-beaten entrance tells the story of this, the cradle of our liberty. The inscription follows:

"In this mansion, on the 9th September, 1774, at the meeting of the delegates of every town and district

in the County of Suffolk, the memorable Suffolk Resolves were adopted. They were reported by Maj.-Gen. Joseph Warren, who fell in their defense in the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17th, 1775. They were approved by the members of the Continental Congress at Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, on Sept. 17th. 1774. The resolves to which the immortal Patriot here first gave utterance, and the heroic deeds of that eventful day on which he fell, led the way to American Independence.

"Posterity will acknowledge that virtue which preserved them free and happy."

This house, built by Daniel Vose, is probably the oldest building in Milton, still preserved in its original design. The old Churchill house on Adams Street at the head of Churchill's Lane was built in 1740, but has been modernized until very little of its original architecture remains.

A large family of Gullivers once lived at Algerine Corner, now Union Square, East Milton; one of these while visiting England told great stories of the new world to Dean Swift. It is claimed that Swift drew his inspiration for "Gulliver's Travels" from these exaggerated tales.

At the corner of Canton Avenue and Vose Lane stands the house where Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney spent the greater part of her married life. All of those books which have delighted the hearts of girls, as well as grown people, were written here. Shortly before her death in March, 1906, her last book entitled "Biddy's Episodes" was published. Mrs. Carolyn Leslie Fields, her daughter, also a noted author, lived here.

This same house was once the home of that noted soldier, Major-General E. V. Sumner, for whom was named the Milton Post, G. A. R.

The orator Wendell Phillips was a resident of Milton and now sleeps in the Milton Cemetery, as also does Dr. William Rimmer, the artist.

Near the residence of A. H. Hobson, on Brook Road, stands the oldest elm tree in Milton. Its girth one yard from the ground is over twelve feet. A red oak near the home of F. E. Sanford is over seventeen feet in circumference at the same height.

Two banks find support in Milton, a savings bank and the Blue Hill National Bank. Mr. Samuel Gannett is president, whose board of directors includes several of the most successful business men of both Dorchester and Milton Lower Mills.

An enterprising little weekly newspaper, edited by Charles F. Marden and known as the "Milton Record," occupies a part of the same building in which the banks are located.

The Blue Hills of Milton are too well known to require a description here. Much has been written regarding their attractions. They have proved an inspiration to many able writers, but so varied and indescribable are the beauties seen from their summit that endless efforts on the part of the scribe would still leave a fresh subject for his successor. From the top of Great Blue Hill one hundred and twenty-five towns may be identified by a building, light, or mountain, with the aid of a glass, which is able to pierce the horizon for sixty-eight miles inland, as well as reveal the lights on Cape Ann, forty miles seaward. This fact is the more remarkable when one learns that this elevation is only 635 feet above sea level, yet the highest point within ten miles of the coast, from southern Maine to Florida.

Many people believe that the Meteorological Observatory on the peak of Great Blue Hill is the property of the state, like the surrounding lands which were secured to the public in 1894. This impression is erroneous, for Mr. A. Lawrence Rotch, Meteorological Director of Harvard College, established this observatory in 1885 at his own expense, maintaining it since that time at a cost of $4000 a year. Mr. Rotch's residence on Canton Avenue in the shadow of the hill which bears the monument of his scientific research, is one of the many beautiful homes of this section.

The estate of the late Ex-Governor Wolcott, still occupied by his widow, is also situated upon this end of Canton Avenue.

Not far from the home of Mr. Rotch one comes to a most imposing gateway, whose graceful arch of natural stone forms a connecting link between the gatekeeper's lodge and the power house. Far up the graveled driveway a magnificent stone mansion rests contentedly among the velvet lawns. W. E. C. Eustice, a noted scientist, is its fortunate possessor.

Many Boston business men reside in this quarter of Milton, whose homes though modern are yet both beautiful and artistic. The residence of C. E. Guild on Atherton Street is a fair example of this type, while the beautiful gardens surrounding it are unrivaled by any.

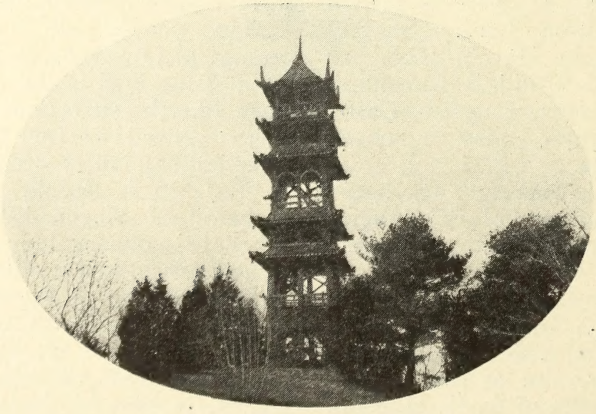
Mr. Francis Hart of Central Avenue is another business man whose residence is worthy of note, as well as Mr. Dudley Talbot of Canton Avenue, Lower Mills.

Milton, with its 7640 inhabitants, can boast of one and one-eleventh acres to each individual, its wealth in taxable property amounting to $23,864,970.

Just beyond the Blue Hills on the southwestern boundary of Milton, a little pond smiles up at the observatory, as though hiding from the landscape artist who accidentally dropped it among the thickly grown woodland. Wide fields extending from its shore towards the mountain bear those indisputable marks of the successful farmer. Farmer Houghton, who once owned this beautiful property and for whom the pond was eventually named, was also one of the earliest settlers in Milton. Although the old homestead has given place to buildings better suited to the public, who now enjoy the possession of this once fertile farm and well-stocked pond, many fruit trees planted by farmer owners still remain.

Although the Metropolitan Park Commission have made many useful additions to the facilities for general comfort, that strange influence which is so strong about abandoned or demolished country homes is plainly felt as one saunters idly about the shore or meadows, as though the departed owners still hovered in spirit over the ruined hearthstone, once held so sacred to the fires of home. Pleasant groves for picnic parties are found upon the opposite shore, which are well patronized when the freedom of a holiday turns loose the city's children of toil.

Merry parties in boats and canoes sport about upon the bosom of the tiny lake, their laughter echoing from the mountains, often rivaling the notes of the song bird, until approaching evening sends them homeward, with happy hearts invoking the richest blessings upon those favorite parks in Milton.



TOWER IN GROUNDS OF A. LAWRENCE ROTCH

GLEN NOBLE*

By WINSLOW HALL

CHAPTER XXX.

THE pup—old Mingo's successor—was asleep on the wolf-rug before the fire, too tired with play and his night's lesson with the sheep to more than raise his velvety head, beat a thump or two on the floor with his tail and then, getting a word of comradeship, to sink back into dreamland with a sigh of contentment.

Glen drew up a great, leather arm-chair to the fire, lit a pipe, and with his feet on the fender, took up his uninterrupted train of reflection.

He knew so well every rod, every foot of the outlying territory, that in his mind, seated snugly by the fire, he could journey here and there, seeing every physical object for miles around as vividly as though actually visiting them. Idly he peopled all the well-known localities with the scenes of his boyhood, but wherever he went Constance, the chum of his youth, was present.

He winced a little as he thought how seldom he had dwelt upon her and her fortune during the year and a half prior to his experiences in the city; how utterly, almost, he had permitted her, his old-time playmate, to drift out of his mind. He wondered if she had been lonesome, had cared at all. He tried to put himself in his old-time relation with her as girl and boy, content in each other's company, playing over the meadows and vales and to conjure if, perhaps, that playmate comradeship might have ripened in her bosom to a fonder sentiment for him.

He sighed deeply over the problem of his position and leaned forward to rap the ashes from his pipe onto the hearth. The pup unclosed his deep, sentimental eyes and whacked the rug companionably with his bushy tail.

Glen smiled down upon him. "Men are strange creatures," he said meditatively, and the tail thumped twice or thrice. "Selfish and inhuman where their hearts are concerned," he continued, laying his hand on the silken head, and the dog kissed the straying fingers with his moist, velvety tongue.

And yet, as he settled back into the depths of his chair, Glen felt no self-accusement in his heart because, between his mind's eye and the mental picture of the fair face and form of his old-time playmate, gentle and trustful, matured to sweetest fullness of young womanhood, the face and figure of another for a moment intervened: because, for an instant, he heard again the swish of a silken robe, felt the fragrance of dark, wavy hair and saw the bright eyes and crimson, pursed lips of her living anthesis.

For Glen knew, as well as he knew right from wrong, that the infatuation he had thought true love, which he had borne for that other, was as dead in his heart, as beyond resurrection as a flower consumed to dead ash in the flame.

He would still admire her and treasure her memory; there would still be the charm of her voice in his thoughts of her; her manner, her appearance, her winning accomplishments would dwell with him. He foresaw, he thought, and that without an atom of regret, that the time would soon come when Jessica, her greater self conquering, would come to love her husband wholly and well—when children should be laid in her arms and when the dreams of her

Copyright, 1908, by Winslow Hall. All rights reserved.

youth should lie dormant in her heart, unforgotten, it may be but potent.

All that had been was nothing for repining. He canvassed them all and found nothing for regretting. He would share them openly with Constance; he would leave nothing for conjecture, and she, the soul of truth and loyalty, might judge him.

And thus he decided: He would go to her openly, frankly, tell her all, acknowledging his mistakes and his errors. And how much, how very much he had to tell! His heart smote him as he thought how he had been robbed of opportunity to pour out to her his thanks for her devotion and sacrifice to him. But he would make it all clear to her. Of any suspicion of doubt relating to the terrible charge which had been brought against him with relation to John Carter's death, not an iota appealed to him. Any such, any memory of that, between these two was buried in an abysmal tomb of forgetfulness. It was only his waywardness of heart, only his forgetfulness of her goodness that troubled him.

But he was too manly to waste time in repining. He might regret what had been, but the consequences of his folly he would face boldly. If he was mistaken; if Constance did not care for him in the way he hoped; if time and his neglect had chilled her affection; if there was another—well, he sighed deeply. He would take as a soldier meets death, as a man takes a man's portion, such a blow if it came—take it quietly, unflinchingly, and the world never should know, for, thank God, there are loves as far above mere greed for possession, mere lust to be loved as heaven from earth; a love that in itself is all-sufficient, that knoweth not selfishness and delights in the happiness of others.

Glen rose abruptly from his chair and passed his hand swiftly across his forehead. Then he went into the hallway and calling down to the folks below that they might close up the house when they were of a mind to, he whistled to the puppy and went into his bedroom, closing the door upon the world and its strange riddles and perplexities after him.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Easter came—a day balmy, golden, full of promise.

Mrs. Marsh, who had been up at Doctor Grey's all day, came home at supper time and told Glen that Constance had arrived an hour since and had asked for him.

At the tea table the old housekeeper was worried. Glen seemed to have no relish for his food. She asked him if he was well and he replied "fine" in such a boyish treble and looked at her with such a depth of mystifying lights in his brown eyes, that her fears were allayed, but her wonderment deepened.

So soon as he could, Glen excused himself and soon departed from the house, dressed as for special occasion and whistling softly the chorus from Il Trovatore.

He walked across lots, paths he and Constance so often had trod together, pausing beneath the old, sacred sycamore, with its memories; at the claybank, where they two made pies and played at married life; by the stile, with its worn steps, where they had so often parted, and it was deep dusk and twilight when he at last reached Doctor Grey's.

The doctor was just emerging from the doorway onto the side veranda as Glen came up.

"Howdy, Glen!" he cried, catching sight of the young man, and there seemed, somehow, to be an added warmth and pathos in his tone. "Glad to see you. Thought you'd be over. Jehosophat!" It was the one real heavy word that the doctor permitted himself. "I most forgot, Glen. We need some hearts-ease for the supper table. We haven't eaten yet. Won't you get it while I shut up the chickens? You'll find some in full flower at the end of the middle patch in the garden.

Glen knew well where the pansies grew and he moved rapidly down the garden lawn.

At the walk's ending, where the land dropped away to the valley and the

pearly west, Constance was standing, looking off to the distant hills.

"Constance!"

Glen's footsteps had been inaudible on the pliant turf and he had her in his arms before she realized that he was near.

She did not struggle. In her heart she knew—had guessed for long.

"Oh, Glen, Glen," was all she could say, and she said it with difficulty. "You great, big bear. Was it for this that——"

"Yes," he interrupted her, "for this." And then, holding her close he tried to tell her what he had so often planned to say; to pour out to her all his past: to make clean his heart of self-resentment and idle thought; to tell her all that had been between Jessica and himself, and then let her judge. But he had no more than said Jessica's name than her hand that was not captive stole up to his shoulder and she turned her sweet face up to him. Her eyes were brimming, but a smile lit all her features. She laid her fingers restrainingly on his lips.

"Don't, Glen," she said. "I understand. She was a dear, sweet girl; I do not blame you. There is nothing for me to forgive."

He could not speak, there was such fullness in his heart. He pressed her brown head to his shoulder and kissed her hair and brow.

"And you love me, Constance?"

"Yes, Glen. I always did."

He raised her dear face and kissed her lips, not passionately, but with reverence, and then, with his arms about her, he led her to the seat by the vine-clad trellis. There he drew her head down on his shoulder and she nestled in his arms like a tired bird, safe home after a long day's voyaging.

"Oh, Glen," she whispered, when he would let her, "how I should have missed you. Yes, yes," she exclaimed, laughing up at him, "must I needs keep saying it? Well, well, I love you, I love you, I love you. No; I can never tell you how much—can never tell you at all if you keep acting that way.

And then, as they sat silent, the yellow moon of a sudden pushed her sharp prow above the far hills, one brilliant star her consort, and flooded the valley with her gentle light. Higher the barge of the night sea rode, and as the darkness lifted, the whole world seemed receding, leaving the two young lovers alone.

EPILOGUE.

The simple narrative of Glen Noble, a son of New England, is nearly done. The larger story of the Silent Conquest, which once was to have been our caption, that at times has been suggested here, may not be written now. For it is present history, and Time alone may write it as the years go on.

In coming days, when that great author shall finally write "finis" to that story, too, my simple one may, perchance, be remembered casually of men. Then only, fortified by knowledge of events, shall they be competent to say truly if I in my day builded good or ill; if, in brief, the signs of the present time were heeded, and the sons of our foresires redeemed their heritage of the soil or lost it utterly by default to another race and people.

A later day and a later season and once more and for the last time we look abroad over the fair fields round about Cass Corners.

Fair and fertile bask the acres of the Carter farm beneath the noontide sun, stretching, broad and billowly from the honeysuckle shaded porch where Glen sits, to far beyond the Corners.

There, to the southward rears the bald top of Sugarloaf, the grand old patriarch with its many legends. Yonder, in the gateway of the hills, where, in serried ranks, the talking pines are marshaled up the careering heights, scintillates the silvery ribbon of the river, flowing, placid, to the sea.

Nearer to, where the fruitful, watered valley lends a tone of deeper greenery to the view, a herd of Ayrshire cows are grazing peacefully, the mottled white and bay of their glossy sides lending a tinge of quiet animation to the scene; and higher up, in a stumpy pasture lot, which Glen cleared

last winter, a drove of Southdown and Hampshire sheep add just the needed detail to the pastoral scene.

Sweeping houseward from the valley, and up to the greensward of the lawn, come the tillage lands, fat with promise of labor's just reward. The south meadow this season is down to corn, and its breast-high, even-planted stalks form a compact flood of changing green, that slightly billows like an inland sea, and the dreamy rustle of blade on blade comes with the sound of a creeping tide on a shelving shore. The meadow bordering on the east is verdant with the new emerald of just started rowan, where a heavy harvest of mixed grasses has been garnered and stored to the roof-tree in the mammoth barn. Everywhere broods peace and plenty.

It is now nearly thrice twelve months since the date of the locally famous wedding, and the Carter and Noble farms have long since been made one great possession. And as Glen in the rest of the noontide hour looked abroad over the acres that he ruled and compared them with what would probably have been his lot had he not, as the Major said, been true to his country's calling, his heart swelled with gratitude to Providence and his lips breathed fervently a prayer of thanks.

Not that his battles were won and over! Far from it. New responsibilities rose each day; but, as Stevenson has said so well: "To travel well is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor."

"It is not meant," wrote one of God's noblest noblemen, "that the enjoyments of life should be few and intense, but many and gentle; and great happiness is the sun of a multitude of drops. * * * They who are seeking enjoyment in remote ways, abandoning the very things that make me supremely joyful, a hope of immortality, a present and paternal God, the sun, the face of the world, the clouds, the trees, and the birds which keep house in them, and the air, the innumerable grass. It is not anything that I own; it is no stroke of good fortune, no special success that rejoices me. It is nothing but the influence of these things in which every man has common possession—days, nights, forests, mountains, atmosphere, universal and unmonopolized nature. But having eyes they will not see, and ears they will not hear, and a heart they will not understand. As the old prophet touched his servant's eyes, and he beheld the mountains filled with the angels and chariots of God, and feared no more; so, methinks, if I could bring the eager thousands forth who pant and strive for joy, only for joy, and unseal their eyes, they should behold and know assuredly that happiness was not in all the places where they delve and vex themselves. In the presence of these heavenly hours, riches touched with the finger of God, would say, 'Joy is not in me.' Fame would say, 'It is not in me.' "

Beecher loved the country and he preached the country because of that love, but higher and before even his devotion to it, prompting most of his preaching of it, was a humanitarian principle.

In Glen's cup of happiness there was but one bitterness, and he sighed with the pain of regret as his gaze wandered across the gray, heavy highway to the meadow on its opposite side, where, in the centre of luxuriant green, the little burial plot lay, its white shafts glistening, over which vines twined luxuriously, trained by loving hands.

The Grey and the Carter acres had not been united, for the old doctor still drove on his rounds, but in his journeyings through the neighborhood on his errands of mercy he often, in the heat of the long days, dozed in the deep hood of his chaise and dreamed of the time when they would be. He was often a visitor upon Glen and Constance, and several times since they had been married the Major had driven over from Ludlow to the farm.

Upon such occasions, at the conclusion of a merry repast, he and the doctor would draw their chairs in the shade of the veranda and while away the long, dreamy hours. The tide of

undesirable immigration was still sweeping over the country, and the native-born were drifting away. These conditions the two old patriots discussed with animation and their hearts were often sore with regret, but they had done what they could to better the conditions and their solace was to be found in that fact.

Avallonea, the lawyer in name only, is in prison, serving a twenty years' penalty, imposed by the federal court for perjury and false registration under the immigration laws.

Of Clarence Burland little news ever came back to these hills. After Burland senior had been delivered his certificate of election for value received, and he went to Washington, his famous country place changed hands, and the ill-reared son never came back to the scene of his early escapades. He was last heard of vaguely as a participant in a Texas feud.

The summer after she had left home, Flora, wedded but deserted, crept back to the scene of her girlhood, weary and alone. Knowing that she had been more sinned against than sinning, Constance and Glen would have received her and offered her a home, but she would accept nothing from any of them, save the old doctor's ministration, and then, silently accepting Glen's offer, she laid her dead child by the side of the mound where loving ones with breaking hearts had lain broken-hearted Allan MacLaren that spring, and then went away, a silent, remorseful figure, out into the world.

Of another, Badessiao, it is fitting to tell. He lived to be tortured by his memory only a few months. There was no human witness to the manner by which fate devised to remove him. All that was known of the incident was what he told ramblingly. He was found one morning in his ramshackle stable, bloody, mangled, and nearly dead. He had some difficulty with the worn-out horse, which he used as a medium for venting his bitternes of soul, and had attacked it savagely with a pitchfork. Goaded by pain beyond further endurance, the animal had turned on its persecutor and crowded the man into a stall, striking and stamping upon him until he lay in a swoon.

They carried the victim of his own truculence into the house and there laid him on a bed. He lingered for several hours in torture and then died, but before his soul went home he made a full confession of his murder of John Carter and the statement was duly witnessed for presentation to the court.

The old Copley place, however, was not permitted to revert to undesirable hands. It was bought by Glen and the doctor and brought again to a high state of cultivation. Looking about for a tenant for the house, Glen wrote a letter to the Stapletons, and both Mrs. Stapleton and Alec were overjoyed at the chance to forsake a wolf's hole in a city tenement block and get back to the country.

Arrangements were made for them to take the buildings and a portion of the acreage and work it on shares, and once more the widow was back, as she termed it, "to God's country."

Jessica? Ah, yes, Jessica! I had almost hoped you would have forgotten to ask, until I had told my story and gone on down the highway of time, thanking you for the cheer of your company, but hastening on round the corner to be lost to identification in the busy throng.

Then you would have speculated and chosen that conclusion seemingly the most logical because nearest your heart. It would scarce have been honest to you, you who have so kindly let me bide awhile with you for the mere return of a little story, imperfectly told. But I was near to risking the blame, for, if truth must—and it must—abide to the end, I—I——

But there is another way up to it!

You recollect how Hawthorne closes the last page of his *Blithedale Romance:* "There is one secret—I have concealed it all along, and never meant to let the least whisper of it escape—one foolish little secret. * * * It is an absurd thing for a man in his afternoon * * * an absurd thing ever to have happened. * * * But it rises in my throat—so

let it come. I—I myself—was in love —with—Priscilla."

And so, before that which I had rather not write is said, I would have hastened away, abashed but relieved, and like the paying guest departing, who discovers he has been given an excess of change, I should have attempted by the effusivness of my leave-taking to have distracted your thoughts from a proper reckoning.

But, and there's the rub! I might want to pass this way again. So I'll depart in peace, taking nothing of yours with me but friendship's memory.

It was a week earlier, and Glen was seated as now on the vine-shaded veranda overlooking the valley of peace. The day's work was ended and the last shafts of crimson and gold were lying on the western hills. The rural postman had just brought the mail, and a part of it was the daily paper. Mechanically Glen spread it out before him.

He could not avoid it. There it was, splurged out in great, garish headlines: "Another divorce in Upper Tendom."

The heading sufficed. With consummate art all the hideous details were crowded into a dozen or so black-lettered lines. Incompatibility was alleged. As the laws of New York do not recognize that as grounds for divorce, the petitioner had gone to Dakota to secure a residence. Glen read no more, but the face in the picture accompanying the story burned itself into his memory.

Slowly he tore the paper into ribbons and settled back in his chair, letting his gaze rove down the declivity of pasture and meadow, woodland and swale, and on up the heights to the glory of the sunset beyond.

All, all spoke of peace, plenty, and contentment.

He shook his strong young frame as though waking from a sleep, and was about to rise, but the sound of a voice from the house restrained him.

It was the voice of Constance, youthful, happy, and sweet, singing softly a lullaby.

"Ol' Mammy Coon am huntin' in de darkness ob de bresh,
Huntin' fo' a li'l one dat she los'.
So shut yo' eyes, ma baby,
Or she sees dem shinin' maybe,
An' she t'ink dat yo' belong to her, ob korse.
Dat li'l coon, he sof' as silk, and brown as butternut,
Eyes like stars a-twinklin' in de night.
How she tell de dif'fence 'tween yo',
W'en in de dusk she's seen yo',
Less yo' shut yo' eyes an' draw de latch string tight?

But if dey shut, ma baby, den yo' needn't be afeard.
Mammy Coon, she hab to let yo' be.
She lonesome 'thout her sonny,
But she 'bliged to trabble, honey,
'Case I 'ow dis li'l coon belong to me!"

She moved to where Glen sat and with her strong, brown hands that showed she was used to out-of-doors, she caressed the chestnut locks on his forehead as his head lay back. He reached up and captured one of the little hands and held it a willing prisoner, while he smiled up into her laughing eyes.

"Got that Glen boy to sleep, finally?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Constance, "I gave him that cotton mooley cow he's devoted to and he went to sleep with it in his arms. The doctor says he's a chip of the old block for love of animals. I know he is for contrariness."

He pinched the firm, warm flesh of her arm in punishment.

"Are you happy, dear?" she asked, bending her head until her brown hair swept his face.

"Happy, my precious, my wife?" he replied. "Yes, very happy. Happy in the blessed heritage of toil and the strength to do it; happy in a few rare friendships; happy in the sight of these glorious, everlasting hills, and happy, O, my very own, in your dear love."

The End

NOTE—Readers of the magazine who have found enjoyment in Winslow Hall's story, "Glen Noble," as it has appeared in these pages, will undoubtedly be pleased to possess the novel in book form. Necessarily the narrative has been considerably curtailed to fit it for serial publication, and much of the book that is sweet and strong has been unavoidably omitted. In its entirety, this exceptional story of New England, with its love, adventure, and wholesome sentiment will well repay a rereading.

—*The Editor.*

The Growth of Christian Science

By WILDER D. QUINT

WHEN a great and world-wide religious movement reaches a certain point in its development it is well for humanity in general, whether of it or outside it, to pause for a moment in the mad rush after material things and ask what it means; to survey it on all sides and from all angles impartially; to judge whence comes its strength and to estimate once and for all its appeal to the common heart of man.

All but one of the tidal waves of religion that we know to-day have historical perspective, and can simply and easily be accounted for. Judaism, Brahminism, Buddhism, Christianity, Mohammedism, the Reformation—all have long since exhibited their own cause for being. Chance had no more part in their rising than it has in bringing to the gaze of mortals on this little spinning-top called the world some blazing comet marking the heavens with a trail of splendor never seen before by human eyes. And we are far enough away from the inception of them to recognize the truth.

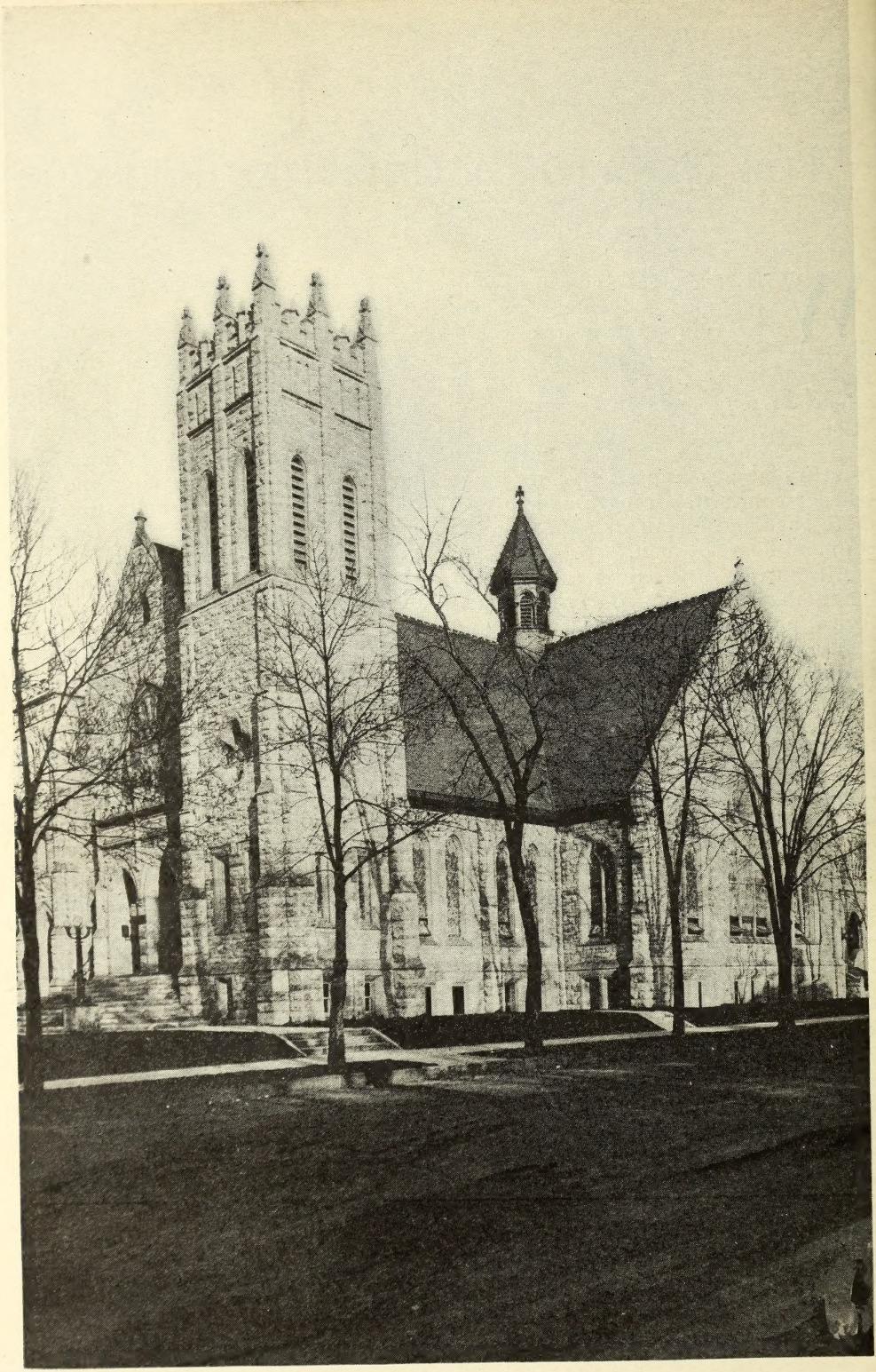
With that important spiritual and moral movement which has arisen within a generation and whose remarkable and ever-increasing power is a part of daily experience, the case is somewhat different. We find difficulty in seeing the forest because of the trees, so that a good many just and otherwise fair-minded observers are prone to lose their usual sense of perspective in the viewing of a new religion. That is why Christian Science, the latest and one of the most astonishing manifestations of mortal awakening, arouses a violence of controversial assault wholly out of proportion to the placidity and poise with which it proceeds on its way.

It is not difficult to find reasons for this bitterness; one is that the movement seems to threaten the permanence of certain special interests; another that its serene confidence in itself somehow provokes its hotter-tempered foes to outbursts not wholly judicious. But the chief and truest of all may justly be said to be, so far as the great masses of the people are concerned, that it is seen very much out of focus by those who will not, or cannot, sanely adjust their mental lenses.

But however it is seen, whatever is thought of it, Christian Science is a present-day, active force that must be reckoned with. It is here, and apparently to stay. It is spreading over the whole world. It is drawing to itself thousands upon thousands of the unsatisfied in other denominations and as many more of the altogether unchurched. No longer can jeremiads from the pulpits of older religious institutions drown out its voice; no more is the scorn of the medical profession it is so strongly influencing, sufficient to lessen its daily accessions of converts to any appreciable degree. If it ever were a theory, it is so no more, but a big, powerful, wealthy, highly intellectual condition that confronts us.

Therefore, it is no longer the part of a sensible man to make faces like a little boy, or for any organization to bang on their tom-toms of abuse, hoping, like those mediaeval Chinese armies, to put the enemy to rout by mere noise. The Christian Science cohorts are curiously indifferent to anything approaching an attempted stampede.

One day, when a little more of that



SECOND CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



SECOND CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, KANSAS CITY, MO.

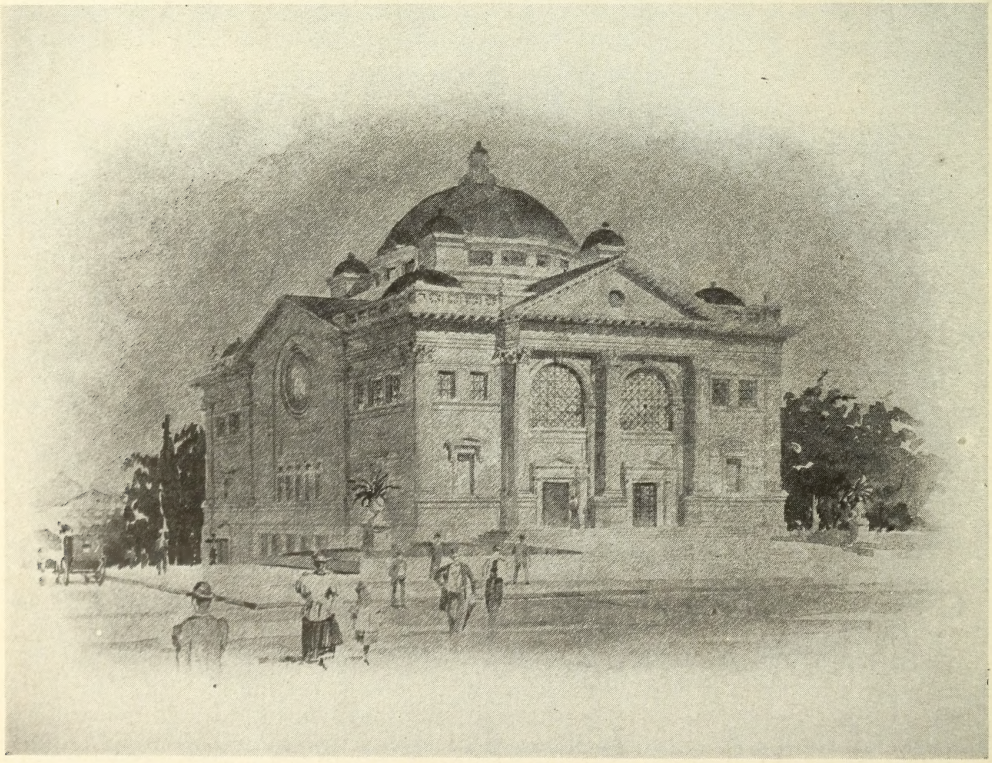
highly essential time-perspective has been attained, some historian with a keen sense of the romantic in religion and the just appreciation of a mental concept that appeals to the heart, will write the story of the earlier days of Christian Science as it should be written. That time has not yet come. But even now there is a certain fascination in comparing the slender, tentative, half discouraging beginning with the triumphant facts of 1909.

Consider that only thirty years ago there was only one Christian Science Church in all the world—the original organization in Boston. Surely a far cry, an eloquent passage across the gap of time, from those first meetings in a little room with rarely more than a score in attendance, to the customary audiences of thousands in the majestic temple that is now the very cathedral of the faith, holding in its sheltering arms the lesser structure of the Mother Church, as dear to Scientists the world over as the ark of the covenant to old Judea.

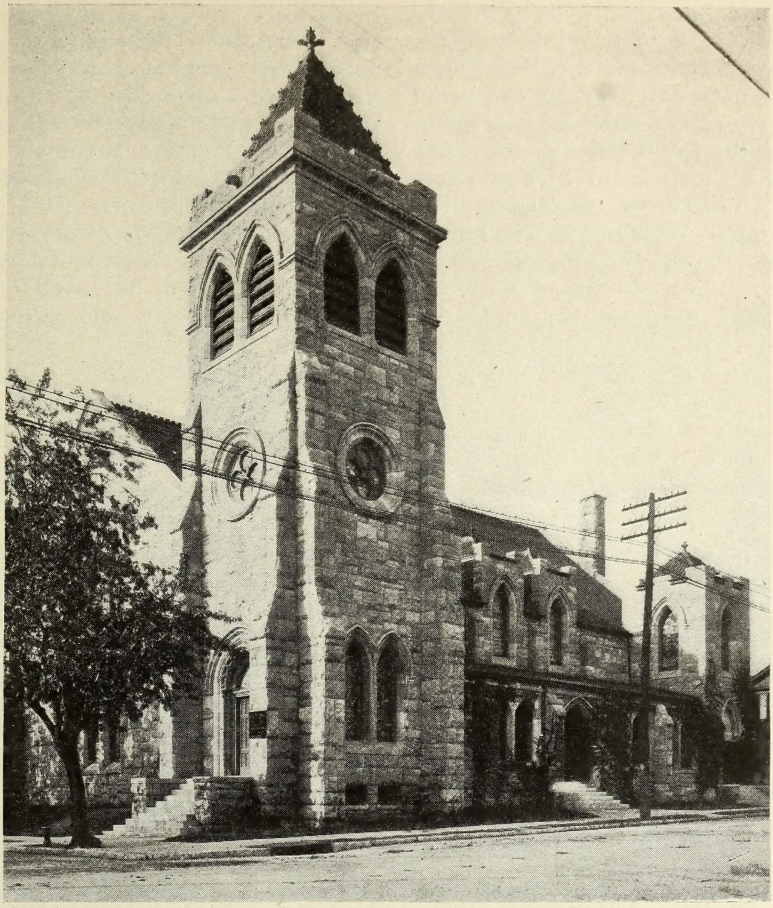
Much has been written and pictured of this magnificent church, second to none in America for beauty and dignity, and no further description of its architectural strength or its decorative skill is needed here. It may well be taken to represent Christian Science

aspiration as the smaller edifice in its embrace represents Christian Science faith. And more important than the mere grandeur of the temple, more typical of the Scientists' manner of accomplishing things are the facts that the great church was built in two years and was free of debt at every stage of its construction. From out ten thousand purses flashed the golden tributes of love and gratitude that made this achievement unique in the world's history.

Slowly enough, however, the Christian Science movement emerged from Boston in its early days. In 1889, ten years after the founding of the first organization, there were only eleven churches to fan into flame the latent fires of the faith. But the fanning was effective, the blaze ever increasing in warmth. A decade more saw three hundred and one churches; at the time the great temple in Boston was dedicated (1906) there were six hundred and fifty-seven and two hundred and seventy-five societies not organized as churches. There is to-day an impressive total of seven hundred and forty-three churches and four hundred and forty-one societies, making one thousand one hundred and eighty-four societies holding church services. In almost every important city of the land at least one handsome edifice stands as a monument to a very genuine affection—and in some there are more. New York has six Christian Science churches, Chicago nine, San Francisco three, Denver three, Hartford and New Haven two each, Indianapolis two, Topeka two, Baltimore two, Minneapolis six, Kansas City three, Omaha two, Albany two, Brooklyn three, Cleveland three, Portland, Ore., two, Pittsburg two, Providence two, Salt Lake City two, Seattle four, and so it goes. New churches are organizing from so-



First Church of Christ, Scientist, St. Joseph, Mo.



First Church of Christ, Scientist, Kansas City, Mo.

cieties constantly, so that statistics of this sort can never be quite accurate or up to the moment. That fact should be kept in mind in the estimate of whatever figures are here given.

In this connection no one who travels much can fail to note the striving for beauty that seems to actuate Christian Scientists everywhere. They build churches of rare attractiveness; seldom do we find one of bizarre design or tawdry decoration, as too many of the religious homes of other denominations are. By some unexplained subtlety these people, collectively, at any rate, are endowed with the great gift of good taste, so that their services for art are very real and worthy of the highest praise. There is education of the best sort in the noble auditorium of the temple in Boston, or in the exquisite lines of the new church in Los Angeles.

It was said in the beginning of this study that Christian Science was world-wide. That statement needs no qualifying, for it is common knowledge. Yet it is surprising to find to what extent it is true. There is hardly a meridian of the globe where a little band of believers intensely in earnest does not gather together on Sundays and Wednesdays to proclaim anew their allegiance to the faith. The stolid Boer of Johannesburg may witness this if he chooses; the slant-eyed Celestial of Hong Kong may listen and marvel; the little brown folk of the Philip-

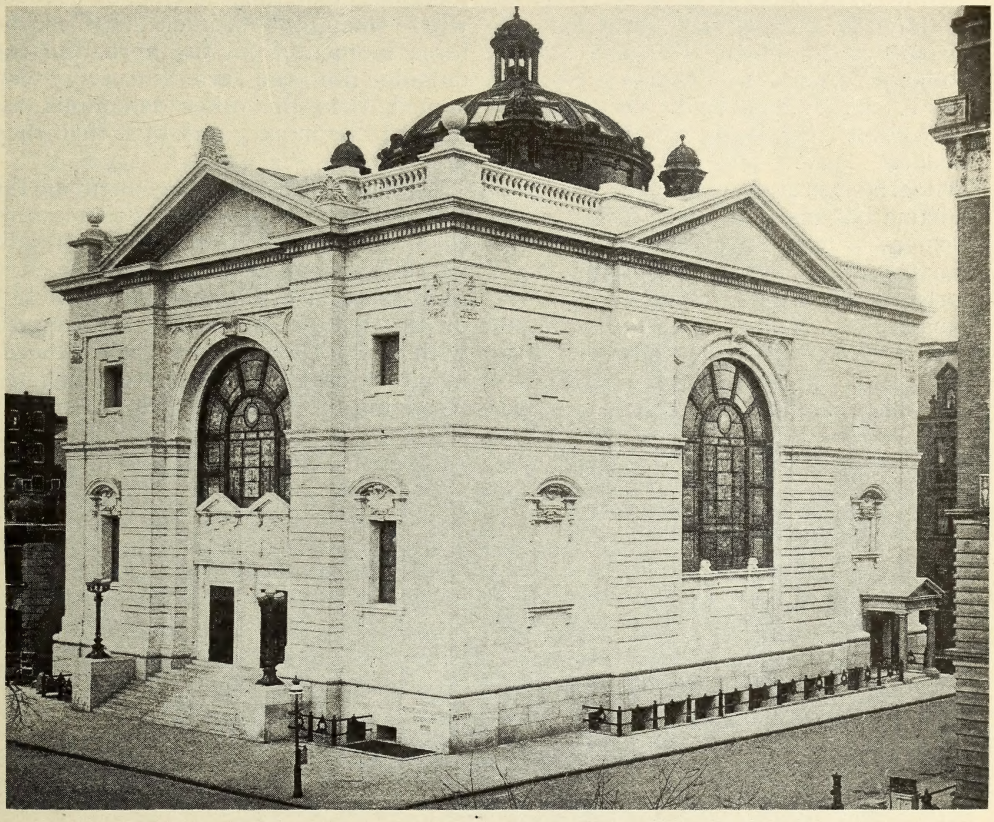
pines are welcome if they like; the Indian of the Saskatchewan is not debarred; the toilers on the Big Ditch have the opportunity to read and hear; the German "Herr Doctor," the peon of Mexico, the great landed proprietor of England, the peasant of Guernsey, the gold hunter of Australia, the tongue-twisted Welshman, the boulevardier of Paris, the piping Swiss shepherd—all may now know that this extraordinary thing known as Christian Science is in the world, and not a few of them accept it. Is it any wonder that the missionizing branches of the older churches look with amazement on its journeys over the Seven Seas?

No less suggestive and impressive is the growth of membership shown by the movement. In 1879 there were 26 adherents of the faith. Ten years did little in the way of increase, for in 1889 there were but 450 members in the entire connection. Then began a really perceptible onward march. By 1894 there were 2,536 under the new and at that time little understood banner; in half a decade more there were something over 18,000. To-day the exact number is not known. It is certain, however, that the natural increase of members since 1906, when statistics were last collated, has been in the vicinity of 30 per cent, and as the figures at that time were about 72,000 it is reasonable to set them at the present time in the vicinity of 100,000. This is a strict construction, of course, for it means actual members of some church. When it is considered that there are some 500,000 copies of the Christian Science text-book outstanding, it is evident enough that more than a half million human beings are thinking Christian Science, at any rate.



First Church of Christ, Scientist, Cleveland, Ohio

It is sometimes asserted that the men and women drawn to this powerfully influencing mode of religious expression come from what are snobbishly called the "upper circles" of society. As a general proposition that is not true. Even a casual investigation of conditions in the vastly outnumbering smaller towns where there are Christian Science churches will show that membership is made up of the good, sound, average body of citizens, the "plain people" that Lincoln held in his great heart. They are well-to-do as a rule, intelligent to a noteworthy degree, companionable friends, good neighbors. It is also true that the churches contain their due proportion—perhaps a bit more—of men of distinction in all walks of life. In Washington, for instance, which may be taken as a highly representative city, in a congregation of a thousand persons, there may always be found judges, congressmen, ministers, and men of mark in all professions and occupations. The movement, then, is widely embracing as to the kind of men and women it attracts. But it is particularly to be noted that clergymen and physicians, who might be considered to be most unlikely to be affected, are coming to it in ever-increasing numbers each year.



SECOND CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

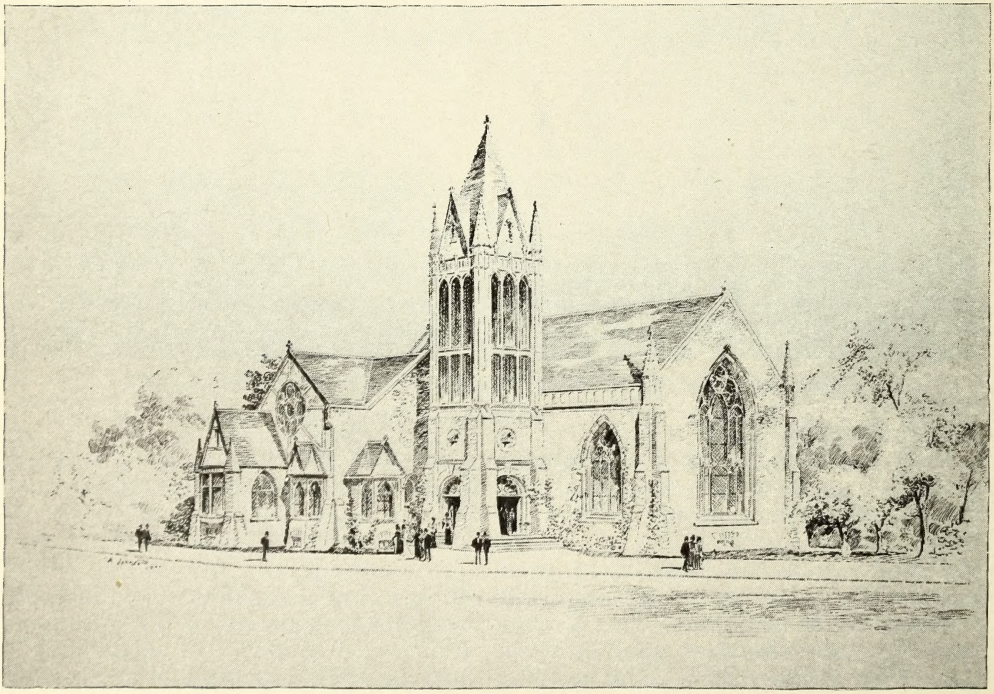
Statistics are notoriously dusty things, but the following table may well be considered as out of the ordinary category. It was compiled for the New England Magazine, and contains facts obtained from the di-

rectory of the Christian Science Journal:

	Churches.	Societies.	Reading rooms.
Africa	1	1	1
Asia	—	2	1
South America.	—	1	1
Australia	4	—	4
France	1	—	1
Germany	3	2	4
Great Britain	17	25	37
Ireland	2	—	2
Scotland	2	1	2
Wales	—	1	1
Holland	1	—	1
Italy	—	1	—
Norway	—	1	1
Sweden	—	1	—
Switzerland	—	2	1
Bahama Islands	—	1	—
Mexico	1	2	1
Panama	—	1	—
Porto Rico	—	1	—
Canada	23	13	28
United States.	688	385	813
Total	743	441	899

One of the most significant features of the Christian Science movement, and surely not one of the least influencing, is the maintaining of reading rooms all over the world. They are purposely made attractive, say the critics of the organization, in order to work upon the mind of the chance outsider who strays in and likes the appearance of things. Very likely. If it be an offense to provide restful, comfortable, tastefully equipped places where men and women may escape for a moment from the uproar of the outside life and are sincerely welcomed, then the other denominations ought to be more guilty of it than they are.

Here is an important element in the strength of Christian Science: It throws itself and its influence straight into the daily existence of people. You may call it a brilliant stroke of policy or the natural outcome of the spirit with which the movement is endowed; in either case you must recognize the vitalizing power that lies in such a



PROPOSED CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, BALTIMORE, MD.

course and note that it is accomplishing wonders.

The same marvels of growth noted elsewhere are found in the development of these reading rooms. Beginning their existence not so very many years ago, there are now some 900 of them dotted over every land where civilization has achieved sway, and even in some where savagery comes rather close to its boundaries. In their social power they may be almost classed as clubs where fees are unknown and comforts are to be had for the asking.

In the face of such gigantic strides in all ways that make for better organization and increased numbers, it is not at all strange that the average Christian Scientist will not argue—at least, to the extent of heated controversy—as to the triumphant advance of his church. He prefers to point to self-evident facts; he will correct the sometimes expressed opinion that the movement has ceased growing, for he knows that during the past three years the rate of increase in churches, resources, and membership has been over 30 per cent. And you must agree with him, because he has or can easily get the facts that will convince you.

Perhaps, as a finishing touch of conviction, he will take you to one of those extraordinary and not long ago utterly undreamed of Wednesday evening "testimony" meetings in the Boston temple, where an audience of four or five thousand persons gathers in an atmosphere of the most intense enthusiasm and listens to the earnest, often eloquent, words of scores who rejoice in the opportunity of telling how sure they are of the blessings of Christian Science, mental, moral and physical. No man from the outside, not even the most pronounced Philistine and sceptic of them all, can remain wholly unmoved in the spirit of that splendid scene. No man can come out from one of the great church's beautiful doorways and under the stars deny the inherent strength of this new religion.

There is one phase of Christian Science as it affects the lives of men that is not recognized as it should be, even by those friendly enough disposed to the movement. That is its absolutely proven power to raise the fallen and put them into paths of decency and right living. How many long-time victims of the alcohol fiend have been fairly lifted from the gutter and made over into self-respecting, successful members of society by this influence no one can begin to compute. But probably all of us know of cases, some of them truly startling in their contrasts. Before—a common drunkard, despised of men, grovelling in poverty, hopeless of release; now—a prosperous business man, free from the curse, clean of life, happy in the change. That is a familiar story of what Christian Science can do and is doing in always increasing instances. When liquor and drugs are forced to retire beaten from the fight for a man's soul, the on-looking world owes to itself to ask how it is done. Done it surely is. Scientists in authority can give great numbers of instances of complete and lasting reform in the lives of those who once seemed to have nothing to look forward to—and they might be given here, also, save that facts need cataloguing.

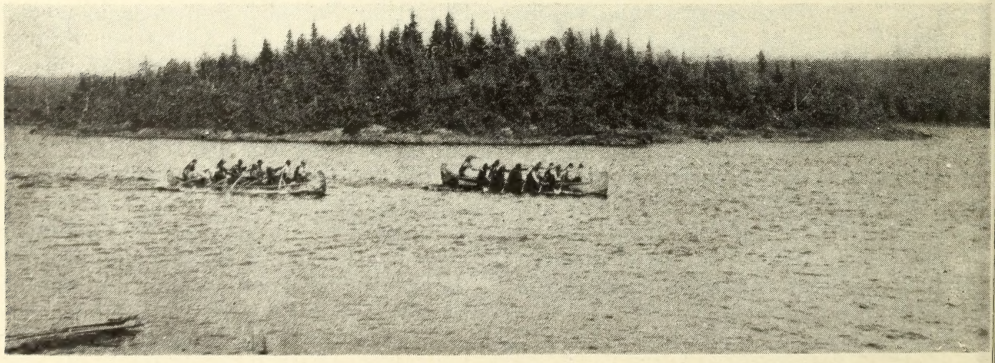
Another very visible and mighty sign of the onrush of the faith is the increase in numbers and circulation of its publications. For years the Christian Science Journal was the sole regularly printed representative of the movement, and its circulation was slender. Now there are in addition the Christian Science Sentinel, a weekly for the home; the Christian Science Quarterly, containing the lesson-sermons read at the Sunday services throughout the year; Der Herold Der Christian Science, printed in German, as its title signifies, and the Christian Science Monitor, the daily newspaper whose extraordinary success within the year has been the wonder of the journalistic world. This paper and the periodicals mentioned cross the oceans to every known portion of the globe; the ingenious mailing machines in the fine

publication quarters of the society in Boston have quite as keen a knowledge of geography, in their way, as any teacher in the schools. And swiftly as their work is done, there is always more for them to attempt.

One thing more in connection with the extraordinary growth of Christian Science. Just as surely as the spring sun coaxes forth the blades of grass and the budding flowers, so surely is it affecting very materially schools of thought and practice long bitterly opposed to it. Many clergymen are coming under its gentle sway; yes, but more than that, and far more significant for the future, those preachers who remain anchored to their old faith are changing the slant of their sails. One does not need to be an expert in spiritual matters to see that more and more in pulpits of the long-established denominations are heard utterances showing the influence of Christian Science tenets. And what is as fully significant, perhaps, the rasping denunciations of the new spiritual movement are heard no more. It is almost fully recognized that Christian Science is not a subversion of Christianity, but a form of Christianity that surely makes its professors better and happier individuals.

No less is the practice of medicine being vitally influenced by this new belief as to the treatment of diseases. Drugging is going out of favor more and more, even by those who once conceived that all physical welfare revolved around ipecac and calomel. With increasing force the mental part of cure is being insisted upon, and the purer elements of materiality, air, sunlight, exercise, cheerful surroundings are climbing above the older forms of materia medica. Eminent professors of medical schools are inveighing against the customary pouring of drugs and poisons down people's throats. Everywhere there is a great reaction against old methods. What has done it? Can any one doubt? Is it a mere coincidence that the new idea has suddenly sprung into being with the rise of Christian Science? If so it is a happy meeting of chance events.

No one with half a mind for the value of social signs can believe for a moment that Christian Science has even begun to approach the limits of its influence and strength. The constant increase in all of the elements that make it powerful would preclude any such judgment as that. When men and women come to a movement of the sort without proselyting—and that lack is typical of Christian Science—there is shown a vitality that gives no evidence of decadence. "I would not *urge* a single human being to come into the movement," said a prominent Scientist the other day. But they come without urging. Therein lies the secret.



The Test of the Unforeseen

By PHIL M. RILEY

I.

FROM an almost impenetrable cloud of dust blown onward down the road by the stiff sea breeze, emerged a big brown roadster which bowled along at a rapid pace under the skilful guidance of its sole occupant, a young man at the wheel, and drew up to the Cliff House piazza.

If Grace Spofford had heard the automobile approach she showed no consciousness of it, and the few guests promenading the wide hotel piazza who smiled questioningly in her direction certainly did not have the satisfaction of knowing how discriminating her little ear had become in detecting the sounds characteristic of different motors. As the exhaust from the approaching car was muffled much more than that of any motor with which she was familiar she continued the discussion of plans for the afternoon sail with the group of relatives and friends that could usually be found in an animated, jolly circle about her. She turned quickly, however, as the big car was brought to a halt near her and the driver began to gaze anxiously through his goggles along the piazza, as if searching for some one.

"Good morning to you, Mr. Burnham, and your big road roller," she said gaily, leaning over the balustrade. "Won't you take off that disguise and come up here with us?"

"Thank you," he replied, "but I'm just trying my new car and I thought you might like to take the initial trip with me."

"Another new one!" she exclaimed, reprovingly. "What can you do with more than one, I should like to know, and how can anybody feel safe to take a walk with that great silent monster rushing along the narrow roads? It's easy to understand your reason for wearing those horrid things, Mr. Burnham."

"Please inform me?" he asked obligingly, as he removed cap and goggles, revealing a manly face, bright eyes, and the firm chin and square jaw that make for achievement.

"Because if you should ever kill anybody his friends could never identify you," she explained with amusement in her eyes.

"Your insight regarding the motives of the human mind is most keen," he said gravely, with a low bow.

"Thank you," she retorted, mockingly. Then with an entire change of mood she continued, "I should be delighted to go. I won't keep you waiting but a minute."

It was five minutes later, however, before she appeared, clad in a long dust coat and wind veil. Burnham carefully assisted her into the seat, then jumped in beside her and they were off down the road in a swirl of dust, the horn belching forth brazen notes of warning meanwhile.

"This is certainly becoming pathetic," said Mrs. Spofford to her husband, who was looking with interest toward the thick cloud of dust in the distance.

"Well, Burnham certainly wins this time," commented Mr. Spofford, taking up his morning paper, "and as far as I'm concerned he'll make a very satisfactory son-in-law. A rare combination, my dear. George has the money to make a fine home for Grace, and, more than that, he's a nice young fellow in every way."

"And so is Robert Hamilton," hastily interposed his wife. "Both are

such fine fellows that I sometimes think it would almost break my heart if either is rejected."

"My sentiments exactly, but bigamy has never been regarded as quite the proper thing, Augusta."

"Don't be vulgar, Jim," reproved Mrs. Spofford.

"Both cannot win, of course, and we may as well pick our favorites," urged her husband, in conciliating tones. "A capitalist is a great inducement," he added, after a slight pause.

Mrs. Spofford was as anxious as ever to champion her sex.

"How sordid you are, Jim. Doubtless Grace gives due consideration to his money. She would hardly be human otherwise. But I know she likes Mr. Hamilton and he's not so very poor. His last two novels are very creditable and should have the success they deserve. Grace is just the sort of girl for such a man, and she has been so associated with me in my literary work that their tastes will be exactly alike. Both will have the same thoughts and the same emotions. Writers are not so horrid and practical as to give greater consideration for a man's money than for his qualities as an ideal companion. Think what inspiration they would be for each other! It would be a charming match, you know it would."

"Certainly, my dear," said Mr. Spofford without enthusiasm as he resumed his reading rather than carry the argument further. He well knew that his wife must be the acknowledged victor of every domestic discussion, for she ruled quite as supremely at home as he did in his office on Wall Street. Nevertheless, he felt that a match between Grace and Robert Hamilton would be far too ideal to be a success; that they would become bored by the very similarity of their tastes. He wanted Grace to be happy and realized that the financial element, while not the first consideration, should not be ignored entirely. Moreover, he thought he knew a man when he met one and he was sure that he saw evidences of the same instinctive feeling in his daughter's manner toward Burnham. In a supreme test he was confident Burnham would not be found wanting; Hamilton he was not so sure of.

"Jim," said Mrs. Spofford, after a long silence, "you know Mr. Hamilton wrote that he hoped to get back last night and I feel sure he will call to see Grace this morning. I think it rather unkind of her to go off with George Burnham. She saw Mr. Hamilton's letter and it will be such a disappointment after being in the city two weeks. It seems to me—"

She stopped abruptly as Mr. Hamilton himself approached from the dining-room and, learning that Grace was out, invited her father and mother to enjoy a drive with him in the cool morning air.

II.

It is probable that Grace felt a little regret as well as happiness as she stepped into the big roadster, for she had not forgotten the probable return of Robert Hamilton and she could easily imagine his disappointment at not finding her that morning. Of course he might not come, and automobile driving with her, as with most young women, was a passion not held in subjection without difficulty. Besides, Robert was stopping at the same hotel, so she could see him that afternoon when they might perhaps go for a sail down the bay.

There is an exhilaration ever attendant upon swift motion that soon lays a firm hold on the senses, and this with the comfort of the wide leather seat and her growing admiration of her companion soon dimmed all else save the enjoyment of the present moment. She liked Burnham very well indeed and greatly admired him. Yes, there was no questioning that. His fine, manly figure and clean-cut, wholesome face, quite boyish in expression, were handsome even in automobile clothes. She looked at him from time to time, watching his eyes glancing here and there to make sure that every part of the big machine

was working properly, and as she looked she began to realize that there were few men who could look so well in a slimpsy auto coat, goggles, and a small cap pulled firmly over the head.

"What a beauty!" exclaimed the girl.

"It just suits me," said Burnham, "it was made to order from my own designs."

"Only two can ride, I see. I thought it was to be a touring car."

"So it is—for two," and he smiled, "with fine baggage capacity back of the seat."

"What an enormous one, too. Is it fast?"

"It's something of a racer, Miss Spofford, but with all the comforts of a touring car. Sixty horse-power, good for sixty miles an hour on good roads."

"Splendid! Won't you teach me to drive it sometime? I'd love to." Her head bent forward and she looked at him questioningly. "You will?" persistently.

"To be sure I will," he replied, "if you wish it. Shall we begin to-morrow afternoon?"

"I'll be ready," she replied, with animation. "Now, that's settled. From here to Great Head on the Beach Road there is six miles of good macadam and probably no one on it as early as this. How quickly can we make it?"

"Reckless little woman! You like to drive fast?"

"I love it."

"Hold hard to your seat," he warned.

The car jumped forward as he advanced the throttle, leaning low over the wheel, meantime with his eyes fixed on the stretch of road ahead. The girl almost involuntarily crouched toward him. There seemed to be no noise, wind, or anything to distract the attention from the gray streak of road upon which she gazed intently, and along the sides of which flew fences, occasional trees and clumps of bushes, and were gone before they could be recognized one from the other. Nothing seemed to occupy her mind but the thought that of a sudden one of those blurred objects might be directly ahead in the road instead of along its sides. As this thought grew upon her, it seemed as if she could not bear it. She tried to speak, but could not.

Suddenly they flew around a wide curve and there beyond, entirely unconscious of the approaching danger, was a little child at play in the middle of the road. Grace nearly stopped breathing and closed her eyes to shut out the horrible thing she expected would happen. The horn gave forth a belated warning. Instinctively she grasped the handles on her seat with all her strength and braced her feet as if trying in some way with the little force she was able to exert to stop the onward rush of the heavy car. It was fortunate for her that she did so, for she was almost wrenched from her seat when a moment later the big roadster lurched to one side and shot by the frightened little fellow, the outside wheels passing along the very edge of a deep stone culvert.

It was not until they were safely back in the road again and running at slow speed that either spoke or really began to breath freely again, but the girl thrilled from head to foot at the thought of such masterful control and daring. The man's face looked pale and tense when he stopped in the shade of a big apple tree and removed his goggles.

"If anything had happened to you or that little fellow back there, I could never have forgiven myself," he said, hoarsely. "Were you hurt by the sudden lurch?" he continued, anxiously.

"Not in the least, but I must confess I was terribly frightened."

"No wonder," he ejaculated. "I never should have taken that curve so fast. It was the most careless thing I ever did." After a pause he continued, with a rueful smile, "I'm afraid I've made a very bad beginning. You see I'd intended to-day to ask you to entrust your happiness to my safe keeping as the future Mrs. Burnham, and now see how careless I've been. But you must have known how I love you, Grace. I want you, need

you, dear, to make life worth living, and I've sometimes thought just for a moment that you cared the same for me—of course I wasn't sure."

"I've never thought you careless," said Grace evasively, after a pause. Her words sounded kind and gracious, but there was in them a tone of remoteness he had not expected. Looking into her eyes as he talked to her he thought at first he saw there momentarily the light of a great happiness; then a look of abstraction came into them as if another thought took possession of her mind; and this in turn changed as her usual tantalizing humor made its appearance again. Perhaps, he thought, this explained her evasive answer.

"Won't you try me?" he urged, smiling.

"You've done me the highest honor in your power and I fully appreciate all it means and thank you," she replied, more seriously, "but do not ask an immediate answer. Our experience this morning has upset me a little and I can't think clearly. Give me until—let me see—until to-morrow—when I become your chauffeur," she finished, smiling.

"Chauffeur for life, I hope," he said, fervently.

III.

Two days later found Robert Hamilton up betimes in the morning; that is to say, long before the other hotel guests had thought of such a thing. It was no newly acquired habit with him, for he loved the open—the great outdoors; he loved the restless, ever-changing sea, and these are best in the early morning. After the humidity of the city in midsummer the cool air laden with dew, the salt sea breeze, the singing of birds, the sweet scents of hay-making, of flowers, and, above all, the freedom to come and go at will made life seem glorious.

Two busy weeks in the city forced upon him by the details of dramatizing his latest novel, interspersed with the writing of a few short stories and followed in alternation by a few days at the seashore had been his life program through the summer. Reporters, curious about the new play, had not helped to make his summer an easy one, but he needed every word they would write to assist in keeping him before the public. Literary success was very pleasing, especially after the struggle he had been through to attain it, but the enjoyment of outdoor life seemed even more gratifying just then.

Strolling toward the hotel wharf Robert seated himself on the steps leading down to the float, inhaling deep breaths of the cool salt air as he watched the little white boats at their moorings here and there on the bay. It was not long before his attention was attracted by a young woman raising a sail on a neat sloop nearby, which quickly came about and made for the wharf. It was a beautiful little craft with spotless sails suggestive of the wings of some great sea bird, but Robert's attention went not to the sloop itself but to the girl who sailed it. Her graceful beauty as she stood, one hand occupied with the tiller the other holding the sheet, and her apparent confidence in herself as a skipper, aroused Robert's admiration in a manner too spontaneous and genuine to be concealed.

He stood ready to fend off the bow as the boat reached the float, calling cheerily, "Good morning, Cap'n."

"Good morning, Mr. Hamilton; won't you tie her up while I pump out last night's shower? You might wet those spotless shoes if you came aboard," she laughed merrily, throwing him a rope.

Robert made a half hitch over a wooden cleat on the float and then looked down inquiringly at Grace.

"How about your own?" he asked.

"I haven't shipped a drop and I've been out half an hour already." With this she began pumping, the muscles outlining themselves under the brown skin with charming boldness as she worked.

"One can find you out here almost before light. Seriously, Miss Spofford, do you ever sleep?"

"Lots. Come down here and take

a turn. What are men made for I'd like to know. That for not getting up earlier," she cried, commandingly, giving up her place at the pump.

Although plying the handle vigorously Robert's eyes followed the girl sturdily hauling up the sail preparatory for getting under way. Certainly no other women of his acquaintance were tanned so brown; of this the low-cut yoke of her linen dress with its short sleeves gave ample proof. Most members of the fair sex who had come under his observation gave constant thought to their pink and white complexions, preserving them as best they might with sun hats, veils, powders, and lotions. But this girl was different; she seemed almost a part of the great outdoors to which her whole being seemed to respond; she loved the sunshine and was proud of the tan. The sail hoisted, she stood out on the bow, one arm clasped tightly about the mast for support, her head thrown back and a dreamy, far-away smile on her lips, her eyes on the distant blue horizon. The big sail, which had shadowed her before, slowly shifted a little with a change of the wind and she stood irradiated in sunlight, her brown hair bright with countless shades of dark amber. Robert drew in his breath sharply; it was the most beautiful picture he had ever seen. Could she ever have appealed to anybody else as she did to him that moment? Instantly he thought of George Burnham, but their friendship had always seemed too obviously platonic to be considered seriously because of several years' duration. He suddenly became aware that the object of his musings was smiling down upon him as he sat in the cockpit, the pump handle motionless in his hand.

"A penny for your thoughts; you look worried." Her blue eyes danced with merriment like the waves about her sparkling in reflected light. Perhaps she had already divined something of his thoughts.

"Is this enforced hard labor to be rewarded by a sail?" he asked, evasively.

"All true Americans answer one question by asking another," she replied, with equal evasiveness.

"Do they?"

"There, what did I tell you!" she laughed. "Caught the first time. You deserve a disappointment for not being out earlier," she continued, reprovingly, "but I forgive you this once. I thought you were not coming at all. Everybody seems to fail me lately. Even Mr. Burnham, who promised to teach me to drive his roadster yesterday afternoon, has not been seen at the hotel since the day before. How could he have done so?"

She took her place at the tiller while he cast off. The sail filled with the fresh breeze and the little craft sped merrily down the bay. Robert seated himself opposite her, continuing the conversation.

"Haven't you heard?" he asked.

"No. What do you mean?" Her face became serious at once.

"I dislike very much to be the one to tell you, Miss Spofford. I thought, of course, you knew. It seems he got a wire night before last telling him that owing to a slump in Wall Street the Burnham Iron Company has failed. He and his father are penniless. I'm sorry for the poor fellow; it's rough on a chap who expected millions. He took it like a man, though, and says he will sell all his horses and automobiles, as well as some real estate to help cover the debts. He and his father have both got the stuff in them that makes for success, and I feel sure that they will win out yet."

She uttered not a word, but the sail was continued in silence, each wrapped in thought and waiting for a word from the other. They were far down the bay now with nothing to break the silence but the gurgling of the water under the keel and the thumping of the waves against the bow.

"Most breakfast time," said Robert, finally consulting his watch.

She threw over the tiller and the boat quickly came about. "I almost wish we weren't going back," she said.

"Let's make believe we aren't," he answered, and then there was silence again.

"I wonder if it means to you what it does to me?" he found himself saying after a while. "All the hurry and worry of the world behind us and that vast mysterious dimness of conjecture and dreams stretching out ahead. It goes down into my soul and encourages me to attempt all manner of things possible and impossible."

"I think it goes down into my soul, too, for it always makes me feel small and worthless and mean. Tell me some of the fine things you would do."

"Well," he said, looking directly into the shining eyes opposite him, "if I only had the courage, I should take the tiller and we would sail away, you and I, out of the bay over the sea of dreams, far beyond the horizon into another kingdom—my kingdom—where there is nothing but happiness and the sunshine you and I love so well. Every man has such a kingdom. They are all beautiful countries, but so hard to find that unless there is mutual love between himself and his companion the boat is likely to be wrecked on the rocks. I think you and I could find the course and that the voyage would be a safe and happy one. Will you help me find my kingdom of happiness, dear?"

"Really, Mr. Hamilton," she said after a pause, blushing bewitchingly, "I don't know what to say to you. I hadn't realized before that our friendship meant so much to you. I appreciate your interest in me, though, and feel sure that it is sincere, but I must have time to think—it is such an important step. May I withhold my answer until Friday?" she asked, smiling.

"On condition that I teach you to drive my touring car that day, since you were disappointed about Mr. Burnham's," replied Robert. "I must go to the city that morning and the drive in and back should teach you all you need to know."

"Agreed," she said.

IV.

It was scarcely eight o'clock on the Friday morning after receiving news of his father's misfortune that George Burnham appeared at the office of the Burnham Iron Company. Such a condition of affairs as now existed gave him no heart for the gaiety of summer hotel life. He at once broke the news to his mother as gently as possible and they had both returned to the city that night; she to comfort and encourage a husband in distress, he to do what he could for the "poor old Governor." He realized at once that the support of his young shoulders would mean more to his father just then than ever before, and perhaps together they might put up a successful fight. If not he must go to work at something right away. He did not mind the work, but he knew that things must be sold, and he loved his horses and automobiles. Then there was Grace! He tried not to think of all the disappointment that name suggested in his present circumstances, but his mind would drift back to her and his broken appointment. She would, of course, hear of his misfortune and understand, he thought, and perhaps even yet his dearest hopes might be realized.

A glance out of the window near the desk where he sat presented a picture that was unquestionably disquieting. A big dark blue touring car carrying two persons passed rapidly down the street. The man was Robert Hamilton, and Grace Spofford sitting beside him was driving the car under his watchful eye and occasional instructions. George stepped to the overhanging bay window where he could watch them some little distance down the street. When almost out of sight the driver made an abrupt turn and brought the car to a sudden stop by the curb. He saw Robert enter an office building, leaving Grace in her seat.

George continued to gaze abstractedly out of the open window, wrapped in a new chain of thought suggested by the scene before him. Suddenly he

saw the car start and race along the street toward him at fearful speed, the girl working in a frenzy at the wheel to dodge the teams in her path. While alone in the car Grace had been trying the effect of different pedals and levers, when she had unexpectedly started the car and in her surprise had completely lost her head as well as entire control of the big car. So far she had successfully avoided any disaster, but that could not be hoped for in the jam of trolley cars at the next cross street, and a collision there meant almost certain death to her and perhaps to others.

Without thinking of the door, George leaped through the window and ran with all his strength, wondering meantime why the brake failed to work. Could he have seen he would have understood, for the girl in her excitement was frantically pressing not the brake but the speed pedal, and the more force she exerted the faster the car jumped ahead. It was almost abreast of him now and he ran heroically, preparing himself for a mighty leap as it dashed past. Then he jumped with outstretched hands toward the clutch lever at the side. His whole body was snatched from the ground; it seemed as if his arms were being severed from his shoulders; his feet beat painfully over the rough pavements, but he kept his hold and succeeded in bracing one knee against the running board. Then with one last effort he reached up to the release and threw out the clutch, grasping and with his own weight pulling down the brake lever as he fell back to the street. Again he was dragged along as before, too feeble to help himself, but determined not to let go. He heard the grind and shriek of the brake band and wondered vaguely if he were in time, then everything suddenly became dark and he dropped motionless in the street.

V.

A few days later Robert Hamilton received the good news that he might see George at the hospital. He was about to enter the door indicated by the matron when he heard the soft, low voice of a woman—a very familiar voice—and he hesitated outside the partly closed door.

"It's one's manner of meeting the unforeseen that proves real manhood," Grace was saying, "and I have double proof that you are brave and true. I want to marry a man who does such things, George dear."

Robert waited to hear no more, but retraced his steps down the corridor, smiling sadly.

"Don't say that," pleaded George. "It's out of pity because I'm down, and I don't want that. You've got money in your own right, you must remember, and you can't marry a poor fellow like me. Why, Grace, I haven't a cent except what I can earn by going to work as soon as I get out of here. What would the world say—your world?"

"Who would care! If I had nothing and you only a salary, however small, it would be enough." Her cheeks flamed; she hid her face, but went bravely on after a moment. "But you don't understand at all, dear. I suppose I must be brazen enough to tell you that I would rather have you penniless than any other man with millions, and—George! Stop this minute—somebody will surely come in here and see you!"

He had put an arm about her and drawn her face down to his on the pillow.

The Cattle Industry of Boston

By WILLARD C. SCHOULER

THE cattle brought into Boston from the West, and the cattle shipped from Boston to Great Britain, are among the standard articles of the city's commerce; and the business within the last few years has attained to considerable proportions, both as regards numbers and valuation.

The great range country, where most of the beef cattle are raised, extends from Texas on the south, up into Canada on the north, and from the Missouri river, on the east, to the Pacific slope of the Rocky mountains, on the west. A large proportion of the cattle are fattened in the great corn belt of eastern Nebraska, Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, etc., the distributing point being Chicago, from which point the cattle are shipped by rail to the export cities of Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Portland, and Montreal, cattle from Canada being shipped from the last three ports.

The receipts of cattle in Boston from January 1, 1907, to January 1, 1909, and the exports of cattle from January 1, 1907, to August 17, 1909, are: 1907, receipts 243,705, exports 126,568; 1908, receipts 189,731, exports 114,493; 1909, exports 69,553.

The ports where these cattle are received are Liverpool, London, Manchester, and Glasgow. The number of cattle carried on the steamers from January 1, 1908, to August 17, 1909, are: Cattle received 1907, 243,705; cattle received 1908, 189,731; total, 433,436. Cattle exported 1907, 126,568; cattle exported 1908, 114,493; cattle exported to August 17, 1909, 69,553; total, including one cow to Copenhagen, 310,614. Cattle received, 1907-1908, 433,436; cattle exported, 1907-1908, 241,061; cattle consumed in Massachusetts, 192,375. Valuation of cattle shipped from Boston, 1907, $10,450,935; valuation of cattle shipped from Boston, 1908, $8,624,300; valuation of cattle shipped from Boston to August 17 (approximately), 1909, $5,775,000; total valuation since January 1, 1907, $24,850,235.

Before a steer is safely on board the steamer at Boston his life is a very interesting one. To gain an insight into the great extent of territory covered by the cattle industry, and the time and trouble taken with them during their three years or more of life previous to shipment to the beef markets abroad, let us trace the life of a steer from its birth to its landing on the docks at Berkenhead, England.

We left Dodge City with four thousand head of cattle—cows, calves and steers—which we were to drive onto a ranch situated in the northwestern part of Colorado, on a tributary of the Green river, up into the heart of the Rocky mountains, in the Mintah range, west of the Rohan mountains.

The day after we hit the trail a white calf was born. Each day it walked a little with its mother and when it became tired was carried in the "mess" wagon or by some of the riders, the men in turn carrying it before them on the saddle. All became attached to him—we called him "Whitey"—and he became our mascot. At the end of the five months that we were on the trail he was quite a large, respectable calf.

Every morning before sunrise we were roused out of our sleep by the cook's calling out "Grub Pile! Grub Pile!" and out we would crawl from our blankets and tarpaulins, dress our-

selves, roll up our beds, put them into the "mess" wagon, wash ourselves, and were ready for our breakfast of hot rolls, bacon, coffee, and prunes. We would then corral the bunch of horses alongside of the wagon, each man roping the one he was to ride that morning. The roped horses were led to one side, where they were blanketed and saddled very carefully, then bridled and away.

file, wagging their heads as they go, walking slowly and with dignity till they reach water. After drinking they are allowed to graze for an hour or longer, if the grass is thin. Then they are started on the trail.

Gradually, as the day wears on, the oldest and weakest cattle will begin to lag behind, and when they become so footsore that they can not walk without limping, they are left behind for a



STEAMER LEAVING HARBOR

The conduct of the cattle themselves is most interesting. At sunrise the leader of the herd will be the first to get up, stretch himself, and slowly walk out of the herd. At this signal the herd, one after another, follows in exact imitation of the leader till all are on the move. As soon as the leader has reached the outside of the herd two men, one on each side, direct him onto the trail, the rest following in single

day or two. After a good rest, they will overtake the herd. Some times, when a larger number than usual had been left behind, the writer of this article would be sent back over the trail to pick up the "drags." The first animal found would be the hardest to drive, as it would try to go in every direction but the one desired. After picking up several animals there would always be one among them that

would act as leader, and if that bunch was thrown in with another, although each of these bunches had its leader, a different animal would take the lead of the combined herd.

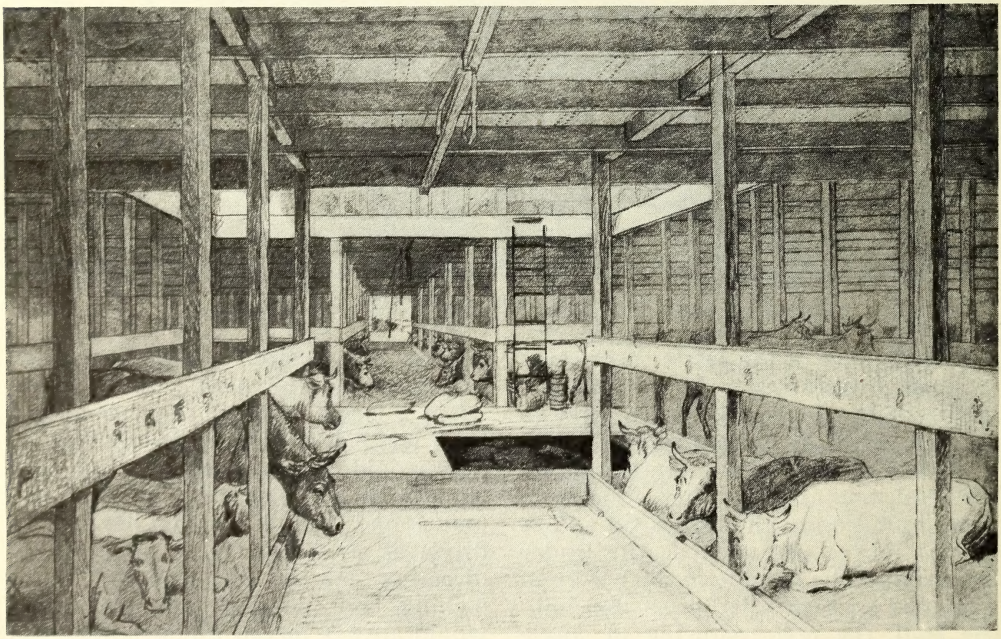
During severe thunder storms the herd would often stampede. All that can be done then is to keep in front of the leader, if possible, and let them run.

As we were going through Oldtown, Colorado, at the foot of Pike's Peak, at the entrance to Ute Pass, the leader would not pass by a gilt sign that was swinging in the sunlight before a hotel. As he turned round he was crowded back by the cattle behind him, and so they began to "churn," that is, turn and follow the leader, walking round and round a common center till all the cattle were involved in a compact moving mass of horns, backs, and snouts; so closely were they packed that the men could walk upon their backs; their heads were thrown back, their eyes rolling, and they were bellowing at the top of their voices. This churning lasted for over an hour, when they quieted down and were started on up the pass into the mountains.

Dinner on the trail was at the most convenient place for water. Some times it was served at ten in the forenoon, sometimes not till two in the afternoon, sometimes we had no dinner at all. At the noon camp we changed horses.

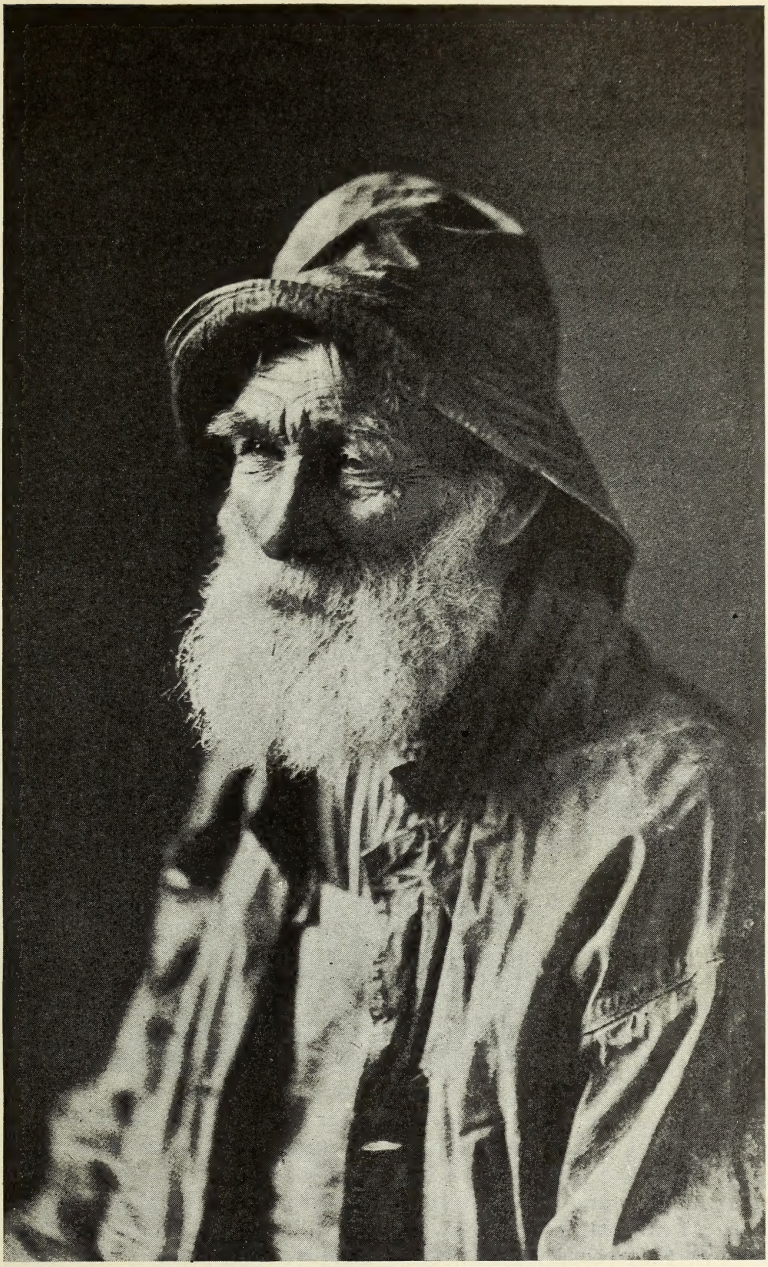
About two hours before sundown we would let the cattle graze along slowly, and after sunset drive them to the night camp and water them, after which we would bed them down for the night by bunching them up and riding slowly around them, they having been driven onto a level piece of ground where they could lie down comfortably. Soon after being bunched up the leader of a herd will lie down, and then, one after another, the cows with calves will lie down near him, till all the cows that have calves are clustered around him. Then the young stock and cows without calves will lie down outside the cows with calves, and lastly the steers outside of all the others, guarding the herd.

After all the cattle have lain down, two men, one on each side, walk their horses around the herd continually. At midnight they are relieved by two others, who guard the cattle till morn-



From a drawing by the author

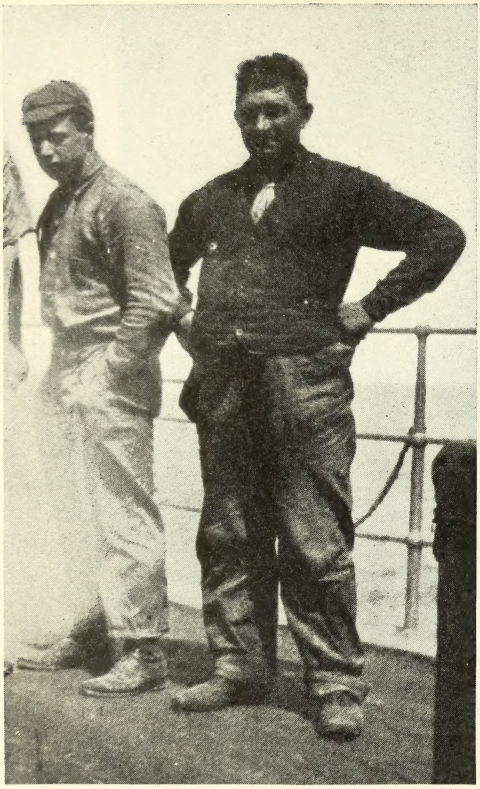
ARRANGEMENT OF SHIP'S CATTLE DECKS



A VETERAN

ing. If perchance a man's horse should stumble into a prairie dog's hole, or make a sudden movement in the long grass, every animal will be on its feet instantly, ready to stampede at the first indication of danger. But by humming a tune the cattle will settle down and be quiet till the next alarm.

We were five months on the trail, half the time on the "plains," the other half in the Rocky mountains, up Ute Pass, over the Leadville trail, across



A BOSS

the "Parks," over the continental divide, through Douglass Pass, down onto the Pacific slope, by White and Green rivers, to the ranch.

There the cattle were branded with the ranch brand, "84," their old brands having been "vented," or duplicated before we left Dodge City. This duplication of a brand signifies that the animal has been sold. The yearlings and older cattle were all branded, but the calves that were born that spring were not, as the brand mark on such young stock becomes nearly twice its size by the time the young calves are grown. For that reason they were left till the following spring. There is no danger of losing these young calves, for they follow their mothers till they are a year old, and longer. I have seen a cow with a little calf, a yearling, and a two-year-old following her. As there was no shute to drive the cattle through in order to brand them, they were driven, one at a time, into a corral, where they were roped by the head by one man, and by one of the hind legs by another. In this way they were thrown onto their right side, and the two ropes drawn tight. Then, with one man sitting on the steer's haunch, holding its tail, and another sitting on his chin, he would be confined in such a manner as to be unable to move.

After the branding the man sitting on the chin would loosen the rope around the neck of the steer, lifting up first one horn, then the other, just enough to draw the rope from under it. Then the man sitting on the haunch would loosen the rope from the hind leg, let go the tail and get off the steer very quietly and run for the fence. When every one else is safely outside the corral, the man sitting on the chin of the steer would jump and run, and would (theoretically) be in safety before the astonished animal could be on its feet again.

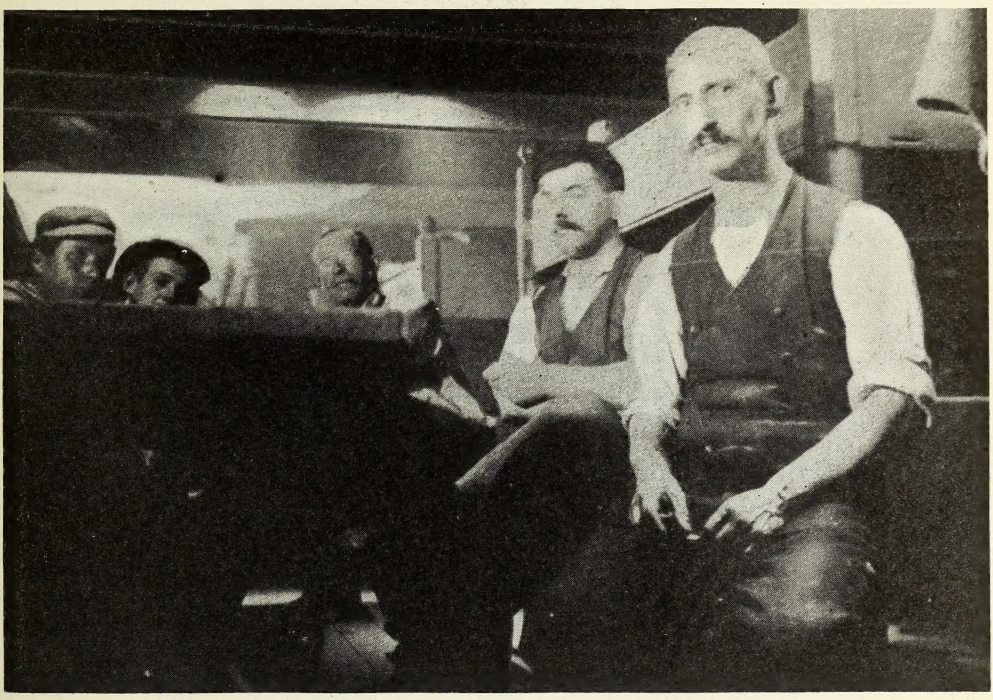
It was in the October after we arrived at the "84" ranch that there was an "Indian outbreak," and the whole country round was roused in consequence. It seems that two Indians went into Georgetown, Colorado, riding on two ponies that they had bought from some white men. These ponies had on them brands belonging to a man in Georgetown. The Indians rode up in front of a store and dismounting tied their ponies to the horsebar that was on the sidewalk, and went into the store to make some purchases. On their coming out they found a crowd of men and boys surrounding their ponies, one of whom was showing the brand mark and haranguing the crowd; as the Indians took their ponies and mounted to depart, this man tried to stop them, and claimed the ponies as his. After some loud talk the Indians managed to get away and escape into the mountains.

Then there was a call for the sheriff, and he and a large posse of armed men started in pursuit. They tracked the Indians to their camp, which was but

a little way beyond our ranch, but the camp was deserted, the alarm had been given and the Indians had fled. The sheriff set fire to the "tepes," and burnt everything that was burnable about the camp. Then he ordered his men to fire into the willows and "quackenas" that grew along the creek, and as he expected, out ran women, children, and old men in all directions. At that the white men fired on these fugitives, but fortunately did not kill aggressors and the white men the injured party.

After wintering in Colorado, and early the following spring, all the yearlings were driven across country onto a ranch on Horse creek, Wyoming, where they were branded and let loose on the range.

The ranch to which these yearlings were driven was called the "L. C.," or "Fleur de Lis." It is one of the best equipped ranches in Wyoming. As



CATTLE-MEN'S QUARTERS ON BOARD

any, only wounding an old Indian in the arm.

On their way back to Georgetown the sheriff's posse was fired upon from the bluffs above; they returned the fire, but apparently their shots were ineffectual. There was an account of this wanton action on the part of the white men in one of the daily papers later on, under the heading "Great Indian Outbreak. Indians on the War Path," and from that account any one would suppose the Indians were the

everything of the best as regards food, pay, accommodations, horses, and equipment was found, the "L. C." had its pick of the best men. Its reputation had spread far and wide, and its cattle were better cared for and were in better condition for shipping than most.

On the 20th of May of the spring that these yearlings were three years old, we started from the Fort Laramie trail on the so-called "spring" round-up, the course being down Horse creek



A CATTLE GANG TAKING THE AIR ON THE UPPER DECK

to Julesberg, Nebraska, north to the North Platte river, west to the Chugwater, then south to the ranch. There were twenty outfits and as many "mess" wagons, nearly twelve hundred horses and two hundred men. Every morning at sunrise we started two and two, and gathered in the cattle of all ages till we came to the noon camp, a place previously determined upon, where there was good water and plenty of grass.

As the men came in with their small bunches of cattle we soon had a herd of from two to five thousand head. After dinner the herd was surrounded by the men on horseback, and those that had the best horses for "cutting out" went in among the cattle and on finding one with their brand upon it, the horse would be guided up alongside the animal and would push it out of the herd. Then the steer would be driven over some rise of ground out of sight of the herd and kept there by men stationed for that purpose, and soon the large herd would be broken up into twenty or more smaller ones.

These cattle were counted by the foremen of the ranches which owned them. If the "cutting out" was finished by noon, the cattle were allowed to go with the exception of the three-year-olds, which were all held in a herd by themselves, and the men would round up a new section of territory before night; but if the "cutting out" was not finished till 3 o'clock in the afternoon the cattle would be allowed to graze, but were bunched up and held over night. When they were rounded up in the afternoon they were held over night and the "cutting out" took place the first thing next morning. The three-year-old steers were shipped east to the corn belt, there to be fattened for the market.

In September of that year we rounded up the rest of the steers in the fall, or "beef" roundup, and drove them to Cheyenne, Wyoming, where they were put upon cars en route for Chicago. There they were disposed of to one of the large shippers of cattle and shipped by rail to some of the numerous ports of shipment. Those that were to be shipped from Boston were brought by rail to the Brighton Stock

Yards, where they were put into pens for a few days to enable them to stretch their legs and limber up after their long journey. On the morning they are to be shipped, before the cattle leave the stock yards, they are driven through a shute in order to rope them, how many cattle each section can accommodate, only such a number are driven into the ship at a time as will fill any one section. These sections vary in size, accommodating from four up to twenty or more cattle.

As the cattle enter the compartment



A LAST GOOD-BY

either by fastening the rope around their horns or around their necks, if hornless. They are then taken by rail direct to the steamers, either to Charlestown or East Boston.

As the steamers are divided into sections for the cattle, and it being known assigned for them, men stationed for the purpose catch hold of the ropes that are on their necks, draw the ends through holes in planks, which serve as stanchions, and tie them with two "half-hitches." The next day these knots are changed to what is called

a "double loop," and the morning the cattle are landed the knots are again changed into an "over-hang" loop, or a "double-bow." In either case these last knots are tied so that a man can run along a row of cattle and by one vigorous pull on each rope free them one by one. Every morning at 3:30 the men are called and at 4 o'clock they commence watering the cattle.

Throughout the ship, on each deck occupied by the cattle, are water pipes running overhead through the passageways, and at certain intervals are short pieces of hose by which the small movable tanks are filled with water. The duty of one man is to keep this tank filled, dip out pails of water and hand them to another man, who passes them to a third, and the last man, the foreman of the gang, fills and replenishes pails in front of the steers till all have done drinking, some drinking as many as six pailsful at a time. There are four steers drinking at the same time out of as many pails. In the same way the cattle are again watered at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, only being allowed one pail of water apiece.

To water one hundred and eighty head of cattle in the morning takes four men about an hour and a half. After watering they are fed hay, say six small bales to one hundred and thirty head. At 9 o'clock the cattle are given grain, either whole corn, ground oats, or meal. The troughs having been previously cleaned out, the grain is poured from a two-bushel bag into pails and distributed in the same way as the water, the foreman of the gang feeding out the grain, giving one-half pailful to each steer. After the grain has been fed the alleyways are swept out, and after being watered in the afternoon the cattle are fed all the hay they can eat, and much more, and what they do not eat is thrown under them as bedding. At 6:30 P. M. two night watchmen take charge till 4 o'clock next morning.

The morning the cattle are landed the knots are changed, the partitions between the different sections taken down, and gangways cleared ready to



"THE HOMEWARD WAY IS BEGUILED BY READING"

run them off the steamer. As soon as the gangplank for the cattle is secured the agents for the shippers come aboard, take account of stock, and take charge of the cattle when landed. When they begin to run the cattle off, as soon as they begin to move, the rest become impatient to follow, and then they begin to bellow, stamp, and pull at their ropes, trying to get free.

The accommodations and food for the cattlemen vary on the different lines, and on the different steamers of each line. It would be a great boon to them if they had some bread and coffee before going to work at 4 o'clock in the morning, and the men would be much better satisfied if they could have given them what is "dumped" overboard from the first cabin; this food, which is now wasted, would do some good, besides being a means of saving to the steamship company.

If any one line wants to be patronized more than another, let them see to it that the cattlemen are well provided for, both as regards sleeping accommodations and food, and they will always have a full cargo of cattle.

Some of the cattlemen that go across have been in the business over thirty years, and many of them are well read men. There is nothing to do on the return trip to Boston but eat, sleep, play cards, and read. One man, particularly, who has been going across for years, and who is now sixty years of age, always carries a book in his pocket, and reads every spare moment during working hours. He is one of the best read men that the writer knows.

IF THEY ARE RIGHT

By NANCY HIGGINSON

1.

If they are right who claim that after Death
To Nature's humbler types we shall return,
I only ask that the same Spring-tide's breath
May find us side by side, as flower or fern.

2.

If they are right, whose more ambitious way
Claims that to higher spheres we upward trend,
Oh, wait for me, who, hampered by this clay,
Fear that too far beyond you may ascend!

3.

But these philosophies can never sweep
From out my heart, a childlike hope of fair
Green meadows, where you wait, your eyes all deep
With longing unfulfilled, till I am there.

A Tax Which Would Moderate Excessive Rents

By HERBERT CONSTABLE

THE welfare of every man, woman, and child, including you, dear reader, is more or less affected by taxes and rents, whether you own a home, pay rent for a house, or, as a boarder, pay rent for a room. For this reason and because the proposed plan is new and original, we ask for a careful consideration of this article.

Civilized man is not like the lower animals. He cannot make his home in the air, the sea, the trees, or holes in the ground. He must first have land and a house in order to have a home.

Perhaps ten millions of the people of the United States are living in homes of their own; but the other seventy millions or more must pay rent or be homeless. It is not only vitally important to the seventy millions that they should be able to pay the necessary rent; but it is equally important to the whole country that they should not be homeless, because criminals and paupers come mostly from the homeless.

A saving of fifty cents or a dollar a week can possibly be made in the family of a workingman when things are running smoothly, by crowding their bare living down to an existence actually lacking in some of the necessaries of life. This saving is quickly used up when the worker is sick or idle. As sickness and idleness is inevitable, the average workingman accumulates nothing.

A week's wages is all that stands between the working man and need. Two weeks' pay is all that stands between him and hunger. Indeed, the average worker is in debt more than his coming wages, and struggle hard as he may he can *neither get out of debt nor keep out of it.* This is none the less true because he may not realize it, or because, perhaps, the reader may not believe it.

A saving of two to five dollars per month in rent would often prevent a naturally honest working man from dropping out of the proud ranks of respectable, self-supporting, prompt-paying citizens into the straggling, disorganized horde of "slow pays," where he must struggle along blindly and hopelessly until finally disgraced with the name "dead heat." This saving might often prevent the breaking up of homes and the resulting increase of vagrants, petty swindlers, paupers, criminals, and fallen women.

All rents are not excessive; but unfortunately the extortionate rents are usually exacted from those least able to pay them.

We hope to show how these excessive rents can often be moderated without injustice to anybody, and in most such cases the few dollars saved will mean the salvation of the home.

Laws and customs may vary in different states; but generally, at present, houses and land are valued for taxing purposes, that is, assessed by assessors. The owner is taxed on this amount at a uniform rate or per cent fixed by the authorities for that city or town. If the owner thinks his property is assessed too high he can appeal; but if it is too low he keeps still and thus dodges a portion of his just taxes. His natural inclination is to undervalue property to the assessor and overvalue it to a would-be tenant or purchaser.

The system encourages the owner to

lie or it taxes him for telling the truth, if he volunteers or is asked to name the value. The values given by the owner cannot be relied on because of self-interest. The judgment of assessors is not infallible, in itself, and what information they obtain from the owners is more apt to befog than to enlighten the assessors.

There is no danger of over-assessment; but the great variation in the under-assessment is more or less a source of loss to the authorities and of dissatisfaction to the taxpayers.

If it is true, as landlords claim, that high rents are but the natural and logical consequence of increased values, then the receiving of high rents simply shows the increased values *and the assessment should be made accordingly.*

Keeping this main proposition in mind, we propose a law assessing property in proportion to its rental value. Such a law, we believe, would prevent under-assessment, would facilitate tax collecting and assessing and would benefit the community.

Therefore we propose:

That assessments for the tax-year should be made at the beginning of that year.

That every tax bill should contain a permit to sell the property at not more than the assessed value or to rent it at not more than a fourteenth (say) of its assessed value, per annum, and should forbid its sale or rental at any more than those figures during that year.

That, at the beginning of the year, each owner must name the value to the assessors. If the owner sets the valuation too high then the property must be assessed and taxed at his figures. If he names too low a figure, then the assessors must set the figures at what they consider the full, fair, cash value and the property must be assessed and taxed at assessors' figures.

Nature has provided but a limited amount of land for the use of man. No one can increase it; but any one who is lacking in public spirit can reduce it by placing it out of reach of those who would use and improve it. This is now done by holding it for sale at an exorbitant price.

Under the new plan, some of these unreasonable landholders might still continue to ask their unreasonable prices, but they would be taxed right up to their asking price, and after a few years of heavy taxes with no buyers, they might be brought to reason. Others, however, would at once place their values at figures reasonable enough to induce purchase by would-be users. In this way land would come into more general use and improvement and the community would be greatly benefited in consequence.

There are some people holding vacant, unimproved land waiting for a rise in price, who may think they are entitled to respect or even praise because they pay what tax they are forced to pay on it. Let them shut their eyes and imagine a city composed of *all vacant lots* like theirs. Let them think it over; but we advise them not to think too long or they might lose some of their self-esteem.

The rent has been set at a fourteenth of the assessed value for convenience in writing this article and because this seems about the right proportion. A slight change might not interfere; but any material one would certainly reduce the fairness or impair the efficiency of the plan. At this ratio the landlord could receive seven and two-sevenths per cent of the assessed value of the property for a year's rent.

Taxation is a necessary burden which must be borne by all property owners. The new plan does not add to the general burden of taxation; but it would compel the shirkers to bear their full and just proportion and thus relieve the others who have heretofore been carrying more than their share.

There would be no increased assessment on property already fully and fairly assessed, nor on that for which the rent asked was not more than a fourteenth of the assessed value. Such rents would not be affected but both landlords and tenants would enjoy the added public benefits made possible

by the increased taxes on other property heretofore under-assessed.

The only ones to suffer would be the landlords who now receive or demand more than a fourteenth of the value for the rent. They like to receive more than other landlords and to pay taxes on less. People of this constitution might suffer acute pain but not injustice by such a plan as we propose.

A landlord may name a high figure and may secure it; but under the new plan he would be taxed accordingly. However, in order to ask an unreasonable rent or price, he must *first* pay taxes on fourteen times the rent asked or on the full sale price asked. Then after paying this tax, his property might remain vacant or unsold, or he might be obliged to come down to a reasonable price in order to sell or rent. The risk would be too great to be lightly undertaken and would be apt to induce moderation where rents are now excessive. At present when rent or price demanded has no effect on taxes, there is no inducement for the owner to be reasonable and nothing to risk in asking more than a fair price.

The new plan would make it risky to attempt to "raise the rent to cover increased taxes" when every attempt to raise the rent meant a certainty of increased taxes with no certainty of greater rents from such tenants as are now paying all that they are able.

In poor neighborhoods, in cheapest buildings, unhealthy, ill-kept and in bad repair, with no conveniences and crowded like cattle trains—there is where landlords pay the lowest taxes and collect the largest rents. Pay in advance is the rule in such places and evictions are common.

There the rents cannot be increased because they are always up to the extreme limit. In spite of the threadbare joke that it is cheaper to move than to pay rent, these tenants move out or are put out simply because they have not the money in their pockets to pay the rent. It is time that the community should use the same "business methods" on these landlords that they do on their tenants and tax them proportionately.

One of the greatest factors in maintaining excessive rents is the landlord or agent controlling a large number of tenements, who figures that he will make more money by holding his tenements at say half more than they are worth even if say a quarter of them remain vacant, than he would if he rented them all at a moderate figure. A few of such men controlling a large number of tenements are sufficient to keep rents above their normal figures.

The new plan would tax them *according to their demands on all their houses, including vacant ones,* and after deducting the total taxes from the total rents, the extortionate landlords would be as badly or worse off than if all their houses were rented at moderate figures and taxed accordingly.

Our remedy would be applied where it would do the most good, that is, where rents are the most excessive.

Moderation of rents would encourage and enable poor people to establish and maintain homes. The home is the foundation on which government is built. The preservation of the home is a necessity, its regulation is a right, and its improvement is a duty of the government. In a thousand ways the government now does these things and it even reduces or subordinates the rights, liberties, and privileges of the individual to the interests of the home and the community.

For instance: In many states it grants to married men exemptions that it refuses to single men. Its laws encourage and facilitate the performance of the marriage ceremony much more than they impede or restrict it. When once a couple is married, however, no matter how discordant, miserable, and unhappy they may be, and in spite of the impossibility of harmony or even toleration, the state in every way hinders and hampers divorce or separation. The maintenance of even that excuse of a home is regarded as of more importance

to the state than the happiness of the husband and wife forming the home.

Incidently encouraging and protecting homes, the government might wisely impose taxes as we suggest. These might bear a little heavily though not unjustly on a few of the landlords. On the other hand, such taxing methods would lighten the load of all other taxpayers, reduce tax-dodging, greediness, and deception to assessors, facilitate assessing and tax-collecting, correct present inequalities in that line, increase the public revenues, build up the vacant lots, and moderate rents. These reduced rents would often occur where the tenants would otherwise be left homeless, penniless, and apt to become public charges of one kind or another.

Is not any one of these benefits alone worthy of the attention of any journal? When you think that all these great benefits can be accomplished without injustice to any one, can any patriotic magazine afford to ignore the subject? And you, dear reader, if you see these things as the writer sees them, then only when you have used your fullest power of word, deed, and influence to further them, may you rest serenely proud of your title—a good American citizen.

EARLY EVENING BY THE SEA

By LOUISE WINSLOW KIDDER

Breeze of evening, lowly sighing
Where the ocean grasses sway,
Heed you how the lone gulls, crying,
Vanish in the deepening gray?

Know you, breeze so sweetly singing
In your tender minor key,
How you set our fancies winging
Birdlike o'er the solemn sea?

Overhead the skies are bending,
Set with stars of wondrous light,
At our feet the waves are lending
Music to bewitch the night.

But the charmed air is throbbing,
Stirred by sounds diviner far
Than the deep waves' fitful sobbing,
Or the rock-born echoes are!

'Tis the breeze of evening sighing,
Where the ocean grasses sway,
When the summer day is dying
And the sun sinks in the bay!

Hunting Wild Bees in the Vermont Woods—II.

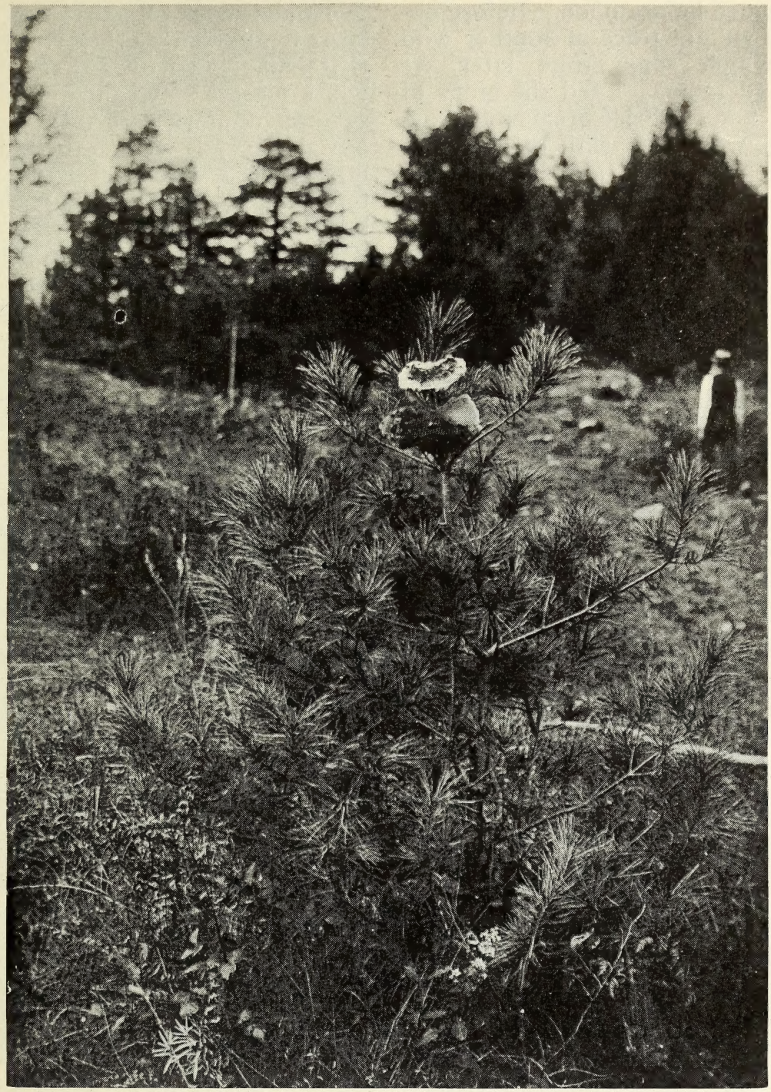
By MARSHALL OTIS HOWE

AS I have said, Nathan had great knowledge of the ways of the honey bee. He was keen for the hunt and full of resources. Part of the plowed field had been planted in corn. At that time every corn patch had also its pumpkins. In this case the pumpkin vines grew rampant underneath the corn. Their large flowers had been opened in the morning, as is their habit, but the rain had closed them. Nathan began at once to open them and look for bees that might have been caught and imprisoned when the rain closed the long tubular corrollas at the top. His search was successful, and we soon had two bees at work in our boxes. They were somewhat benumbed and stupefied at first from their imprisonment and the coolness that followed the shower. They soon revived, however, and partook freely of the sweets which we offered them. After filling its honey-sac to its full capacity, one of them rose slowly, flying over and around the box, and then in widening circles, and examined closely both the box and the locality. Having completed its observation, it struck off in the same direction that the laden bee lined from the buckwheat flowers on the day before had taken. In another minute the second bee followed in the same line. This was what we hoped for and expected. In about fifteen minutes our first bee returned, followed closely by the second. Neither bee entered the box at once; both hovered over it and flew around it many times before alighting on the comb which was now exposed in the open box. It was a strange thing to them to make such a discovery in such a way. Evidently they meant to be assured that it was all right. They would run no risk of an enemy or a concealed trap.

The examination having proved satisfactory, they both dropped upon the comb and began at once to take up another load to add to their stores at home. The next time back there was less hesitation about entering the box. The time taken to go and come indicated that the bee-tree was about a mile away. We had now a good general line from this point, and there was need of nothing more here. Had we remained longer we should have seen the bees alight upon the comb without hesitation, their only concern appearing to be to take possession of the whole of their find as soon as possible.

The clouds had broken away and the sun was shining. We followed the general course of our line to a point about one mile from the field where we had lined the bees, or about the distance indicated by the time taken by them to go and return. Here on an old building-place there was a clump of rank-growing mustard in full blossom. There were bees on the flowers. Bees are very fond of mustard. I have known them to go three miles to work on it. We soon had some bees caught from the mustard flowers in our boxes. After filling the gathering sacs with the honey syrup and taking a little time to examine the boxes and the surroundings, they struck directly across a corner of the woods through which our first long line had passed. This betrayed them.

We had seen no bee-tree, but we knew it was there. Fifteen minutes



BEES AT WORK ON AN OPEN CARD OF HONEY

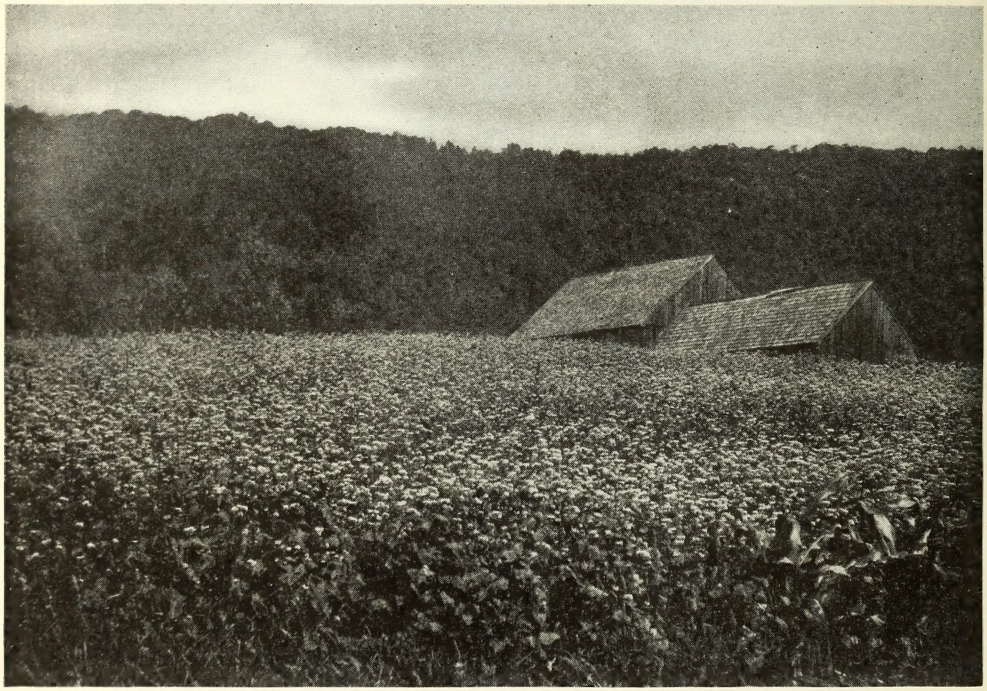
later Nathan had found it. It was a maple tree and the bees were flying rapidly in and out from a hole about two inches in diameter and forty feet high. We soon had our initials carved upon the trunk of the tree. The marking of a bee-tree by the finder, according to a code of honor that is usually respected by bee-hunters and others, conveys the ownership of the bees and honey, not the tree, of course, to the discoverer. Such a title may not be good in the courts, but it is the common law outside of them. Therefore our bees remained safely in their maple tree home until the end of the honey season, about two months later, when we took away forty pounds of comb and honey, much of it as nice as if it had been stored in the most elaborate hive of modern construction.

When we had found this bee-tree and marked it we had still almost an

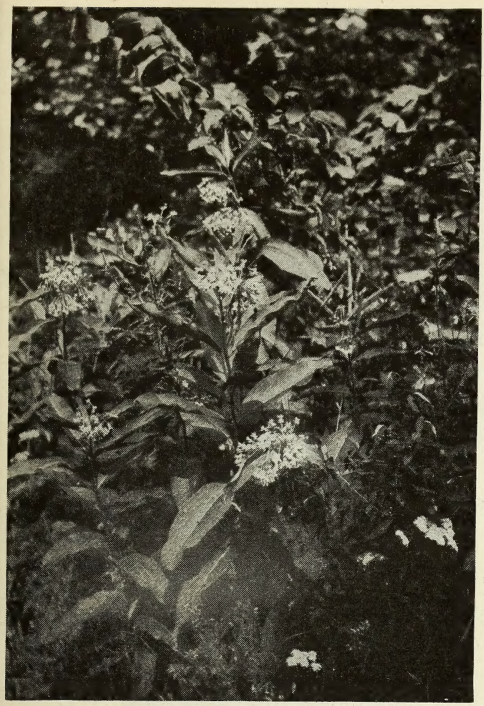
hour to spare before noon. Before going home we got trace of another wild swarm which some time later we hunted and found. I tell the story of this later hunt in brief because it illustrates the wonderful skill of my companion in woodcraft, and because the hunt led us into a locality of romantic interest, an old turnpike road, abandoned more than seventy years ago. The old road led through the town of Stratton, about two or three miles west of the road now leading from West Wardsboro to Arlington, and crossing the mountain through Stratton and Sunderland.

Our wild bees led us along the old turnpike road for a hundred rods or more, and then crossed it in a direction that would strike no more cleared land until it reached the openings on the west side of the mountains in Bennington County, ten miles through the woods. On the old road at this place there had once been a meeting house. Nothing remained of it now except a few old boards and decaying timbers. Near by, hidden by the brush and trees that had grown over them, we found white marble slabs and the mounds of several unmarked graves. The old burial place, as well as the old meeting house, the old road and the few scattered homes of the neighborhood, had been deserted for many years.

But we were only hunting bees—not searching for historic relics. When we reached this place it was late in the afternoon. We had no cross line and the opening in the woods was so narrow that is was impossible to make one in the open land. We judged from the manner of the bees at the box and the time it took them to go and return, that the swarm might be one-half mile or more from us through the solid woods. I suggested to Nathan that our only possible chance to find it that day was to start at once into the woods and search for it on the only line that we had. We were soon deep in the forest, glancing into the trees as we passed. I had



A BUCKWHEAT FIELD IN BLOOM

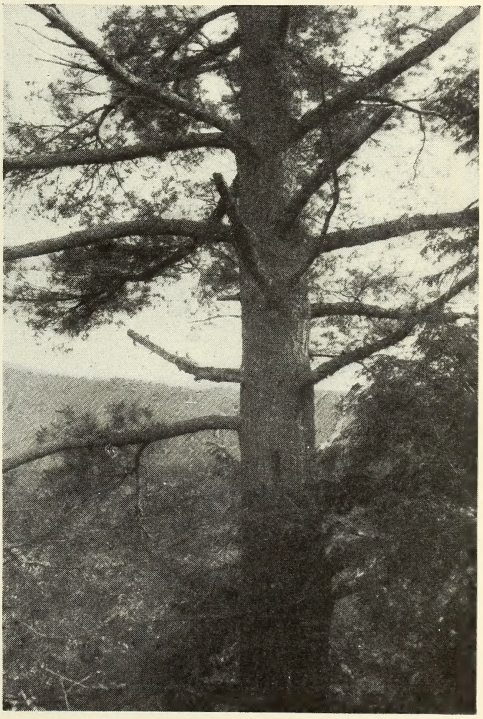


SILKWEED, ST. JOHNSWORT, GOLDENROD, INDIAN HEMP, CLEMATIS AND FIREWEED, SIX HONEY-BEARING PLANTS IN BLOOM

noted the position of the sun, which was not far from the direction of the line. Making allowance for the sun's motion, I had used it to keep my course. Nathan followed his instinct, remarking that if we traveled far enough we should find them. I had, I thought, very little reason to believe him.

After we had traveled in the dense woods for nearly an hour our courses had led us wide apart. Then I heard the voice of Nathan calling to me. He was out of sight and about forty rods away from me, but it took less than five minutes to find him. His first exclamation was, "What makes you wander so?" "It is you who are wandering," said I, "I have followed the sun." The smile that lighted up his face caused me to lose confidence in the sun, and I began to look. Nathan was sitting on a log beside a spruce tree, which I saw at once was the home of our bees. They entered through a seam in the body of the tree, about fifteen feet from the ground. The seam was covered on both sides by large nuggets of spruce gum. We had now nothing more to do but to mark the tree, get out of the woods and start for home, six or seven miles away. Our bee-tree was about two hundred rods deep in the forest. I have known very few swarms to be found so far from the open country. With nothing to guide him but instinct, Nathan had followed the line this long distance through the dense forest straight to the tree. I might believe this instance to have been accidental had I not had many other similar proofs of his instinctive knowledge of the points of the compass. This swarm proved to have a large number of bees and about two large pailfulls of dry comb, with hardly a pound of honey.

At different times, extending over a period of ten years, we found many



PINE BEE-TREE, ENTRANCE OF BEES AT APERTURE



TRAPPING A BEE IN THE BEE BOX

swarms of wild bees in these mountain woods. The line of one of them was started from bees caught from the goldenrod on the ground made historic by the great political rally of 1840, when the people of New York and New England to the number of 15,000 —some estimates say 40,000—assembled, at an altitude of nearly one-half mile above the sea, to listen to Daniel Webster. The old log cabin used at that time has recently been reconstructed and now stands on the old grounds about two miles east of the summit on the road crossing the mountain from West Wardsboro to Arlington. There were, at that time, perhaps a dozen farm residences within two miles of the log cabin grounds. Crossing the mountain in 1904, I found nearly all the farms deserted. The employees of the great lumber mills

and occasional campers in the summer were about the only inhabitants. But I am getting away from the bees. Of course we found them. They were in a large hemlock tree about a mile from the starting place, in a heavily timbered woods on a branch of the Deerfield River. It was a good swarm, having about twenty-five pounds of honey.

Another expert, with whom I sometimes hunted bees, was the son and partner of his father in the village store. He had a keen appreciation of the woods and of all kinds of hunting and fishing. He could bring home more partridges to show for a day's outing with his gun, or more fish for a day with the rod and line, than any other person in the town. He also made his business successful, and was for many years town treasurer. At the time of the bee hunt, an account of which is here related, he was constable and collector of taxes. Having to visit a delinquent tax-payer who lived in a remote part of the town, he undertook to combine business with pleasure by taking his bee box and inviting me to ride with him. Of course I accepted his invitation, and took my bee box also.

Our plan for that day was simply to take lines from bees that we caught from the flowers by the roadside and, if any wild bees were started, to hunt them to a finish at another time. We started lines of what appeared to be two wild swarms. At the house of the delinquent tax-payer there were four or five hives of bees. A bee was caught about forty rods from these hives. There was hardly a chance in a thousand that it did not belong to them, but after filling its honey-sac at the box and making the usual observations of the situation, it rose high in the air and struck off in a line directly away from the hives. The high flight indicated that the home to which it belonged was far away, but somewhere in the direction it had taken there was reasonable certainty that it would join its fellow workers in a hollow tree. This was sufficient for our purpose for that day. It was the second line of wild bees we had started on the route. The delinquent had promised to pay his taxes—a matter of much less consequence to me.

A few days later we were both on the grounds again, this time to hunt and find. We spent the whole of the forenoon trying to find the bees in the nearest line which we had discovered —an unsuccessful hunt, for we could find only one bee that went in that direction, and that one an unambitious, indifferent worker, probably suffering from old age—a honey bee is old at six months, seldom, if ever, living to the age of ten months. We decided that the search for this swarm was a poor job and agreed to abandon it. That decision and the result that followed is a good practical business lesson. How many with a poor job on their hands will stick to it and struggle on through life! This was only for a day, it is true, but life is made up of days, and the principle is the same for a part or all of them.

We found that we had time to take dinner just before twelve o'clock. It was eaten with the improved relish that is almost always present on such occasions. At noon we were ready to start for our other line. We went directly across the old pastures to a place about a mile distant, where there was an old farmhouse, which was, as near as we could judge, on the course of the bee which he had lined from the delinquent tax-payer's, and more than a mile from his place. Here we found mustard plants in blossom, with plenty of honey bees at work on the flowers. It took but a little time to take some bees from the flowers and set them at work in our boxes. It was soon found that the line continued in the same direction taken by the bee caught more than a mile away, near the domestic hives. One-fourth of a mile farther the line crossed a narrow neck of woods about sixty rods wide. After passing through these woods it led through an open country where there was not a tree standing for more than a mile. Carefully noting the point of

the woods where the line struck, I said to my partner: "If the bees are in the first woods, as seems probable, I shall stand a good chance to find them without waiting for anything more. If you will keep the bees at work here and move them to another station when you have enough, I will go into the woods and look for them."

In about twenty minutes I had found them. They were in the body of a dead hemlock about ten feet from the top, and seventy feet from the ground. Crowding around the dead tree was a dense second growth forest which shut out from view the top of the hemlock and the bees, except from one lucky point where there was a small opening through which the bees could be seen by one exactly in the right position. No distinct form of a bee could be distinguished. There were only rapidly changing, darting lines, apparently not much larger than the lines on ruled paper. One not familiar with these quickly appearing and disappearing short lines about the entrance to a bee-tree, when it is at a great height would, perhaps, sooner believe them to be caused by a glimmering of the sun's rays than by bees. When the swarm was found, I noted the time. It was two o'clock, just two hours from the time when we had started to hunt for it, abandoning the search for the swarm with the old bee.

After waiting for a cool day at the end of the honey season, we came to take possession of our discovery. We hunted up the supposed owner of the land on which the tree stood and took him along with us. He gave his consent to the cutting of the tree very cheerfully, simply remarking that it was the other side of his line. As the tree was worthless, we could not afford to look up another owner. We had come prepared with four large pails and one or two small ones, in which to carry home the spoils. The tree stood on the steep bank of a terrace in the West River valley. We tried to fell it on the side of the bank so as to give the bees and honey as little jarring as possible, but the wood was so much decayed that it fell across the kerf and went thundering down the steep bank, smashing the part containing the bees to pieces, to their great surprise, and, I fear, to the injury of some of them. The top of the tree fell within fifteen feet of the wheel track of a much traveled road leading from Townsend to Wardsboro. We were, therefore, obliged to warn travelers, whose curiosity led them to stop, of their danger, for an angry bee has a special antipathy for a sweaty horse. Many instances are known of horses being stung to death. A four-horse teamster with his load of freight stopped directly in front of us. We warned him of his danger and he moved on to a safe distance, but he had seen too much—he stopped his team and returned for a meal of honey, which, of course, he got.

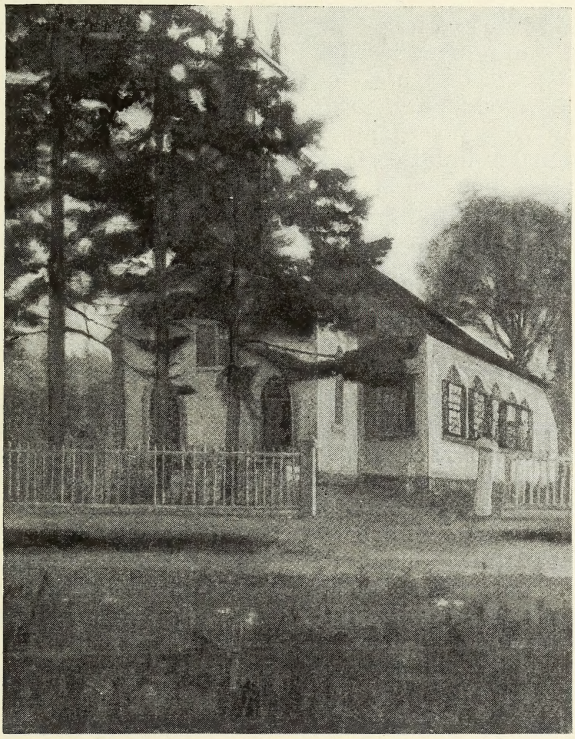
Our swarm proved to be very old. The comb was thick and strong, as it always is in very old swarms. It was completely filled with honey, securely capped over the cells, and the capping had become firm with age. For these reasons there was little loss of honey. We filled all our pails and there was still some honey left. We found pieces of clean hemlock bark, upon which we gathered up what we estimated to be fifteen pounds of comb and honey, and gave it to the man who had helped us and given his permission to cut the tree. Our pails proved to contain eighty-five pounds. Before being disturbed the tree contained at least one hundred pounds. The most I ever found in any other tree was sixty-two pounds. The stories of two hundred pounds or more in a tree are mostly fabulous.

Old Lower Falls and its Church

By THOMAS CASILEAR COLE

With Illustrations by the Author

THE quiet village of Lower Falls now, perhaps in its decline, was, during the first half of the last century, a prosperous and thriving mill town, and among the first in the country. The village was early dependent for support upon the river which skirts its banks, and has existed ever since the first settlement, mainly by its mills and water-power industries. The first record of business having been commenced here by water-power was in June, 1703, when John Leverett, Esq., conveyed "four acres of land upon Charles River, at the Lower Falls, bounded east by a forty acre lot belonging to Harvard College; west by the old path that leads to the wading place, formerly the Natick path, and south by the Charles River." On this piece of land was established iron works,—a trip hammer and forge. Mills were soon built at the Falls, and a very thriving industry was carried on, chiefly in the manufacture of paper. The first paper mill in the United States was built at the Lower Falls in 1790, which with other mills here supplied most of the paper to the new nation. During the last century some eight or ten paper mills were in constant operation.



From a painting by Thomas Casilear Cole

OLD ST. MARY'S, NEWTON LOWER FALLS

Other mills and industries that have been carried on in the Falls form a numerous and varied list. Among them are iron works, saw mills, grist mills, snuff mills, clothing mills, leather mills, paper mills, shoddy mills, calico printing, and machine shops. At present there are but a small number of these in operation, and the paper manufacturing industry has almost entirely disappeared from the Falls.

The blacksmith of the village, Samuel Lawton, was a famous old character in the Falls during the early part of the century. He is well known to many in Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Old Town Folks." The scenes and characters of the story are drawn from this neighborhood; and in the book Lawton is represented by the village

blacksmith, Sam Lawton. He is, however, best entitled to the name of village do-nothing, in which character Mrs. Stowe admirably describes him.

The idol of the boys, the favorite of all the housewives, and the sage and gossip of the tavern, Sam Lawton was not unlike old Rip Van Winkle of the Kaatskills. And like Rip, Sam was well known to have a great aversion to all kinds of profitable labor; though willing at all times to help out his neighbor, or to run errands for the good wives of the village. Being decidedly henpecked by his own good wife, and the constant target of her tongue, Sam was very seldom found at home. He was always on hand to go shooting or "a fishin'" with the boys, and he would spend hours at a time mending for them some broken piece of tackle, or whittling out some wooden toy. But among the boys he was most famous for his yarns. From his infinite stock of legends and tales, he would sit, chewing his old clay pipe, by the hour, and drawl out one after the other of these marvelous tales to his admiring audience.

For a long time there was but one denomination represented among the early inhabitants of Newton and the surrounding towns, the Congregational; and the church and state were here connected until as late as 1830. Congregational churches or meeting houses were formed and managed by the popular voice in town-meeting, and were supported for a long time by general taxation.

There were a good many members of the Church of England or Episcopal Church among the early inhabitants of the Falls, who attended services in Boston or at Christ Church in Cambridge. Although Christ Church was the nearest house of worship, it was a long distance away, and those who attended there were put to a great inconvenience, having to travel of course at that time all the way on horseback or in their wagons. There were very few conveyances owned in the town at that time. In 1814 there were but three coaches in Newton, and but one stage to Boston, which started from the Falls and made three trips a week.

The Episcopal Church in Massachusetts had a hard struggle after the Revolutionary War. But before the war it had little encouragement, as the early Colonial laws were very rigid against any other kind of worship than that of the Congregational. In the War of Rebellion the English Church in New England suffered considerably, although George Washington and the leading statesmen, including the signers of the Declaration of Independence, were members of the Episcopal Church; yet so many of the English rectors of the New England parishes had been loyal to their oaths of allegiance to King George, and some of them so offensive in their toryism, that the daughter church was in ill repute with the general public. A great many of its own members were exceedingly lukewarm. Here was great difficulty, therefore, in reorganizing the colonial parishes, some of whose houses of worship had been put to uses of war by the American troops. Christ Church in Cambridge was used as a cavalry stable until George Washington took command of the army in Cambridge. The building was restored by him and he himself attended worship there.

The first aggressive step taken by the Episcopal Church in the new Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the first new parish to be started in the state, was at Newton Lower Falls, where on April 7, 1812, was organized St. Mary's Parish. As the nearest place of worship of any kind was some distance away, the introduction of the church was welcome, and there was a general interest in the movement which extended to the Roman Catholics in the community. For more than fifty years St. Mary's Episcopal Church was the only house of worship in Lower Falls, and people of several denominations in all Newton, Needham, and Weston united in its support.

Down to 1830 public worship was under direction of the town or parish, as a political body assembled in town meeting. By the charter granted to

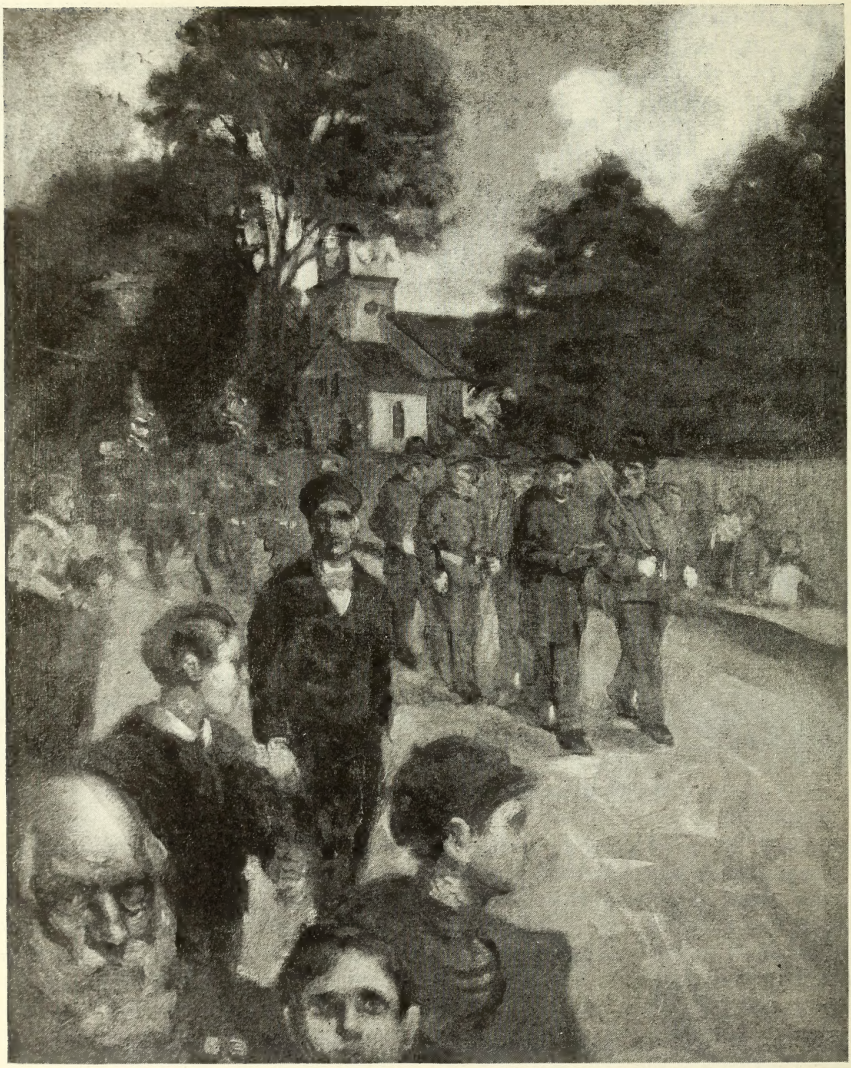


THE OLD TAVERN AT NEWTON LOWER FALLS

St. Mary's Church by the General Court it was "incorporated into a society or body politic by the name of Episcopal Society of St. Mary's Church in Newton, with all the privileges, powers, and immunities which Parishes do or may enjoy by the laws of the Commonwealth." Furthermore, by the act of incorporation the proprietors of the house of worship to be erected and any other person "who shall enter his or her name or request to become a member, with the Wardens or Vestry or with the clerk of the said Society," became, with their estates, liable to taxation by the said Episcopal Society and were "exempt from all other taxes or assessments for the support of public worship in the Town or Parish where they may respectively reside." A present anomaly under these old charters lies in the fact that the rights of proprietorship in pews survives, but the corresponding obligation to pay taxes died with the abolishing of all taxation for the support of public worship.

The land was given for St. Mary's Church and burying ground by Mr. Samuel Brown, Esq., of Boston, who had interests at the Falls. The cornerstone of a house of worship was laid there on Sept. 29, 1813, and as was customary in those days, the stone was laid by the Free Masons. So important was this occasion, however, and so influential were the members of the new congregation, that the ceremony was conducted, not by the local lodge, but by the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts. The building was consecrated in 1814 by Bishop A. V. Griswold.

There is no recorded connection of St. Mary's with Christ Church, Cambridge, but the resemblance of the interiors of the building and the fact that the silver plagon of the communion service was presented by a Mr. Winthrop of Cambridge in 1812, would seem



From a painting by Thomas Casilear Cole

MEMORIAL DAY AT THE OLD CHURCH

to indicate some relationship between St. Mary's and its nearest neighbor, the Colonial parish of Cambridge; and which before the incorporation of St. Mary's included Newton.

The largest development of the parish was in the rectorship of Dr. Baury which began in 1822 and lasted for thirty years. There have been thirteen successive rectors in the parish down to the present one, Rev. Thomas L. Cole. Under his rectorship it has taken a new lease of life.

The old gray church over the village square is first introduced to the wayfarer by the antique signboard, swung from a post at the foot of the hill. The building is picturesquely situated on the brow of Concord St. Hill overlooking the river, and stands secluded and half hidden by the huge pine trees and elms which surround it. The structure which is a good example of the old type of colonial church architecture, is modest in form, but beautiful in its dignity and quiet charm. Arrayed

on each side are lofty arched windows, whose many panes flood the interior with generous daylight. Old-fashioned high box-pews fill up the body of the church. The gallery which in former days was occupied by the village choir, is situated beneath the belfry of the tower. Several years ago the addition of a parish house was added to the further side of the church, but the old building remains the same.

Without, shaded by a noble avenue of elms, lies God's green acre. Among the moss-covered gravestones are to be found the names of the former patriarchs of the village and early residents of the town. Here, 'neath a carved weeping willow, is the grave of mine host of the old Wales tavern, and yonder, resting together in peaceful tranquillity at last, Sam Lawton and his wife, Mehitable, are buried. The cemetery is dotted by the little flags that, fluttering here and there, mark the graves of soldiers of four wars. The oldest of these graves is that of Ebenezer Stedman, a veteran of the Revolution, who died in 1813. The weather-beaten stone of another Revolutionary soldier, a drummer in the war, relates the fact that his bass drum was perforated by a British bullet in the battle of Bunker Hill.

Let us linger for a while in this silent and secluded church yard, far from the rush and noise of the great world without. And in gazing about upon the quiet and forgotten mounds of those who have gone before, we are thus inclined to meditate—"Such is the fate of many who have lived their little day in this world, often men of note, and useful in their generation, of whom it was said 'how shall the world be carried on without them,' yet in a little while the tide rolls on, they are gradually missed no more, and finally their memory fades away. But how



THE ANCIENT CHURCHYARD

interesting is the catalogue, reproducing as it does the names of so many who once tilled these broad acres, and watched over the rising interests of the town, who cleared its forest and marked out its streets, who worshiped in its simple church, and built its earliest dwellings, who lived examples of integrity and honest worth, and have left an inheritance so rich and so beautiful to their posterity."

On Memorial Day each spring the undisturbed quietness of the place is broken by the muffled drums and martial tread of the blue-coated veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic and the young soldiers of the Spanish War, who come to honor the memory of their dead, and to decorate their graves with the symbols of resurrection and with the colors of their country. The village people then are gathered in the yard to witness the service and to listen to the address by the chaplains. After the ceremonies in the yard, the squad accompanied by the spectators march down to the river bank below. Here a prayer is said in honor of those who fought and were buried at sea. As the chaplain reads appropriate passages from the Scriptures, the comrades toss their bunches of flowers into the stream, which are carried down, borne toward the ocean.

ACROSS THE SEA AT WINTHROP

By PAULINE CARRINGTON BOUVÉ

Across the sea at Winthrop,
The rider waves come in,
Their reins flung out to herald winds
That swiftly rush before—
A loud vanguard of hoarse bassoons,
And bagpipes shrill and thin,
That scream and roar
Along the shore,
While dark brigades of hurtling clouds
Are marshaled to the din!

Across the sea at Winthrop,
The fishing smacks come in,
With torn sails set to battling waves,
That crowd about their prows
Like fierce white flocks of phantom birds,
Or fleece that Furies spin,
From bow to keel
Of boats that reel,
And rise and sink like drowning men,
As they come staggering in!

Across the sea at Winthrop,
The harbor lights shine out
In fitful shafts of ruddy glare,
That show the angry foam.
But O, the lights of Winthrop town,
The fisherfolk ne'er doubt!
For lights of home
To men who roam,
Are guiding stars from fire-lit hearths
Where children romp and shout!

"And a Child Shall Lead Them"

By EDGAR S. NYE

THE world in which he lived spoke well of Roy Braddon. He was a clever, prosperous young man, with a character unsullied by vice, an agreeable personal appearance, and a manner that was very quiet, but not wanting in pleasantness. A thoughtful man, too, who was apt to contemplate all things in their gravest aspect. For the rest he was happily placed in the world, being the only son of a wealthy ship chandler, who elected to live where his forefathers had lived before him, in a big, gloomy mansion in the old residential portion of New Bedford.

Occasionally Roy Braddon impatiently wondered why his father had not built a home up town, where other men of his position lived, but happily he was not troubled with an aesthetic temperament, and as a consequence accepted his life very quietly; for, on the whole, he reasoned, life was dull, after all, especially when a fellow was grown up and had had his fling at college.

Besides, it was not a mean or sordid house, by any means. There was a gray-haired old butler, who had been custodian of the cellars and plate for the past thirty years, and a housekeeper of fabulous antiquity, who remembered the last hours of the last snuff-colored Braddon; and there were two prim, sour-visaged maid-servants, of a discreet age, selected by the housekeeper, who, change as they might as to their individuality, never underwent any variation as to those two qualities of primness and sourness. It was a ruling of the elder Braddon's: "Pretty housemaids are out of place when there's a young man in the house," he was wont to say.

Nearly ten years had passed since Roy had taken a desk in his father's office, during the last two of which he had become practically the manager of the business, for the elder Braddon was beginning to lose his business faculty, and in all this time he had made but one real friend. This was a young man who had come into the office a few years after his own advent, as corresponding clerk. His name was Frank Ryder, and he was the son of an army officer who had run through two inherited fortunes, and then cut his throat one morning in a fit of delirium tremens, leaving a widow and two helpless children to face a life which he had done his best to render hard for them.

The attachment between these two young men did not arise in a day. Howbeit, once they came to know each other, their friendship grew to be a warm one and they became almost inseparable companions. There was not a nook along the water front that they left unexplored. And they were very happy together, Frank full of wild, reckless talk of lives that were different from their lives; lives of adventure in distant lands; lives in camp and on shipboard, tossed about by the winds and waves, and in frequent contest with savage foes. The kind of a life he longed to lead, in short, instead of the dull, monotonous life of the office and its environments, which, as he termed it, might, and probably would, go on forever, and leave him no better a man than he was then.

"But you get an increase of salary every year," suggested the more practical Roy. "It isn't such a bad billet, after all; and by and by, when I have full charge, I will take you in as junior partner."

"Yes, I know that, old fellow," replied Ryder. "Both you and your father are mighty good to me, far better than I deserve. But, you see, I don't think I was intended for this sort of life. There's too much of my father's blood in me. The Ryders have always been soldiers and rovers. But for my mother, I should have enlisted long ago."

A change came into Braddon's life soon after this conversation, a change which made a different man of him, and from which he afterwards dated the beginning of another existence.

On his return one evening from a walk with Frank he found his father sitting up in the library awaiting him.

"I want you to help me decide something, Roy," said the elder Braddon, as his son seated himself. "And in order that you may understand matters, it will be necessary for me to tell you of certain incidents of my youth.

"When I married your mother, it wasn't exactly a love match, though I was fond of her then, and grew to be very fond of her afterwards. But the first love of my heart had been given to a cousin of mine, an orphan, whom my parents had adopted. We had grown up together. The old people were dead against the marriage at first, for they didn't favor intermarriage; but they were very fond of her, and finding that my heart was set upon it, they gave way and at last consented. So it was settled, and I fancied myself the happiest man in New Bedford. But—well, my boy, it's an old story, and common enough. She had never loved me, I suppose. However that was, a week before we were to have been married she ran away with a Spanish fellow who had taught my sister Fannie singing, Jose Torres, an idle scapegrace, with nothing in his favor but a handsome face and a specious, taking manner. She ran away with him one morning, leaving a penitent little note for me, saying that she had become a Catholic some time before, and that they had been married at the cathedral."

"What a heartless hussy!" cried Roy. "Surely you could never forgive such treachery as that, father."

"Well, my boy, it was a hard thing for a man to forgive, wasn't it? I was furious against her at first. But little by little I began to think of her differently, remembering how young she was—just turned eighteen—and recalling looks and words of hers that had hinted at some secret trouble weighing on her mind, until I began to believe that she had struggled hard to be true to me, and had often wanted to tell me. So, you see, it ended by my forgiving her."

His son shrugged his shoulders with an involuntary expression of contempt for his father's weakness. "I could never have brought myself to do that," he said.

"Ah, you think not, Roy," answered the old man, "you think not. But when a man has once loved a woman, her face is always rising up before him, pleading to him to think tenderly of her, let her have treated him as badly as she may. And it always ends with his forgiving her. The memory of the days when he thought she loved him counteracts all else. It always ends so."

"Never with me!" cried the young man. "Nothing on earth could induce me to forgive a woman who had jilted me."

The old man shook his head. "Youth has many ideals that age dispels," he answered sadly. "You will find it so, my boy, when you have lived my time. But to return—I received a letter from that woman to-day—the last she ever wrote. She is dead. Another hand, at the end of her letter, tells me that, her daughter's. She is dead, and has left one child, a girl, the last of a large family. Torres took her out to the West Indies, it seems, where they did well enough for many years, but had much sorrow, the climate killing their children one after another, until this girl was the only one left. Then came reverses. The man's health failed him, and ten years ago he died. After that the poor soul kept herself and the child

by teaching. She was always a sweet singer, with a voice as clear and fresh as a skylark's, and I think it was that fellow's music which tempted her away from me. And so she got on somehow, she says in the letter, until she felt death close at hand; and then, not having one friend in the world whose bounty she could entreat for her child, saving myself, and knowing that I was a good man, she says, poor soul, she turned to me, beseeching me, for charity's sake, if not for the memory of those days when I loved her, to befriend her orphan daughter. She doesn't ask me to do much for the girl, not to adopt her, or maintain her in a life of idleness; only to put her in some way of earning her living, and to keep her from falling into dangerous hands.

"I received the letter this morning. The girl is in Boston. What am I to do, Roy? I leave it to you. I am nearing the end, my boy; and whatever I have saved is saved for you; whatever I spend is so much out of your pocket. What shall we do with Julia Torres?"

"It is hard for a woman to get her living nowadays," Roy answered thoughtfully. "A young woman, too, and a foreigner, as you might say. And surely, we shouldn't consider the expense. I shall never need half of what you will leave me. She might live here with us. Mrs. Davis would take good care of her."

"It is generous of you to say that, my boy. Just as I wished you to; just as I wished you to."

And so Julia Torres came to the old mansion on Union street.

She had a hundred little arts by which women can embellish the dullest homes, and little by little, having found herself privileged to do these things, she began to exercise them. Quaint old jars and vases and cups and teapots that had been hidden away in remote closets, came out of their hiding places, blackened with the dust of ages, and were placed about here and there, making patches of light and color in the darksome rooms. The ponderous old furniture was polished into a kind of beauty, and by a new disposition of old material, she brought light and brightness into gloomy corners. Flowers bloomed here and there in the windows. There was a new atmosphere in the house generally, and Roy felt the change greatly.

He also found that he did not care quite so much for the society of his friend Ryder. It was midwinter, which was excuse enough for the suspension of their evening rambles; but he felt that he was not treating his friend fairly, and to make amends, invited him to dine with them once or twice a week. It may have been that he wanted to hear Julia's praises from the lips of the friend whose judgment he believed in; at any rate, he was gratified when Frank spoke enthusiastically of the beauty of her dark eyes and the charm of her singing. Often in the evening she sang for them, accompanying herself on the old piano, at which her father had taught her mother. Her voice was a clear, thrilling soprano, and her touch vibrant with tenderness and feeling. She sang all the old ballads which the elder Braddon loved, and in this way crept into the old man's affection.

Roy was no musician, but her singing had a certain soothing influence on him; a little melancholy, perhaps, awakening a dim sense of sadness in his breast, that was all. He could scarcely have distinguished one of her songs from another without the words. He felt this deficiency of his somewhat keenly when Frank Ryder was with them, for Frank was possessed of a fine baritone and considerable taste for music, and often sang duets with Julia. It seemed to bring the two closer together, and occasionally Roy felt a pang of jealousy. He was angry with himself for the feeling and made a great effort to overcome it, asking his friend to the old house oftener because of this secret weakness.

"What fear need I have of him if she loves me?" he argued with himself,

"and if not, what can it matter whom she sees?"

The young man watched her closely and fancied himself secure in her love. There was much of conceit in his nature. He felt that she must know how much he loved her, and that he had only to speak when the fitting time came. Always his dreams were of a future in which she was to be his wife. He could not think of himself a moment apart from her. The possibility that this desire of his heart might be denied him never entered his mind.

It was while he was lingering in this state of blissful contemplation that a business emergency necessitated his presence in New York. He never forgot their parting. It was a calm, still evening, early in May. Julia went with him to the hall door to bid him good-by. For the first time he kissed her. It was a long, passionate kiss, and he fancied that it was at once the declaration and seal of his love. She could not misunderstand him after that. She uttered a little cry of mingled astonishment and reproof and ran back into the hall. He turned as he went down the steps and saw her looking out at him from the open door, with the evening sun upon her face. And that picture—the pale young face framed in the soft, brown hair, and the shadowy eyes—haunted him all through the journey and for many nights thereafter.

From New York he went on to Philadelphia, a branch office of his firm there needing his personal attention. At this point a telegram was handed him announcing the sudden illness of his father, and directing him to come immediately home. When he reached there the old man was dead.

"He fell in a fit, sir," the old butler told him as he opened the door, "and he never spoke again."

Roy dropped his suitcase in the hall and went up the stairs to the solemn death chamber. His father lay in a long, oak-paneled room, with four tall, narrow windows, which had been gloomy enough even when inhabited by the living. He had scarcely known until that moment how much he had loved his father, or how bitter a blow their parting was to be. For a time even the image of Julia Torres was blotted from his mind. He stayed in that darkened room for a long time; then he arose and went slowly down the stairs in search of Julia.

She heard his footsteps and came forward to meet him. She gave him both her hands, looking at him with a grave, pitying face.

"I am so sorry for you, dear Roy," she said; "so sorry for my own sake, too. I loved him very dearly. Indeed, I had reason to love him," she added, with a little choking sob.

They went into the parlor and she told him of his father's last moments. He listened in silence, only interrupting once to ask if his father had been conscious after the first attack. It was a warm evening, and the faint hum of the declining city life came to them through the open windows with a distant, drowsy sound. The old house had that aspect of profound dullness peculiar to a habitation in the heart of a city on a summer evening, when mankind has a natural yearning for the green leaves of the woodland.

But Roy had no such yearnings. To him the shadowy, oak-paneled room was a paradise. He forgot that he had seen his kind old father's face still in death but a few minutes before; he could think of nothing but Julia's pensive face as she sat by the open window, with the low western sunlight shining in upon her, as on the evening he had kissed her good-by. The words which he meant to speak did not come to him easily; he loved her too much to be over-bold. But in that last happy hour of his youth there was no shadow of doubt in his mind. He had never contemplated the possibility of a refusal; he had never admitted that he had a rival; he had never doubted that she loved him. In perfect faith he had accepted her grateful affection, her frank, sisterly regard, as tokens of the love to be given to him when he pleaded for it. He was rather ashamed

to be so backward in pleading, that was all.

"Julia," he said, drawing nearer to her, "I have something to say to you."

"And I to you, cousin," she answered, with a sudden bright flush. "There was something I wanted to tell you for two weeks before you went away, but I hadn't the courage. And yet I know how good you are, and that nothing in the world would make you unkind to me."

He took her hand tenderly in his. "Unkind, dear! Surely, you know I could never be that."

"Of course not. And that is why it has been so foolish of me to feel afraid of speaking frankly. I think you must know how happy my life has been in this dear old house, and how grateful I shall always be to you and your dear father for all of your goodness to me. But—but—we are both young, and it would not do for us to go on living here this way. People would talk; Mrs. Davis told me as much this afternoon. And I—I have had the offer of a new home. Don't think me ungrateful, or that I want to run away from you. Indeed, I cannot fancy a sister loving her only brother better than I love you. But I must go away—everyone says that."

She looked at him a trifle anxiously, the blush fading slowly from her face.

"A new home?" he questioned. "Why should you go away, Julia? What need you care if some malicious fool should slander us. It is hardly possible for malice to go so far as that; and it can't matter to us, because—" and then, without finishing the sentence, he exclaimed, "Who offered you this new home, as you call it?"

"Mrs. Ryder—Frank's mother—has asked me to stay with her until I am married." She was blushing again, and her heavy lids dropped over her glorious dark eyes.

"Till you are married!" he gasped.

"Yes, Roy, dear. I ought to have told you before, perhaps, but I couldn't. Frank has asked me to be his wife, and—I love him very dearly; we are going to be married in a month or two. We shan't be rich, of course, for Frank must care for his mother; but we can live happily on very little. And we love each other so truly—"

The ghastly change in his face stopped her suddenly in the midst of her confession.

"Cousin Roy!" she exclaimed (it was her pet name for him), "you are not angry?"

He sprang to his feet, and she saw the look of a stricken animal in his eyes.

"Angry!" he cried, in a voice she would not have recognized. "You have broken my heart! Didn't you know that I loved you? Didn't you know that every hope I had was built on the security of your love? When I kissed you that night before I went away, if you had doubted before, could you doubt then what I felt for you?"

"Indeed, Roy," she cried, "I thought it was only a brother's kiss. We have been like brother and sister. And I never dreamed that you cared for me more than you might have cared for a sister."

"Of course not!" He laughed bitterly. "That is a way with you women, I believe. And I should have known from the way your mother treated my father. History has repeated itself. And he! The traitor, the false friend I brought into this house, the sneaking scoundrel who came into our firm a beggar—to go behind my back and steal you!"

"Stop Roy," she commanded. "I cannot hear you say those things of him. How did he know you cared for me? It is too cruel, too unjust! Roy, be reasonable! Be like yourself! Whatever sin I have committed against you has been done in ignorance. I shall never cease to be grateful to you. Be generous, Cousin Roy; tell me that you forgive me."

"Forgive you!" he cried, in a blind fury. "To the last hour of my life—if I live a hundred years—I shall never speak to you! I pray God I may never see your face again!"

With these words on his lips he went out of the room, went away from her, with the sullen determination to hate those two who had wronged him, until the end of his days.

He left the house at once and walked rapidly in the direction of Acquishnett. All night long he plodded blindly along the country roads, with no feeling of fatigue, no consciousness of his surroundings.

It was daylight when he eventually came to a recognition of his whereabouts and retraced his steps. His clothes were white with dust, and his face wan and haggard. One of the sour-faced maid-servants was cleaning the front steps when he went in, and gasped at him aghast, but he scarcely saw her. He made his toilet with a half-mechanical sense of the proprieties, and then went down to that very ordinary parlor which a little while ago had seemed to him such a pleasant, home-like room.

There was a solitary breakfast laid for one, and instead of Julia's presence, there was a little note addressed to him, a tender, pleading little letter, assuring him once again of her gratitude for his goodness to a friendless orphan, beseeching him once more to be generous, and telling him that, act toward her as he would, she would never cease to be his affectionate and grateful friend.

Three times he read the letter through, and then, with a fierce look of mingled hate and rage on his face, crushed it in his hand and flung it into the empty grate. Having done this, he determined to recommence his life upon a new system; to shut the false girl's image out of his mind and to devote all his energy and thought to his business.

The first letter he wrote when he took his seat as the head of the firm on the second day after his father's funeral was a brief, business-like epistle to Frank Ryder, informing him that his services were no longer required, and that if he preferred a pecuniary compensation in lieu of the ordinary term of notice, such a course would be most agreeable to the new head of the firm of Braddon & Braddon.

The answer to this communication came very promptly. It told the new head of Braddon & Braddon that Mr. Ryder required neither notice nor compensation, and that he should have quitted the office forever before his note could be delivered to Mr. Braddon, Jr.

How far Roy Braddon succeeded in shutting out the image of the girl he loved was known only to himself. From the hour in which he left her on the night of his father's death, he had never spoken of her to any human creature. Whatever curiosity he may have felt as to her fate he kept harbored in his own mind, making no attempt to discover what had become of her. He lived on without change of any kind in the dull old mansion. Friends he had none. The only man who had ever been his companion was Frank Ryder.

So his life went on: Coming home every day to the same lonely rooms; eating and drinking in solitude; sitting alone through the long evening with a neglected book lying on the table beside him; or wandering alone in the familiar haunts that he had known in his rambles with Frank Ryder long ago. For any pleasure or variety there was in his life, he might as well have been a wretched slave toiling in the jungles of the Congo.

Ten years passed before he again saw Julia Torres. In a crowded street she flashed past him one afternoon—a tall, slim figure dressed in black, with great dark eyes and a wan, tired looking face. It was not until she had passed him some moments that he knew, by the quickened beating of his heart, who it was that had been so near him. Impelled by a half-recognized curiosity to learn the circumstances of her life, he turned and attempted to follow her; but she was lost in the crowd before he had been able to recover himself sufficiently to look about for her.

She was poor—he was sure of that; he had read as much in the one brief glance into her wan face. Poor and careworn, alone in the city streets; jostled by the crowd; probably hurrying home to some sordid refuge—she for whom life could have been one bright holiday, he thought bitterly. He laughed aloud as he contrasted her probable misery with the home he could have given her; not that dull old house which had served as a home for his mother and grandmothers, but a suburban palace set in a fairy-land of gardens and flowers. How different life might have been for both of them, he reflected, had she loved him. He hated her with a double hatred as he thought of what they had both lost; hated her for the wrong done to herself, as well as for the wrong done to him. But still her face haunted him with its pinched, hungry look and its pitiful expression of constant sorrow.

From that time forward the face that had flashed past him in the street was always with him. She had haunted him before in her girlish grace and beauty; she came before him now like the sad shadow of her former self. But still he told himself that he hated her. What was her poverty to him? If she had been on her knees before him pleading for help he would have been deaf to her prayers. She had chosen for herself. Let her abide the issue.

A year later he saw her husband. A faint flush lit up Ryder's face as he recognized the son of his old employer. Involuntarily he opened his lips to speak to him, but Braddon brushed past him and hurried on, very pale and with a dark, forbidding countenance. Ryder, irresolute, looked after him for a moment, then gave a heavy sigh and walked on. Whatever vague hope had impelled him to approach his erstwhile friend died out at the sight of his pale, stern face.

Thus Roy Braddon twice lost the opportunity of ascertaining the fate of these two who had once been so dear to him. All the time his persistent nursing of his hatred made him more moody and taciturn. He abjured all sentiment, but always when the anniversary of his father's death came around he felt a loneliness and isolation that made the grim old house a horror to him. The paneled walls seemed to close in on him like the walls of a vault.

The year following his meeting with Frank Ryder this anniversary seemed to affect him more than usual. He wandered into the library after dinner and tried to read, but a sudden paroxysm of despondency seized him and he flung his book aside and hurried from the house. Once in the open air, it mattered little to him where he went. The clocks were striking seven and the traffic of the day was almost over. He had the streets practically to himself. It was a supreme relief to him to escape from the silent, shadowy mansion, always haunted by the ghost of what once had been, and get out under the open sky. He walked on, careless of where he went, making his way through obscure streets and by-ways, until he found himself in a bleak, barren outskirt, where there was a ghastly patch of waste ground, intersected by shabby streets of newly built houses, the greater part of which seemed to be untenanted.

The exploration of this sordid neighborhood afforded him a fierce kind of amusement. Perhaps it was pleasant for him, in his mood, to contrast the squalor which manifested itself in a hundred ways with his own prosperous condition. If he had no friends or none to share it with him, he could at least congratulate himself in the comparison of his lot with that of the people about him. He turned presently into a darker and lonelier street than the others. Here there were more vacant houses, and an air of desolation more profound than elsewhere, yet the houses were better and larger, and had little gardens around them.

The place was so silent that he could hear the low, suppressed sobbing of a child who was standing on the other side of the street, looking down at

something on the ground—a humble image of despair. He was not a hard-hearted man in a general way, and could not witness the child's distress unmoved. He crossed the street quickly and went up to her. She was small and delicate looking, with an air of shabby gentility, and a pale, thoughtful little face; a girl who might have been any age, from eight to twelve.

"What is the matter, child?" he asked.

She looked up at him through her tears. "Oh, I don't know what to do," she sobbed, brokenly. "I dropped the bottle of medicine and it broke! And we haven't any money to get more. Mamma will have to go without the medicine, and she is—" She could not finish.

He had heard of children of the street who were taught to relate such incidents for the purpose of inducing charitable contributions from prosperous looking strangers, and for a moment he searched her face steadily, but such thoughts of her failed to find lodgment in his breast. There was something about her which inspired only confidence, and in the end a tender pity, which he had not known for years, actuated him.

"Come back to the druggist's with me," he said, taking her hand, "and I will get you another bottle."

"Oh, thank you!" she exclaimed, gratefully. Then after a moment, "but I ought not to take it from you—from a stranger. Mamma would make me take it back if she knew."

"Your mamma needn't know, unless you tell her. And if she is very sick and needs the medicine, it is your duty to take it and not tell her."

She looked up into his face doubtfully for a moment; then she gave his hand a confident little squeeze and followed him without a word. They were a considerable distance from the drug store and he had time to study her as she walked along beside him, looking up into his face and answering all his questions with a meek gratitude that touched him profoundly. For the first time he realized how hard the lot of the poor must be when such a trifling service seemed so much to one of them.

The girl was eleven years old, she told him, and the eldest of a family of three—two boys and a girl. Her father was dead, and her mother had been sick for the past month; it was her heart, the doctors said.

All this she told him with childish frankness, and yet with the womanly tones of a child whom hard experience had made older than her years. They found the drug store still open and had the prescription made up again. Then he went home with her. His interest in her had become all absorbent, and he felt a great curiosity to see where she lived. Such a child might have been his, he reflected, if Julia Torres had not proved unfaithful.

A dim light was shining from one of the front windows when they arrived at her home. She led him into a bare, wretched room, the furniture of which was of the scantiest and shabbiest. An unkempt woman, carrying a candle, emerged from the back premises as they entered.

"What a long time you have been, Mary," she exclaimed, looking curiously at Braddon. "Your ma has been frightened about you."

"I stumbled, and broke the medicine," said the little girl, lowering her voice almost to a whisper.

"Broke it!" exclaimed the woman. "And not another cent in the house. Oh, Mary!"

"But this gentleman got another bottle for me," the child hastened to add. "You must thank him, Sally."

"Indeed I will," said the woman, heartily. "It was very kind of you, sir. I don't know what we should have done. Her mother is very sick."

"Isn't she any better, Sally?" asked the little girl, eagerly.

"She's been very quiet; but she's always that. Complaints never pass her lips. And the children have all gone to bed—where you should be, too. My, it's nearly 11 o'clock."

"Yes," put in Braddon. "It's too late for this child to be about. And she seems far from strong."

"Ah, sir," said the woman, shaking her head sadly, "if you knew what that child goes through and how patient she is, and what an old head for her years she has, you would not wonder that she doesn't look strong. She's kept the home together somehow, when things must have all gone to nothin' if it hadn't been for her."

Braddon turned his eyes from a curious survey of the meager appointments of the room and looked at the girl. She had such an air of grace and refinement in her premature womanliness that he was more interested in her than he could have believed it possible for him to be in any creature so far removed from himself. He touched her hair caressingly.

"I'll come back to-morrow evening to inquire how your mother is," he said, "if you do not object."

"I should be very grateful to you," she answered, in her quaint, grown-up manner. "I'll take this medicine up to mamma now. And I'll remember what you said," she added, as she left the room.

Braddon followed the woman to the front door, and as he passed out slipped a five dollar bill into her hand. He had felt, somehow, that he could not offer money to the child, although she had so freely confessed their poverty.

He thought of her many times the next day in the midst of his business. She had awakened an interest in him which lifted, though ever so little, the flood-gates of affection which had been pent up in his heart for so many years. At dusk he drove to the house in a cab, carrying all manner of small luxuries which he fancied might be appreciated by the invalid, and the sensation of doing something personally for another brought with it a satisfaction he had never before experienced. He was not content even with this, but catching sight of an attractive shop window on his way, stopped the cab and bought a glittering work-box for his little favorite. He was certain that it would please her vastly, even if it were not of much use to her.

He found the room into which he had been shown the previous evening very neat and tidy, and the little girl at work on some sewing by the light of a tall stand lamp, which made her look very small, indeed. He was evidently expected, and she flushed with pleasure when the elderly woman led him in; and her rapture was unbounded when she saw what he had brought.

"Oh," she cried, her eyes shining as she took out the contents of the basket, "the doctor has said so often that mamma ought to have wine, and we couldn't give it to her. You are like an angel come down from heaven!"

He waited until she had taken her mother some of the wine and fruit he had brought, and learned how she had enjoyed it, and then went away with the thanks of the little girl ringing in his ears, and smiling at her delight in her new work-box.

After that Roy Braddon became a very frequent visitor in the little home. He contrived to ascertain the name and address of the landlord from the woman Sally, and paid the rent for the cottage three months in advance. He caused some furniture which had been stored in the attic of his home for years to be sent out to them. Very rarely did he appear empty handed, and he exhibited a marvelous ingenuity in the judicious selection and variety of his offerings. The younger children had been presented to him, and he catered to their small wants with an almost child-like delight in childish things. It was so new to him to be interested in any human creature; so new for him to live out of himself.

As his intimacy with Mary increased, she told him a great deal of her mother's struggles to earn a living for them, and of the kindness of Sally, who was a near neighbor; until he felt that he had more than a charitable interest in the little household. And when the time came finally that the invalid was able to sit up for a few hours

daily, he was as glad as the rest of them.

"Mamma will be downstairs to-morrow," Mary told him one evening. "And she wants you to come and have tea with us, so that she can thank you."

"I don't want any thanks, my dear," he answered. "What I have done has been for my own pleasure. But I shall be glad to see your mother."

He found the little girl watching for him at the gate the next evening when he arrived, bleak and cold as the weather was, without hat or coat, her bright auburn hair blowing in the wintry wind. She waved to him joyfully.

"Everything is ready," she cried, "and the parlor looks so nice mamma won't know it. She'll think the fairies have been at work. Come and see! She's not down yet, but she will be in a few minutes."

Braddon took his seat where Mary indicated—the post of honor, opposite the invalid's sofa. Her radiant, joyous face moved him deeply. To think that such small things could give such happiness—and he had missed it! That was always the burden of his thoughts at such times.

Presently there came the sound of light, feeble steps upon the stairs, and the faint rustling of a woman's dress. The door was opened softly, and a woman entered—a tall, pale woman, with dark, luminous eyes.

"Julia!"

She echoed his cry faintly, and tottered a few paces forward as if she would have fallen at his feet. But he caught her in his arms and held her to his breast. All thought of his hate of her had vanished. Her wan, drawn face, beautiful to him still, even in the wreck of her loveliness, shut out all else save that she was the only woman he had ever loved.

After a moment he led her to the couch and seated himself beside her, while the child looked on with wide-open, astonished eyes.

"I don't want to know anything of your past, Julia," he whispered, "only why it is that you are not living under his name."

"Didn't you know?" she faltered, a flush overspreading her face. "It was in the papers. He—he—took some money that was not his, and they sent him to prison. I moved and changed my name to save my children from disgrace."

"Then he is—"

"He died shortly after he entered the prison," she said. "And you, Roy?"

"I want you to come back home and take your old place," he said tenderly. "Just as if nothing had ever happened, and all of this had never been. I want this little girl, who has made a new man of me, to be with me always."

For answer she laid her head upon his shoulder, and Mary came over and nestled against his knee.

THE FRIENDLY BONDSMAN

By ARTHUR W. PEACH

With outward face serene they went their way,
In sure belief that it were best to part,
When lo! grief came with tender hands to tie
Fore'er the slipping bonds of heart to heart.

NAPOLEONIC MEMOIRS—II.

By F. P. STEARNS

BOURIENNE'S memoirs, unfortunately, are not to be trusted at all. Even if they were not written, as Savary states, by an unknown person, and signed by Bourienne after he became demented, the character of the man is very much against them. He was discharged from Napoleon's service for complicity in a shameful stock-jobbing operation; and though Napoleon afterwards relented and sent him as consul to Hamburg, he never permitted Bourienne to be near him after that time. His story in regard to Napoleon's amour with the wife of a captain of infantry lacks confirmation. His talk is too much like that of a discharged servant.

Romancing comes naturally to a French woman. Both Madame Junot and Madame de Remusat had grievances of their own against the Emperor. It is well known that the father of Madame de Remusat attached himself to Tallyrand, and went out of office with him in 1810. Madame Junot's grievance was of a more subtle kind. Her husband was one of the Emperor's favorite commanders, and yet he never was created a marshal of France. A lack of dignified character may have been a sufficient reason for this, but his wife, of course, could not understand it, and unquestionably felt it as a slight. In her earlier household reminiscences of Napoleon she appears in quite an amiable light, but she did not sustain this character in after life, and the Emperor spoke of her as rather a flashy sort of person. The society she moved in certainly was not high-toned —witness the remark she recounts, made in company, about Pauline Bonaparte's ears—and her small animosities are sometimes very amusing. One of the results of Madame de Remusat's memoirs has been the republication of Las Cases's, O'Meara's, and other memoirs more favorable to Napoleon.

It is impossible to determine what is fact and what may be fiction in these feminine memoirs.

It is remarkable what a strong Creole element pervaded Parisian society during the second empire. Madame de Montholon was a Creole, and an English lady who resided some time at St. Helena, considered her a very tyrannical wife. Josephine could not very well be that; but all accounts agree that she was one of the most extravagant women ever known to the historical pen. Napoleon, after praising her natural grace of manner, and the pleasantness of her disposition to O'Meara, concluded with the blunt remark that she rolled up mountains of debt and then told lies about them. She probably prevaricated from embarrassment, but all accounts agree that while Napoleon was in Egypt she contracted a mass of debts equal to several times the amount of his salary and if he had not risen to autocratic power he never could have liquidated them. False pride is the besetting sin of womankind. Josephine considered herself above paying for the articles that she purchased, or even inquiring their price. She wished to please everybody, which is the same as pleasing nobody; and she purchased almost every article that was offered her. Las Cases states that she bought thirty-eight hats in one month. Such a woman could have little depth, either of character or of affection. There was nothing Napoleon hated so much as foolishness; and it is probable that he contemplated separating from



From a painting by Meissonier

NAPOLEON IN 1814

Josephine a long time before he did so.

Marie Louise having been born to the people, acted very differently. She only purchased what she really wished to have, and paid for it at the time. She showed true dignity of character during the trying scenes of 1814, and her only fault would seem to have been a lack of modesty—natural enough considering the family she came from.

Napoleon did not often compare men to animals, but when he did there was a reason for it. He thought Sir Hudson Lowe looked like a tiger cat; and that is just what he did look like according to the steel portrait in the last edition of Las Cases's memoirs. A long lean neck, a shallow pate, and sharp angular features bespeak a most unamiable disposition. His face is a bad one, and the only talent he seems to have possessed was that of tormenting those who were under his authority. His detention of a portrait of Napoleon's son, which was sent from Vienna, was typical of all his proceedings. Napoleon informed him in their third and last interview that he and Lord Bathurst would only be remembered by posterity for their inhuman treatment of him. It was safe enough to predict that. The British government spent between two and three hundred thousand dollars a year to keep Napoleon at St. Helena, and yet the rooms he occupied there were like those of an American tenement-house; nor was his table much better served. He certainly was not treated like a gentleman; and who was ultimately responsible for this so much as the Duke of Wellington? After O'Meara's return to England the facts concerning Napoleon's confinement became widely known, and it is not a supposable case that Wellington should have been ignorant of them. He was the autocrat of Great Britain for the time being, and the thought of Napoleon must have been of daily occurrence to him. As Rosebery says, Wellington was not a generous adversary, and Wellington was the real government.

One other remark of Rosebery deserves a momentary consideration. He speaks of Napoleon as not having a good seat in the saddle. I suppose some Englishmen would think more of this than they would of losing a battle. A man with a figure like Napoleon's could hardly make a fine-looking horseman; but he rode over more battlefields than any commander before or since Julius Caesar, and we do not hear that he was thrown except at Arcole, where his horse was mortally wounded. At Arsis-Sur-Aube he rode onto a bursting bombshell probably with the intention of ending his life in that manner. His horse was disabled by the explosion, and yet Napoleon kept his seat. He depended largely on rapid riding to escape capture or assassination. In this way he once arrived in Paris before his ministers were cognizant that he had left Spain.

Thiers's "Consulate and Empire" derives great advantage from the fact that the incidents of those times were still fresh in the memories of the actors. Thiers could obtain information from Napoleon's marshals, generals, colonels, and even from the soldiers of the old guard. This has given his account a freshness and pictorial liveliness such as later writers will have to struggle for in vain, unless they possess the genius of Tacitus or Carlyle. Karl Lemeke, in his "Aesthetics" takes notice that Thiers knew how to poetize; but the poetry was not in the man, but in his subject —the chivalrous crusade of a whole nation fighting against mighty odds to liberalize Europe and break the shackles of fossilized institutions. Thiers is by no means a classic. He is a diffuse, watery writer, and appears to have taken small pains with his sentences. His worst fault, however, is the constant harping on Napoleon's "inordinate ambition," which finally becomes as wearisome as the sound of the Alpine horn to travelers over the Wengern Alps.

Thiers understood politics too well to believe this himself, and the reason for it was obviously to obtain publica-

tion for his book, under a Bourbon king. Louis Phillipe was a liberal, but we could not expect him to be so liberal as to permit the French people to understand that the Bonapartes were right, and the Bourbons were wrong. Thiers, therefore, compromised to suit the situation—no doubt reluctantly enough. There are few histories which do not suffer from similar perversions of the truth.

In spite of this we may fairly suppose that it was the "Consulate and Empire" which upset Louis Phillipe, and made a final end of the Bourbons. Its publication was of great assistance to Louis Napoleon's designs and this may have been more than Thiers expected or wished for.

No man, since the world began, has ever been so lied about as Napoleon. It is one measure of his importance. The British officers on the Northumberland were never tired of questioning Bertrand, Las Cases and the rest, concerning the emperor's character, habits of living, etc., and expressed much surprise at the replies they received. They admitted that he had been grossly misrepresented. This was the work of dishonest journalism, of which I have noticed the effect, even to the present day—improbable scandals, and stories of his cruelty and cowardice.

Five hundred people will read the newspapers while one will read a dignified history; and of this five hundred, nine-tenths will believe what they read as if it were the Gospel of St. Matthew. During the peace of Amiens Napoleon complained to the Brisish Ministry of the atrocious calumnies concerning him that were published in English newspapers, but the ministry replied that they had no legal right to interfere with the liberty of the press, and his only remedy would be to enter a suit for libel in an English court. This was true enough, but it is not surprising that Napoleon should never afterwards have approved of that form of liberty.

Such calumnies would have been dangerous in Germany, as the death of the book-seller Koch afterward exemplified; but the Prussians circulated wood-cuts of the infant Bonaparte coddled in the arms of a demon, and other pictures of dark and dubious insinuation. Such blackguardism always happens in time of war, but it has never been so virulent or enduring as in Napoleon's case, and this for most excellent reasons. The hereditary sovereigns and the titled aristrocracy could only justify their repeated attempts to suppress this champion of struggling humanity and incite their subjects and serfs to fight against him by the most shameless falsification. The same misrepresentation is now taking place in American history. Slavery is dead, but the pro-slavery spirit still lives, and sits in the professor's chair. They acted like the villain in Moliere's play, who screened himself by bringing accusations against the persons he had injured. They had, however, this kind of justification, in fact, that even if the peace of Amiens had been kept through Napoleon's lifetime, such a ruler would have made the French nation so powerful that under a less judicious successor it would have been dangerous to its neighbors.

O'Meara reports that Sir Hudson Lowe once remarked to him that Napoleon's death "would be of little consequence, compared with the mischief that might ensue if he escaped—not so much of himself as in the revolutions that would be excited in various parts of Europe." This would seem to indicate that even subordinate officers in the British army understood the character of the conflict they were engaged in better than they pretended. Napoleon only escaped in death; but the revolutions took place, nevertheless, and continued to take place until France, Spain, Italy, and even Prussia, were liberated from the despotism of Metternich and the so-called Holy Alliance. The Tory leader in Parliament even declared at that time (1816) that the Anglo-Saxon race was the only one fit for a constitutional government.

In Las Cases's memoirs there are statements made by Napoleon himself, which strongly support the view I have

taken of him in the preceding lecture. He speaks of the autocratic period of his government as a kind of dictatorship, like those of Sulla and Caesar, "which would have come to an end when peace was firmly established." "He was necessary for the defence of France, and to preserve the principles of the Revolution. The coalition always existed either openly or secretly." It was not the crowned heads of Europe that hated him, "so much as the aristocracy, which is always cold, implacable, and vindictive." They want everything for themselves. If he did dream of universal empire, it was his enemies that led him into it. He did not like the ceremonial of court life; and he had an idea if he lived long enough to abdicate in favor of his son, and to spend the evening of his life traveling from one capital to another examining into public affairs, giving advice, and establishing new institutions for the benefit of the people. Savary alleges that Napoleon undertook his Egyptian expedition, for one reason, because he considered the sword-points of the enemy less dangerous than the jealousy of his fellow directors; and that the overthrow of the directory on his return was a question of self preservation for himself and his friends. Thiers was of opinion that it prevented the establishment of a pretorian government by the army,—like that of the Roman Empire.

Better than Savary, and perhaps the best of all memoirs, are Napoleon's own. They are said to be inaccurate, but I, who have been over the whole subject seven or eight times, have not noticed this. There are inaccuracies in all histories, for three-fourths of history is written from memory—either the writer's or some other person's. Napoleon himself has pointed out mistakes in Heroditus, which no Greek scholar would seem to have noticed; but Napoleon's signal merit is that he *understood human nature*. His account of the Marengo campaign is a match for Thucydides's description of the Syracusean expedition. John Ropes says that what happened at the battle of Marengo will probably never be known, but Napoleon gives such a clear and comprehensive account that we cannot only see the man fighting—the route of Victor's divisions, and the charge of Kelleman's cuirassiers—but we can perceive the working of Napoleon's mind and understand the plans of his adversary. There is no ambiguity in the tactics of this battle. Napoleon in his anxiety for Suchet, who was on the other side of the enemy, pushed his right wing forward to Marengo, where it was attacked the next morning by the whole Austrian army, and was driven out in great confusion. The enemy next fell upon Lannes, who commanded the center, but Lannes retreated in good order, always, as Napoleon says, refusing his left wing; and the effect of this movement was to draw the Austrians round in the arc of a circle; so that they finally exposed their right flank to the attack of Dossaix and Kelleman, who were not slow to take advantage of this. Victor's division was reformed, and in less than an hour the Austrian army had become a flying mob. It is a very rare book now, and ought to be republished with notes and corrections. It would be a pleasant contrast to the tame academic histories of the present day.

After Napoleon's death, Sir Hudson Lowe, wandered about the earth ignored by his former employers, and generally avoided almost like a discharged convict.

Napoleon was in all respects an exceptional man and has to be viewed exceptionally. His powers of endurance exceeded that of any other individual of whom there is even a tradition. He worked with his secretaries until they fell asleep from exhaustion; and at Arcole for four nights he never took off his boots. Before he was twenty-eight years old he had won seventeen battles. His features were refined and classic, but his earlier coins represent him with an uncommonly thick neck, and it may have been in some exceptional structure of the spinal column that his powers of endurance are to be accounted for.

The Death of a God

By WALTER S. CRAMP

Julius Caesar, Act I, Scene II, 115-118.

"And this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius
Is a wretched creature and must bend his body
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him."

Antony and Cleopatra, Act II, Scene VI, 14-18.

"What was it
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? and what
Made the all-honored, honest Roman Brutus
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol; *but that they would*
Have one man but a man?"

Shakespeare.

The life of Julius Caesar has been so minutely studied in its varied phases and so carefully related by eminent historians that it would seem as if the subject had been well-nigh exhausted; yet one important fact has been so strangely neglected by historians and commentators that an attempt to set it forth with its due emphasis may not be out of place.

What was it that made all of Caesar's friends withdraw their affection from him? What was it that caused the conspirators, all men honored and dignified by high position, to dye their swords in his blood? Why was it that there was not one movement made by a single senator to protect him. Ambition? Yes, but there was something more grand, more solemn, more exalted than ambition. This man aspired to no mere worldly trifles—the kingship, the diadem, the sceptre. He made himself a god and for that crime he was killed.

Ambition has been the suspended plate which has been struck by most historians, and the monotone has met no responsive chord; it has been hammered upon so persistently that it has become thinned, and through the transparent film caused by this reiterated assertion a new idea appears. But one man in all these hundreds of years that have passed since Caesar's time has sounded a new note. Shakespeare, the elegiac dreamer? In the music of the quotations at the beginning of this article, that note can be heard. The third of a musical chord sounded alone is meaningless, but when the base note is added, when the root is joined with it, there is formed a harmonious sound that does call forth some response. This new note, then, may be looked upon as the root of that solemn, that awfully solemn and bitter chord that was struck on the Ides of March. Enough data and facts can be brought to bear upon the subject of Caesar's death to give it a new aspect, facts and data that cannot be ignored as carrying no weight whatever.

The place where the Roman people in their frenzy cremated that great man has been covered by the dust of centuries. It was hidden for over a thousand years and only recently has that hallowed spot been uncovered. The exact location is now shown to tour-

ists, to lovers of history, to those who revere the memory of him who there met his doom. Has not the real cause of his death been somewhat like that covered over by the dust of time, hidden by the one thought, ambition? Possibly a little digging amongst the old writers may reveal the actual cause that has been so long forgotten. Perhaps it may clear up the mystery that surrounds that death, and may make ambition shine with a new lustre, a new glory; not the ambition of worldly power, of dictatorship for life, of kingship, but the ambition to be numbered amongst the immortals, to be worshiped like a divinity, to be actually a god.

As far back in the history of Rome as 20 B.C. Appian tells us that Scipio Africanus asserted before his soldiers that he communicated with the gods in heaven; Sylla was declared the son of Venus at Athens in 84 B.C.; but in the city of Rome these two men never dared make any pretensions to tampering with celestial power. Sertorius, who had fought with the party of Marius, and who, after the defeat of that party fled to Spain. This same Sertorius who is esteemed by Mommsen as one of the greatest men that Rome had produced up to the year 72 B.C., spoke to his soldiers as one inspired; he called himself "Son of the Virgin Rhea";, he was initiated into the Eleusinian mysteries and belonged to the Dionysian cult; he was always accompanied by a white fawn through which, he declared, he communicated with heaven. Pompey—but to speak of Pompey requires a slight review of the history of Asia Minor and Syria.

When Alexander the Great brilliantly overran Syria, Asia Minor, and Egypt, and had made of these countries a glorious empire, he strove to surpass all other mortals by entering the temple of Jupiter Ammon and becoming the "Son of God." Madman, heroic madman though he may have been, his divinity was accepted as a fact and as a divinity he was worshiped. When this god could not abuse himself by drinking more than any other mortal could, he died, and in dying left his empire to be fought for by his generals. These generals thought themselves little inferior to their leader and in turn adopted god-like titles. For centuries after the servile subjects of the different dynasties founded by these generals heaped these high-sounding titles on the heads of their kings.

It is, then, but natural to believe that when Pompey brought these kings, lords, and divinities under the power of Rome, he overcoming them must have been greater than they. Consequently, by the adulation, the praise, and the worship lavishly bestowed upon him, the conqueror Pompey became a changed man. He marched through Judea, he entered Jerusalem, he did a thing unheard of in the annals of the history of the Jews, a thing done only once before. He penetrated the Holy of Holies. Why? Because he considered himself above ordinary men; he considered that he was bathed in a certain ichor from the gods on high.

This man who had seen kings prostrate themselves before him, this man who has been worshiped as a god, as a King of Kings in the East, when he neared Rome, majestically dismissed his army, a most unusual thing to do, and naturally in his exalted state of mind looked for a royal reception from the Senate and the Roman people. To his surprise he was received with such coldness that it completely unnerved him. It was with difficulty that he won any recognition of his achievements. But his triumph compensated for the cold welcome he received. Adorned in rich robes, covered with jewels of every kind, crowned by the golden diadem that had once encircled the brow of the mighty god Mithradates, and accompanied by three of the children of the greatest kings of Asia, this victorious Roman, this king and god in the East, drove along the Via Sacra in a triumphal car of gold.

The Pompey who left Rome and the Pompey who had returned were not

the same man. The victor could not throw aside this cloak of dignity, even when he was once more surrounded by his friends in Rome. At his villa in Albanum he allowed Cicero, the republican Cicero, to lie at his feet without requesting him to arise. He broke the laws of Rome by making himself sole consul. He foolishly and with supreme conceit said, "I shall but strike my foot upon the ground and soldiers will arise." At Pharsalia he thought himself so invincible that when he had defeated Caesar he did not follow up his success by striking the decisive blow that would have made him victorious.

Did Caesar allow himself to be sucked into the vortex of this whirlpool of assumed divinity that had drawn in so many great men before him?

One thing alone would prove his deification, if there was nothing else, and that one thing has been silently accepted by most writers with the ordinary announcement of the fact that the Senate, either by his request or wishing to confer an honor upon him, called a month of the year after him. This is something that had never been done before in Rome, a thing that placed Caesar amongst the gods, as all the other months in the year were named after gods with the exception of the fifth to the tenth, which were numbered according to the order in which they succeeded March, that month having been regarded at one time as the beginning of the year.

But there are other facts equally important and some even more conclusive, which may briefly be reviewed. Caesar always called himself a son of Venus, thereby placing himself amongst the mythical beings which in those days were called gods. He early became a priest of Jupiter; and later pontifex maximus. He does not, except in his descent, seem to have aspired to anything more than what others had done. But after he had conquered Pompey, after he had been to Alexandria, where Alexander the Great was buried, after he had viewed the body of that divinity which he always tried to imitate, after he marched victoriously through Asia, he became like Pompey, a changed man. He became consul as often as he wished, dictator for life, he took the title of emperor, the surname Father of His Country, he placed his statues beside those of the kings of Rome, and he had a lofty couch spread for him in the theater.

Still more! and here is the most brilliant of his heavenly aspirations; he placed on his tribunal in the senate house a golden chair; he had a consecrated chariot; banners were unfurled to him as to a god, in the Circensian games; he had temples, priests, altars, a bed of state in the temple, statues placed among the gods and a college of priests to attend to proper worship being given him.

Would the reader wish more proof of his assumption of divinity? To such a pitch of loftiness had he arrived that he used such language as the following: "The republic is nothing but a name without substance or reality. Sylla was an ignorant fellow to abdicate the dictatorship." "Men ought to consider what is becoming when they talk to me, and look upon what I say as law." "The entrails will be more favorable when I please; and it ought not to be regarded as a prodigy that a beast should be found wanting a heart."

A careful reading of the above paragraphs is so convincing, so surprisingly satisfying in its proof that Caesar did assume divine honors that it is marvelous that the fact has been so generally overlooked. Every statement in the line of proof can be substantiated by the references given at the end of this article.

It is hardly necessary to comment on such an accumulation of evidence and a few words only on the placing of his statues in the temples, altars, etc., will suffice. That his image was included among those of the gods in the temples is sufficient evidence of Caesar's aspirations. Homage, therefore, had to be payed to him. In the East, where he was King of Kings, God of

Gods, Lord of Lords, his feet were kissed. To be a god in Rome required the same tokens of abasement; therefore he seated himself on his golden chair on his tribunal and as the senators approached him the kissing of the divine toe was their privilege. He actually sat on his lordly throne, before the temple of Venus Genetrix, near the bronze house that once supported the divine Alexander, now supplanted by the figure of his divine self. He sat there surrounded by all the effulgence of divine splendor and received the whole body of the Senate, seven hundred senators, their hands laden with the confirmation of high dignities. He sat there like a god and did not deign to rise to receive them. This was an insult that stung them all, stung them so severely that he lost everyone as a friend except the debauchee Antony, who degraded himself still more by becoming and styling himself "Priest of the God Julius."

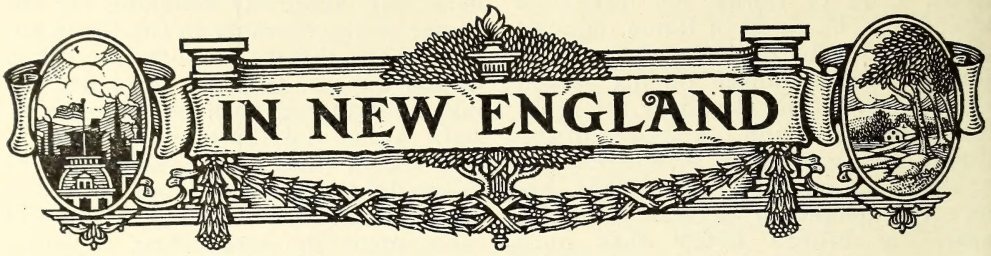
It seems superfluous to add more facts than those already given; but as they are recorded in history, they must be given the respect they deserve. When he was offered the kingly crown by Antony in the Forum, he was clad in a purple robe—not purple-bordered, but a garment of royalty. Antony sat at his feet and when he handed the diadem to Caesar he knelt, he prostrated himself before him, but the diadem was refused. His house had a sacred gable and a steeple or pediment, which was permitted only on temples to gods. He often assumed robes of scarlet and appeared with a crosier in his hands, wearing the mitre and bearing the keys. When he had his triumph he had borne before him standards inscribed "The Invincible God." The gay and profligate Caelius, when he wrote to Cicero, referred to Caesar as "Son of Venus" and again "Heaven-descended Chief."

It was the Ides of March of that eventful year. The senators, most of them men of high bearing, of good judgment, some loyal to their country, others only to themselves, waited the arrival of their chief, sixty of them nervously, anxiously watching the entrance to the chamber in the Curia adjoining the theatre of Pompey. When he did appear, they all arose and remained standing until he seated himself. What did these sixty conspirators see in that man seated there? What did the other senators, the other seven hundred, see there? What did those men who owed their elevation to him, who received their wealth from him, what did those trusted generals who had fought side by side with him, what did those pardoned enemies, those men of the Pompey faction who owed their lives to him, what did all those men see seated on that golden chair? A man who had trampled on their liberty? A man who had assumed worldly titles? A man who had ruled Rome like a king for nearly five years, but who had not assumed the name? Other Romans had done that, other Romans had broken laws, other Romans had been ambitious. What then was this man's guilt? What had he done that others had not done? What was his crime?

It was simply this: He made himself a god.

There, before the statue of that other man who had become ruined by contact with the East, lay the body of the greatest Roman that ever lived, murdered, friendless, cared for only by three miserable slaves. There is no sadder picture than the description of that scene by Plutarch.

When Alexander the Great died, his generals became gods. It was so with Caesar. After his death Herod in Jerusalem claimed that he was divine. Antony later became the bridegroom of Minerva at Athens and in Asia he called himself the "New Bacchus" and he declared that he was the lineal descendant of "Hercules." Sextus Pompeius, the son of Pompey, called himself "Son of Neptune" and demanded to be worshiped as a god on earth. Octavius, the adopted son of the divine Julius, finally overcame these other gods and declared himself the "Son of God."



PRESIDENT LOWELL OUTLINES IMPORTANT ELEMENTS OF HIS POLICY

In his inaugural address President Abbott Laurence Lowell referred to the readjustment of the elective system so as to produce a more rounded and consistent culture, closer relations between the college and the professional schools, and the development of class unity through the social life, largely, of the freshmen, as important elements of his policy at Harvard University. The following quotation from his address indicates the freshness and vitality of his attitude:

"May we not say of the extreme elective system what Edmond Sherer said of democracy: that it is but one stage in an irresistible march toward an unknown goal. Progress means change, and every time of growth is a transitional era; but in a peculiar degree the present state of the American college bears the marks of a period of transition. This is seen in the comparatively small estimation in which high proficiency in college studies is held, both by undergraduates and by the public at large; for if college education were closely adapted to the needs of the community, excellence of achievement therein ought to be generally recognized as of great value. The transitional nature of existing conditions is seen again in the absence, among instructors as well as students, of fixed principles by which the choice of courses of study ought to be guided. It is seen more markedly still in the lack of any accepted view of the ultimate object of a college education."

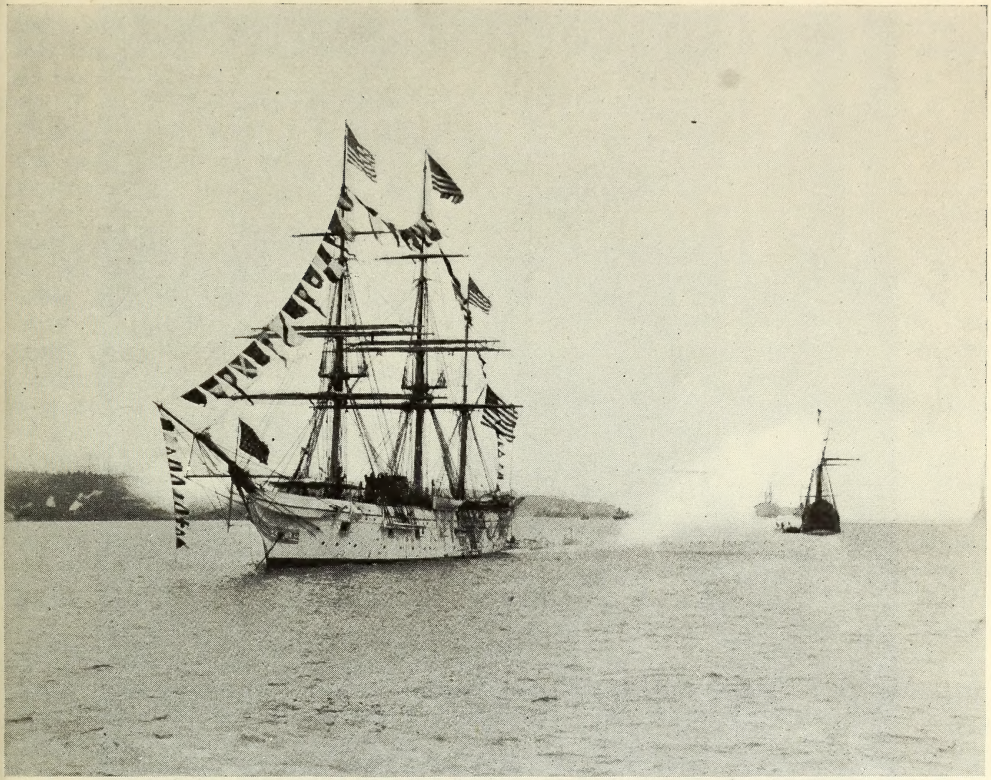
TWO LIVE EDITORIALS FROM NEW ENGLAND JOURNALS

"Vermont is paying out nearly half the highway money raised in this state to-day for road work that is not worth the time it takes to collect the tax."—*Rutland Herald.*

"Here are Rutland and Barre, both watching their water supply with anxious eyes, just at St. Albans did last summer. Yet in this mountainous state the springs and the brooks and the rivers should never run dry, and they never would if the forests were properly conserved. Perhaps these experiences will help to make converts to the policy of reforesting Vermont, and then keeping it reforested."—*St. Albans Messenger.*

IN WOODEN WALLS

Speaking of the passing of old maritime types while in respect to naval vessels the rapidity of this process is the great ever-evident fact, in the merchant marine it is more spectacular than actual. There recently passed away at his residence in Dorchester a gentleman who, although he did not enter the field until 1890, is reputed to have built more tonnage in wooden sailing vessels than any other man, firm, or corporation in the history of American navigation. His ships carried over a million tons of freight annually, and yet so unostentatiously did he manage this great enterprise that his business office was at his own house. Yet he designed his own vessels, raised the money for their construction, and retained the manage-



Copyright by N. L. Stebbins

THE ENTERPRISE IN GALA ATTIRE

ment of them upon the high seas. This man was Mr. William F. Palmer, of Dorchester, Boston.

THE PASSING OF THE "ENTERPRISE"

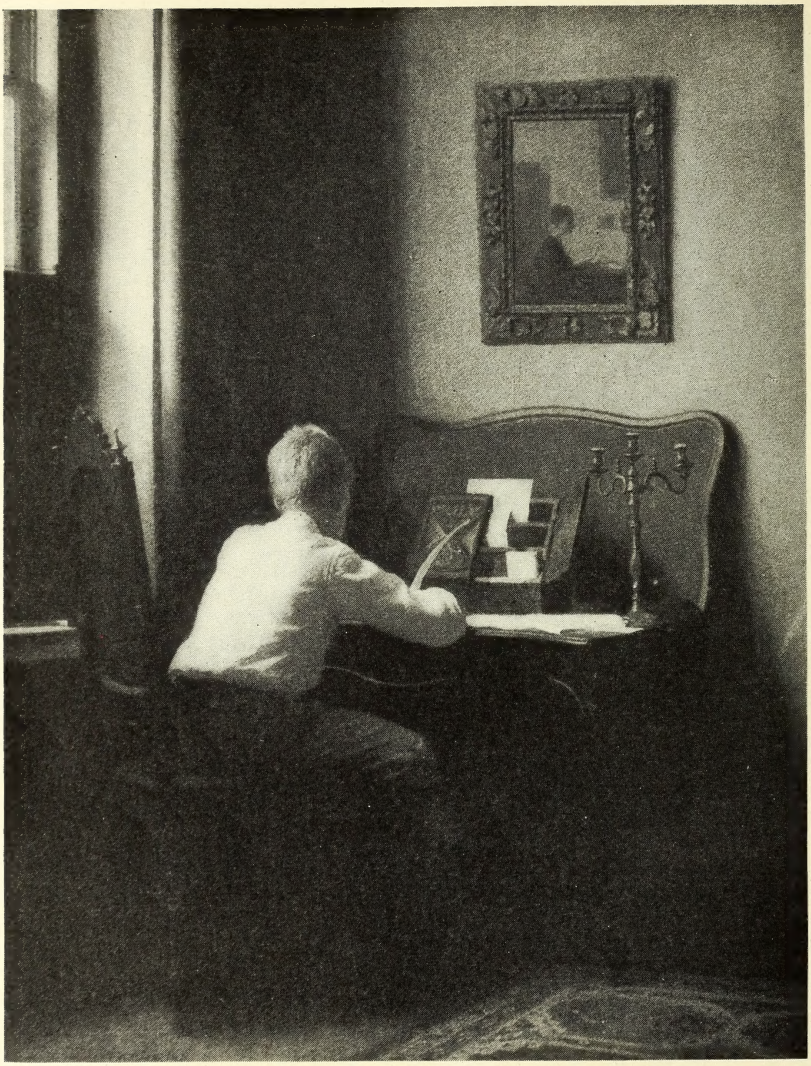
Flames and the junk dealer, the fate of all good ships that sail the sea, have at last overtaken the Enterprise, to the no small sorrow of hundreds of men and boys. The ship was condemned last year. In her day the Enterprise was accounted the swiftest and ablest war boat on the North Atlantic station. She was built in 1873 and was sold as junk for $11,037. It is more than doubtful if a war vessel of the modern type could be sold for a fraction of that percentage of the original cost.

ART

To the usual handicap under which photography strives to reproduce a painting is added, in any attempt to represent by that means the work of Mr. Frank P. Fairbanks, a most unfortunate circumstance.

For that very margin by which Mr. Fairbanks' canvases are separated from the photographic in subject and manner is almost eliminated by the shortcomings of the camera.

This young Boston artist, it will be remembered, won America's most important scholarship, the Prix de Rome, this year, and has just sailed for a three years' residence abroad, accord-



"Boy Writing," from a painting by Frank P. Fairbanks

ing to the terms of that endowment. That he is such an one as will profit by this opportunity seems beyond doubt.

Mr. Fairbanks' work of late has been in the line of small canvases, elaborately worked out after the manner of the Dutch masters. He is a master of many subtle effects, such as the subduing of accessories in tone, while their detail is neverthless carried very far. He is a faithful draughtsman, and has made a deep study of the very important element of edges which in his work are beautifully tender and luminous. While there is not too much of the story-telling element, his people always have a sufficiently dramatic reason for being where they are. Although this never savors of melodrama, it does enter the region of sentiment, and usually of homely sentiment. The Spanish masters, as well as the Dutch masters, have strongly influenced Mr. Fairbanks' work, and also our own Boston artist, Mr. Tar-

bell, under whom the younger artist has studied. There is, however, an individuality about Fairbanks' paintings which makes it impossible to call them Tarbells, and, in fact, to even suggest the comparison is to run a risk of conveying an erroneous impression of the quality of the work. And yet, one cannot omit such a comparison. For to Mr. Tarbell Mr. Fairbanks owes what a pupil of strong individuality owes to a teacher whose name has become identified with a certain manner.

Mr. Fairbanks has not yet passed the impressionable age, and his three years of European study may quite alter his style, of which that which we have before us may prove to be but a passing phase. All that can be said with certainty is that the fulfilment of the present promise will place Mr. Fairbanks among our leading artists.



In "A Woman's Way," which Grace George will give at the Hollis Street Theatre beginning on November 1, this sparkling comedienne has a worthy successor to "Divorcons," which was a marked triumph here just as it was in London. The new piece is the work of Thompson Buchanan, and it serves to show the cleverness of a bright woman. Her husband has a fondness for flirting, but she engineers a little dinner party, and brings things to a happy conclusion quite as effectively as Cyprienne did in the Sardou comedy. In New York last year it was called one of Miss George's best works, and it is one of the pieces which she will give when she goes to London next summer. In the course of her engagement she will play a special matinee of "The School for Scandal," and for the support her company will be augmented by players from "A Gentleman from Mississippi," which is also under the management of William A. Brady.

When Henry W. Savage made known to an appreciative public that brilliant Viennese charmer, "The Merry Widow," it was generally agreed



THE FLOWER GIRLS IN HENRY W. SAVAGE'S PRODUCTION, "THE LOVE CURE," TREMONT THEATRE



GRACE GEORGE, WHO IS PLAYING "IN A WOMAN'S WAY," AT THE HOLLIS STREET THEATRE

among commentators that a real successor would not make its appearance for the "standard" period of seven years. Just two seasons later, however, this enterprising Bostonian has brought forward another operetta of the ultra-modern Viennese school that does inherit the mantle of mirth and melody worn with such grace by the fascinating "Widow." This work bears the title of "The Love Cure," and it is now playing at the Tremont Theatre.

"The Love Cure" is a free adaptation by Oliver Herford of "Kuenstlerblut" (The Spirit of Art), an operetta that has for many months charmed the critical music lovers of the Austrian, and also the German, capital. The libretto in the original is the work of Leo Stein, co-author of "The Merry Widow," and Karl Lindau; while the score is by that distinguished composer of symphonies and other higher forms of music, Edmund Eysler, who is likewise a Viennese.

Stageland is the scene of the action, and the drama comes in the natural clash between the subjects of King Momus and those of the outer kingdom. There is the essence of romance in the deftly told love story, while the authors have likewise dared to do that most unusual thing, introduce a moment of genuine pathos in the midst of the gayety and frivolity that pertains to light opera.

The readvent of dainty Lina Abarbanell, who so won the affections of local theatre-goers last season as Sonia, in "The Merry Widow," is a pecularly agreeable feature of the presentation. Mme. Abarbanell is jointly "featured" in the cast with Charles J. Ross, the erstwhile funmaker-in-chief of the Weber-Field forces. Mr. Ross, it may be noted, now appears for the first time in his long career as a serious actor, and scores brilliantly.

At the Castle Square, the John Craig Stock Company appear for the first time in a grand production of Shakespeare's famous tragedy of "Hamlet." The stage settings and costumes will be elaborate, and Mr. Craig promises that every detail of the presentation will be complete. "Hamlet" has not been given for some eight years at the Castle Square, and the demand for its revival has been insistent, as has also been the desire to give the John Craig Stock Company still further opportunity to test its versatility in passing directly from musical comedy to tragedy. Rehearsals have been going on for several weeks past, and there is no exaggeration in the statement that Mr. Craig and his players will give as fine a series of performances of "Hamlet" as has ever been seen in Boston. There is, of course, no need to describe "Hamlet." One of the greatest of the great English dramatist's plays, and one of the greatest dramas ever written, it is certain to attract a multitude of people who never neglect an opportunity to see Shakespeare on the stage.

The title role is played by Mr. Craig, his first appearance in it for several seasons, and the Ophelia is Mary Young, who makes her debut in that character. The Queen is played by Gertrude Binley, with Theodore Friebus as Laertes, Donald Meek as First Gravedigger, George Hassell as the Ghost, Bert Young as Horatio, Wilfred Young as Osric, and William Parke as the King. The run of "Hamlet" at the Castle Square will be limited to one week.

Another very strong attraction is Elsie Janis, at the Colonial. Elsie Janis is now a star comedienne, and at the Colonial she is now appearing in "The Fair Co-Ed," by George Ade and Gustave Luders, under the management of Charles Dillingham. Miss Janis' development in dramatic art is one of the notable stage features of the season.

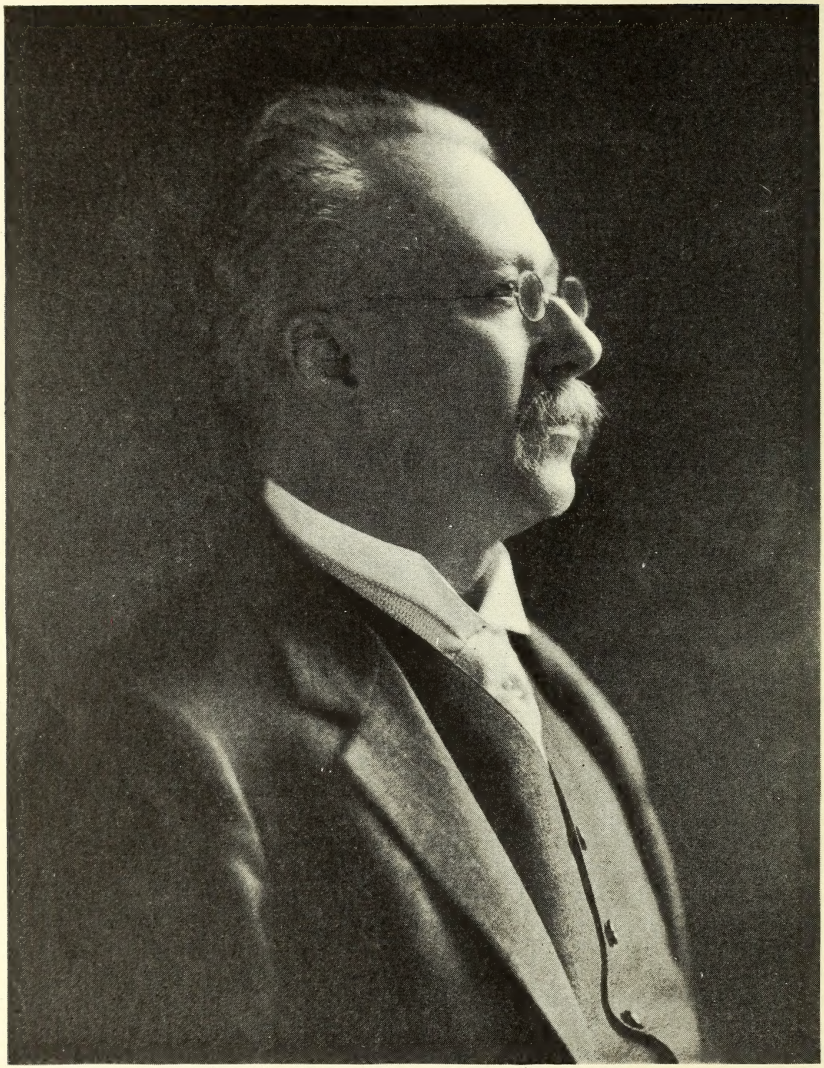
At the Park "The Man from Mississippi" is having the expected long run to full houses, and all who see it are enthusiastic advertising agents.

Mr. Charles Dickson, who is the author of "The Three Twins," may well rejoice over the way in which the play is staged and the musical quality of the songs, as well as over Mr. Clifton Crawford's acting. The Boston Theatre is doing a big business with this play, and the audiences are the most enthusiastic that we have seen in Boston for several seasons. Mr. Crawford's appearance on the stage is an occasion for tumultuous applause. This clever actor is gaining a strong hold on the Boston public, with which he made so marked a hit in his early appearances with the Cadets. He brings out all the fun there is in the clever speeches and situations, and touches the risibilities of the entire audience as few actors succeed in doing. The play is likely to make a record run, as there is no sign of diminution in the attendance.



BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, which now, as ever since its organiza-



Photograph by Garo

MR. MAX FIEDLER, CONDUCTOR OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

tion, holds the proud position of having no peer in America, has begun the twenty-ninth season of its concerts in Boston.

Max Fiedler, who made so many friends and admirers last year, is again the conductor, and the personnel of the orchestra is practically the same as last year, only a few minor changes having been made.

The season of 1909-1910 will be the busiest one the orchestra has ever had. It will give a total of 111 concerts, a considerable increase over any season in the past.

Following the policy that has ruled the orchestra in recent years, increased attention is being given to music in New England, and more concerts are given in this section of the country.

The orchestra gives it usual 24 public rehearsals and 24 concerts with an unusually brilliant list of soloists, in Boston. Cambridge gets eight con-

certs, and Worcester, Hartford, Providence and New Bedford get three each. Concerts are to be given, also, in Brockton, Springfield, Bridgeport, and Waterbury. The usual series of concerts will be given in New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Washington, and Baltimore, and in the last week of January the orchestra makes its annual trip to the West.

Both the Maine Musical Festival and that at Worcester were very successful, from a musical as well as a financial standpoint. The Worcester Festival appears now to be on a sound business basis, a fact which must be extremely gratifying to all music lovers. Nothing could be more desirable than the development of such annual musical events in New England outside of Boston.

The resignation of Mr. Ralph L. Flanders from the managership of the Boston Opera Company, while it reserves his time and strength for the important work of the New England Conservatory of Music, will, we doubt not, still allow of his generous, wise, and fruitful connection with the new enterprise which he has done so much to foster and guide in the initial stages of its development.

Mr. Flanders' connection with the whole movement will pass into the musical history of Boston as one of the formative forces that made its success possible.



ENGLISH LITERATURE BY WILLIAM J. LONG

After the first surprise with which one sees a book on English literature written by a man already so well known in other lines, one is delighted to find that he has made a science as entertaining as his picture of the animal world. The naturalist is with us still, indeed, from his intense appreciation of nature description to his occasional use of somewhat over-technical sporting phrases, as when he compares the relation between Johnson and Boswell to that of a Silver Doctor and a hungry trout. But the same zest in fishing and outdoor sports underlies his entire study of literature, as if it were a recreation in which one must exercise, indeed, great patience and care, but which is always a joy and refreshment.

The outline of the work is excellent; the method of study scientific and penetrating. The historical introductions are extremely valuable for the teacher and for the pupil who has already studied English history, though they are so closely summarized as to be only suggestive to the unprepared student. The entire book, however, is full of suggestion, packed down and overrunning, as Long himself claims—more a stimulus to reading than an escape from it by means of condensed summaries. It is, indeed, a text-book only in the sense that one can find in it all the material for a study of English literature; it is more than a text-book in that it offers an over-sufficiency, "a storehouse," as the author says, from which one may cull and browse at leisure. In its best use in the high school classroom it will necessarily demand the use of a half elective system which will bring the great bulk of the book within a thorough grasp by the pupil.

It is, however, outside of the excellent technical composition of the book that its real value lies. There is no cut and dried criticism; the whole attitude of the author is confidential and suggestive and his interest centers on the individual more than on his period or class. Yet he does not as a rule allow his enthusiasm to make him a partisan. He enlarges on the Anglo-Saxon nature love and condenses the Anglo-Norman miscellaneous literature beyond the ordinary text-book, but in both he shows not personal prejudice, but keen recognition of

what is most interesting and most essential for the pupil. Toward the underlying element of the Puritan spirit, even in Cavalier poetry, he reveals a fairness of judgment as new as it is sane. He is wise, also, attempting no final word on modern literature, but satisfying himself with the observation that whether or not they created immortal works, their books have made the present world a better and a happier world to live in. His only purely conventional attitude is that expressed toward Boswell, who has never had friend to understand him except Carlyle and perhaps Johnson himself. The alert and unusual character of the book is reflected even in the illustrations, which, except for the vapid Portia of Millais, are very interesting.

The scholarly treatment of the entire history of English literature is a difficult feat, but Long has accomplished the ideal of his introduction and made his book both "accurate" and "interesting." The accuracy is an almost unavoidable virtue where research has previously been so exhaustive and authorities are so plentiful; but the interesting writer of textbooks, like the poet, must be born, not made. It might be hoped that, if the presentation of the subject were not already so full, Long, as an unbiased American, might have included a proportionate chapter or two on our American authors. But this, perhaps, must be the aspiration of a future when the bonds of nationality are broken asunder and enough perspective is gained to give American authors their integral place in an international literature, instead of remaining an independent and secondary development. At the present it is not too much to say that the book will be valuable in high school and college and, for the discursive reader, it will help to bind together and place in their environment the scattered masterpieces of literature and make of a scientific study an interpreter and a spur. The book is a Ginn & Company publication, and is listed at $1.35.

OLD BOSTON DAYS AND WAYS

In this beautiful volume Mary Caroline Crawford has continued the work so well begun in "St. Botolph's Town," published last year. In the present volume the author tells about Boston folk and their ways at the opening of the great struggle for national independence, and brings her story down to the beginning of distinct city life.

The Boston of this book is still a town, with its great town meetings, so full of individuality and character,—a strong dramatic story in itself, and Miss Crawford tells it in a clear and forcible way.

As in the earlier volume, the emphasis is on the individual men and women who are the leading actors in the drama. Miss Crawford has succeeded in finding a mass of unused material that adds greatly to the life and realism of the picture that she draws. In decision and courage, as well as in incisive clearness, the new book is decidedly in advance even of its strong and interesting predecessor. Perhaps the material was richer—but some of the new force comes undoubtedly from the growing power of the author.

The volume is amply and beautifully illustrated, and, if we mistake not, will be very prominent among the holiday books. It would make an admirable gift, both on account of its beauty and its value. And when we consider that Boston local history, at that date, is national history, the way in which this book presents local characters and conditions is very illuminating to the student of the broader theme. And to come down to a lesser, but very wide, interest, the guide-book field, Old Boston Days and Ways would make a most excellent handbook for the sightseeing visitor. It is published by Little, Brown, & Co. in a sumptuous volume and sold for $2.50.



ADVERTISING MEN IN GREAT WORK

Good advertising plays such an important part in the building up of business in New England that the work of the Pilgrim Publicity Association, the reorganized Admen's Club of Boston, is bound to be of great help in the New England co-operative movement for commercial betterment.

The Pilgrims number about two hundred and fifty, having doubled their numbers within a year; and the recruiters are working for a membership of one thousand men who are active in advertising, or, at least, interested in it. George W. Coleman, publisher of the *Christian Endeavor World*, is president; Carroll J. Swan, 24 Milk Street, Boston, secretary; H. B. Humphrey, chairman of the board of directors. The board meetings are held every Tuesday morning in the Chamber of Commerce building.

Included on the board are advertisers, presidents of advertising agencies, publishers, and advertising managers of Boston newspapers and magazines, representatives of periodicals published in other cities, and advertising managers of some of the largest concerns in New England.

There are regular monthly meetings, addressed almost invariably by New Englanders who have attained success in business through the employment of salesmanship in print. An occasional exception is made, however, as in the case of the October meeting, when President Maclauren of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Chaplain A. H. Wheelock of the Massachusetts State Grange were speakers.

The Association is just now developing a plan which will bring to New England business interests a wider publicity than has ever before been attempted. This advertising campaign will present the manifold reasons why all should purchase goods made in New England, and will snapshot on the minds of hundreds of thousands of newspaper and magazine readers a vivid and lasting impression of how much of heredity, of training, of knack, of experience, and of practice go into New England-made goods.

As outlined in the constitution the aims of the Pilgrim Publicity Association are:

"To assist in the advancement of New England by studying and improving the methods of promoting business through advertising;

"To serve as a publicity bureau for all New England business associations which may desire expert assistance on questions relating to advertising and general publicity;

"To promote among New England merchants and manufacturers a thorough understanding of the power of good advertising when applied to the building up of business for individuals, corporations, cities, states, or sections;

"And in other ways to assist in the development of New England's commercial enterprises and its resources."

BURLINGTON, VERMONT

Editor NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

Dear Sir:—President William H. Taft was lately a visitor in our city, and of course had a cordial greeting. On a beautiful July afternoon, some of

his friends gave him an automobile ride about the city. He was so well pleased that he took part of it a second time, making him somewhat late at the banquet at the gymnasium of the University. British Ambassador Bryce has expressed his intention to spend part of next summer here.

Burlington is a good location for business as well as for residence.

Some good business cities as far north are Bangor and Augusta, Me.; Ogdensburg and Watertown, N. Y.; Oshkosh, Wis.; Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minn., something of a surprise to those who think we are as far north as Dr. Cook and Lieut. Peary have penetrated.

The American Woolen Company will soon build at Winooski, a suburb of our city, a new mill 200 feet long, 100 feet wide, and four stories high, with the prospect of doubling its size in the near future.

We have splendid lake and rail communication in all directions, and a live Commercial Club ready to encourage every worthy enterprise.

JOSEPH DANA BARTLEY, M. A.

LEWISTON, MAINE

The story of Lewiston is the story of a growing city of Maine.

During the summer or building season just closing there has been more business blocks and homes built, renovated, and repaired than has been known for many years. Not that we have been stagnant these years, but this has been an exceedingly busy one. The city is spreading out and filling up the suburbs, and in the city proper the vacant lot is becoming a thing of the past. The new residences are not of an extremely costly type, but moderate, neat, and with well-kept grounds.

The savings banks report that they have had more applications for loans upon new blocks and houses this season than could be accepted, and have turned nearly all their funds received into this class of securities.

This indicates a good, steady, healthy growth, which is of a most desirable nature.

The reason for this increase in building and population is due to the enlargement of the present industries and the locating of new ones in this vicinity, which are attracted by freedom from labor troubles and low freight rates in every direction, also the ample electric power furnished at the lowest rates.

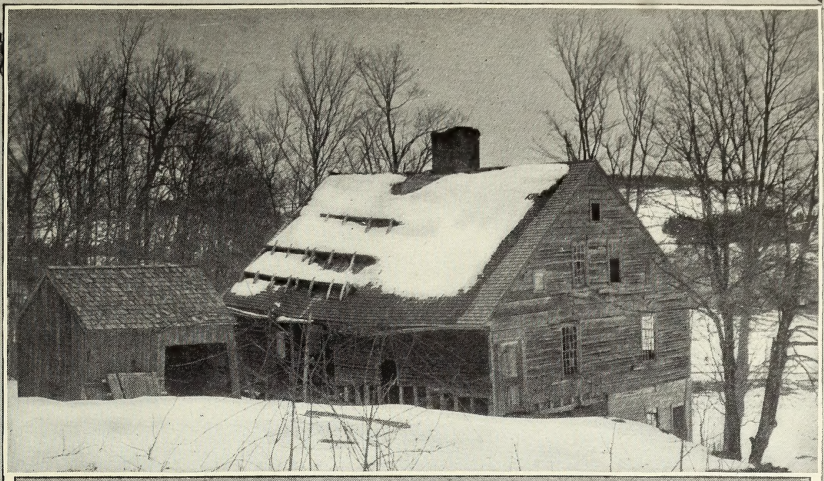
MONTHLY LETTER FOR NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

(From Boston Chamber of Commerce)

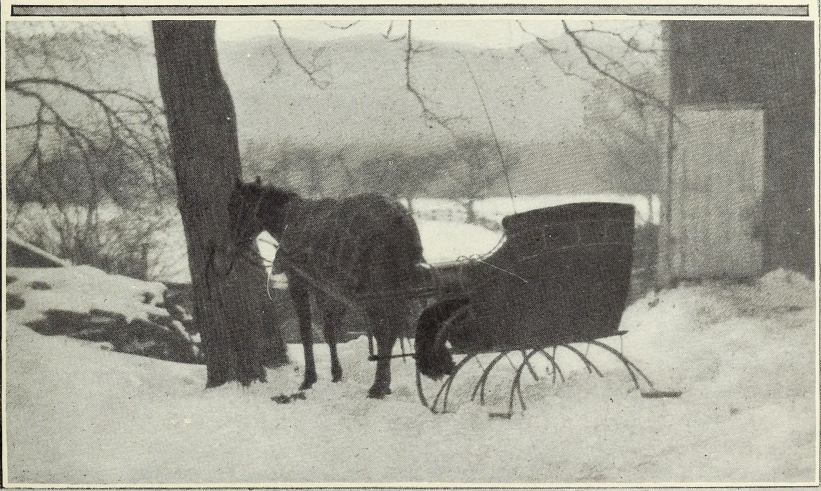
Out of the metropolis of New England comes the demand for a reawakening of the agricultural interests of the six states. There are those who feel that the men of the city have been remiss, and have not realized the possibilities of the farms that stretch along the railroads that run out of Boston. Within the last month, however, the farmer has become convinced that the business man is with him. Business men have taken up the cry for the reclamation of the New England farm, which is now become tenfold in volume.

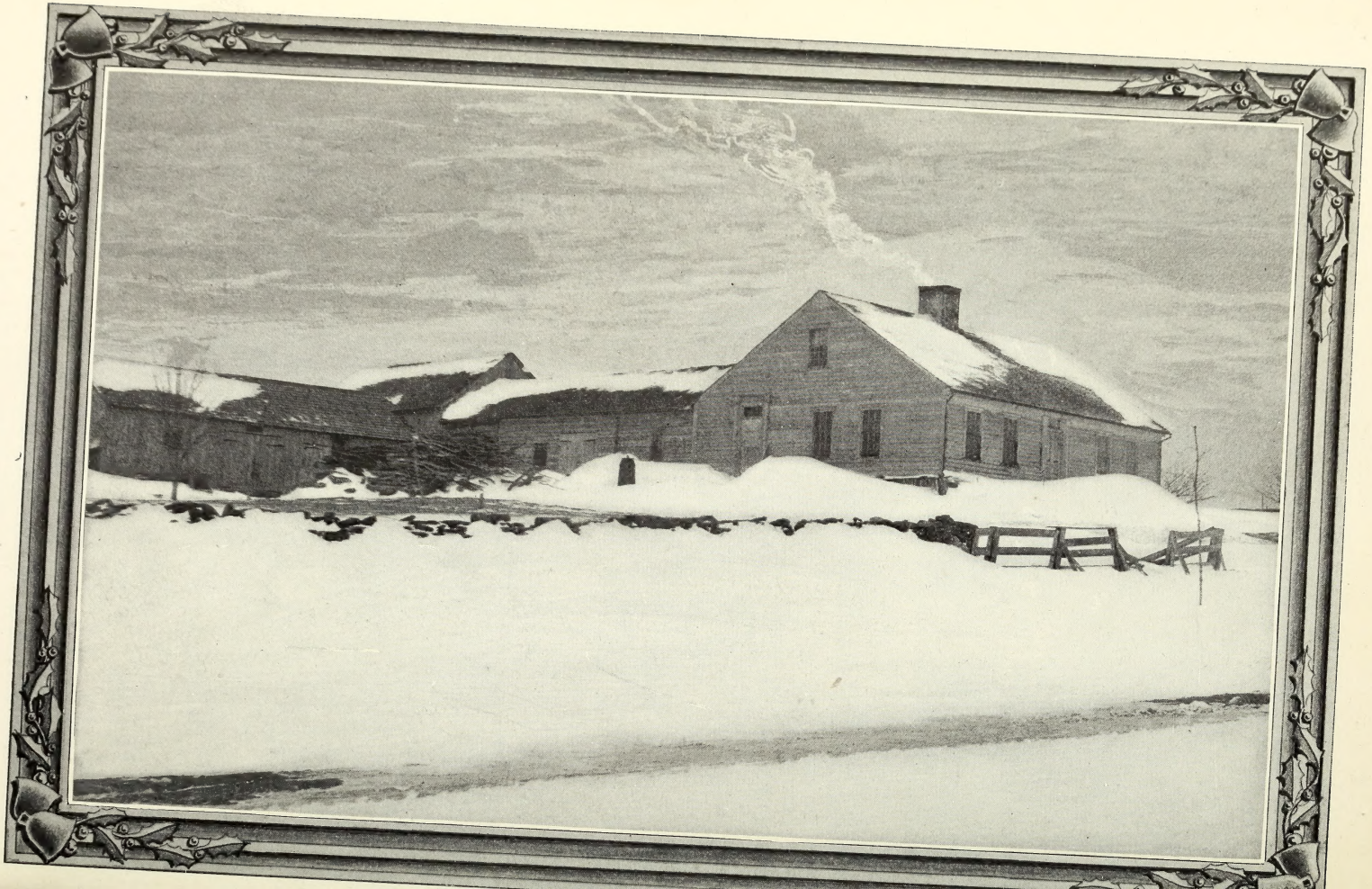
The Boston Chamber of Commerce has just published an illustrated report which hits hard. It was prepared under the direction of a committee made up of experts upon the subject. It tells the New England farmer plainly that he is "losing the chance of a lifetime." It tells him that he has been set down by fate in the midst of the finest market in the world, with thousands of acres of good farm land available at low prices, and with every chance to outstrip his Western competitor. It takes him to task, however, for not adopting the most improved methods of planting, cultivation, fertilization, spraying, picking, grading, packing, and marketing.

The Chamber of Commerce is anxious to distribute this report as widely as possible where it will do the most good, and will send a copy to any reader of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE who makes application for it.



Beautiful New England







THE WINTER OF THE NEW ENGLAND POETS—THE COUNTRY CEMETERY



THE WINTER OF THE NEW ENGLAND POETS—THE WINDING, STONE-WALLED ROADWAYS



The Winter of the New England Poets—An ice-bound pond



THE WINTER OF THE NEW ENGLAND POETS --THE HILL-TOP TOWN



THE WINTER OF THE NEW ENGLAND POETS—THE SNOWY UPLANDS



IN THE CHILDHOOD DAYS OF OUR GRANDMOTHERS. FILLING QUILLS FOR THE LOOMS

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

VOL. XLI. DECEMBER, 1909 NUMBER 4

THE WINTER OF THE NEW ENGLAND POETS

By CLIFTON JOHNSON

With Illustrations by the Author

THE charm of the changing seasons of our northeastern corner of the United States is widely celebrated. The shifting pageant from month to month, and even the variations and uncertainties from day to day, are not without pleasure-giving stimulus; but if there is any portion of the year that is open to doubt it is the winter. By many its frosty vigor is regarded with critical disapproval, and in recollection of the strenuous rigors of this one season our New England year is sometimes described as consisting of "six months winter and the rest late in the fall."

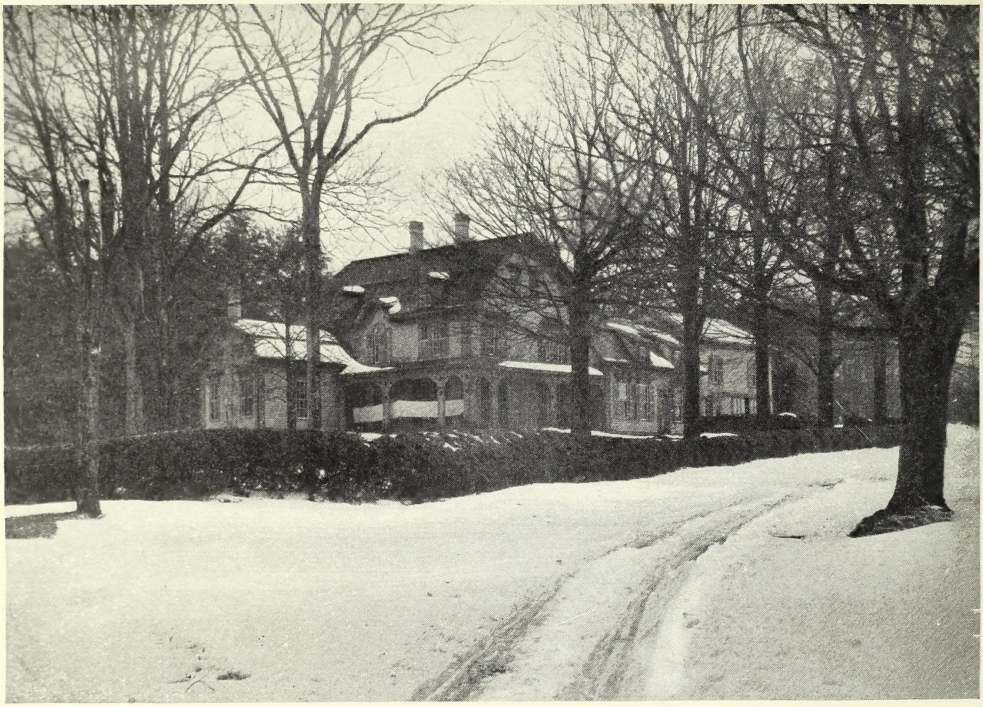
"Yes," said an old native of our western Massachusetts hills to me, "the winter here is a leetle *too* cold."

He was a cautious man and expressed himself mildly. But another hill-towner who was not of this cautious type declared that the New Englanders "spend half their time wishing it wa'n't such blessed cold weather."

Probably all of us have heard numerous shining comments on our winter that are far from respectful, and I propose in what follows to appeal to the facts to see if such criticisms are justified. Is it an imprisoning and dreary season, devastating and frightful in its savagery, and with frozen fields and woodlands devoid of life and beauty; or is there much to delight the unbiased person in its crystalline storms and white landscapes, and even in its rude onsets of cold and wind? What has Emerson to say? What sentiments do Whittier, and Longfellow, and the others express?

Emerson found good in all of nature's ways, and it is perhaps to be expected that he would take a cheerful view of winter. Yet he was essentially a man of the study, and that he should be wholly in love with the frigid months was scarcely possible. The point he most emphasizes in his winter poems is this fact, that though the outdoor world may be storm-enveloped, and wind and flying flakes roughly buffet those who brave the tumult, and assail the dwellings with gusty violence, this only serves to make the indoor world seem the more snug. His "Snow Storm" illustrates this theme effectively:

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heavens,



SUMMER HOME OF WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Strictly speaking, the first line is not truly descriptive of a snow storm, for the beginnings of such a storm are very sure to be stealthy and quiet, and the storm certainly is not announced by "all the trumpets of the sky." But the picture of the whirl of white flakes in contrast with the cheer of the warm fireside is wholly delightful.

After the storm has spent itself the reader is bidden to

Come see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry * * *
* * * the fierce artificer
Carves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
And when his hours are numbered * * *
Leaves * * * astonished art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

In his poem entitled "May-Day," Emerson paints winter in darker tones, but it might reasonably be inferred that this was chiefly for the purpose of giving his spring theme a more impressive setting. He recalls that in winter

All was stiff and stark;
Knee-deep snows choked all the ways.
Firm-braced I sought my ancient woods,
Struggling through the drifted roads;
The whited desert knew me not,
Snow-ridges masked each darling spot.
Eldest mason, Frost, had piled
Swift cathedrals in the wild;

The piney hosts were sheeted ghosts
In the star-lit minster aisled.
I found no joy; the icy wind
Might rule the forest to his mind.
Who would freeze on frozen lakes?
Back to books and sheltered home,
And wood-fire flickering on the walls,
To hear, when, 'mid our talk and games,
Without the baffled North-wind calls.

It would seem that the beauty of winter appealed to him most when contemplated in the cozy warmth of his home. He was not physically robust enough to enjoy contending with its strenuous winds and frosts in the open. This we see evidenced again in "The Titmouse," where he says:

You shall not be overbold
When you deal with Arctic cold,
As late I found my lukewarm blood
Chilled wading in the snow-choked wood.
How should I fight? My foeman fine
Has million arms to one of mine.

The poet even has doubts as to whether he can reach his home three miles distant.

The frost-king ties my fumbling feet,
Sings in my ears, my hands are stones.

But while he was contemplating the possibility of the snow becoming his "shroud" there

* * * piped a tiny voice hard by,
Gay and polite, a cheerful cry,
Chic-chic-a-dee-dee! saucy note
Out of sound heart and merry throat,
As if it said, "Good day, good sir!
Fine afternoon, old passenger!
Happy to meet you in these places,
When January brings few faces."

The little bird flits about fearlessly, familiar and vigorously cheerful, and the poet exclaims,

Here was this atom in full breath
Hurling defiance at vast death.

He interpreted the bird's song to mean that it liked



AFTER THE STORM

* * * "has when summer beats
With stifling beams on these retreats,
Than noontide twilights which snow makes
With tempest of the blinding flakes.
For well the soul, if stout within,
Can arm impregnably the skin."

Another writer who brings the chic-



REPAIRING A STACK

a-dee into a winter poem is J. T. Trowbridge. He expresses himself in milder vein than Emerson, yet with a good deal of charm, when he says:

* * * cheerily the chick-a-dee
Singeth to me on fence and tree;
The snow sails round him as he sings,
White as the down of angels' wings.

I watch the snow flakes as they fall
On bank and brier and broken wall;
Over the orchard, waste and brown,
All noiselessly they settle down.

To the poet the storm was gently pleasurable, and I have no doubt that his genial and sympathetic nature found in winter, as well as in the other seasons, much of good.

The most vigorous and refreshing bit of winter in Longfellow is this from "January":

I block the roads, and drift the fields
with snow;
I chase the wild-fowl from the frozen
fen;
My frosts congeal the rivers in their
flow,
My fires light up the hearths and
hearts of men.

In nearly all he wrote Longfellow is wholesome and inspiring, but his verse is not without touches of sadness and mild melancholy, and he often sings of nature in a minor key. It is no wonder, then, if we sometimes find him picturing winter in a rather somber aspect. He is especially dubious in these verses from "Afternoon in February":

The day is ending,
The night is descending;
The marsh is frozen,
The river dead.

Through clouds like ashes
The red sun flashes
On village windows
That glimmer red.

The snow recommences;
The buried fences
Mark no longer
The road o'er the plain;

While through the meadows,
Like fearful shadows,
Slowly passes a funeral train.

His description of "the long and dreary winter" in "Hiawatha" is no less depressing, but there winter is naturally sober hued because of the famine that stalks through the land. Again, in "The Wreck of the Hesperus," the subject of the poem makes it no surprise that winter should be presented as more a foe than a friend. With such a topic, however, as the "Woods in Winter," we would expect something radically different in tone, yet the poet delivers himself with considerable uncer-

tainty, and we have touches of both gloom and brightness.

With solemn feet I tread the hill
That overbrows the lonely vale,

he says in the first verse, and continues then:

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow lay,
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day!

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods! within your crowd;
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds; my ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year,
I listen and it cheers me long.

One gets scarcely a glimpse of winter in Holmes. He did not ramble far afield in his verse, and was a man of books and a townsman whose tastes did not often take him into the open country, either bodily or mentally. The only winter picture I find is a fragment in his "Pilgrim's Vision," and this is more concerned with the domicile of the "Pilgrim sire" than with nature's aspect.

His home was a freezing cabin,
Too bare for the hungry rat;
Its roof was thatched with ragged grass,
And bald enough of that;

The hole that served for casement
Was glazed with an ancient hat,
And the ice was gently thawing
From the log whereon he sat.
Along the dreary landscape
His eyes went to and fro,
The trees all clad in icicles,
The streams that did not flow.

What the poet's own feeling was as to winter is left uncertain; for the character of the human element in the poem accounts for the melancholy setting.

To Bryant we would look for a much more definite expression. He had a profound affection for his native hills in western Massachusetts, and there was a ruggedness in his personality that put him in sympathy with the rugged in nature. His view is sober, but not gloomy, in spite of the fact that the country he loved would impress most with a sense of vast loneliness, especially when the great heaving hills are



THE FIRST LESSON IN SLIDING

covered with their mantle of snow. Bryant himself calls them "wild solitudes," but adds "yet beautiful as wild," and he tells how "when the ills of life had chafed his spirit," he would "wander forth and seek the woods." In his "A Winter Piece" he affirms that the cold months boast

Splendors beyond what gorgeous summer knows,
Or autumn with his many fruits, and woods
All flushed with merry hues. Come when the rains
Have glazed the snow and clothed the trees with ice,
While the slant sun of February pours
Into the bowers a flood of light. Approach!
The incrusted surface shall upbear thy steps,
And the broad arching portals of the grove
Welcome thy entering. Look! the mossy trunks
Are cased in the pure crystal; each light spray,
Nodding and tinkling in the breath of heaven.

In another poem which he calls simply, "Song," the opening lines are these:

Dost thou idly ask to hear
At what gentle seasons
Nymphs relent, when lovers near
Press the tenderest reasons?

The next three verses in turn advise to "woo the fair one" in spring, in summer, in autumn; but the final verse says:

Woo her when the north winds call
At the lattice nightly;
When, within the cheerful hall,
Blaze the fagots brightly;
While the wintry tempest round
Sweeps the landscape hoary,
Sweeter in her ear shall sound
Love's delightful story.

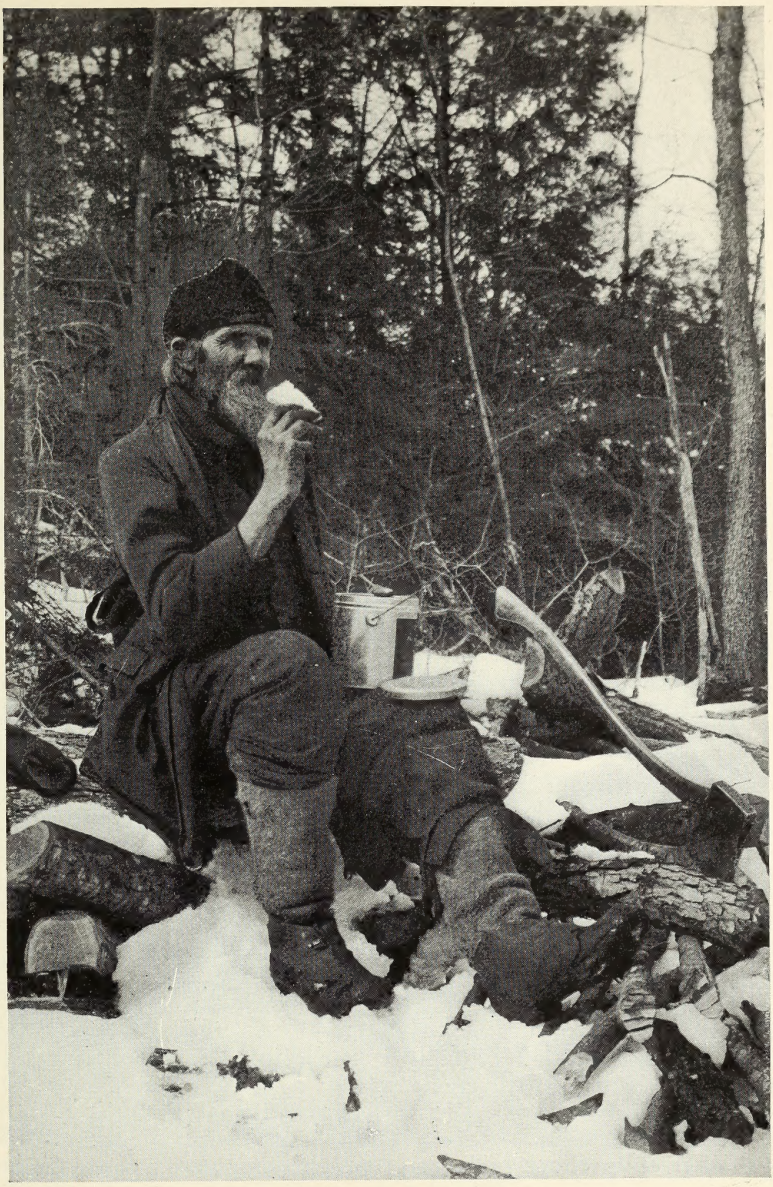
This may not mean that wintry blasts and biting frosts and drifting snows are in themselves particularly entrancing, but it does emphasize the idea that winter makes human affection and the snugness of home doubly powerful in their appeal. The very rudeness of the season gives it this indirect charm.

Bryant's "November" shows a quite different mood. It is to be noted, however, that in this poem he is not thinking of homes or lovers, but only of the outdoor world, bare and dead, with the bitter cold having full dominion.

Yet one smile more, departing, distant sun!
One mellow smile through the soft, vapory air,
Ere, o'er the frozen earth, the loud winds run,
Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.
One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths are cast,
And the blue gentian-flower, that, in the breeze,
Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.
Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee
Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,
The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,
And man delight to linger in thy ray.
Yet one rich smile, and we will try to bear
The piercing winter frost, and winds, and darkened air.

In Lowell, too, we find something both of the bright and somber in what he has written of winter. The following lines are from his address "To a Pine Tree," which he describes as growing "far up on Katahdin":

Thou alone know'st the splendor of winter
'Mid thy snow-silvered, hushed precipices,
Hearing crags of green ice groan and splinter,
And then plunge down the muffled abysses
In the quiet moonlight.



THE WOODCHOPPER'S NOONDAY MEAL

He again fancies a tree's enjoyment of the winter rigors in his "The Oak." After portraying the summer aspect of this "forest's king," he says:

How towers he, too, amid the billowed snows,
An unequalled exile from the summer's throne,
Whose plain uncinctured front more kingly shows,
Now that the obscuring courtier braves are flown.

His boughs make music of the winter air,
Jewelled with sleet, like some cathedral front

Where clinging snow flakes with quaint art repair
The dints and furrows of time's envious brunt.

The lesson he draws from the oak's stoutly triumphant battling with the winter gales, is that man, likewise assailed by troubles or untoward weather, should by brave resistance be made the stronger. In other words, winter, rightly regarded, is a blessing, with power to increase our vigor, both physical and moral.

Of the beauty of winter perhaps the prettiest glimpse to be found in Lowell is in "The First Snow Fall":

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine, and fir, and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

Another fragment from Lowell, in less cheerful vein, but a truthful picture of the leafless forest before the snow adorns its trees and shrubbery, is the opening verse of his "December":

Like some lorn abbey now, the wood
Stands roofless in the bitter air;
In ruins on its floor is strewed
The carven foliage quaint and rare,
And homeless winds complain along
The columned choir once thrilled with song.

Of our chief poets perhaps none was more of a countryman than Whittier, and none has interpreted nature better from a rustic point of view. His "Snowbound" is the finest picture that we have of a New England home in winter, though the charm is somewhat idealized in the author's back look to youth. But let us examine certain of his other winter poems. There is "The Frost Spirit," for instance, with these opening lines:

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes! You may trace his footsteps now
On the naked woods, and the blasted fields, and the brown hill's withered brow.

This Frost Spirit, raiding down out of the far north, wreaks his will freely on the outdoor world, but not on humanity, as the final verse shows:

He comes—he comes—the Frost Spirit comes! Let us meet him as we may,
And turn with the light of the parlor fire his evil power away;
And gather closer the circle round, when that firelight dances high,
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend, as his sounding wing goes by.

In this poem winter is only pleasurable when experienced in the warm protection of a comfortable home. If we turn to "The Pageant" we find our author again chary in his praise of the season. A freezing mid-winter rain has armored everything in ice, and he fares forth and braves

* * * the trodden village highway
For virgin snow-paths glimmering through
A jewelled elm-tree avenue.

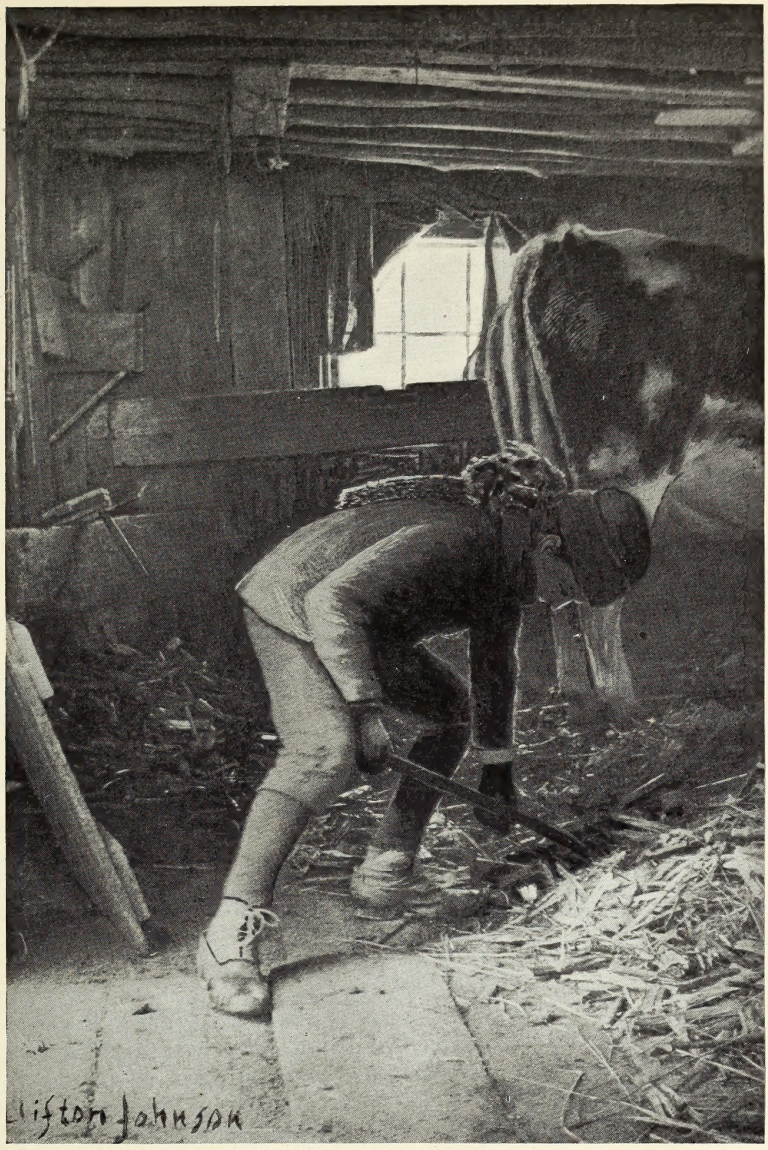
He visits the ice-bedecked wonderland of the forest, where he feels like a lost knight in an enchanted wood.

I hear the rabbit lightly leaping,
The foolish screaming of the jay,
The chopper's axe-stroke far away;

The clamor of some neighboring barnyard,
The lazy cock's belated crow,
Or cattle-tramp in crispy snow.

Such sounds are very welcome, and he rejoices in the nearness of

This life that leaves me not alone.
For the white glory overawes me.



DOING THE CHORES

and he sighs

* * * for summer's leaf-green gloom
And warm airs thick with odorous bloom.

In his "Wind of March" we find him again in this same mood, speaking of "our winter-wearied hearts." He had not the vital energy to get the best out of the keen air and boisterous weather of the winter. Only when he recalls his youth in the old farm home is the season seen glorified and beautiful. With what melodious truth he describes the gathering storm in "Snow-bound"! How charmingly he tells of the wild night and succeeding day, and of the strange white world that the second morning revealed. Then there is

the merry task of digging paths and work at the barn, and when night comes,

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost lines back with tropic heat;
And for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood,
With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.

Surely summer cannot rival such winter snugness with its accompanying contentment and sociability.

We find a parallel to Whittier in Aldrich; for while in that narrative of his youth, "The Story of a Bad Boy," he extols winter as no less exhilarating in its pleasures than summer, his verses contain such passages as

Now is that sad time of year
When no flower or leaf is here.

Or

The sky is gray as gray may be,
There is no bird upon the bough,
There is no leaf or vine or tree.

So, too, 'tis winter in my mind,
No light-winged fancy comes and stays:
A season churlish and unkind.

And yet, in at least a minor way, winter delights him; as is instanced by this bit from "Frost-Work":

These winter nights, against my window pane
Nature with busy pencil draws designs
Of ferns and blossoms and fine spray of pines,
Oak-leaf and acorn and fantastic vines,
Which she will shape when summer comes again.

It is only in his boyhood view, however, that there is genuine enthusiasm; and indeed every healthy youngster finds the seasons all good in their time, each presenting variety to which he looks forward with eager anticipation. He can, by his activity, make his own warmth to successfully combat the cold, and the storms are replete with an enlivening vigor that he thoroughly enjoys.

The girls often share such enjoyment, as in the case of the little maid in "Snow Fancies," whom Lucy Larcom makes address the storm in this fashion:

Oh, snow! flying hither,
And hurrying thither,
Here, there, through the air—you never care whither—
Do you see me here sitting,
A-knitting, a-knitting,
And wishing myself with you busily flitting,
Like any wild elf?

Each light as a feather,
The merry flakes gather
In rifts and in drifts, glad enough of cold weather;
Gay throngs interlacing,
On the slant roofs embracing,
They slip and they fall! down, down they come racing,
I after them all!

Among the other women poets, I would like to cite Celia Thaxter. She has produced what are probably the best interpretations of the sea on our winter coast, but seems to find in the ocean at that time an aspect wholly forbidding. The two verses I quote from "At the Breakers' Edge" are fairly representative:

Through the wide sky thy north wind's thunder roars
Resistless, till no cloud is left to flee,
And down the clear, cold heavens unhindered pours
Thine awful moonlight on the winter sea.

The vast, black, raging spaces, torn and wild,
With an insensate fury answer back
To the gale's challenge; hurrying breakers, piled
Each over each, roll through the glittering track.

Now let us go inland and peruse "A Twilight Fancy," by Dora Read Goodale. It is a winter twilight that moves her to recall with evident wistfulness the

* * * dreary summer eves
When the green earth was full of changing life,
When the warm wind blew soft, and slowly passed,

and there were bird songs and the chirp of insects and the fragrance of flowers. Winter to her affords no compensation for all she misses. Instead of delectable warmth and agreeable sounds and odors, there are

* * * the pale, cold, dying lights,
The dull gray skies, the barren, snow-clad fields,
That come to us when winter evenings come.

Oddly enough, another woman writer of verses, Louise Imogen Guiney, expresses the most virile enjoyment of frost and snow of any of our New England poets. It is a pleasure to contemplate her ringing lines and the fine flight of her imagination, and I quote the poem complete:

On the Choice of Weather

Shall I desire
The blossoming languorous months my realm to be,
And south winds blowing from the sea?
Shall I desire
The dewy meadow
In warmth and shadow,
And oaks that sunbeams crest with tangled fire?

Ah, no! ah, no!
But close about my castle, age on age,
The starry winter for my heritage:
Ah, no; ah, no!
But lone bright mountains
And prisoned fountains,
The enchanted silence and the roaming snow.

I have sufficiently indicated the varying views of the poets in their references to our winter. It is a season with many aspects, and what one finds in it is largely a reflection of what he is himself, or is an echo of his momentary moods, which may be cheerful at one time and sad at another. That it has rare beauties, that it has invigorating and uplifting propensities, who can doubt? Only hardy health and youth see it at its best. Age and weakness are apt to shrink from encountering its frosty breath and rude gales. But, surely, even if one grants it few virtues essentially its own, the contrast its rigors afford to gentler seasons and to warm firesides is a great compensation; and, I think, if it comes to the test, most of us would seriously object to losing this portion of the year from our calendar.

THE CHRISTMAS THORN

By EDITH RICKERT

IT was springtime when Sir Guy of Longspeth, near Glastonbury, went away to the wars, and by Christmas no sure word of him had come to the castle. As many of King Edward's men as returned crippled or broken from France, and passed along that road, the Lady Joan called in and questioned, but none could give her news of her lord.

She had made a brave show at the time of his going away—the braver in that they were not long married. When she had heard that he was summoned by the King's messenger, she had put on a gown of scarlet tiffany to hide her paleness; and when he and his men clanked away together from the courtyard, she had laughed from her casement and waved her hand as long as she could see. "Come not back without a new title," she had called down clearly as they were on the point of riding.

And he: "Ay—and lands to it."

Then she set to work, she and her women, to make a great battle-piece all in tapestry; and with their needles they wrought the King and the Black Prince and all their men, among them Sir Guy with a gold chain about his neck that the King's hand was bestowing. But presently she grew weary of her work, and left it to her women to finish. And she sat all day long at her window that overlooked the plain of Glastonbury, and also the hill up which the little town climbs, with St. Michael's Church on its bare summit—there she sat and would not tell her thoughts. But if a falcon shook his bells, she was on her feet crying out that it was the jingle of her lord's bridle; and if two pages fell atilting in the courtyard with porters' staves, she put her hand to her heart for pain of the memory of battles that might be foughten across the sea.

Yet when Christmas drew near she gave word for a great feasting, that none might be disappointed of her bounty. She sent out alms-baskets over all the countryside; and she commanded the porter to keep open door for all wayfarers to enter the hall and eat and drink what they would.

On the very eve of Christmas there came two strangers, merchants by their garb; and the whisper went along from one table to the next, until it reached the dais, that they were newly come from France.

Then the Lady Joan entreated her folk to excuse her from the spicery, and called for water to wash her hands, and bade the strangers follow to her bower, where they three might talk at their ease.

And when they were together by the fire she said to them: "Now, tell me all ye know of the King's wars."

The younger man made no answer; but the elder spoke at length, yet said nothing that drew near her heart. And finally she unclasped her hands and said in anger: "Ye say no word of Sir Guy of Longspeth!"

And the merchant: "Because I have never heard his name spoken there abroad, lady."

"But I have heard of him," said the younger man, lifting his head.

"And can you tell me—?"

"I can tell what there is to tell."

She looked at him sharply, then bade the other go back and feast to his heart's content; and when they two were alone, she asked fearfully: "He lives?"

"Ay," said he, "for all I know to the contrary." And he was silent.

"In Mary's name," she cried, "tell me more!"

"The story goes," said he, as one that had no interest in the matter, "that

in the summer he was the chief means of taking a stronghold of the French, whereupon he was appointed its keeper by the King; but that very night he yielded it up again to the enemy."

"God!" cried the lady, and sat still, her hands fast clutching her heart.

"It was a thing hard to understand," said the merchant, harshly. "Some say it was for lust of gold, others for love of a French damsel—"

"And the King?" she whispered.

"Some say that the traitor afterward repented and came back into the camp unarmed to cry the King's mercy; and that when Edward laid hand upon his sword to kill him where he knelt, the Black Prince said: 'Let him go free and bear his shame; it is the more bitter punishment. Can you not see, my lord, that death is his desire?' So they let him go, and I know not what became of him."

Then said Lady Joan: "I would the King had killed him then!"

"So would he," said the merchant; and suddenly, through all the shaggy hair and beard that had overgrown him, she knew her lord. She turned away from him on the high settle and hid her face. For a long time neither spoke, then she: "Why have you come home?"

And to this he found no answer.

Then she said even more bitterly: "And where are the lands that you were to win, and the title?"

He laughed then so that it hurt to hear: "The title is that of *traitor*—new in these halls; and the lands—there might be six feet of earth for a man who has lost all hope."

Suddenly he sprang to his feet and fumbled along the wall: "There was an old sword of my father's that he wore at Crecy—I have it."

"What would you do?" she cried, running to him; and she plucked it away so quickly that he did himself no harm save for a cut across the hand when he would have snatched it by the blade from her. But she was the quicker, and flung it away from her so that it fell over against her bed with a great clang.

"I had no need to come," said he. "Harder than steel are women. I have been mad, these many months, wandering about the country on the other side—I know not where—living on roots and shunned by all that met me; and at last a light came to me, and I said: 'I will go home to Joan; she will love me and make me whole.' So I sold my chain and a ring that I had, and bought the dress of a merchant, and took ship at Wissant."

He turned to leave the room, but she held him by the sleeve: "First let me bind up your hurt. I cannot let you go forth—so!"

And when he would have pulled himself away, she tore off her head-dress—the wimple from her face so that all her fair hair was about her shoulders, and so she stayed him and bound up his hand. And then she cried out softly that she would forgive him now all that he had ever done or might do of wrong in this world, and that he must stay with her and let the past bury its own woe.

But he answered her sternly: "There is the future yet to spin."

And she: "Spinning is women's work. Let me be your future."

But he would not be overborne, though for her much pleading and the sweet memory of what had been, he stayed with her that night. In the dark of morning, before the household was astir, she carried a torch for him down into the courtyard, and gave him a horse; and so, in a high and bitter wind, he rode away again to the wars.

All that Christmas day, the Lady Joan shivered in her bower alone, for she had sent her women down to be glad in the revelry of the hall. And as she paced the floor from fire to window, back and forth, it seemed to her that the sorrow of this world was too bitter to be borne. But once, as she looked across the snowy marshes to Glastonbury Tor, she remembered the Holy Thorn tree that grows on St. Joseph's Hill and blossoms on Christmas day to strengthen the faith of men; and there came upon her a strange comfort as she pondered: "May it be so that out of

the thorn in my heart one day shall come a fair blossom of joy?" And when she had wept and told her beads, kneeling alone in the icy chapel, she felt that once more she could bear to see the long procession of the empty days.

* * * * * *

And when the year had once more swung round until the season of Yule was near, there was great rejoicing through the land, for the King had made peace with the French, and there was hope of men at home to sow and reap the crops.

On all the roads of the country were disbanded men-at-arms riding and trolling French ditties in all the taverns by the way.

But one that rode alone up Longspeth Hill trolled no ditties, nor lingered over the spending of gold crowns at the inns. So ragged was his fustian cloak and so rusty and dinted his armor that the countryfolk made a jest of him, standing in their doorways. But he answered never a word, nor lifted his head from his chest, only rode on as fast as his weary nag might bear him.

When he came to the gate the porter looked at him with a churlish eye: "The hall is already full of beggars that eat up my lady's store like locusts; and never will she say them nay."

"And where is your lord, fellow?" asked the soldier.

"In the wars," said the porter, gruffly, "or slain, or prisoner, I take it. We have heard nothing of him these two years."

"But I have news of him," said the stranger.

"Oho!" said the porter. "Then cross the courtyard to the little door that stands open on the left. There you will find a boy who will take you to her ladyship, if it be her will to see you."

So the stranger tied his horse by the gate, and the page boy, when he had clattered once up and down the winding stone stairway, led him up into the lady's bower.

There was a rustling and whispering as they drew near the head of the stairway; and the waiting women ran up before them with laughter, into the tower, so that they found the lady of the castle alone on the settle by the chimney, in which a great fire shot high with sparks. She did not lift her eyes from that which she held in her lap, but bade the page go down to his bench in the hall, and the stranger drew near to the hearth.

He came, hesitating, until he saw what she held in her arms was a young child in swaddling clothes, and then he gave a great cry, and fell on his knees before it as if in worship of some holy thing.

"Your son," said she, very quietly, and reached forward that he might take the babe. "These many months I have listened for your horse in the courtyard and your step on the stair. And this morning I was sure."

"You knew I would not come back with my honor stained?"

"I knew."

"But you knew that I would come?"

"I prayed."

"I have the King's chain that you once dreamed of in your tapestry, but I have paid for it a bitter price." As he spoke he cast aside his cloak and showed that his right arm was gone.

Then she took him to her heart, and wept for very pity and for gladness.

"But yet," said he, "I was no traitor. You must know—as the King knows now—that I lost the castle in this wise. For love of you, I saved the French knight's daughter, and put her for safety in a chamber next to mine. And when she made fair pretence to do me service at supper time, she drugged the cup that she gave me and my fellows; and after, while we slept, she stole away and so dealt with the sentry at the gate that the Frenchmen came in and bound us all. But me alone they set free at her entreaty, unarmed and disgraced. A fool I was, but no knave."

"No matter," said she, softly. "It is made good; and no need shall you have of a right arm, with a strong son at your elbow. Oh, little I dreamed, a year ago, when I looked across the marshes to Glastonbury Tor, that the thorn of sorrow could bear this Christmas joy!"

Pets I Have Kept

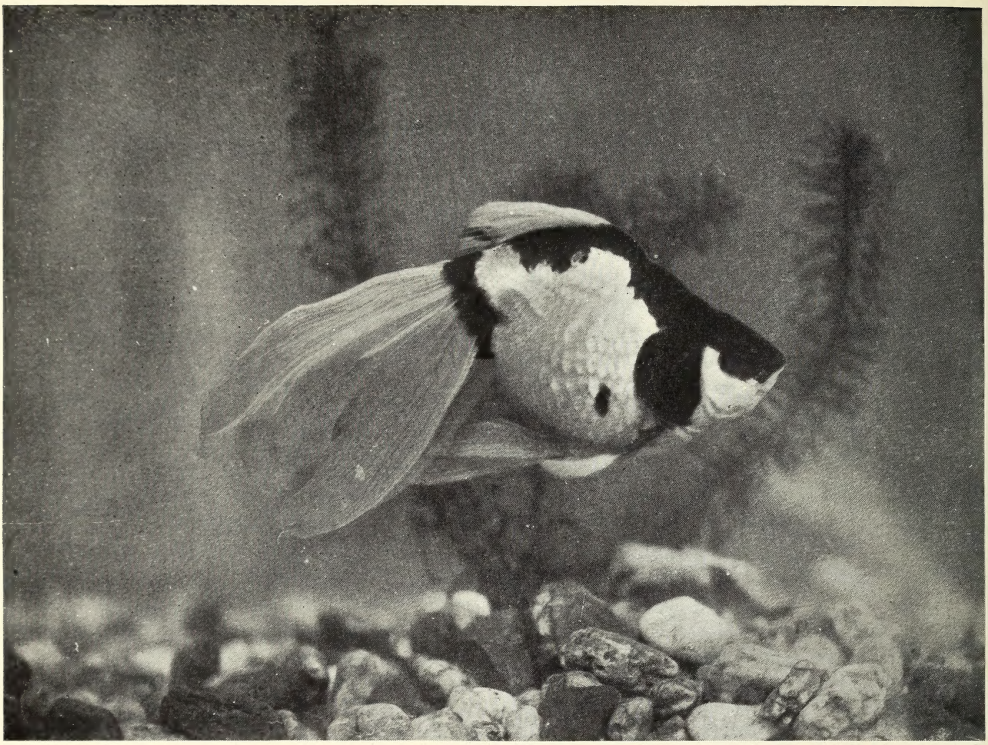
By DR. R. W. SHUFELDT



THERE has never in all my life, ever since I was a very small boy, been a time that I have not owned and kept some kind of a pet or other, some animal I was fond of and studied. Now as the years for that period mark nearly sixty, though they mean only forty in feeling, and as I have often had under my care over a dozen pets at a time, it is clear that the list of my captives must now run far up into the hundreds. Wherever I have lived, north, east, south, or west; in the country, or out of it; following my bent as a naturalist in the crowded city, or in a quiet home removed from it; or during a remarkable career as a medical officer in our army, to have close about me live creatures for study and companionship has always been a weakness of mine. Space limitations entirely forbid the naming of even a part of the list of what species all these animals were, for it runs through the entire series of animated nature, from beetles and spiders to muskrats and monkeys.

Even at this moment there is an old male wood tortoise gazing up at me from the floor as I write. His name is "Darby," and he is upward of eighty years old, and has been in my possession nearly seven years. By no means does the old rascal deserve his name, for he bit and bled his gentle mate to death over six years ago, and her shell is still in my possession. Darby knew every inch of the floor space in my New York apartments, and it did not take him long to acquire a similar information with respect to the second floor of my Washington home. For a turtle he is very intelligent, and will at meal time walk round the table begging for his meal; this he does by raising himself up on three of his legs, and in a deliberate manner wave the free foot at one. The rich salmon color of his body and part of his limbs is really very beautiful. Turtles and tortoises of many species have been pets of mine, and our common box tortoise is by no means an uninteresting fellow to keep, for he soon learns to know you and follow you about your room begging for meal worms. Most pleasing of all are the young of several of the fresh water turtles, with their exquisite color tints and cunning ways. Many years ago I had a very young green sea turtle, but he did not make much of a pet, and in a few weeks I consigned him to the Gulf of Mexico.

Curiously enough, there are a great many insects that may be kept in a state of captivity, and one learns a great deal from a study of their remarkable habits. Fleas are very teachable, and a famous Frenchman once trained thirty spiders to do the most unheard-of things. I have reared all sorts of American moths and butterflies from their caterpillar stages, and it is worth something to see either our magnificent Cecropia or the American silkworm moth emerge from its chrysalis. The former spans at least six and a half inches, and the latter is nearly as large. In coloration they are truly gorgeous creatures. Few people know how they manage to get out of their tough cocoons, but it is very simple, for the confined moth is provided with a very acid fluid that both moistens and cuts through the dense wall of the case.



REMARKABLE JAPANESE GOLD-FISH

Years ago I lived outside of the city of Havana, Cuba, and there, in the great sugar plantations, on the canes, I have captured and kept many "cucuyoes," a big, brown beetle, with two elegant luminous spots on the upper side of its thorax, so bright that one can read by them in the dark. Ladies in Havana used to purchase these to sew on their ball dresses, in such a way as not to wound the insect. Sometimes several dozen were used, and others even worked with fine wire into a diadem for an ornament in the hair. Perhaps some reader can tell how this phosphorescent light is produced and thus discover one of nature's secrets.

Books and books have been written upon the living forms that can be kept in aquaria, and I have had many an aquarium in my lifetime. A large aquarium is a whole museum in itself, or at least it can be made so. Goldfish never interested me very much, not even such elegant forms as the triple-tailed Japanese goldfish here shown in figure 8, an ungraceful creature that required over four centuries for man to produce through artificial selection. Much more interesting is it, and more profitable, too, as a matter of study, to keep our own little native fishes, snails, batrachians, turtles, leeches, crustacea, and what not, than it is to waste our efforts on gold and silver fish or other species that are only fit to grace ponds in parks and such places. Give me a pair of our sticklebacks every time, and it affords far more instruction to observe them build their quaint little nest than to merely have a lot of golden carp to look at, however brilliantly colored they may be or odd their shapes.

If one be living in New York City, and really desires to study the finest class of aquaria, let such a one give his attention to what they have in that line on the second floor of that famous



DR. SHUFELDT IN HIS WASHINGTON STUDY

institution. They are simply superb, and in the cases of some of them the water has not been changed in years, so perfect is the balance between the animal and plant life. For two years it was my privilege to prepare the skeletons of the fish there that died in captivity, and I expect Mr. Townsend, the worthy director, has not forgotten my macerating jaws, if he has lost sight of the macerator. I was told one morning that those malodorous jaws drove six thousand innocent visiting "Italians" and others out of the building—but I do not believe there were quite that many. We all know what delight there is in raising frogs and toads from their eggs, and it has lost none of its enjoyment for me, I am glad to say. Newts and tritons are even more in-



YOUNG OF MOURNING DOVE

teresting, though not so frequently studied.

Among my greatest favorites are snakes, though I must say I have derived far more pleasure from keeping certain of our beautiful lizards. Taking both groups I must have had hundreds of them at different times in captivity. Everything, from one of our elegant little green summer snakes, up to the "rattlers" and deadly "moccasins," or "cotton-mouths"—and lizards, my!—helodermos, chameleons, swifts, and a whole lot of others that bear no vernacular, or common names. When in New Mexico I kept two big "Gila monsters" (*heloderma*) for over a year, and they furnished material not only for a score of popular articles about them, but a small book on their anatomy, besides. Not so bad for two specimens, when one comes to think that the animal has been nearly exterminated for its skin alone, and the few sent to museums and zoological parks. Many believe this reptile to be extremely venomous, but that is yet an unsettled question. Over twenty years ago a big fellow over twenty inches long bit me most severely, but that bite does not seem to have prevented me from penning this article.

"Horned toads," which are not toads at all, but spiny-coated lizards, are almost universal favorites. One I had many years ago gave birth while a pet of mine to over twenty little ones, while some of the same genus are egg-layers. I had an American chameleon once lay two eggs, from which the young came forth in due time. Their tiny skeletons are in my collection now. Over one hundred of them were sent to me from Florida the other day in a cage, and they will furnish material for a chapter soon. The other day I photographed upwards of twenty of them in a group—life size—and it makes a most remarkable picture, with no apparent movement on the part of any of the subjects, and, of course, no two "poses" exactly alike.

Speaking of snakes, I once captured a very large "garter snake" in New Jersey, opposite New York City. On returning home I placed it in a small empty aquarium, with a piece of wire gauze over it. There it lived for a number of weeks. One morning, rising rather late after a supper and entertainment the evening before, I went into the room, and upon glancing at the aquarium it appeared to me that it was half full of snakes, and I thought for an instant that I had something the matter with me, as people say there is a mental trouble during which one thinks he sees snakes, but the true state of things was soon solved, for my charge during the night had given birth to no fewer than sixteen young "garters," and these, with their bodies being more or less moist, had squirmed up on the glass of the side of the aquarium next to the room. My mind was relieved by the discovery, and I thought none the less of my snake.

When a boy I once brought home from the woods one evening a six-foot black snake. Our family at the time was made up of my good mother, her

mother, an aunt, a cousin, two brothers, and a maternal uncle. He was an Episcopal divine of the old school. They were all kneeling at prayers when I tiptoed in with my snake in a wire rat trap. This I placed in a corner, and followed the example of the rest. Uncle's prayers were not short, and the snake, flattening itself out, emerged from the trap, and, unseen by me, made its way across the room, and in searching for a convenient hiding place, passed rather rapidly up one of the legs of my uncle's pantaloons. No one was aware of the fact that I had brought the reptile in, save my brothers, who had looked up as I entered. The commotion that followed can be better imagined than described. The entrance of his Satanic Majesty with an order to follow him home to his dominions could not have raised a greater row. I shall never forget the yell my uncle gave as he sprang to his feet, and the very sudden change in the tone of his voice and the impious nature of his remarks were certainly record breakers. That pet I did not keep very long—the family seemed to object to it. The life of a young naturalist is not invariably an enviable one, especially when he brings big snakes home and they "get out" in the house somewhere and "cannot be found in any of the rooms."

I have never owned a canary, and for some reason I am not particularly partial to them. Their color in confinement is not normal, and somehow I always feel toward one as I feel toward goldfish and chickens. They are not of the woods, and their history partakes too much of the cage.

With other birds it is different, and of them I never tire, and dear only knows how many have been in my keeping in my life. One summer, when living in the country, there were fourteen—listing up as a robin, a mocking bird, three crows, a painted finch, a catbird, two owls, a mourning dove, a little Cuban finch, a pair of bobwhites, and a three-quarter grown white-headed eagle. The latter was presented to me by a brother of the then Bishop of Tennessee, Mr. Quintard. There is a pitted scar in my left leg to-day, made by his eagleship with one of his great talons, simply for the reason that I did not hand him his fresh fish soon enough one morning to suit him. The injury, however, has long ago been forgiven.

Among other birds my pets have numbered more than I can remember. I was the first to bring to Washington, or indeed to the East, a pair of live Evening Grosbeaks from the West (New Mexico), and it took my spare time for a week to manufacture a suitable wire cage for them at a frontier military post. They lived in confine-



THE LONG-TAILED OR MOURNING DOVE

ment for a long time, and to the best of my recollection that great enemy of all birds, captive or free, a cat, was responsible for their deaths. Cats I have no use for, few naturalists have. Then I nearly lost my left hand from the bite of one in the tropics, and that fact tended to emphasize my attitude toward them. They have never learned to discriminate, and will destroy a song sparrow as quick as they will an English sparrow, and our song sparrow is a sweetheart of mine, and I would rather listen to its note in the early spring than I would to the best efforts of the finest opera singer that ever graced the stage—man or woman.



"JACKO," THE FLYING SQUIRREL

Nothing would be gained by my presenting here the long list of both native and foreign birds I have kept as pets for the last half century. They probably represent nearly all the families in our arifauna. Often confined originally for the purpose of study, I soon became attached to them, and if they appeared to be contented and happy, kept them on for months after all had been noted that could be learned from them in a state of captivity.

Humming birds have been reared by me from the nest, and also captured when adult. When a boy I had one of the former for an entire summer, and it stayed in my room with all the windows open. He was fed regularly with a little sweetened water in a teaspoon which I held in my hand. If away for a time and he grew hungry, it was great fun to see him buzz close round my head when I came into the room, giving vent to his funny little note. He had no fear of me whatever, and after feeding would perch upon my shoulder for the longest time, apparently unconscious sometimes of the fact, when seated at my taxidermical table, I was engaged in preserving a specimen of his own species. As late autumn came on, he got into the habit of flying out of my window to visit the flowers of the wild honeysuckle vine that grew all over the porch below. Two or three times other humming birds chased him into the room through the window, and suddenly discovering their whereabouts, would dart out again with a frightened twitter. He evidently enjoyed all this, and his out-of-door visits grew more and more prolonged, when one day, the migratory instinct evidently having seized him, he stayed away for good, and I never saw my little emerald pet again.

Once I had a screech owl that took up his abode in the leg of an old hunting boot that lay on an upper shelf in my workshop, and it was extraordinary to observe how, when alarmed, he could fly the length of the room in the day time, and with invariable accuracy plunge squarely into the recess of his adopted retreat. The ability to

do this I have noted in the case of other owls in the woods, but more particularly screech owls, when they darted into the often small entrance to the hollow tree where their nest was. My little green Cuban finch lived over eleven years happily in his cage, and when given to me in Havana was a fully adult bird. Many an eagle has lived for a quarter of a century in confinement—that is, in a very large cage and allowed a varied diet.

Old "Ferdinand" was a great bird—a magnificent male South American Troupial, and a singer *par excellence*. His particular caper was to throw himself on his back in the bottom of his cage, and holding a piece of newspaper in his claws, would give vent to some of the drollest notes and noises imaginable every once in a while, trying to stab holes in the paper with his bill. My children used to say that he was not pleased with the morning news, and that was his way of showing it.

A parrot I had which I bought in a market for a real Cape Haytien, Hayti, had been reared in a barnyard, and all "Polly" could do was to crow and cackle, and imitate the notes of every kind of domestic fowl it had ever listened to; gobble as well as the best gobbler one ever heard; scream like a guinea fowl, and all the rest to perfection. That was the most ludicrous parrot I ever owned, and the only pet I ever had that was killed by lightning. Life histories of all my bird pets would make quite a volume, for "Jim," the tame crow, would alone require a chapter to do him full justice, and there are others.

Squirrels, among the mammals, if good tempered ones, often make the best of pets, and are far and away ahead of rabbits, for which I do not care very much, though a big black one I owned years ago was a great bunny. He never knew what a cage meant, for he was born in a manger, and after he



NOTHING MORE CUNNING THAN A RED SQUIRREL

grew up he would never allow any one to catch him on the place. Young bears are great little chaps, but they will grow, and that is inconvenient. This is true of all the large mammals, and deer are only fit for parks, though their fawns are nice for a long time.

My pet "prairie dog," at Fort Wingate, New Mexico, was the jolliest little chap ever possessed by me. Tame was no name for his particular brand of confidence in man. He was reared by hand, and he sort of grew up with the family, came regularly to every meal and begged from one to the other all round the table for his share. All fish came to his net, and he would eat anything, from oyster pie to a peanut. By an accident I discovered he was more than fond of raw meat—especially beef—setting aside anything else in his preference for it. I was the first to publish an account of this discovery, and some interesting literature appeared on the point from other pens, as experiments were made in different parts of the country. Among all animals there are good tempered and bad tempered ones, to which statement mankind forms no exception.

But the list is long, and the space limit line is very close, and I will be, on this account, excused if I rather dodge the question as to what animal I have found most desirable for a pet—including under the term animal, as all zoologists do, all living forms. As for me, give me some one of several kinds of birds—one happy in confinement, full of a rich and varied song; and one that recognizes you, and evinces its genuine affection for you under all circumstances. But then, I must say, there are a whole lot of others I care for, too.



My tame "Prairie dog" (Prairie Marmot)

INITIATIVE

By FRA ELBERTUS



THE world bestows its big prizes, both in money and honors for but one thing. And that is INITIATIVE. What is an INITIATIVE? I'll tell you. It is doing the right thing without being told. But next to doing the thing without being told is to do it when you are told once. That is to say, carry the Message to Garcia: those who can carry a message get high honors, but their pay is not always in proportion. Next, there are those who never do a thing until they are told twice: such get no honors and small pay. Next, there are those who do the right thing only when necessity kicks them from behind, and these get indifference instead of honors, and a pittance for pay. This kind spends most of its time polishing a bench with a hard-luck story. Then, still lower down in the scale than this, we have the fellow who will not do the right thing even when some one goes along to show him how and stays to see that he does it: unless he has a rich Pa, in which case Destiny patiently awaits around the corner with a stuffed club. To which class do you belong?

LOYALTY. If you work for a man, in Heaven's name WORK FOR HIM. If he pays you wages that supply your bread and butter, work for him; speak well of him; stand by him and stand by the Institution he represents. If put to a pinch, AN OUNCE OF LOYALTY is worth a pound of cleverness. If you must vilify, condemn and eternally disparage, why, resign your position, and when you are outside, damn to your heart's content. But as long as you are a part of the Institution do not condemn it. If you do, you are loosening the tendrils that hold you to the Institution, and the first high wind that comes along, you will be uprooted and blown away, and probably you will never know why.

—ELBERT HUBBARD

Copyright, 1908, by Elbert Hubbard

THE FOREST REVEL

By NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

All the Trees are clad in ermine,
  Loaded down with glittering gems;
All the Bushes seem to stagger
  With their weight of diadems.

On the ground is spread a carpet
  White as light, with violet lines,
Where the footfall sinks in silence
  Underneath the solemn pines.

Why this festal preparation?
  Is it for some bridal feast?
Even the Stars look down in wonder
  As they march up from the East.

And from out the golden twilight
  Glowing in the morning sky
Comes the Sun and asks the shadows:—
  "Why this vast Festivity?"

* * * * *

Oh! it is a dream of beauty
  And it lingers till we deem
That the fanciful and real
  Mingle in the waking dream.

While we slept the gladsome Dryads
  In the tree-bark long entranced,
Shyly breaking from their slumber,
  On the glittering carpet danced.

Grave old Pan emerged unruffled
  From his banishment prolonged,
Ordering the ranks of Wood-nymphs
  And the Fauns that round them thronged.

Not a human eye beheld them
  As they led the choric dance,
Singing with their faint far voices
  Thro' the Forest's wide expanse.

All the night till red Arcturus
  Paled before the approaching sun
Did they celebrate the wedding
  Of a nymph with Faunus' son!

Light their footprints on the crystals
  Of the soft and violet snow,
And they left no trace behind them
  So that men their haunt might know.

But the Trees still kept their ermine
  And the gems their stems still decked
And the soft and furry carpet
  Still lay spread with violet flecked.

Christkind and a Boston Boy

LIFE IN A GERMAN FAMILY THE WEEK BEFORE CHRISTMAS

By CHARLES FESSENDEN NICHOLS



ONLY German can Santa Claus speak with faultless accent—in the dear Fatherland where the Christmas trees have deepest roots, with spangles and wild horses and good dolls, all blooming together as naturally as baked potatoes bloom in the Land of Erin.

Preacher Eckstein's parsonage perches on the veritable rock beneath which (so says Historian Aberglaube) The Auer himself undoubtedly kept house! Mitpraediger Eckstein's cellar is the original lair of Auer Ox, the Rhein's Monster-in-Chief, and our village is Auer-Bach, or Auer-Brook. Now the Mitpraediger's great Fass of beer and a greater one of sauerkraut have headquarters in the cellar, and rule the land.

What fun we had here last month making sauerkraut! It was Hans the Dirty from below who, at the minister's order, sprang shoeless into that Fass of sauerkraut where the layers of fine-cut cabbage, alternating salt, were stamped upon, compacted, fermented and made a delicacy.

The schoolroom occupies the first floor. Here the sweet German voice of morning praise pours daily, and each afternoon the Mitpraediger walks through his village, lifting his hat with much humility to his pupils who arrange themselves each side the irregular street.

Our family life is in the flight above. Here love dwells; every morning it fills one of the pastor's seven pipes he smokes all day, repeatedly renewing Frau Eckstein's first supply. In summer the pipe bowl is carefully lowered to the street by its long silken tube, "as if I were giraffe and could taste more when my throat is longer," observes Herr Eckstein. Books abound, and sharp, significant, student-swords with boxing gloves surmount insignificant cuts of The Forgotten. Sundays, after church service, the clergy come hither from leagues around to play cards! In the Schaffstube, under a crucifix still condoned in Lutheran life, the chil-



A CHRIST-KIND GIFT CARD

dren—Bertschen flaxen-haired, and Willie hairless—go to bed, a sausage in each left hand, Glas Bier in the right.

Flower vines from the roof garden swing all summer at my little attic window; while, aloof and above all as in Holiest of Holies, lives the village Stork, crowning the distinction of the Mitpraediger's house, and watching its invader, the American boarder.

Christmas approaches. A fair picture it is to hold in memory, as if invisibly printed by some sympathetic ink, to be warmed into view with each anniversary season. Snow fluffs the wine hills and the far plain; a gleam like a knife blade shows the river, as the cathedral spire of Wurms reddens at the Sun's Gute Nacht. These wine hills between Heidelberg and Darmstadt form the Bergstrasse, or mountain way, where the giants stepped gingerly from hill to hill and threw about the little boulders like Roxbury pudding-stones. At present, the muddy little homes at Auerbach are ingrained in dull color and shaped stubby with the mean quaintness of builders who never saw a prairie nor squandered corn, when nature's reinforcement in lacking quaintness may become apology for inertia.

There are mudpond evenings when, near the frozen pump, I answer discreetly the guesses of the wondering peasants: Distance in furlongs from New York to San Francisco? Would a gun's contents be very likely called for on a morning's walk? What are the wild beasts? Is my mother an Indian? Why, deswegen, isn't the Americano's hair wooly? And all agree to visit All, on wandering to America.

It is Hans the Dirty who prevails as chief squabbler and ignoramus; Hans, the village blotch, profane, abusive, red-haired; lately in lockup for stealing from the wine hill the grapes forever blessed by Karl the Kaiser; Hans, who alone of all the town children has been forbidden to play with the Mitpraediger's. Even pity for Hans' mother, the widow Riebel, so poor that she bakes bread but twice a year, breaking the crusts with an axe—begets no village love for unfortunate Hanschen. Yet much in Christmas week will turn upon concealed attributes in Hans.

Christmas week—and in it, a few days before Christmas itself, another day of real importance to all of us. The Christkind may come at any time! And Christkind is to the folk the Savior Himself, who comes to ask from the parents the earth-children's story, reporting it to Santa Claus. Above all, the little ones must give from their own wee stores gifts of farthings, toys, and sweet cakes emblematically stamped, and bits of palm.

Our children have been intensely excited all day.

Sausage, coffee, and cinnamon soup scarce tasted, we sit in joyous tremor. It knocks. "Ach!" says Frau Mitpraediger; and admits a crouching little figure, its face covered by a long green veil. The children bend reverently.

"I am Christkind, poor and weak.
Give me clothes and things to eat."

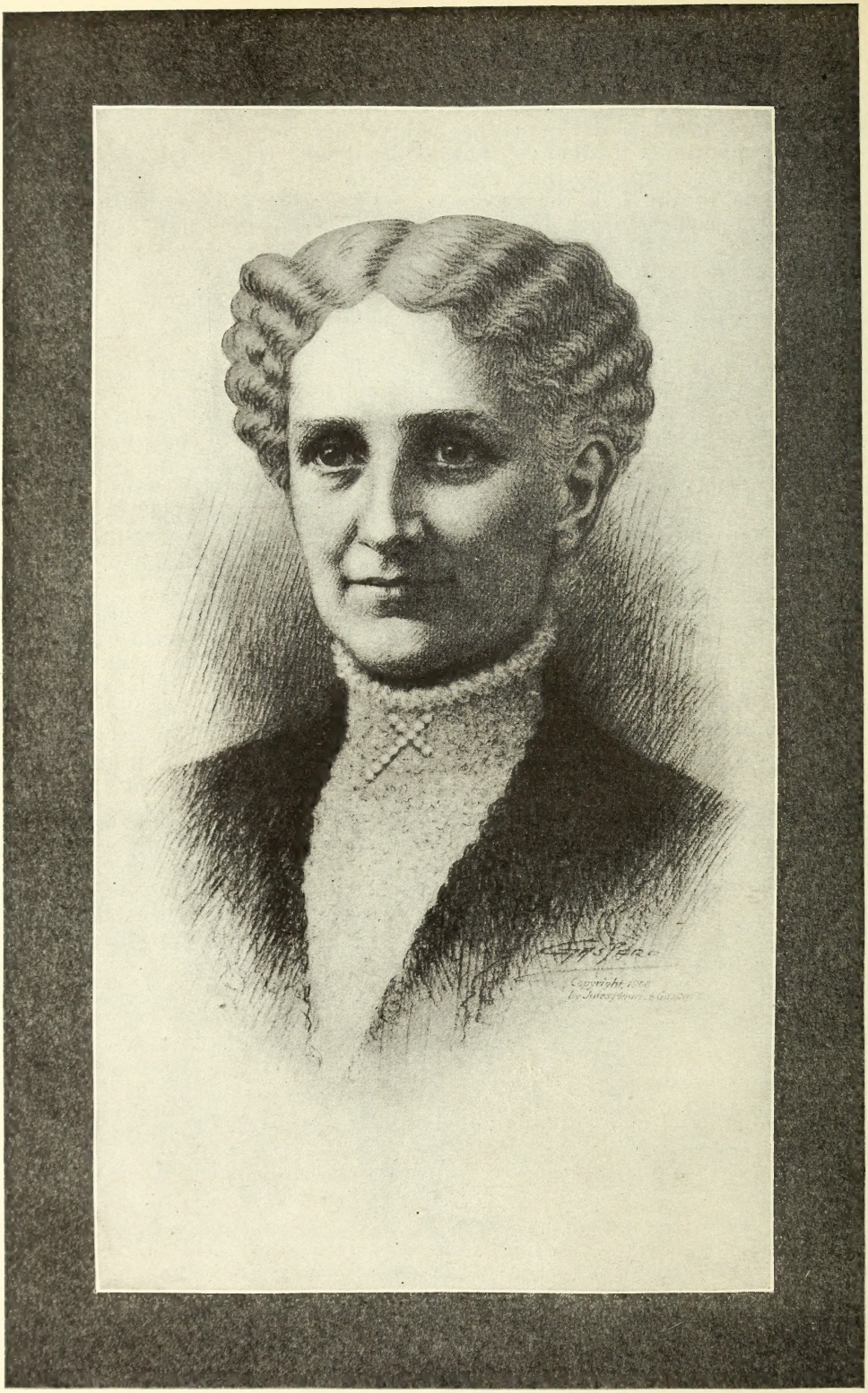
The tone suspiciously that of Hans; the children awestricken, "Christus selbst!" (Christ himself!); Berta's sweet voice tremulous as she produces her little bag of prunes and nuts, saved through a long vista of desserts, for Christkind. Hans seizing it leers and giggles.

The innocent details of two baby lives are quietly unfolded by the mother, awkward bows and shuffling approving the story. And more gifts are produced and clutched, until, at a peremptory order twice given by the Mitpraediger, slips of printed paper bearing tests of Scripture are found for the children in the pockets of Christkind, with complete exposure of his face and person. "Kneel now, and he shall bless you," says the father. The children again bend reverentially; they have seen the "Very God."

I speculate, despite Mitpraediger's justification, "The legend is so wunderschon, Herr Charles"; what might the shock to these gentle hearts, were Hans' brogue to give Hans away; or if recognition were to flash into the vulgar, impudent, avaricious eyes of the gamin; or if growing intelligence were next year to discover the deception.



"Fröhliche Weihnachten"



Copyright, 1908, Jules Maurice Gaspard

MRS. MARY BAKER EDDY

Leaders of Great New England Movements

II.—Mary Baker Eddy and Her Work

By Alfred Farlow

The unmistakable evidences of one's character are the ideas which one entertains and cherishes, and the stability of the individual is known by his faithfulness and perseverance in a right course. We may talk at length regarding one's character and ability, but, after all, the real evidence is what one does, what one accomplishes, what one amounts to.

The career and achievements of Mary Baker Eddy furnish a conspicuous illustration of the triumph of a great idea in the face of the greatest disabilities when championed by a gifted and resourceful personality. One could not find a higher idea than that which ascribes all honor to God, nor a higher ideal than that which demands that man shall be Godlike. The Psalmist said, "Blessed is the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night." St. Paul said, "Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth." Thus we note that Mrs. Eddy's ideal was not only in keeping with that of Israel's distinguished poet, but was identical with that of the great Evangelist.

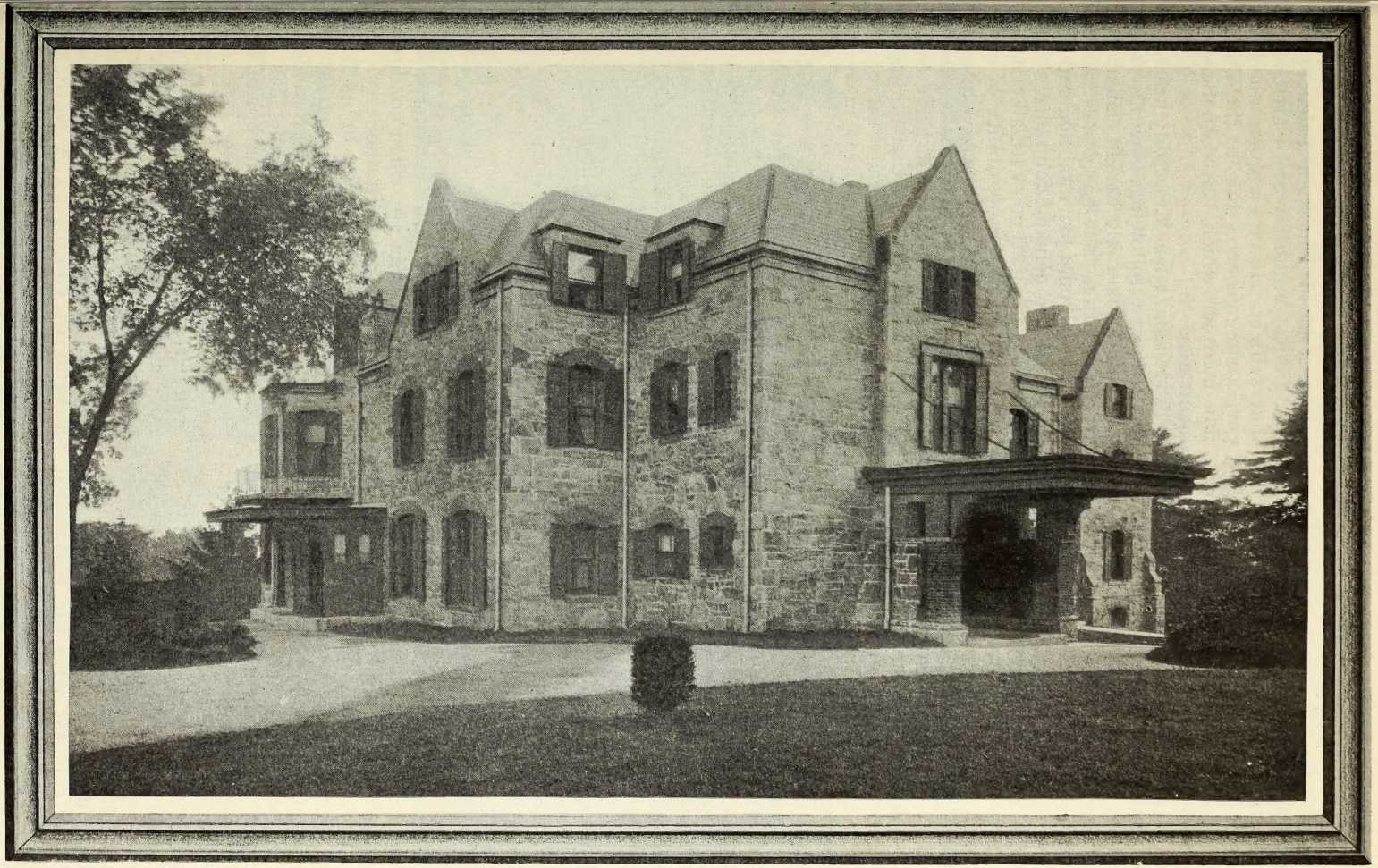
Thoroughly convinced that the sin and suffering of the world could be overcome only through divine power, Mrs. Eddy has continued steadfastly in her course. The greatness of the undertaking to which she addressed herself when she undertook to propagate the teaching of Christian Science may be noted from the fact that it was so broad and radical as to antagonize many of the most cherished religious beliefs of all men. Although puritanical New England had broadened in its views concerning religious liberty and individual privilege, it was nevertheless unusually conservative. When Mrs. Eddy began to promulgate her ideas, New England had outgrown the days when Roger Williams was banished because of intolerance, and the Salem folks were hanged because of superstition, but the fixedness of religious belief was such that Mrs. Eddy would sometimes wait for days before she could find a single person who was ready to listen to her, and the opposition to her teaching was of such intensity that on one occasion the handbills which announced her lecture were torn down, and she was not permitted to speak. The material resistance to her spiritual ideas was of such a character that not only was the public slow to accept them, but those who did accept them found it difficult to maintain them, and a percentage of the early converts became backsliders, but Mrs. Eddy had demonstrated the value of her teaching and realized its significance, and, with unbounded faith in the God whom she had undertaken to serve, she labored on. She had written for magazines and newspapers, and there was a demand for her service in the literary field, provided she would write along stipulated lines, but she declined these offers and thus sacrificed the only means which was open to her of earning a livelihood. With little following and no flattering hope of securing one; with, as yet, no income from her labors, and no prospect of a livelihood, she still pressed on, animated with the noblest purpose that could give one inspiration; namely, the determination to promulgate a teaching which recognized God in all human affairs, and which stood for the destruction of sin and sickness by the direct influence of divine power, rather than through material media.

Mrs. Eddy has cherished and cared

Copyright 1909, by Alfred Farlow.

for the spiritual idea to which she had given birth as ardently as any mother could have cared for her child. Day after day, year after year, decade after decade, she has labored unremittingly to save her teaching from adulteration, and to keep the practice of Christian Science free from subterfuge and perversion. With this in view, she has carefully preserved her copyrights, has frequently made changes in the diction of her books, to give, as she says, a clearer and fuller expression of the original meaning, and has taken pains to regulate the teaching of Christian Science by requiring due qualifications. Every one who has had any experience in the establishment of new enterprises has at least some knowledge of the multiplied obstacles which are sure to be encountered.

A new way of regarding and doing things must necessarily differ in some manner from every old way, and for this reason it necessarily becomes a rival of other institutions which are seeking to subserve the same end. For this reason a new enterprise necessarily antagonizes many in its incipiency. When we take into consideration that at the dawn of Christian Science the great majority were contentedly devoted to some cherished opinion and habit as regards religion and medicine, and that, therefore, she had to stand absolutely alone for the new idea, we may gain a glimpse of the stupendous task which lay before her. Comparing that situation with the present status of the Christian Science movement, one is able to form a correct estimate of Mrs. Eddy's true character and of her achievements. Society naturally holds aloof from a person who advocates unpopular views, and hence social prejudice, as well as religious and medical prejudice, stood in her way. While she had sprung from a family of more than ordinary standing in the community, had moved in cultured society, had made the best of her opportunities along educational lines and had acquired some distinction in certain localities as a writer, it may be said that when she espoused the cause of Christian Science she had neither worldly wealth, prestige, nor influential support. She was obliged to go forward in her mission empty-handed and alone. Hence the greatness and the marvel of her achievements. She found the world steeped in materialism, and as far removed from any inclination to a purely spiritual idealism as one could imagine, with the possible exception that in some instances the leaning upon materiality had reached the breaking point in fulfilment of the Scriptural prophecy, "For that day shall not come except there come a falling away first, and that man of sin be revealed, the son of perdition"—the world had wandered so deeply into materialism as to reveal the utter insufficiency of material dependence, the fact that it is the offspring, not of divine intelligence, but of "perdition," or ignorance. The following statement from St. Paul, "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called," is evidence that Christianity met with the same indifferent reception that was accorded Mrs. Eddy's early teaching, and for the same reason; namely, "God hath chosen * * * things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence." Mrs. Eddy has builded directly upon the Christ teaching of which St. Paul was an acknowledged Apostle. She emphasized and sought to impose Christ Jesus' demand, and human sense has been ready as ever with its cry, "Crucify him." In the presence of such multiplied and such mighty disabilities, the results achieved witness beyond words the very unusual character and capabilities of the woman. An innovation which appeals directly to the community because it is on the plane of the same human observation is readily accepted, but Mrs. Eddy's task has been to introduce that which, though of priceless value, is not at first so understood even by those who are to be its beneficiaries. After a consideration of all these disparaging and adverse conditions and circumstances we note that there was not a single material advantage, nor even a promise of reward to Mrs. Eddy from a worldly



Copyright, 1909, New England Magazine Co.

VIEW, SHOWING MRS. EDDY'S CARRIAGE ENTRANCE

point of view. There was nothing to inspire her effort, nor to encourage her perseverance, but the consciousness of having discovered that a given attitude of spiritual thought and a given mode of life are essential to the salvation of the world from evil and distress, and since this important mission involved the glorification of God, good, we have before us the unmistakable evidence that Mrs. Eddy valued good above all things else, and was willing to sacrifice everything that she might gain it. For forty years she has devoted her time, talent, and energy to this end, and has backed up her good words with good deeds. In America, its home, Christian Science has brought reformation into thousands of homes, and has put into new activity along the lines of spiritual work thousands of conscientious, well meaning men and women, many of whom are representative in civil affairs and in business and social life. Its influence has penetrated foreign countries and the islands of the sea, and in many lands there are to-day thriving branch organizations of the Christian Science Church.

Thus an inestimable amount of good has been accomplished as the outcome of the dauntless courage and the Christian faith and faithfulness of this lone woman.

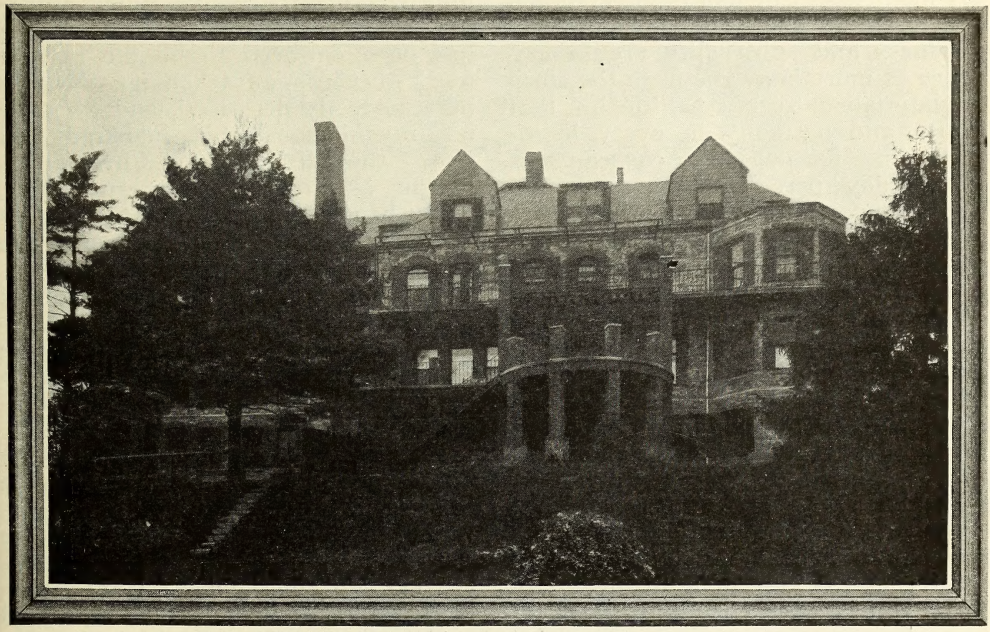
Not least among the beneficent contributions which Mrs. Eddy has made to the world are the Christian Science periodicals which are binding up the broken-hearted, destroying sin and sickness, unifying religious thought, and spreading the gospel of goodwill and peace to men everywhere. Her latest periodical, *The Christian Science Monitor*, a daily newspaper, is without doubt her most valuable gift since the publication of "Science and Health," when viewed from the standpoint of the general public, for it supplies the home with an authentic and prolific source of information which in its freedom from all that is unwholesome is in striking contrast with the sensational matter that makes the ordinary daily paper objectionable to the household. *The Christian Science Monitor* is not a propaganda of Christian Science, although it contains a daily article on that subject. It is a regular newspaper, conducted according to the Christian methods which Christian Science inculcates.

Aside from what Mrs. Eddy has done for her own following, she has conferred immeasurable benefits upon the world at large. She has demonstrated the good fruits of spiritual life, and has increased the demand for more spiritual means and methods with all classes. She has proved the possibility of spiritual healing, has convinced Christendom that healing the sick is a part of the Christian ministry, and has created such a demand for spiritual healing in the churches, that already there is a response which evidences a great awakening along these lines, and portends the fulfilment of Mrs. Eddy's prophecy, "If the lives of Christian Scientists attest their fidelity to Truth, I predict that in the twentieth century every Chrisian church in our land, and a few in far-off lands, will approximate the understanding of Christian Science sufficiently to heal the sick in His name."

The business world had long since accepted as a law the affirmation that no man could hold his own in business life and still maintain his integrity. Christian Science has not only proved the truthfulness of the old adage that "Honesty is the best policy," it has also proved that no business enterprise is on a safe basis except when conducted in keeping with absolute honesty. Society had become settled in its belief that in these later days the stress and strain was beyond the endurance of mortals. Christian Science has anchored thousands in the harbor of spiritual understanding and has thus brought peace and quiet to them. Many had lost their hope of recovery from disease through material means, though still firmly retaining their belief in the reality of matter. Christian Science has proved that there remains a balm in Gilead. The world had grown despondent, weary with the disappointments that grow out of the frail and mutable nature of material exist-

ence, but to such as have accepted it Christian Science has given new hope and increased harmony, and the world at large, catching up the refrain, is re-echoing its praise.

Above and beyond the frailty and uncertainty of human existence Mrs. Eddy has directed thought to that spiritual life which is substantial and which knows no changes, and all Christian people have reaped in a degree the benefit of this new hope. The fact that Christian Scientists, through the Bible for those who were troubled in heart. The premises of Christian Science, like all truly scientific propositions, are very simple when once understood, and they appeal to one as his very own. The major premise of the Christian Science syllogism is the Scriptural teaching, "God is Spirit," Life, Truth, Love, the only substance. This spiritual idea is the foundation of all real understanding, for since God is the only Cause and His creation the only effect, there is really nothing to



Copyright, 1909, New England Magazine Co.

REAR VIEW OF MRS. EDDY'S HOME, SHOWING HER VERANDA

Mrs. Eddy's teaching, have realized satisfaction from a new and more spiritual understanding of God and creation, constitutes an encouragement to others that there is hope for them also.

Moreover, many Christians had grown sceptical of the Bible. The "higher criticism" had drifted Bible students toward infidelity. Mrs. Eddy, through a new form of higher criticism, which explains away many of the irrational interpretations of the Scripture and affords a scientific and demonstrable interpretation of God's word, has saved know but God and His creation, and a correct understanding of God, the Cause, includes a correct understanding of His creation. Thus we note that Christian Science is the science of all sciences, and includes all real knowledge. The Christian Science teaching concerning God is Scriptural, but Mrs. Eddy has advanced beyond the abstract knowledge of Spirit, Life, Truth, Love, and has discovered the demonstrable meaning of these terms. There is but one explanation of this discovery; namely this, that Mrs. Eddy lived

near enough to God to receive an illumination respecting His nature and manifestation, the Allness of Truth, the unreality of evil. She must have been especially sensitive and responsive to spiritual things, and this being understood one no longer wonders why she could persevere in the face of such a multiplicity of human obstructions, disappointments, and discouragements with no promise of reward from a material point of view. She had come to understand the Psalmist's words, "I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." She had discovered and demonstrated the fact that not only goodness and spirituality are in evidence as mortals awake from the sleep of materialism to spiritual life, but that health and harmony in every legitimate line follow as a consequence. Mrs. Eddy perceived that although mortals upon every hand were struggling to improve their health and happiness by means and methods entirely apart from God, human affairs and conditions could not be really and substantially advanced except as God is more fully relied upon and the Christ more fully honored, in keeping with the Scriptural teaching, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

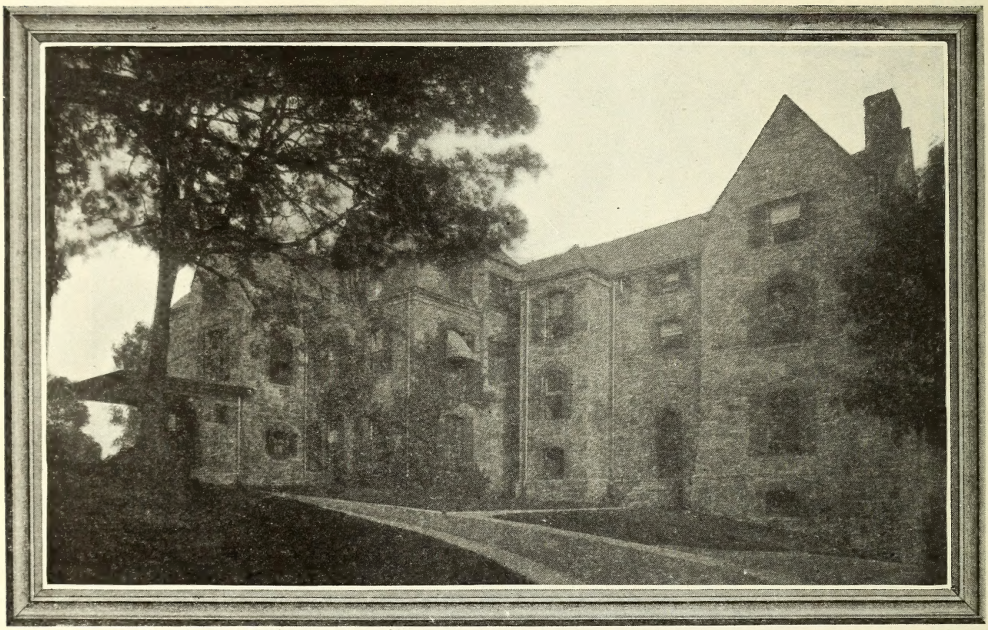
Mrs. Eddy's thought has elevated human consciousness to a position from which it may give all glory and honor to the infinite Creator. Respecting this, she has said, "If any system honors God, it ought to receive aid, not opposition, from all thinking persons. And Christian Science does honor God as no other theory honors Him, and it does this in the way of His appointing by doing many wonderful works through the divine name and nature." The exalted and sweeping declaration that Spirit is the only Life, Substance, and Intelligence may be startling to those who have just heard it for the first time, but upon sober second thought the state of being which it foretells is recognized to be the ultimatum of Christian knowledge, and when demonstrated is proved to be the El Dorado of Christian hope. What, therefore, shall we say of the greatness of the conquest of the individual whose explorations in the spiritual domain have brought her to the acceptance of this, the highest possible ideal. Christian Scientists, as well as others, still have much to accomplish before they will have acquired a perfect realization of the true nature of Deity, and attained to the full stature of Godlike manhood, but the statement of spiritual truth which Mrs. Eddy has given; namely, that "God is Love," and Love is the only real substance, can never be improved upon. Her absolutely Christian and scientific statement of being has been declared to be the highest ideal of Christian teaching. Man is here correctly described, and when he is fully demonstrated mankind will realize the full fruitage of Christianity. So far as theory is concerned Mrs. Eddy has led mortals up to the very zenith of that spiritual perfection which Christianity presents. She has shown the way to that perfection of character and conduct which the Master demanded, and has thus made Christianity practical, the attainment of its perfection a possibility to mankind.

Mrs. Eddy's teaching appeals to the highest moral sense. It is impossible to adhere thereto without moral advancement. Its demands are so sweeping as not to admit of the slightest material indulgence; it acknowledges and demands the fulness and completeness of the spiritual life. Truthfully has she declared, "It is Christian Science to do right, and nothing short of right doing has any claim to the name." The materialist may find scanty provision in this Science, but he is led to be thankful therefor when he recognizes the unmeasured good which it affords. No one can possibly find fault with the sacrifices of a Christian Science life when he has learned to apply his new understanding to daily problems and thereby realizes what Christian Science gives in the place of that which it repudiates. Nothing is gained by adhering to the insubstantial and fleeting things of mortality at the expense of spiritual growth.



Copyright, 1909, New England Magazine Co.

MRS. EDDY'S PRIVATE GARDEN



Copyright, 1909, New England Magazine Co.

FRONT VIEW OF MRS. EDDY'S HOME FROM DRIVEWAY

Mrs. Eddy's entire plea has been in behalf of human emancipation, release from sickness and sorrow, and she has asked this in Christ's name. She has disregarded the quite generally accepted conclusion that the day of "miracles"—spiritual and hence marvelous results—is passed. She has contended for the Scriptural teaching that permanent bodily improvement is contingent upon spiritual regeneration, and she is rapidly winning the endorsement of the world at large. Her ideas have permeated human consciousness, and ministers are everywhere preaching more or less the ideas of Christian Science which have accidentally or incidentally found lodgment in the thought of others. The optimism of Christian Science has permeated social and business life, and faith in the ultimate triumph of right is steadily gaining ground. The teaching of our Lord, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you," has become an axiom in the mind of an ever increasing number, and the nations are certainly reaching Christian Scienceward, even before they have become settled in their opinions as to the advisability of the name. Although she has undertaken a task which was beyond human comprehension Mrs. Eddy has never faltered. She has known no defeat, recognized no discouragement, but trusting in God she has fought on with infinite patience. Her genius for organization, her practical wisdom in the conduct of her campaign, has become proverbial, and her fame in this line is not a mere matter of personal observation, but is supported by that unmistakable proof which is ever open to public scrutiny; namely, what she has actually accomplished. It is not necessary to say that Mrs. Eddy is wise, for her wise conduct the only essential evidence has precluded the necessity of such a declaration. One must be wise before he can act wisely. Mrs. Eddy's persistent industry and unfaltering confidence in the final overcoming of Truth has been supported by her clear and certain knowledge of God and her consequent understanding of the requisites and possibilities of a Christian life. She has known all the

while that there could be no failure, that Truth must and will triumph, because even now Truth is triumphant, and error has no more succeeded in interfering with God or His creation than has the fog succeeded in interfering with the sun, although temporarily interfering with our view of it. Mrs. Eddy can truthfully prophesy the final supremacy of good and the complete downfall of all error, because she knows that even now "God (good) is all in all," and that the mortal sense of being has no God-given existence.

Mrs. Eddy's faith in God, her God-supported industry and perseverance, have become characteristic of her following, and hence of the Christian Science movement, and thousands of up-to-date individuals, noting the Christian Scientists' departure from material practices and usages and the harmony resultant therefrom, have been emboldened to follow their example, even before they have learned the spiritual premises of which such practice is the logical outcome.

Whatever we may think about the essential qualities of greatness, the person who has already become great has demonstrated that she possesses the qualities pertaining thereto. In the nature and extent of Mrs. Eddy's recognized achievement, the greatness of her thought is measured, and unnumbered thousands in all lands witness to the healing and inspiring significance of her teaching. The consequent love in which she is held, the authority with which she speaks, the dignity and ease with which she still conducts and directs a world-wide movement, the largeness of her nature, and the nobility of her spirit as seen in her service for humanity—these cannot fail to render her name immortal.



Copyright, 1909, New England Magazine Co.

VIEW OF MRS. EDDY'S STABLE AND GARAGE

THE BETTER MAN

By ARTHUR REICHMAN

I.

IF there's one race of men more to be pitied than all others, it's publishers. Such ignorance, such want of comprehension, such low standards of taste!"

Arthur Shepleigh, bursting into the library of his friend's house, threw a bundle of papers he was carrying upon the table, and pounded the air with his fist. He was a slight, fair-haired young man, with light gray eyes and sensitive features, who looked anything but pugnacious; but to-day he was angrier than Lane had ever seen him. Removing his pipe from his mouth, the latter smiled comprehendingly, and asked: "Have they rejected 'The Moderns'?"

"Sent it back with their usual regrets."

"I'm sorry."

"You needn't be. I'm not. If they *had* accepted it, they'd like as not have torn it to pieces to fit it to their readers' intellects. It's just as well that I keep it intact."

"Ah, that's just your trouble, Arthur." Lane spoke quietly, and with the air of one qualified to direct. "You are not half anxious enough to get on good terms with your readers. After all, meeting them half way is one of the secrets of success. And as for the publishers, can you blame them? They're business men, making their living by giving the public what it wants. Why should they deal in unsalable goods?"

Shepleigh's feeling subsided somewhat. He admired his friend immensely, idolized him some people said, and for him, Lane's words were as the words of an oracle. But he did not give in without a struggle and he said: "It's all very well for you to talk that way; you've got the knack of being entertaining and artistic at the same time. But there aren't many like you, and for me it's a case of the two extremes—write the way I feel and turn out something too good for 'em, or 'write down' and lose my self-respect. One thing I'll tell you: before I lower myself to pander to the public as some fellows do, I'll give up writing altogether."

This was the final flash of Shepleigh's indignation, and as he ended, Lane settled back in his chair, blowing reflective rings of smoke ceilingward. He knew his friend would listen to reason when in a calmer mood, and he was willing to wait.

"There's only one feature of the whole business that is thoroughly disagreeable," said Shepleigh presently, his tone lower and a little rueful. "I wanted to make a 'hit' once, for Isabel's sake."

"Naturally." Lane's tone was sympathetic. "But, after all, it needn't affect your marriage. You've got plenty of money without the public's."

"Yes, that's true enough. I almost wish it wasn't—necessity might have put me on better terms with my readers. But the unpleasant part is that Isabel expects so much of me. You see it's two years since we became engaged, and I haven't accomplished anything worth while in all that time."

"But she still believes in you?"

"I think so. I've tried to keep her confidence, writing to her all the time she was abroad about my ideals and my ambitions. I'm afraid she must think me an unappeciated genius. I wish you could meet her—you might get the truth out of her."

"I wish I could. I wanted to, you remember, when she passed through New York, but Trowbridge's marriage prevented. However, I may see her very soon now."

"You mean when she returns to town?"

"Before that; in Maine. My brother and his wife have asked me to visit them up there. Here, read this."

Lane took a letter from the pocket of his smoking jacket and tossed it across the table to his friend. As the latter read it, his excitement increased, and was reflected in his face.

"Why," he cried, "your brother's place is only a stone's throw from Isabel's. Are you going there?"

"I believe I shall. I haven't had a vacation this year, and I'm rusty. I think a month in Maine would freshen me for the winter's work."

"Of course it would; the idea is splendid." Shepleigh's frank eyes twinkled with anticipation. "You and she would get along famously. She's devilish bright and she's got just enough theories to give you the friction you like. Oh, you won't find her as easy to convince as I am. Well, are you going?"

Lane laughed good-naturedly.

"With such inducments, how can I resist? I'll leave the day after tomorrow."

Shepleigh jumped from his chair, and proceeded to shake his friend's hand.

"I'll meet you in two weeks, as soon as my brother returns, and I can get away," he cried, jubilantly. "I say, this *is* luck!"

II.

Shepleigh was enthusiastic over the prospect. For a year, ever since his friendship with Lane had solidified, he had been anxious to have his friend and fiancee meet. She was living abroad during this time, and as luck would have it, on the single occasion when Lane might have met her—on the day she arrived in New York and passed through, going directly to her country home in Maine—his presence at the pier was prevented by the wedding of an intimate friend. But now events were adjusting themselves more favorably, and Shepleign was overjoyed.

Whatever Lane said was as law to the younger man. He was one of those people who have to look outside of themselves for their ideals and principles, as well as for objects of admiration and interest; and Lane met, for him, all the requirements. Moments there were, of course, when he disagreed with Lane—moments when the latter's words sounded a little too much like reproaches; but Shepleigh invariably gave in. He knew that what his friend said was for his benefit, and, besides, Lane never dealt out advice by the ladleful. He was above such things: a rarely great man who was not only able to achieve success, but able as well to look back upon the road he had traversed, and discover the factors that had achieved it. Hard work was the slogan he invariably sounded, and it was insistence upon this point that colored in the main his suggestions to Shepleigh.

That very day the young man wrote a letter to Isabel. In it he told her of his friend's coming—he would be in Maine a day after the letter had reached her; and he recounted, in his habitually enthusiastic strain, the character, habits of thought, and eccentricities of the famous man. "You're sure to be great friends," he wrote; "and I confidently expect that when I join you both at the end of the month, you will agree I have not exaggerated Edgar a bit."

Lane had a suspicion of what Shepleigh had done. He knew his friend thoroughly and had had occasion before this to remonstrate with the young man for glorifying him in public; so he felt some embarrassment when his name was presented to Isabel Trent. But he felt curiosity as well, a great curiosity as to whether she was so extraordinary as Shepleigh said she was, or just a commonplace person painted in glowing colors by the young man's passion.

His first thought concerning her was

that she was very good looking. She was twenty, of medium height, and rather slim, with dark brown hair which she wore in a part, and large brown eyes. The eyes were deep—the kind that suggested an ability to peer within as well as without; and her face had a piquant look that told of a sense of humor.

One of the first things she said as she greeted him amused him greatly. "It's dreadful to meet a person who has heard all about one, isn't it? I feel like a bug under a microscope."

He replied when his laugh was over that she had described his own feeling perfectly. He added, then, that it was really unfortunate—they would lose that rarest of enjoyments, the sounding of each other's depths.

Isabel shook her head.

"I've made up my mind to forget everything I've heard about you," she said. "I'm going to try to enjoy you."

"Then I," Lane replied, "shall return the compliment."

In this easy strain they talked, this first morning of their meeting. They were on the porch of her house, surrounded by leafy pines, and through the foliage they could see the shimmer of the woodland lake.

When he left her, at the noon hour, Lane was rather at sea about the girl. He agreed in some things with Shepleigh: she was pretty, with the kind of beauty that grows with acquaintance; and she was undoubtedly bright. But in one or two matters he differed. Indeed, he felt that in one thing Shepleigh had not done her justice. She had more sides to her, a wider range, than he had permitted Lane to believe. Certainly she was unlike the picture Lane had held of her, for she was less austere, less of a "type," and far more sensible and practical than he had been led to suppose.

His uncertainty cleared rapidly. With the Trent place less than ten minutes' walk from his brother's, it was natural that Lane should see a great deal of the girl, and Isabel's character opened, bud-like, to his gaze. As he came to know her better, he liked her more. Hitherto he had met only two kinds of girls—the frivolous variety that flitted through ball-rooms with scarcely a thought in their heads, and the hard, cold, "intellectual" type that cultivated plainness and cynicism as necessary adjuncts of talent. But Isabel belonged to neither of these. She embodied, rather, the virtues of both. Pretty she was, and she added to her beauty by wearing charming frocks, and cultivating grace of movement, but she was also well bred, with an abundance of temperament, and full of common sense.

In the enjoyment of her company, Lane forgot to sound her in regard to Shepleigh. He had been curious at first, as much from a psychological as from a friendly standpoint, to learn what she thought of him; but it was only at intervals that he recalled the wish. Instead, they discussed a wide range of subjects, oftener abstract than personal. He found her acquainted with his own productions quite as intimately as she was with the more meagre output of Shepleigh, and he could not help noticing, with a thrill of satisfaction, that she estimated his work highly. She treated it with the utmost seriousness: that was the most gratifying point; and discussed not only its intrinsic merits but its effect on the public.

"That is the duty of every writer, to influence his public," she remarked once. "If only more of you felt that responsibility."

They had been very intimate to-day, more so than at any previous time, and this remark was made while they drifted in a canoe on the glistening surface of the lake. As she spoke, his eyes were upon her, and he drank her praise as a thirsty man drinks water. For a moment he said nothing; then he bethought himself of Shepleigh, and took advantage of the opening.

"That is what I prize so highly in Arthur," he said, paddling listlessly. "He feels his responsibility."

Her large deep eyes gazed into his.

"Edgar," she said slowly, "do you really believe he is great?"

Lane scarcely knew what to say.

"Do you mean, is he famous?" he finally brought out.

"Oh, no; I know he isn't. But is he destined to be? Has he the ingredients—the things you have?"

He laughed, glad of the opportunity to liberate his feelings.

"You've not lived up to your promise," he said. "Didn't you say you would forget everything Arthur told you about me? Yet here you are accepting his absurd ideas about me to the letter."

"It isn't what Arthur has told me that makes me speak as I do." Her voice was firm, and her tone one of habitual frankness. "I didn't need him to tell me what you are. One cannot help seeing the greatness in *you*."

It was late afternoon, and shadows were settling upon the lake. The sun in the west had a copper glow, and he fixed his eyes upon it. Somehow, much as he wanted to deride her praise, he felt the issue before them too great to be met in such a way. Besides, it made him happy that she thought him great, filled him, in truth, with a satisfaction that, even in a career as successful as his, he had never felt before. But remembering Shepleigh, he gave the subject a slightly different twist.

"You believe in people's looks as indicators of their characters?" he asked.

"Sometimes," she replied.

"You think that, if you had met me ten years ago, you would have read my destiny?"

"If I had been old enough."

"Then you believe one can read in a person not yet 'arrived' the chances of his 'arrival'?"

"Yes."

She met his gaze steadily, and though he had introduced the topic with the purpose of flouting her theory, he found a totally different idea in his mind.

"I agree with you," he found himself saying. "As I look at you, I seem to feel that you are destined for big things."

A little laugh broke from her, and ended in a sigh.

"Ah, perhaps," she said. "I hoped so once. Long ago, in the Land of Daydreams, I had—oh, such glorious hopes!"

"But why put the hopes in the past? Why not have them now?"

"Because my chance is gone. I feel it, I know it. My possibilities—if I had any—are wasted."

Her eyes glistened in the sunlight, and under the spell of her sadness, Lane was silent. Her sorrow, he saw, was real, and he would have given anything to relieve it. All he did, however, was to say: "How do you know it's too late? One never knows what the future has in store for us."

"Ah, but isn't this the end?"

"The end! You mean—because of Arthur?"

The words had come from him unwittingly, and the moment they were out he realized how terrible they were. But he realized also how far afield he had gone, how utterly, for the first time in his life, his feelings had carried him away.

He looked past Isabel to the west. Behind the woods, behind the tangled trees, the sun had gone to rest. Only a dull pink glow showed the spot where it had been.

"It's late; we had better go back," he said; and silently pulled for shore.

III.

Early the next morning, Lane went for a walk. He had passed a terrible night, and with the first blush of dawn he arose and went out. The sun had not yet risen, and the morning was sharp; dew lay on the grass; a faint breeze swayed the branches and ruffled the surface of the lake. He did not walk long by the side of the lake. Reaching a path, so indistinct as to be little more than a trail, he followed it into the forest; and here, in the solitude, he faced the problem before him.

At first the strangeness of the situation engrossed him. How tangled the threads were! Then the strangeness

was lost, and what remained was a deep pain. If only they had met sooner! Since they were ordained to meet, since it was written in the book of Fate that they were to come face to face, why had it not happened before this, before it was too late!

He walked slowly, crunching the undergrowth beneath his foot. If only she did not love him! Yes, that was what made it hard; for had all the love been on his side, he would simply have gone away and the puzzle be solved. Go away? He lingered over the thought, and the longer he held it, the stronger it grew. Finally his mind was made up. To go away was the solution of the whole problem; that was the one way out.

He had penetrated deeply into the forest by this time and he could see the sun, very red and portentous of heat, rising in the heavens. Turning, he began to retrace his steps. He had not gone far, however, when he became aware of a sound among the trees in front of him. Looking up, he saw Isabel, her head bowed in thought, coming along the trail. His first impulse was to cry her name, but he controlled himself. She had not seen him, and he waited until she came closer. Then he stepped up to her, and she, startled, uttered a frightened: "Oh!"

"In Heaven's name, what are you doing here so early?" Lane asked.

"I slept badly," she replied, when her fright subsided and the color returned to her cheeks; "and I wanted to be alone to think. But I can ask you the same question."

"I can only give the same answer. I, too, think best in solitude."

She looked at him very straight.

"What conclusion did you come to?" she asked.

Her eyes told the story: it was too late for pretense.

"There is only one conclusion possible," he replied.

"You mean I must marry Arthur? Yes, I suppose so." Her tone was perfectly calm, and there was not a trace of sadness in it. But suddenly her face lighted up, and she cried: "Ah, but it is something to know that you have cared! It will be something to remember, a memory to be treasured!"

He looked away from her, neither speaking. Only the trees rustling in the breeze broke the silence. Then she remembered something, and handed him a piece of paper which she told him to read. It was a telegram that had come that morning from Shepleigh, with the tidings that he would join them that evening. As Lane returned it to her, he said: "I shall just have time to say good-by to him. I leave for Europe in less than two weeks."

Isabel stared at him in surprise.

"Europe! But why?"

"I have relatives in Paris and they have asked me many times to live with them. The change might do me good, might freshen my intellect."

Her mouth quivered.

"I'm sorry," she said.

"Sorry! I thought you would be glad."

Her self-control left her. The face that she turned to him was very sad, and tears glistened in her eyes.

"Yes," she said, slowly; "I understand. It will be easier while you are away—easier to forget, easier to take my poor little love and stifle it. But I hoped—oh, I hoped you would stay for Arthur's sake."

"Yes; he needs you. Don't let us quibble at a moment like this. I used to think Arthur could become a successful man without the help of any one, but I'm older now, and with knowledge of the world that illusion has gone. You alone could get the best out of him, and I hoped—"

Lane leaned over and took her hand. He could feel her pulse beat rapidly as he pressed it in his own.

"Be brave," he said. "It is our duty to forget, to put our love behind us. Only in that way can we be true to Arthur. But if you wish me to, I shall stay."

"Yes, stay. Go to New York in the morning—you *must* do that—but no further. We need you—both of us."

The tears that had stood in her eyes

now began to flow. He looked at her as she stood there, and never, he thought, had he beheld so lovely a sight. Slowly, as by the pressure of an unseen force, they drew closer together.

"Once—just once," he whispered.

She let herself go; he caught her in his arms and kissed her. Then the recollection came to them both of their duty to Arthur, and they drew apart. A moment later they had turned their faces to the south and were walking slowly homeward.

IV.

When Shepleigh arrived that evening he was in the highest spirits. With the prospect of seeing Lane and Isabel together, besides the opportunity of rusticating through the heat of August in the heart of the Maine woods, he was enthusiastic as a schoolboy.

Isabel was at the station, having driven over from her house, a few miles away; and he greeted her with a shout. He was disappointed, however, not to find Lane on hand; but a moment later he shook his head, smiling, and said: "That's just like Edgar; he thinks we want to be alone."

Isabel replied that Lane had told her that morning he would not be at the station. "But," she added, "he will be at our house to-night."

This satisfied Shepleigh. It gave him, moreover, an excuse to talk about Lane, and he began asking all sorts of questions. Wasn't he right about the man? Did he exaggerate his qualities? Had she ever met a finer fellow? To questions like these Isabel replied in monosyllables. She feared to follow her impulse and fervidly join in his enthusiasm, lest she might express, by look if not by speech, more than was wise. But her attempts to turn the subject were useless; ingenuously oblivious to her indifference, Shepleigh continued to rattle on.

His high spirits were maintained throughout the drive and later at dinner. As they sat at the table with Isabel's parents, he talked and talked and talked, Mrs. Trent finally saying with a laugh: "You won't have any trouble entertaining your guests when you are married, Isabel; Arthur will attend to that."

This was toward the end of the meal, and a few moments later Lane arrived. As he came in, Shepleigh jumped up and grasped his hand.

"Now my happiness is complete," he cried.

Lane looked as cheerful as he could.

"I'm glad you came to-day, Arthur," he said. "If you hadn't, I should not have met you, for I leave early to-morrow morning for the city."

"Oh, no." Shepleigh's face showed his disappointment. "I was looking forward to your being one of us through the week."

"I'm sorry, but it's out of the question. However, I'll see plenty of you in the city."

He looked at Isabel as he said this, as though to assure her he had not changed his mind about remaining in America. She met his eyes, and a moment later, when Shepleigh's back was turned, she whispered: "I want to see you—alone—later on."

He had no opportunity to reply, as Shepleigh rejoined them at the moment. But he wondered what Isabel could want of him, and was sorry for the request. He did not wish to be alone with her. She was dressed in white, with her arms and neck exposed, and never, he thought, had she looked so alluring, so fascinating, as to-night. Meeting her, therefore, as she suggested, could only mean another memory to be stored away, another recollection to harass him in the dismal future years.

He avoided her throughout the evening. She was with Shepleigh, of course, and he had no wish to see the other's happiness. So he engaged Mr. Trent in conversation, acquainting him with certain political changes that his long sojourn in Europe had prevented his observing, while Shepleigh and Isabel sauntered outside to the veranda.

It was nearly ten o'clock, and Lane began to wonder whether Isabel would

have the opportunity which she sought of talking with him, when the old folks decided to retire. Shepleigh and Isabel returned from the veranda, and while he shook Mrs. Trent's hand, Lane saw the girl looking at him. She was beside the door at the rear of the room, the one that led to the garden, but a moment later she had slipped outside.

As soon as he was able, Lane followed. It was a beautiful night, the pines swaying in a strong cool breeze and a full moon painting with silver the vine-clad sides of the house. He found the girl in a remote corner of the garden and as he came up to her, she immediately said: "I've come to ask you a favor. I want you to go away."

A shaft of moonlight falling on her face, Lane read the look it wore.

"To Europe?" he asked.

"Yes. I've reconsidered the whole matter, and I find it is for the best. If you stay here, it will be too hard."

"Too hard to forget?" Lane nodded sadly. "Yes, you are right. But what changed your mind?"

She lifted a pair of tear-dimmed eyes to his face.

"Don't you understand? What happened to-day—ah, we shouldn't have gone so far."

He asked no more questions. All day his lips had felt the touch of hers, and he knew what a mistake they had made. All he said was: "What fools we were. We, who are trying to forget, to give ourselves a memory like that!"

They were standing in the shadow as they spoke, the tall, full-branched trees forming a screen, as it were, between them and the house. That was why Shepleigh, descending to the garden in search of them, failed to locate their whereabouts. But when, after a vain stroll in the grounds, he returned to the house, he saw them standing together at the bottom of the steps.

As his eyes fell on them, Shepleigh stopped abruptly. He had no desire to surprise a confidence, even one between his best friend and his fiancee; but there was something in Isabel's face that rooted him to the spot. The light from the room was upon it, and the eyes that she lifted to Lane's were full of an emotion that he dared not name.

At the same instant he heard Lane speak his name.

"With your help, Arthur may achieve great things."

"You think so?" Isabel asked.

"I think you can do anything. With you beside him, he will have an advantage such as few men enjoy."

"If I could believe that!"

"You must. Be brave, dearest: forget this little nightmare of ours, and do your best. Some day I shall return, and I shall want to feel that my faith in you was not misplaced. And now good-by."

He held out his hand, and Isabel placed hers inside. A momentary pressure and he was gone.

When he left her, Isabel remained only a moment longer and then slowly entered the house. Shepleigh, among the trees, saw her go, but did not follow. Instead, he remained standing where he was, a haze before his eyes, his limbs cold as stone. Wretched as he was, however, there was no anger in his heart. As he saw the others together, the fitness of the scene came to him, and he realized, even before they spoke, how much of an outsider he was. These two—how they belonged to each other! For Lane was great, and she was great—and he was so pitifully small.

It was some time before he entered the house. When he did so, Isabel came forward to meet him.

"Where have you been, Arthur?" she asked; but he did not reply. Instead, he said: "I know all."

A look of horror came to the girl's face.

"What do you mean?" she gasped.

He came forward and gently took her hand.

"I overheard and I understand. Don't blame me for listening—it was an accident. But I thank God for it!"

Isabel turned away. It was useless

to deny, she saw, and she could find no words in which to reply. Then, at length, she said: "I'm sorry."

"Sorry! Rubbish. It's all for the best. You may inspire him to the greatest things, while you would only have been wasted on me." He pulled out his watch. "There's a train at midnight, isn't there? I'll just be able to catch it."

He crossed the room and Isabel, still silent, followed him to the door. With his hand upon it, he stopped.

"Tell Edgar not to feel bad about me," he said. "I'm happy—happy that everything turned out like this. He's the finest fellow in the world, while I—well, I'm a failure. You two—ah, it's perfect!" That was all he said. The next instant he opened the door, and then, descending to the road, was lost in the darkness.

DAWN SONG

By GEORGE C. SHEDD

O, the east is between the sea and the night—
It is dawn, it is day! And the water slips white
  Along the sand where our boats abide.
With the foamless flood they straighten and lift
To the thrill of the ocean's call and drift
  Slow shadows on the shining tide.

Scented and fresh the morning breath
Of dim salt marsh and distant heath
  Is in our sails; with a fling of spray
Against our cheek a wave strikes free,
And we lean into the reddening sea,
  Following dawn's ineffable way.

O, the golden glance of sails at play
In the first sunbeams of the new-born day,
  As the boats tilt low in sudden list—
O, the rhythm of waves along the lee
And the leap of foam, and the smell of the sea
  That sharp in our nostrils will ever persist!

The promise of joy expands along
The sweeping sea. To the strengthening song
  Of the wind with our burden of nets we glide—
And pray such gladness we shall know
The last fair dawn our sails do blow
  Outward upon God's shining tide.

The Spider and the Fly

By S. F. AARON

"WILL you walk into my parlor?' said the spider to the fly; 'Tis the coziest little parlor that ever you did spy.' "

If the author of these now time-worn verses possessed but limited entomological discrimination, the invited party of the tale might have been intended to personify only the common house pest, or perhaps any one of its nearest of kin, as the blue-bottle, the gad-fly, the tachina, or the mosquito. But observation among the haunts of spiders will disclose the fact that those who have accepted and found the little parlor but a prison are of the whole class of insectine-winged creatures. Even the crawlers are not exempt and snares are set that lead the way for many to walk into the coziest dens beneath stones and among the grass roots.

The webs of the little spiders (small species and the young of larger forms) prove the undoing of gnats, midges, "no-see-'ems," leaf-hoppers, winged ants, plant lice, lady bugs, flea-beetles, leaf-beetles, and all the smaller Hymenoptera and Lepidoptera. The common orb weavers (Epeira and Argyroepeira), the spiny-backed spiders (Acrosoma) and the tangle-web species (Theridium and Linythia) invite into their parlors the aforementioned victims and almost all insects of somewhat larger size, the common house-fly being an example, while the funnel-makers (Agalena) and the big black and yellow and brown and yellow orb weavers capture hornets, bumblebees, grasshoppers, cicadas, and large moths and butterflies, often irrespective of size, strength, or the possession of dangerous weapons of offence or defence.

For thus destroying vast numbers of noxious insects, pests of man and beast and growing vegetation, the spiders deserve our highest esteem. If it were generally understood how useful they are to man, that if it were not for the predaceous ministrations of spiders we should all starve to death, at least, within a season or two, we should not be so ready to visit condemnation and destruction upon them. Moreover, tney are harmless creatures, never biting aggressively but only upon the extremest provocation, and the poison of the largest species, the tarantula even, does not exceed the sting of a bee.

We owe most to those smaller, webless species that invite themselves into the webs of vegetation-destroying caterpillars, and, like tigers on the jungle edge of a defenceles Indian village, prey upon the gregarious larvae at will. Several spiders will thus entirely destroy the hundred or more makers of an ugly limb-end web. Were these caterpillars let alone they would overrun and destroy all green and growing things.

All we can say against spiders is that they are ugly; to some they are hideous creatures, yet, in spite of their eight long, hairy legs and eight staring eyes, they are often beautifully marked and colored.

An example of the parlor manners of Madam Arachna can most easily be witnessed in the snaring of a fly by any common orb weaver. The strands of the web are plain silk, but the spiral web, when finally completed, is viscid and remains so for some time, though it is frequently renewed and rebuilt. The victim generally flies or leaps into the web, more rarely walks into it, and it is purely an accident, either a case of bad steering or else the sticky trap is



A COMMON ORB-WEAVING SPIDER (EPEIRA TRIVITTATA), ITS WEB AND SOME OF ITS VICTIMS

not seen until too late to dodge a tangled fate. But as nicely and stoutly constructed as the webs of spiders are they are by no means perfect for their purpose. For every insect that is securely trapped several get in and out again. A grasshopper's leap may carry it clear through the strong web and the taut strands will spring back, leaving a great gap to be quickly mended. A grasshopper or cricket will leap into the funnel-ending catch-all of Agalena and leap out again as quickly. A hornet, bent on a hurry-up errand, will hit a web so hard as to break many of the strands and its escape is then an easy matter. But if an insect hits the web at an angle and gets its many spiny feet mixed up with the sticky threads it cannot get disentangled quickly or perhaps at all and its struggles only serve to entangle it the more.

Thus, observe the struggles of insects, hopelessly ensnared until they slowly die in a deserted spider web. When she has her fill of gore Mrs. Spider retires to some fancied security to make and fill her egg cocoon, and the web out among the leaves and grass visibly and abundantly continues to perform its function.

The snares of the tangle-web spiders make the escape of insects more difficult than the orb weavers' web; there are outer strands to intercept not met with in the orb web unless the retreat is toward the nest or upper portion of stay lines. I have seen a slippery, strong, Noctuid moth free itself from one lot of threads only to have its swift wings caught and shackled by other unlooked-for cables, for they are as cables to the struggling victims. Then, before all these tangled strands could be passed the spider intercepted the retreat and encompassed the poor moth with a lot of threads that very effectually checked its further progress.

Many powerful insects would make their escape if it were not that Mrs. Arachna is on the job with all eight feet and her seemingly unending supply of thread, and no sooner is she made aware by the agitation of the web of the fly's having entered her parlor than she forces on it her attentions. Down from her perch she comes rapidly and the guest is lassoed, hemmed in, often covered and wound about until not only is escape impossible but even further violent struggles are prevented. Then the strong, sharp mandibles come into play, until the victim's squirming efforts almost or quite cease. It is then partly or wholly devoured.

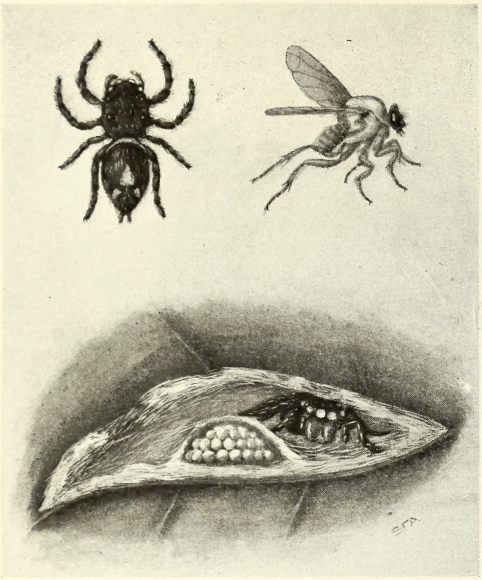
It is not uncommon to see a big grasshopper, a powerful cicada, or a dangerous hornet quickly entrapped by Argiope in the late summer fields. If the insect does not at once get free the spider may be generally depended upon to secure it. Even the digger wasps and the mud-daubers that prey on spiders, often capturing some of Argiope's young, frequently become entangled in her web. Her victims and those of other species of the Epeiridae and Theridium are always well covered or wound about with silk, as in a shroud. During this operation of wrapping the spider generally manages to remain at a safe distance from its prey, no doubt having learned that many of its victims carry stings or sharp jaws. But even with this precaution the Arachnid now and then comes to grief. I once saw a cricket that was being trussed up by an orb weaver seize in its powerful jaws a limb of its captor and, as usual when seized, the long, many-jointed leg came off from the spider's body. The spider instantly took to the tall timber, went up among the long grass where its nest hung, and would not venture out. Five hours later I found her there still and the cricket struggling in the web and nearly loose so that while I watched, the plucky black fiddler fell to the ground and crawled off, though still somewhat hobbled. And not for several days could that spider be tempted forth from its nest, even to mend its badly broken web. Ordinarily the loss of a leg should not have disconcerted the spider, for protectively they are built that way, having enough legs in the first place to make the loss of one or two quite unimportant. I have seen a big black ant, in a fight with a crab spider, bite or pull off four of its adversary's legs and still the spider fought on until bitten in half. Once I lifted a jumping spider, partly numb with cold, by the leg with a forceps and dropped it into a collecting box. The little creature deliberately turned, seized the offended leg and pulled it off. I pinched another, the spider pulled it off also, still another, all on the same side, but to this it paid no attention. I then took a leg on its left side in the forceps. The spider gave a struggle and the leg was detached from its body; then all I could do would not tempt it to lose or cast off another leg. It curled its five legs under it and tried to hide but seemed none the worse off or the least crippled. Losing a leg with a spider, therefore, is like a lizard losing its tail, a matter of necessity when escape is to



A COMMON CRAB SPIDER (MISUMENA ALEATORIA) LYING IN WAIT FOR ITS PREY ON WILD CARROT BLOSSOM AND ABOUT TO ATTACK A SULPHUR-YELLOW BUTTERFLY (COLIAS PHILODICE)

be chiefly considered. I have not ascertained whether or not the spider gets more legs in the place of those lost as the lizard does its tail and hind legs.

If once ensnared, once entangled so that escape is not possible, Madam Spider often shows her unwilling guest a bit of scientific engineering that the rigging constructions of mankind cannot surpass. I once had a half-grown sphinx moth caterpillar two inches long in a cage for the purpose of rearing it. In one corner of the cage a small spider, hardly more than an eighth of an inch long, had its web, but this I hardly noticed. Some hours later I went to examine my sphinx worm, and, to my surprise, found it hanging in the top of the cage, suspended by the spider web. The small engineer had discovered a good and easy thing in the meat line, had encompassed the worm with its tough strands so that the big, green hulk could hardly move and had then trussed it up. I watched the further operation for a time. A line was spun from one end of the worm to the ceiling of the cage and attached to this



A JUMPING SPIDER (PHIDIPPUS TRIPUNCTATUS), ITS FLY PARASITE AND SECTION OF COCOON

line near its center was another line that pulled the suspending line out of plumb and was fastened to the side of the cage. With this tremendous leverage the caterpillar was raised a fraction of an inch, one end at a time, but was kept nearly horizontal. When the space above became too full to suspending cables the spider cut them away and I think devoured them. Altogether it was much like a man, by means of ropes, hoisting a seventy-five foot iron boat full of water up under a bridge. The specific gravity of the worm is about 1.3.

The web-making spiders are admirable engineers and cunning craftsmen, but compared to those Dianas of spiderdom, the crab, jumping and ground spiders, they are as pot-hunters to true sportsmen. Attus, Misumena, and Lycosa build no snares but seek their prey through stealth and overcome it by prowess. On the flowering, honeyed heads of plants, those commonly visited by the host of honey-seekers, Misumena, the crab spider with its double pairs of long anterior legs stretched wide like the many welcoming arms of Vishnu, lies in wait for its prey, anything from butterfly to bee or beetle that it can handle, and it can handle most. But now and then along comes an avenger armed for attack and to do battle, though not very gloriously, against a much weaker party. The aggressor may be the mud wasp or the slender, long-bodied digger wasp against which the much smaller spider, though often putting up a valiant defence, has little show for victory or even escape. In the mud wasps' plastered cells out of several hundred spiders examined I have found over seventy per cent of them crab spiders and this is explained by the fact that they are very plentiful and easily found and captured. They will not often run away nor hide. There is a quick dash, the spider's four anterior arms encircle the enemy, but a dark dagger is thrust into its body and in a moment it is being carried away on wing or dragged over the ground, half dead, and as helpless as if dead, and soon, with others of its kind or kin, it becomes food for the maggot-like baby wasps.

The jumping spiders are perhaps less bold in taking their prey, but they go abroad for it and do not lie in wait. It seems strange also that they show so little dash and energy in the immediate quest and the capture. The little golden-banded fly (Syrphus) or the plant Aphides offer the small jumpers their most tempting chance. These insects are often so unwary and remain sipping their sweets or basking in the sun with such complacency that the spider may closely approach and seize them, springing upon them from the distance of an inch or a little more, but then only after fully ascertaining the identity of the victim, for there are many enemies about that will serve to give the spider the worst of a battle, the black ants, for one, or the assassin bugs of perhaps other spiders. And there are the ill-smelling kinds, the relatives of the plant bugs, the chinch bugs and the golden-eyed fly that to the somewhat discriminative taste of a spider are quite unpalatable.

The ground spiders are wide rangers



A ROBBER–FLY ATTACKING A GROUND–SPIDER

everywhere, through and over low grass and weeds and in woodland. Though they have many enemies among larger animals and the predaceous insects they do not attempt concealment and will cross and live upon barren ground and even water. They are chiefly nocturnal and are, therefore, enabled to prey easily upon many diurnal insects, though generally much smaller than themselves. The attack of a Lycosid is always wary. She sizes up the possibilities of reprisal as the jumping spider does and not until her eyes and her palpi tell her that the would-be victim is conquerable and edible does she attempt to attack it. Then she brings all her powers into play.

But as we have already hinted, this story of the spider and the fly is not altogether the one-sided affair as generally set down. Among the six-legged, insectine hosts are many assassins with the desire for blood, or rapacious robbers influenced by the maternal instinct. All these are well armed, some cap-a-pe, or rather fore and aft, as the jaws and stings of the hornets, and they are armored, too, with a coat of mail quite incapable of being punctured by the mandibulate weapons that spiders carry. One group of these redoubtable warriors is of the two-winged order, a Dipterous family of many species, the Asilidae or robber-flies, and not infrequently do these insects prey upon spiders, thus, in part, avenging their nearest of kin and reversing the usual story. Unlike the spiders, they know little caution, attacking foes and victims often exceeding themselves in size, and even preying upon bees, wasps and hornets.



THE FLY QUICKLY PROVES THE VICTOR, KILLING AND MAKING A MEAL ON THE EIGHT–LEGGED CREATURE



THE SILK WEB COCOON OF A JUMPING SPIDER WITHIN A CURVED PEAR LEAF FROM WHICH IS HATCHING, AT THE SAME TIME, THE GNAT-LIKE PARASITE FLIES AND YOUNG SPIDERS

They are never honey eaters, but frequently visit the honeyed flowers in search of honey eaters and everywhere they may go they are ever alert for the slightest movement of fat bug, spider, or grasshopper.

Watching a large, brown robber fly once, a common species known to naturalists as Proctacanthus philadelphicus—for which the poor fly is by no means deserving, whatever its crimes—I saw it hungrily and savagely dive at many tidbits, a gnat that alluded it among the intercepting stalks of the grassy jungle, a butterfly whose sweep of wing made it hard to grab, a black cricket that had a near-by chink under a stone. And then along came a big, brown spider, three-quarters of an inch of body with a spread of legs over two inches wide, the common Lycosa nidicola. I almost expected the fly would dodge this amazon as it would a lizard, toad or small snake, but no sooner

was the spider within fly vision than the winged scrapper faced about and made a dash. Whose latent barbarous senses would not have thrilled at the prospect of a battle royal between such bloodthirsty knights of the road? or we had better call them *ladies* of the road. But I was almost instantly disappointed.

With the habit of aggressive or protective battle, up went the long forelegs of the spider and the poisonous jaws were held wide. But the winged assassin came like a projectile straight into the arms of its foe, there was a short mix-up of a lot of long legs and the spider doubled up and sank lifeless on the ground; the robber's long dagger beak had pierced her fatally.

And there are other means by which the two-winged hexipods get back at their ancient enemies. Nearly all spiders lay their eggs within a silky sack and surround this with a spherical cocoon made of silk as fine as that of the cultivated worm to which man owes so much commercially. The commonest jumping spider is Phidippus tripunctatus; there are three small, white spots on its stout, little black body. Under a bit of loosened bark or within the larval boring of a wood beetle or the hollow stem of a perennial weed or within a curling leaf, having drawn by its silken strands the edges close together, this spider makes the egg cocoon, a compact, elongated, nearly impervious mass, as white as snow, and from which the bright eyes and savage-looking, emerald-green mandibles of the spider may be seen peeping out.

A certain small species of fly invites itself into this neat little domicile, less a parlor than a nursery, though by what means of stealth it enters past the watchful eyes of the spider is difficult to imagine. But get in it does and for the sole purpose, too, of victimizing the spider's offspring — her eggs. This fly that dares bring tragedy into the domestic affairs of such a terror to its kind is a small, gnat-like, yellow-bodied creature hardly a tenth of an inch long, with abnormally large legs and a small, black head. Its valor is due entirely to the wonderful maternal instinct, the greatest influence in all nature for the development of complex characteristics. Acrocera is the generic name of these flies, of which there are many species, presumably with like or similar habits. The female of the one under our observation makes its way into the webby cocoon and lays its eggs on the egg mass of the spider. The fly's eggs hatch within a few days, probably (such is common with all Diptera), or at least long before the spider's eggs hatch, and the tiny larvae at once begin to feed on the large repast before them. Having completed their growth each larva, fly-like, transforms to its small, brown puparium and in a few lays thereafter, if the weather is warm or, if cold, in the first warm days of the following spring, each little fly emerges and seeks other spider cocoons.

In the writer's collection a Phidippus egg mass and cocoon mounted on a card with the flies that emerge from it and were captured, together with the puparia that were not permitted to hatch, shows a total of twenty-two fly parasites. As this is about half the number of eggs that these spiders usually deposit in a mass it is fair to say that each small fly larva had two eggs on which to feed and grow to maturity. But as each spider egg is a little larger than the fly larva itself the latter should have been able to get along very nicely.

But the story does not end here; there are further reprisals. Some of these spider eggs were found to be not eaten nor injured in any way and furthermore they were about ready to hatch when the poison bottle checked their infant career. Had they hatched about the time that some of the flies were emerging from their puparia the baby spiders, always instantly awake to the importance of capturing a meal, would have found a lot of small flies still inactive and soft of body, blundering about the web and at their mercy. It behooves the mother fly then, in the perpetuation of her species, not

only to dodge Mother Spider when she enters the cocoon but to lay eggs enough so that all the spider eggs may be devoured.

And these are by no means all the dangers to which the tender though in part protected eggs of spiders are subjected. Other insects, of the Hymenoptera and the family Proctotrypidae, such tiny things that a magnifying lens can alone discern their characteristics, also breed in the eggs of spiders. The males possess wings, but the females have none. So little is known, however, concerning their habits that the advantage of being wingless has not become apparent to the student. There are also certain parasites that deposit their eggs on the back of adult spiders and the larval parasites cling thereto and suck the blood of the spiders. These insects are of the true parasitic Hymenopterous family, Ichneumonidae.

When all is learned in detail concerning the correlative habits of spiders and flies a small book will hardly contain the natural history thereof.

WILD ANNIE'S DOWN BY THE SIDE OF THE SEA

By ETHEL SYFORD

Why's the moon a shinin' to-night sa bright?
He's gone, I tell ye, ye glimmer o' light!
Since a twelvemonth ago, on a dead-black night,
An' the ghosts a howlin' an' shakin' their teeth
O'er there down back o' the rocks,—
An' a screamin' gale a beatin' the waves
An' him a goin' down;
Yea, a twelvemonth ago,—
An' a Hellish night
An' the bed o' the sea
All sa slimy and cold!
They buried my gran'dam down there i' the valley,
An' ma mother's lyin' o'er there i' the sod,
But him,—it's that wave with its white foam
A mockin' in laughter
That's beatin' o'er him that's all that I had.

Yes, they're standin' up there a laughin' an' pointin'
An' sayin'
"Wild Annie's a wringin' her hands again!
Wild Annie's wringin' her hands
Down side o' the sea!"
An' I saw 'em lay Drunken Jim up there ta the North,
Wi' the sun shinin' on him all the day,
An' the flowers are a bloomin'
O'er them i' the churchyard,
An' the birds are a singin' down i' the valley,—
But's a twelvemonth ago,
An' a Black Devil's Night,—
An' the waves a beatin'
An' lashin' him down,—
Yea, 'tis a twelvemonth ago—
On yester night!
An' the bed o' the sea's sa wet an' cold,—
The bed o' the sea's sa cold, sa cold!

Colonel Whalley's Gift

A Story of the Regicides, Whalley and Goffe

By Edward Morrison

Simon, Lydia, and Benjamin sat before a great fireplace that filled one-half the side of the room and sent forth a glow from the blazing logs, heaped high within, that reddened the faces of the children. The three had been eating chestnuts, as was evident from the pewter dish on one side of the hearth, containing a few of the nuts, and from the shells scattered about in front of the fire. But now all had eaten enough, and were silently watching the flames that darted tumultuously up the chimney, and the mass of rose-colored coals that wavered in brightness as the wind swept through the chimney.

Presently little Benjamin, the youngest of the children, rose and went over to where his mother, a delicate-featured, prim little woman, sat reading her Bible by the light of a tall candle set in a silver candlestick.

"Please, mother," said Benjamin, pulling gently at the black gown worn by Madam Eyres, "please tell us a story."

"What kind of a story?" answered Madam Eyres, smiling at her little son, and laying her hand gently upon his fair hair.

"Oh, a good one!" cried Benjamin, his eyes kindling. "Something about bears, or wolves, or Indians, or something else with fighting in it!"

"Alas, my child," replied Madam Eyres, "there is little of good in fighting, except it be for conscience' sake. Too much of fighting have our poor settlers here in New Haven and in the other colonies had in their struggles to subdue the wilderness. Future generations will never know how hard a task it was to lay the foundations for their happiness. But there is fighting of a glorious kind, such as some of our settlers knew in the struggle for liberty in England, when King Charles the First was overthrown. I think now of two brave men who took part in that struggle, whom I saw when I was a little girl. If you all wish, I will tell you about them and about how I had from one of them the silver medal which you have sometimes seen me show to visitors."

"Oh, mother!" cried Lydia, jumping from her seat before the fire, "tell us about the medal, do! You have often promised to tell us about it."

Simon, the eldest of the children, joined in Lydia's request, and after the three had seated themselves close beside her, Madam Eyres smoothed her white starched bands and began.

"You must know," she said, looking into the fire as if seeing in the crumbling ruins of the great logs visions of the scenes she was about to recall, "that when King Charles the Second came to the throne, after the failure of poor Richard Cromwell to govern in his great father's stead, there were evil days in England for the judges who had sent Charles the First to the block. Though the second Charles solemnly promised as one of the conditions of his being restored to the throne that the righteous judges should suffer no harm, yet he was no sooner seated on the throne than he set out to persecute them to the death. Ah, these Stuarts! England hath suffered much from them, and even now one of them seeks

the throne from which his race was banished because of its iniquities."

"He seeks it vainly, mother," said Simon softly. "The Pretender can never overthrow the good William and Mary."

"Nay, I trust not, while God watches over England," replied his mother spiritedly, and then she resumed.

"Some of the judges were captured and executed, and some fled to the continent of Europe. Two at least"—here Madam Eyres lowered her voice instinctively and glanced toward the window—"came to America. Some say a third, if not two others, came, but with that my story has nothing to do. The two who certainly came were Edward Whalley and William Goffe. Both had been distinguished officers in the army of the Parliament, and they were called in the colonies 'the two colonels.' Colonel Whalley was a cousin of the great Cromwell, and Colonel Goffe was Colonel Whalley's son-in-law.

"The two colonels landed in Boston in the spring of 1660. They were hospitably received and lived in Boston nearly a year without being molested. But in the spring of 1661 word came across the water that they should be arrested at once and sent home for trial.

"Then, in fear of their lives—as well they might be, for to be sent to England meant certain death—the two colonels fled by night to our colony of New Haven, and found shelter, secretly, of course, in the house of our first minister, the Reverend Mr. Davenport. Their destination was guessed by two royal pursuivants, or officers of the King, who followed them hotly. Knowing it would be of little use to seek the colonels without the aid of our colony's leaders, they sought Governor Leete, who lived at Guilford, before coming to New Haven.

"It was late on a Saturday afternoon when the pursuivants reached the governor's house. They found him in council with several of the chief men of the colony and sought to speak with him privately. But the governor was a quick-witted man, and he no sooner learned the errand of the pursuivants than he determined to save the colonels. So he snatched the royal warrant from the hand of one of the pursuivants and read it aloud. Then, when the pursuivants begged further for secrecy, he led them into another room and kept them there in consultation a long time, thus giving time for the company to disperse and carry the news to New Haven."

"And an Indian was sent to warn the colonels, was he not, mother?" asked Simon, as Madam Eyres stopped a moment to snuff the candle. "I have heard something of the story from Goodman Sperry, who dwells on the farther side of Providence Hill, and who was a boy at the minister's house when the Indian arrived."

"Aye, an Indian, 'tis said," replied his mother, as she put down the snuffers. "He was a friendly Indian, sent by a neighbor of the governor. But Governor Leete delayed the pursuivants with one excuse or another until after sundown, when he told them that, as the Sabbath had begun, he could lawfully do no business until Monday. The pursuivants fretted and fumed, you may be sure, but Governor Leete was a pious man, as well as a keen one, and he would on no account break the Sabbath. So the pursuivants waited until Monday at Guilford.

"As soon as the Indian arrived at the Reverend Mr. Davenport's house the two colonels left that shelter and are said to have stayed over night in Mr. Jones' mill, on the creek leading out of Beaver Pond. Early in the morning they made their way to the house of Goodman Sperry—the father of the one you know, Simon—and there they stayed over Sunday. On Monday morning they were led by some friends into the wilderness, where they made a lodge which they called Hatchet Harbor, because the Lord had providentially caused some one to drop there a hatchet which they found and used.

"On this same Monday morning, while the colonels were walking hastily through the woods, the two pursui-

vants were loudly demanding that they be found and delivered to them, at a meeting of the magistrates of the colony convened in New Haven. But the magistrates had no more wish to compass the death of two righteous men than had Governor Leete, so they delayed and delayed in the matter until about noon. Then they said they could do nothing about searching for the fugitives until a meeting of the freemen of the colony had been called. At this the officers were exasperated, and one of them cried out:

" 'Answer us—will you or will you not obey the command of the King?'

"Then there was silence in the meeting for a moment, for the magistrates well knew that to refuse to obey a royal command would bring heavy punishment upon themselves and upon the colony. Finally one of the oldest of the magistrates answered softly:

" 'We do honor the King, indeed, sirs, but we have tender consciences.'

"Thereupon the pursuivants, seeing that nothing was to be gained by parley with such men, left the meeting. They are said to have gone to New York, or New Amsterdam, as it was then called. When the colonels heard that their pursuers had left they came out of the wilderness and lived most of the time in a cave on the top of Providence Hill,* the great cliff west of the settlement. From the top of the hill they could see the country for miles around—"

"I have been up on the top of the hill, mother," interrupted Simon. "It is so high that it makes you dizzy to look down, and on a clear day you can see away to Long Island, across the Sound. I have even seen the cave where the colonels lived—Goodman Sperry showed it to me, and told me that as a boy he used to carry food to the colonels, though he did not know it was for them. His father gave him a basketful of food every morning, and he used to set it on a stump near the top. When he went back at night the food was gone and he wondered very much who ate it. But whenever he asked his father about it his father would say, 'Oh, there is some one working there,' and it was not until years afterwards that Goodman Sperry knew about the colonels. He used often to resolve to watch for whoever took the food, but could never get courage to do so."

"Yes, my son"—Madam Eyres forgave the interruption because of Simon's enthusiasm—" 'twas no doubt a great mystery to the boy. But after a while the colonels became tired of living in the cave and they used to come into the settlement even in the daytime, visiting different families. It was then I saw them, for they came to the house where I, a little girl eight years old, lived in the care of my Grandmother Allerton, my father having gone to sea—just as your father, dears, went to sea."

Here Madam Eyres' voice trembled, and tears came into her eyes, for she knew, though the children did not, that their father would nevermore come back from the sea. The children thought her emotion due to some pathetic feature of the story, and Lydia said sympathetically:

"Poor colonels—they were always afraid, weren't they?"

"Always afraid, indeed, dear," answered her mother, gently. "Tall and stately men they were both, and they wore clothes of finer material than those of our plain colonial worthies, and cut in different fashion. Colonel Whalley made friends with me at his first visit, taking me on his knee and telling me stories about the pleasant home he had left in England, and about his little one, near my own age. He was a brave man, though fiery, 'tis said, and he was apt to do in rashness things that he later repented of doing. Colonel Goffe was of a graver, sterner sort. I never got over my first awe in his presence; he seemed always musing on some great problem. Indeed, he was so serious that many looked to him to take Cromwell's place, when the great Protector died.

"Of these things, of course, I knew nothing at the time; I knew only that I liked Colonel Whalley very much, and

thought Colonel Goffe very stately and reserved. Colonel Whalley even told me about how he had guarded King Charles the First at Hampton Court, and said it was not at all true, as his enemies had reported, that he had allowed the King to be mistreated. As he said these things, Colonel Whalley's eyes seemed to flash fire, and I was very glad I was not one of the royalists, for he seemed a man who would be terrible against a foe.

"At last, one Saturday night, the colonels came to our house to stay over Sunday, and on the Sabbath many people came to see and talk with them. To all their visitors the colonels said they intended to deliver themselves up to the King's officers, for they were tired of hiding, and word had come that a royal proclamation threatened death to any one who should shelter them. Our staunch men of New Haven, however, advised them not to do so, promising to defend them with their lives, if need be wherat the colonels were moved even to tears, though they still talked of giving themselves up.

"Early the next day they went to a meeting of the magistrates with the full intent, they said, of offering themselves to be sent to Boston and delivered into the hands of the King's officers. But the stoutest resolutions sometimes falter under sudden fear, and 'twas even so in this case, for as the matter was being discussed very earnestly in the meeting, who should walk into the room but the two pursuivants, returned from New Amsterdam! At sight of them the first thought of the colonels was to save themselves, and before the pursuivants knew they were there they slipped into the crowd and disappeared from the room.

"Angry, indeed, were the pursuivants when they found how near they had come to their prey without seizing it, and they started straightway in pursuit. Some treacherous breath whispered that the colonels had been at our house over Sunday, and probably would return thither, and the pursuivants came almost immediately to the house.

"I was sitting beside the open door that June morning, at work on my first sampler and thinking how good it was to be alive on so beautiful a day, when the two colonels rushed past me, so white that they reminded me of the pale horse whereon was seated the Angel of Death.

"'We are pursued, Mistress Allerton,' cried Colonel Whalley to my grandmother, 'and are dead men if they find us! Save us!'

"Now, Grandmother Allerton was a most conscientious woman, and the thought came to her at once that if she were to save the colonels it must be in a way that would allow her to answer truly about them when questioned. And after thinking a moment, she said:

"'Go out of the house at once, both of you, and tell me not where you go. But return soon, and I will hide you!'

"The colonels no doubt guessed something of her intent, for without saying more they went out of the house. As they passed me, Colonel Whalley bent over and whispered:

"'Little maid, remember, if thou art asked, I tell thee we are going to Mr. Jones' house—as indeed we may,' I heard him mutter to himself as he straightened his tall form and hurried after Colonel Goffe, 'when we have thrown these rascally bloodhounds off the scent.'

"Grandmother, who was taking down a number of pots and pans that hung on the wall at the far side of the room, did not see Colonel Whalley stop to speak to me, nor did she hear him. After the colonels had disappeared without the door, she turned and said to me, in her usual clear, calm voice:

"'Elizabeth, if the royal officers question you, as doubtless they will, remember two things—you are not to betray the colonels, and you are not to tell a lie. I shall probably be asked first about them; observe closely the manner of my answer and frame yours accordingly.'

"As she spoke she took down the last of the things on the wall and opened the door of the secret closet

which my Grandfather Allerton, who came over in the Mayflower, had built. For what purpose the closet was placed in the wall I know not—perhaps for some such one as this to which it was now to be put, that of hiding men in danger. It was a curious affair, big enough to hold three or four men, so cunningly contrived within the wall and so skilfully concealed by the mass of braizery and fine kitchen ware that hung on the outside that no one would dream there was a closet there. Once before I had seen it open, coming on it so by chance, but then my grandmother had closed it quickly and had told me never to tell anybody about it.

"Grandmother had no sooner opened the door of the secret closet than in rushed the colonels, saying their pursuers were already in sight. Without saying a word, grandmother pointed to the open closet, into which the colonels hastened. Then she shut the door and replaced all the pots and pans on the outside, after which she went about her work as if nothing had happened, humming the seventy-first Psalm—for encouragement to the imprisoned colonels, no doubt.

"It seemed an age, though it probably was not more than two or three minutes until the two officers came up to the house, furiously riding. As they jumped from their horses and strode to the door I watched them in fear and admiration. Monstrous fine, I thought in my vain and sinful fancy, were their scarlet coats, the curling plumes on their hats, and their swords dangling at their sides, and as I watched them I was sorry that I was not a boy so that I could grow up to be a man and wear such trappings. My heart beat fast, but I recovered my wits when the foremost pursuivant, a handsome young man, brushed hastily past me and advanced to the middle of the room, while his comrade, of darker and more forbidding aspect, stood at the door.

"'Madam,' said the foremost officer, saluting my grandmother respectfully, though hastily, 'we have little time for words. We seek two traitors to the King, and are informed they are sheltered in your house. If you know aught of the whereabouts of Edward Whalley and William Goffe, we command you, in the King's name, to tell us. Here is our warrant.'

"He drew from his coat a paper with a broad seal blazoned upon it and held it up for my grandmother's inspection. Without looking at the warrant she answered calmly:

"'You enter unceremoniously, sirs, and address me in a manner to which I am little accustomed. Nevertheless, as you come in the King's name, I shall answer you truly. The men you seek have indeed been here, but they went away a few minutes ago, saying nothing about whence they were going.

"The officer within the room snapped his fingers angrily. 'Tis ever thus, Kellond,' he said, turning to his comrade. 'We seem fated to be just too late for these fellows.'

"'Aye, Kirk, or to be eternally deceived by these psalm-droning Puritans,' answered the man at the door, scowling and speaking sullenly. 'I would not trust one of them where a snivelly hymn book was concerned, let alone the life of a regicide.'

"Grandmother colored at this, and I thought some hot retort was on her lips, but she only answered quietly:

"'If you doubt my word, sirs, search the house, I pray you. Nay, come, I will lead you.'

"So saying, she started through the house, followed by the pursuivant called Kirk, while Kellond remained at the door, taking little notice of me, while I worked on my sampler and thought fearfully of what would happen if they should find the colonels. Finally grandmother and Kirk returned, after having searched the whole house. I learned afterward that grandmother said not a word of protest, even when the pursuivant poked his sword through the gowns in her best closet, which showed her wonderful control over her temper. Kirk even looked up each of the ten big chimneys of the house, and became so covered with soot that he looked more like a blacka-

moor than a white man when he returned.

"'Well, Kirk, it had been cleaner and speedier to have taken the dame at her word, eh?' remarked Kellond, laughing gruffly.

"'I know not,' answered the other in a vexed tone—'it may be there is some secret hiding place,' and he began tapping with the hilt of his sword upon the wall beside him, not far away from the closet in which the colonels were concealed.

"I suppose my face must have shown something of my fear at this turn, for Kellond's eyes happened to light on me, and with a bound he was by my side, seizing my arm so tightly that I shrank from him, as much for pain as for fear.

"'Here!' he cried. 'We've forgotten that children and fools always speak the truth. Child, you know something about these men—where are they?'

"Just as I swallowed the big lump that rose in my throat, and was about to answer, Kirk came to my rescue.

"'For shame, Kellond!' he said. 'Treat the little one kindly.' He pushed by his rough comrade and pulled his hand from my arm. 'Little Mistress Prim,' he said to me, looking kindly into my eyes, 'tell us what you know about these men. They are traitors, and you are a loyal little girl, I am sure.'

"'My name is not Mistress Prim, but Elizabeth Allerton,' I answered. 'And grandmother has said truly—the colonels were here, but went away again.'

"'And know you not where they are now?' continued Kirk, smiling.

"Like a flash what Colonel Whalley said to me came into my mind, and I knew why he had said it. 'Colonel Whalley said as he went out—' I began, when grandmother interrupted me.

"'Elizabeth,' she said sternly, 'do you know what you are saying?'

"'Ha!' cried Kellond, 'she does know something—I thought we had been deceived! Speak! What did he say?'

"He seized my arm again and shook me, though lightly. I was about to answer, when grandmother spoke onc more:

"'I grieve to say the child speak falsehood,' she said in her cold, clea voice. 'The colonels said nothin about whence they were going.'

"'Let her answer for herself,' re turned Kellond sharply. 'Come, chil we cannot wait—what did Colon Whalley say?'

"'He said,' I answered falteringly 'he said they were going to Mr. Jone house.'

"'To Mr. Jones' house!' cried Ke lond, releasing my arm and springin for the door. 'Come, Kirk, not moment to lose! The fellow sheltere them before—I know his house.'

"He sprang on his horse as he spok and Kirk followed him swiftly, so tha they were out of sight before I coul turn my eyes to my grandmother. Sh looked at me with a sternness in he gaze that made me shiver.

"'Elizabeth Allerton,' she sai speaking very slowly as was her wor when she was very angry, and takin down the birch rod that hung besid the fireplace, 'you have perchanc saved the colonels. But to do so yo have disobeyed me and have bee guilty of one of the blackest of sin You have told a lie, for which your im mortal soul will one day be severel punished, even as your mortal body i now to suffer.'

"She had lifted the rod to strike, an I cowered beneath it, for grandmothe was one to be dreaded in wrath. Bu before the blow fell, a voice from th secret closet cried out:

"'Harm her not, Mistress Allerto she hath but spoken truth. But let u out quickly, for we are nearly smoth ered.'

"Then in amazement, but still caln grandmother hastened to undo the fa tenings of the secret door. And n sooner were the imprisoned men re leased than Colonel Whalley came ov beside me and kissed me.

"'Little maid,' he said, very grave and tenderly, taking both my hands i his, 'thou hast indeed saved our live I did indeed tell her we were going

Mr. Jones' house,' he continued, addressing grandmother, 'and I did it for a purpose, as has been well shown. I trust we may go there again, when these curs of the false young King are out of the way.

"'We must go, indeed,' he added, straightening himself hastily. 'Here little Elizabeth'—he held out to me something that glistened in the sunlight—'take this, in memory of to-day. 'Tis a medal that I had from the Lord Protector himself, and so of priceless value, though worth but little as metal. Keep it until you are old and gray, like me, and when you look upon it think of the two wanderers saved from death by you, through the Providence of God.'

"His voice faltered as he finished, and his eyes were full of tears when he stooped and kissed me once more. Then Colonel Goffe kissed me, too, the first and only time.

"'All that Colonel Whalley hath said I feel, too,' said Colonel Goffe, in his deep voice, 'and if God in his mercy shall ever restore us to fortune again, Elizabeth Allerton shall command me for whatever services I can give.'

"Then, with a hurried farewell to my grandmother, the two colonels departed, taking the Neck road leading to Hartford."

Madam Eyres' eyes again sought the fire, and the children were so impressed by her silence that their gaze sought the same direction. The great logs had crumbled into ruins now, and there were only glowing coals in place of bright flames. Whistling shrilly, the wind seemed to mourn for the death of the fire, and the children instinctively drew closer together.

"Did you ever see the colonels again?" asked Simon, at last.

"Never again," replied his mother, in a low voice, still gazing into the fireplace. There is a wonderful story about how Colonel Goffe appeared at Hadley, in Massachusetts, and saved the settlers there from defeat by the Indians, about which I may one day tell you. But, mercy on us, children," she exclaimed, peering at the big clock that solemnly ticked in the corner of the room, "'tis nearly ten o'clock, and nine is your bedtime!"

Lydia jumped up. "Mother," she cried, "may I not get the medal before we go?"

Her mother nodded and Lydia went across the room to a cabinet, returning soon with an oval wooden case. Opening it, she took out the silver medal and held it up to the flickering light of the candle. On one side was a profile of Cromwell, with the inscription:

WORD AT SEPTEM.
THE LORD OF HOSTS
DUNBAR 1650.

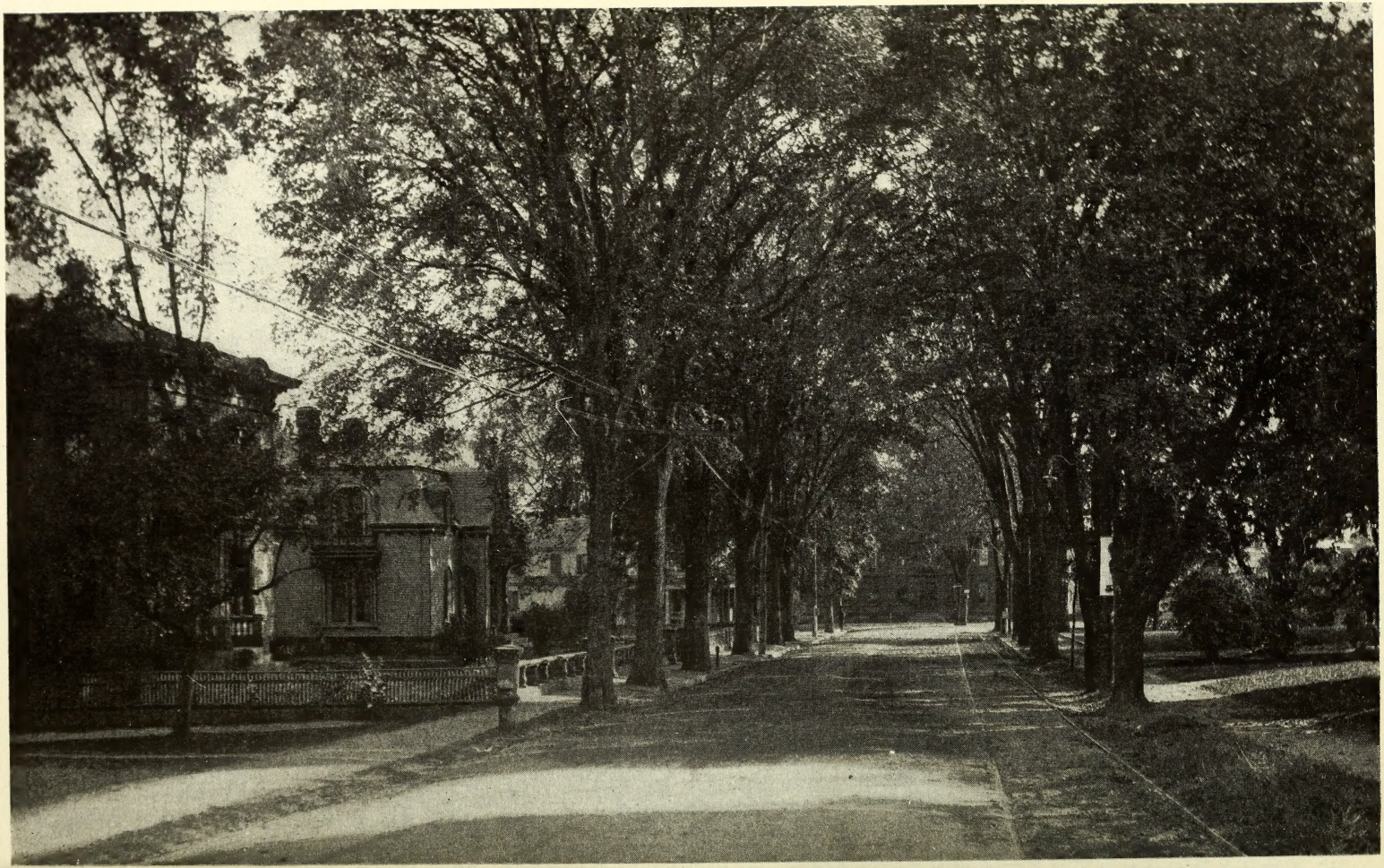
On the reverse side of the medal was a representation of the House of Commons, in assembly. This medal, though neither Madam Eyres nor the children knew it, was one of the best works of the renowned medallist, Thomas Simon. History seemed very near and very real to the children as their fingers touched the medal, because of what Madam Eyres had related.

"Mother," said Simon, gazing on the effigy of the Protector, "do you think Cromwell was a tyrant and a self-seeker, as some say?"

Madam Eyres' eyes kindled. "Nay, my son," she answered with animation. "The world has not yet begun to know what Oliver Cromwell was and did. Usurper and tyrant they call him—but was ever power used more wisely or more justly than he used it? He gained and held the power of a king, but he sought not place or power for selfish ends. Since the days of Alfred the Great there has been no such man in England!"

"But, mother," began Lydia, touching lightly the hair of little Benjamin, who had fallen fast asleep during Madam Eyres' narration, "do you think your grandmother was quite honest when she told the pursuivants—"

"Good gracious!" cried Madam Eyres, suddenly starting to her feet, "'tis half past ten o'clock! Not another word from one of you—get to bed!"





THE STORY OF ROCKLAND

By CHAS. M. ROCKWOOD

Photographs by B. O. Estes

THE Rockland of which we are writing is a Massachusetts town situated half way between Boston and Plymouth—that is, about twenty miles from each city—on the Hanover branch of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad.

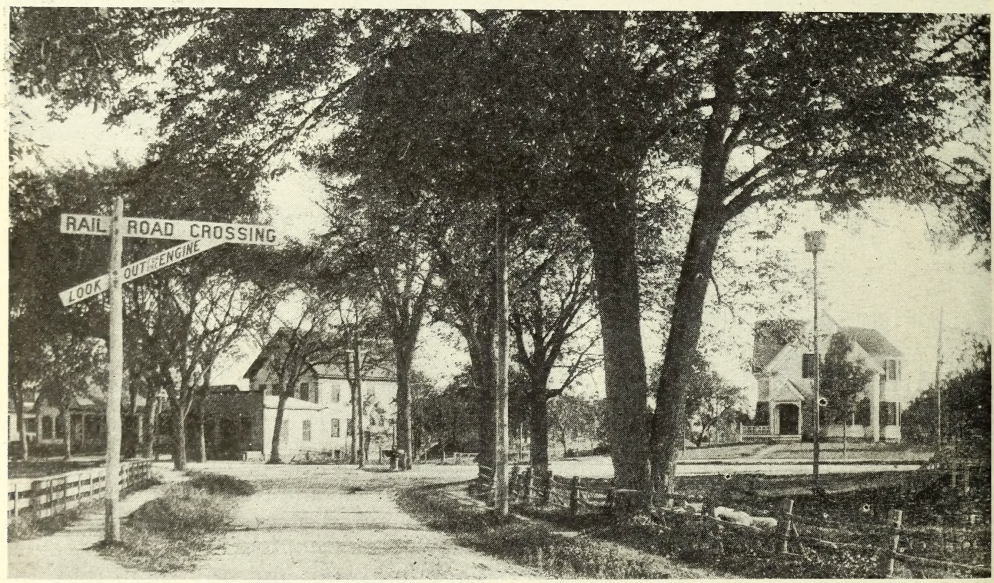
It is a rapidly growing community with a present population of about seven thousand persons whose principal support is the great shoe factories located there, an industry in which Rockland excels. Although under its present name it has no place in early New England history, as a portion of the ancient town of Abington its story goes back to the colonial era.

The territory now known as Rockland is that part of the old Plymouth Bay Colony known as the Hatherly grant. It was King Phillip's ground (its Indian designation was Mannamooskeagan, or Many Beavers) and throughout the seventeenth century remained unbroken wilderness, a part of the dark forest into whose terrifying shadows the matrons of Plymouth gazed with unutterable dread. The district was not even on the way from anywhere to anywhere in Colonial geography nor did any important Indian trails lead to or through it. And it was the timber value of its vast forests of oak and pine, rather than the fertility of its soil, that finally led to its settlement—that and the existence of a usable water-power, so that from the beginning it was more of a manufacturing than of an agricultural community. Still there are some very good farms in the neighborhood, and the Bay State Nursery Company have selected the district for their plantations which are among the finest as well as most extensive in the country.

The heart of the town is the highest point in Plymouth County. It is a gradual and sightly eminence now oc-

cupied by some very creditable public buildings and attractive residences. A view from any upper window at this vantage point shows the surrounding country to be well wooded with second growth timber and very well provided with ponds, no less than five of which, natural or artificial, lie within the borders of the town. The spires and roofs of five villages may be seen on the horizon and the highways are wide, level and well kept. Rockland has a highway commissioner who is "making good."

It would be difficult to find a more typical New England community than Rockland of to-day. Its most notable expression historically was in the great abolitionist meetings at Island Grove, which is on the borders of Rockland. In that lovely spot, which is well worth a special pilgrimage to see, Wendell Phillips used to draw vast congregations (as many as twenty thousand, it is said) to listen to his eloquent anti-slavery arguments. Although conservative old Abington Center did not take kindly to these demonstrations and rather looked upon them as a disgrace to the community, the East Abington or Rockland district gave them hearty sup-



THE BUSINESS CENTRE OF ROCKLAND SIXTY YEARS AGO

Rockland. Its elms are of the finest and its town meeting is the real thing. The population is prevailingly American, either of the old Yankee type or of the Irish-American type, that gives us some of the best blood of the New England of to-day. The older families are descended from the original proprietors who were mostly Hingham, Weymouth, and Scituate people.

That entire district, as close readers of New England history know, has had from very early times a very marked strain of radicalism. And this spirit is quite pronounced in the port. It is strange how each succeeding generation crowns with laurels the "disgraceful" radicalism of its predecessors while it still exalts its own conservatism and heaps obloquy upon its own radicals.

It is not surprising with this powerful awakening of the great anti-slavery meetings at its very door that Rockland should have been intensely loyal to the Union cause in the Civil War. No town of its population in Massachusetts sent a larger quota of men to the front. The factories were depleted. Manufacturing was at a

standstill, proprietors as well as mechanics joining the ranks.

This fact makes it exceedingly fitting that the town public library, a new and beautiful building, should be inscribed as a memorial to the soldiers and sailors of the great struggle for the Union. While a generous gift from Mr. Carnegie hastened the erection of this excellent building, the town at its own expense bore a very considerable portion of the burden, making it a true memorial of the town to those who served in a cause to which it was so deeply and earnestly committed.



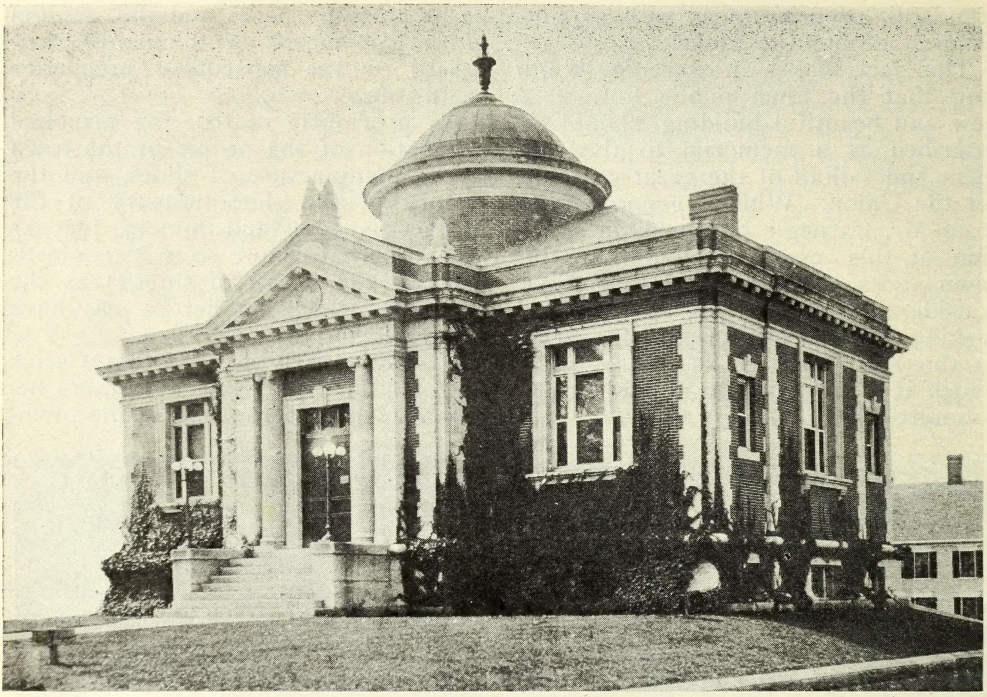
THE BUSINESS CENTRE OF ROCKLAND TODAY

It was not until 1874 that Rockland became a separate town. Although the incident which led to the separation seems somewhat trivial, having to do with the amount expended in the erection of a school building, it was an incident only and served to bring to a definite head a movement that was practically bound to come. Rockland was quite a separate community and one with a very strong spirit of local self-government. The participation of other parts of the town in its affairs and its participation in theirs was almost certain to be at cross purposes and the wisdom of the movement is abundantly witnessed by the subsequent prosperity of the new town.

As previously stated, the principal occupation of the people of the town is the manufacture of shoes, and the history of the shoe industry of the district is Rockland history just as much (perhaps more so in a true estimate of the worth of things) as the battles in which her heroes may have played their part.

It was as early as 1800 that Darius J. Cobb, Thomas Hunt and others began to manufacture shoes in the township of Abington. In 1826 Asaph Dunbar organized the industry on a larger scale and his boots and shoes were of the very highest quality according to the standards of the time. The industry seems to have flourished and to have been particularly inviting to the more enterprising citizens of the place, for up to the year 1860 it appears that there were eighty-two firms engaged in the manufacture of shoes within the borders of the town.

It is interesting to note that Rockland manufacturers were the first in New England to market shoes in the



MEMORIAL LIBRARY

Southern States, while Abner Curtis, one of the older manufacturers of Rockland, introduced American-made shoes into the Hub, building up a very profitable trade. Rockland manufacturers lost heavily during the Civil War, their goods being confiscated in the South in immense quantities.

Since the close of the war the industry has undergone very rapid and at the same time substantial development. The output for the coming year, it is estimated, will exceed $7,000,000. Shoes of the low and cheap qualities have never been manufactured in Rockland and, as a consequence, her mechanics are among the best trained in the world. They are proud of the output of their own factories and are loyal to them. So that while they are much in demand elsewhere because of the wide reputation of their skill in the trade, it is not an easy matter to induce a Rockland man to leave his native city. It is said with good authority back of the statement that there is a larger number of expert shoemakers within the radius of five miles of Rockland than anywhere else in the world. The McKay sewing machine, which revolutionized the shoe industry, was a very crude affair until one of Rockland's skilled mechanics devised the very improvement that was needed to make it a practical success. It was Rockland ingenuity also that perfected the channeling machine, scouring machine, skiving machine, and stitching machine for welted work, and, in fact, almost all the latest improvements in shoe machinery have emanated from this center of skilled labor and manufacturing enterprise. A very important Rockland invention in the way of shoe machinery, or of that used in the manufacture of subsidiary articles, was the tack cutting machine which reduced the cost of tacks over fifty per cent. This machine was invented by Jesse Reed in 1815. The patterns were surreptitiously taken to England, where the manufacture of machine-made tacks was rushed and

the American market swamped with the new goods, until Congress stepped in with a tariff regulation and secured to the inventor the fruits of his ingenuity and labor.

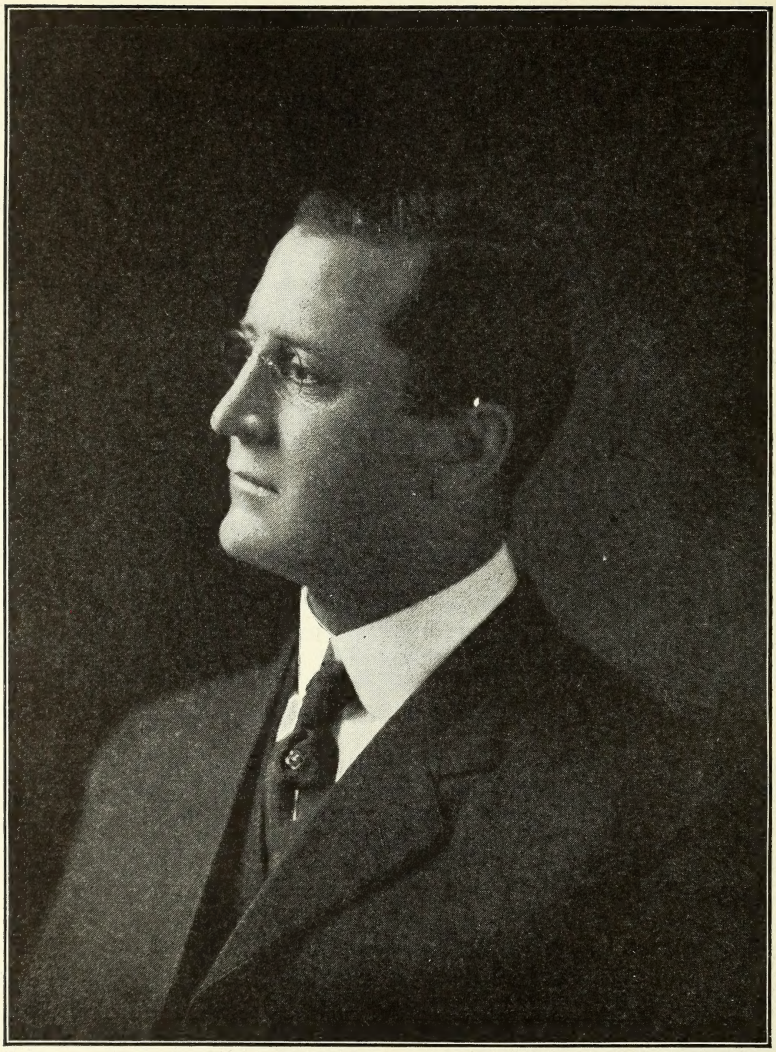
That this story of the supremacy of Rockland in the manufacture of high-grade shoes is not merely the expression of local pride, but is founded on sober fact may be seen by a glance at the well-known firms located there, firms whose trade-marks are synonyms for all that is best in shoes.

One of the most interesting and thoroughly local of the Rockland shoe factories is that of the Hurley Shoe Company. Their present attractive and thoroughly modern plant is located on the very spot where the two brothers learned the trade. The firm was founded by John J. Hurley and William M. Hurley in Brockton in 1893. It was amply accommodated in a room eight by twelve feet, located at twelve Foundry Street. In 1900 they purchased the fine property in Rockland which they now occupy and where they manufuacture several well-known patterns of high-grade shoes. The Hurley factory is the only one in Rockland where women's shoes are manufactured. The daily capacity is about 1600 pairs.

Similar in some respects and equally typically American is the story of the development of the firm of E. T. Wright and Company. Twelve by twelve, instead of eight by twelve, was the size of their original factory. It was in 1875 and with the assistance of his wife and father that Mr. Wright began business in this humble way. The story of growth is the old, old one of thrift, foresight, and integrity that underwrites the story of American prosperity. The Wright factory is one in which enlargement is a continuous feature. The sound of the builder's hammer always mingles with that of the flying machinery on the premises of the Wright Company. The daily capacity is now about 2200 pairs—it may be a good many more before we can get this statement in



NEW HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING



A. W. Donovan, president of the Rockland Commercial Club

type. The product is strictly high grade.

A very important factor in the development of this firm is the enterprise, public spirit and business ability of Mr. A. W. Donovan, president of the company. Mr. Donovan is one of the most widely known men in the trade, winning his way by his large, cheerful optimism as well as by his tireless industry. Of Mr. Donovan's public service in Rockland we will have occasion to speak again.

No standard make of shoes is better known than those produced by the Rice and Hutchins seven great factories, one of the most important of which is located at Rockland. Each of the Rice and Hutchins factories is given over to the manufacture of one kind or grade of shoe. That at Rockland manufactures the well-known "All America" shoe. The Rockland factory is managed by Mr. Charles Hutchins, a shoemaker of the highest qualifications. The goods produced

are sold in almost every corner of the globe as well as throughout the United States.

The Rice and Hutchins firm began the manufacture of shoes in a small way in 1865, and their growth has been steady and consistent and effected without recourse to combination with other manufacturers. They are now among the largest producers in the United States.

Still another name known the country over is of one of Rockland's factories. The Emerson Shoe moved from Brockton to Rockland drawn by the many advantages of the situation. The company operates thirty retail shoe stores where men's shoes are sold and eleven that handle women's shoes. All shoes manufactured are of the very highest grade. Their Rockland plant is now undergoing extensive enlargement that will increase its capacity to meet the imperative demands of a rapidly extending recognition of merit.

Mr. J. Frank Hill is vice-president, Mr. Charles O. Emerson treasurer, and Mr. Daniel S. Howard, Jr., secretary of the corporation, which was established by the veteran of the trade, Captain R. B. Grover.

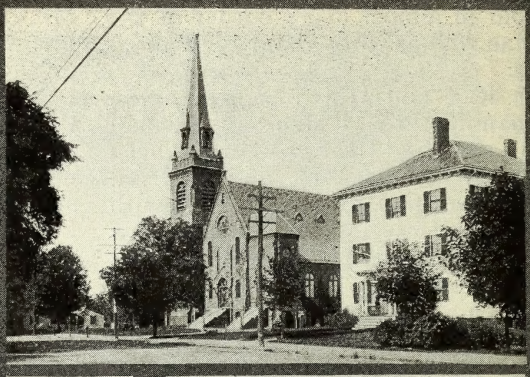
These and other names that we have mentioned in this connection are sufficient to indicate to any one at all familiar with shoe manufacturing in New England that the story we are telling lies close to the heart of the history of the industry in America.

The J. E. French Company, of which Mr. Joseph E. French is the head, is still another strong and successful Rockland shoe manufacturing interest. Mr. French is a native of Rockland and is prominently identified with local interests. He is a typical Rockland man—experienced to the point of expertness in his chosen work, successful, constructive, public-spirited, and loyal to his town. His factory has never experienced a labor difficulty—or indeed any other reverse—in its long history of nearly half a century. Failure is not a word much



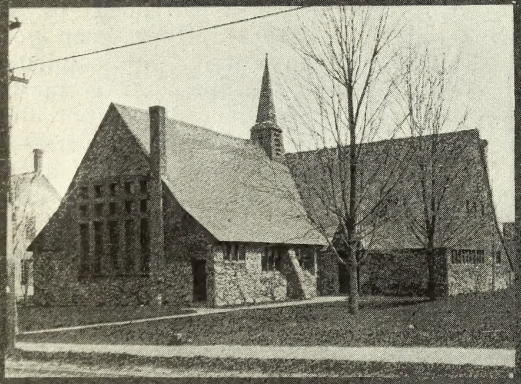
RESIDENCE OF MRS. ZILLA G. HOWES

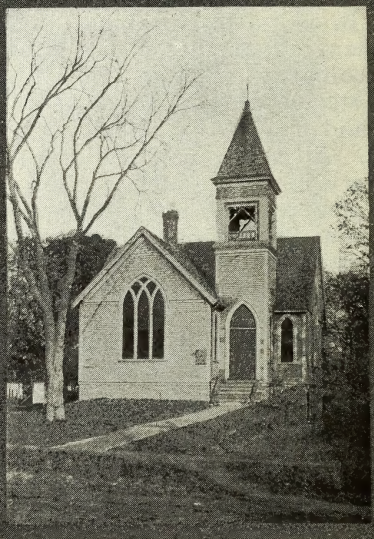


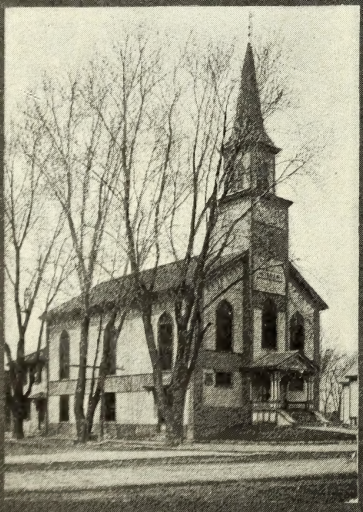


First Cong'l. church

Church of the Holy Family



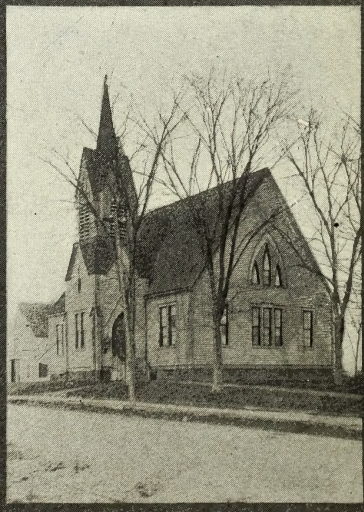




Unitarian church

First Church of Christ, Scientist





Rockland Baptist church

Hatherly Methodist church

known in Rockland. There is a habit of success out there that is very contagious. It is a splendid town for a young business or professional man to grow up in. With industry and fidelity a successful career is almost certain to be his lot.

Allied industries of importance are the Anderson tack factory and the Webbing Company.

In the old days of hand-cut tacks a good workman used to make as much as $1800 a year, which sum, according to the money standards of the time, far exceeded the average earnings of professional men. At the same time it was a very profitable business for the employer. Tack-making machinery has, of course, revolutionized the business, but there is always a process of adaptation to such changes and the Anderson Company is one of those that have built up a profitable business under the new conditions.

The products of the Webbing factory, of which Mr. Woodward is president, are ladies' woven belts, silk shoe ties and other similar articles. The business is in a highly flourishing condition and is one of the most prosperous of Rockland's manufacturing interests.

To practical business men it must be perfectly evident that the gathering of such a number of strong and well-known industries in a place like Rockland has not been effected without effort. It is not one of the kind of things that just happens. Whatever may be the natural advantages afforded by a locality, they are certain to find keen competition for favor in other places, for the good things of the earth are not the exclusive property of any one spot on its surface.

However strong their faith may have been, and is, in the advantages offered by their own town, the people of Rockland have not sat still depending upon these to bring wealth to their doors.



RESIDENCE OF MR. JOHN SPENCE



SAVINGS BANK BUILDING

A little over twenty-five years ago the business men of the community under the enthusiastic leadership of Mr. C. L. Rice organized the Rockland Commercial Club, which thus has the honor of being the oldest organization of the kind in the state whose history is unbroken.

The business men of the town entered into this organization, which, singularly, took the place of a literary club which was its immediate predecessor, with the utmost of unanimity. And they united for united effort along practical lines for the benefit of their town and the increase of its business. The Rockland of to-day is a striking example of what may be accomplished by wise and united efforts in such directions. The club has built at least two of the factories which are now sources of wealth to the town, and has practically encouraged others, often to the extent of making them possible. Nor is this all. The club has wrought wonders in the way of highway construction and other beneficial improvements.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of this interesting organization was held last winter and was attended by Governor Draper and other distinguished guests.

Six hundred men sat down to the splendid banquet furnished, a most remarkable gathering for a town of the size of Rockland.

Mr. A. W. Donovan is the present president of the organization and under his magnetic leadership it is enjoying a new lease of life. The club has a membership of about one hundred and fifty and its meetings are attended by the majority of the members whenever called. A more earnest and united body of men it would be difficult to find. The Rockland Commercial Club furnishes an example to other New England communities and is an institution of which its members and the citizens of Rockland may well be proud. In his annual address a few weeks ago Mr. Donovan was able to say:

"During the past year we have built or remodeled more than sixty-five buildings. Practically every factory building in town has undergone changes and improvements in order to increase production the coming year. Nearly every business block in town has been either remodeled, painted or

repaired, and the appearance of our main street is better than ever. The magnificent new high school building has been completed, and the Lincoln school building is fully occupied. More than $20,000 has been expended on the Holy Family church, the Baptist church edifice has been improved, and the A. I. Randall building has been thoroughly remodeled."

One very strong reason for the success of this remarkable organization is to be found in the efficient way in which it has been officered. Rockland's most successful citizens have freely given of their time and thought to the work. Another secret of success is the fact that the club has in it a spirit of fellowship that makes it a social center of great attractiveness and one that fills a real need in such a community.

A very important factor in this commercial development is, of course, the enterprise and efficiency of the local banking institutions, of which there are two.

The Rockland Trust Company, organized in September, 1907, has won recognition throughout the state as an example of what enterprise and skill can achieve in banking in a country town. Succeeding a small national bank that had jogged along conservatively and peacefully for some twenty years in a routine way, the Rockland Trust Company, without departing an iota from sound principles, through aggressive and up-to-date banking management has come by leaps and bounds to be generally recognized as one of the foremost banks in southeastern Massachusetts. Mere figures are often misleading. Still, taking the returns to the Massachusetts Bank Commissioner for the first year and a half of the bank's existence, some idea of the institution's growth can be gained. They show comparatively the total resources of the bank on dates selected at random by the Bank Commissioner, as follows: Sept. 30, 1907, $317,852.52; Dec. 3, 1907, $484,907.48; Sept. 23, 1908, $553,430.25; June 23, 1909, $645,430.87.

Each gain in resources has been a real step forward in usefulness, influence, and strength of the Rockland Trust Company, not only in Rockland itself but throughout the whole of Plymouth County. Rockland and the whole county have a right to take a legitimate pride in the solid progress of its bank that brings to the town and its surrounding county every convenience and safeguard of a large city banking institution, and yet retains all the pleasant personalities of a country bank. That Plymouth County is not slow to appreciate this is demonstrated by the fact that at the last election Mr. Horace T. Fogg, chairman of the Executive Committee of the Rockland Trust Company, was almost without opposition elected to the office of Treasurer of Plymouth County, so that the public might have a share of the skill and abilities which have so largely contributed to the success of the Rockland Trust Company.

The East Abington Savings Bank (now Rockland Savings Bank) was incorporated March 23, 1868, and was opened for business May 23, 1868, in the East Abington railroad station. Mr. Zenas Jenkins, who was station agent at that time, was also the first treasurer of the bank and received deposits at the station.

The bank from this small beginning has grown steadily until at the present time its total deposits are more than $1,500,000 and it has a surplus of over $100,000. Dividends to depositors during these forty-one years averaged four per cent per annum.

In 1891 the bank erected its present bank building at a cost of over $75,000.

Before leaving the subject of the industrial life of Rockland we should refer more than casually to an institution that had its inception in Rockland, but whose plant, embracing upward of fifty acres, is now situated just beyond the borders of the town in the district known as West Hanover. This is the National Fireworks Distributing Company, of which Mr.

George J. J. Clarke is president and Mr. W. A. Luce treasurer.

The average man has little conception of the scientific knowledge, technical skill, enormous expense and organization involved in the production of modern high-grade fire-works. The important element of safety makes very exacting requirements, but in this establishment is so well provided for that accidents are no more frequent than in any industry employing labor.

The Bay State Nurseries, to which the reference was made earlier in this article, were established by Mr. W. H. Wyman in 1894.

They comprise over three hundred acres, of which 150 acres are planted in nursery stock. The first property purchased in Rockland was the Collis Farm in the year 1900. In 1905 the Somers estate was purchased. The Nursery Company now has in Rockland sixty-five acres under cultivation and are making additions to this from year to year.

The Somers estate, consisting of ten acres, is planted in the popular garden perennials which gives to this company the largest stock of this kind in the East.

One remarkable thing about the Bay State Nursery Company is that the business has grown from year to year without excepting years of financial panic or poor general business conditions. Mr. Wyman believes in giving value for value and value for value and the remarkable prosperity which has attended the enterprise is the well-earned result of integrity and proficiency.

There could be no clearer indications of the quality of a community's social life and residential advantages than the condition of its schools and churches. The beautiful new High school building tells a story of culture and good management that every passerby may read. It is a well-managed institution with high standards of scholarship.

The churches of the town of Rockland are not behind in the general progressive spirit of the community. Each in its way is endeavoring to meet its special problems in a manner in keeping with the spirit of the age.

The First Congregational Church of Rockland was organized on August 27, 1813, at the house of Mr. Samuel Reed. This church has had a long array of strong pastorates. At one time the Reverend Joseph Cook had charge of the church for a short period.

The First Baptist Church was organized May 4, 1854. Among those early interested in the organization of this church was Deacon George W. Chapman, so long connected with Tremont Temple in Boston. The present pastor is the Reverend William Reid.

The Hatherly Methodist Church is on the outskirts of the town and is at present under the efficient leadership of Reverend H. D. Fellers, a student at Boston University. This church is very united in spirit and very active in all religious and philanthropic work.

The First Unitarian Society was organized in the early eighties and has had among its pastors some of the strongest men in its denomination, among whom was Rev. Frederick O. McCartney, so long identified with the cause of social democracy, being for a number of years its representative at the state legislature. The present pastor is Rev. Elvin J. Prescott, formerly of the old Roger Williams Church of Salem, Mass.

The First Church of Christ, Scientist, held its first meeting in 1892. The church proper was not organized until 1899. Services were held in the E. P. Torrey block until Nov. 1, 1908, when the Central Methodist Church was purchased.

The Church of the Holy Family was erected in 1882, under the ministry of Father McQuaid. His is the largest denomination in Rockland, the church seating 900 people. At the present time there are frequently from fifteen to seventeen hundred souls attending Mass during the Sunday services.

ANARCHIST OR MARTYR?

By ZITELLA COCKE

THAT was a wise and profoundly penetrating Quaker, who, pursued by the persistent barking of an angry dog, exclaimed: "Friend, I will not strike thee, no, never; but I will give thee a bad name—mad-dog!" Thus stigmatized, the doom of the dog was certain, and the mild and inoffensive Quaker had exceeded the limits neither of conscientiousness nor of amiability.

Who does not fear a bad name? The retribution which follows a bad name may be slow or speedy, but it is sure, and the man who does not shrink from it must possess a heart and conscience seared as with a hot iron.

The event which scarcely one month ago startled Europe and America, and sent a thrill of horror throughout the world, even to the awakening of the very lions of fury and revenge, was the terrible retribution which falls upon a terrible name—the Nemesis which knows no reason and no pity. Counsel and mercy shall ever plead in vain when the powers that be have conferred on any man that name from which the heart and mind of civilized mankind revolts with unspeakable horror. He upon whom it is bestowed must not look for clemency—aye, he can hardly hope for justice!

Was Ferrer an anarchist or a martyr? His unhappy fate was the awful retribution which awaits the anarchist—a fate which all of us confess to be a deserved one. He had been thus named. Who bestowed that name, which rendered such a fate inevitable, the developments of the future must answer, but we, who look before and after, who meditate upon this most awful happening which has yet marked the annals of the twentieth century, may also ask ourselves the momentous question: "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" Are men who are confessedly anarchists ordinarily endowed with the mentality and the morality which rendered Senor Ferrer conspicuous among his own people and most interesting to people of other countries?

We trow not. A true philanthropy—a sincere humanitarianism—a self-abnegating zeal for the welfare of others is not reckoned among the prominent characteristics of the anarchist.

An earnest desire and intention to build up and develop the best that is in man are not identical with a passion for destruction. The anarchist is rarely loved; unselfishness has never yet been the illuminating feature of the anarchist's character.

Few men have been so earnestly and so disinterestedly beloved as Senor Ferrer. To those who knew him intimately, his name was never mentioned without praise and warm expression of affection. Among a people whose land and tongue were foreign to him, he made such strong friends that the news of his impending execution filled them with agonizing grief, and sent them upon their knees in daily prayer that the terrible fate which threatened him might, through the providence of God, be averted. His death plunged households of foreigners into mourning, and to-day the mention of his name brings tears to the eyes of many a family whose education and environage were altogether unlike his own. Do men at home and abroad—compatriots and foreigners—thus lament the death of an anarchist?

Professor Francisco Ferrer, the Spanish educator who was pronounced an anarchist and executed upon a

charge of treason at Barcelona, on the thirteenth of last October, was for many months the beloved guest of a most respectable home in a well-known and respectable street of the West End of London. Other guests in the same house were not a little disappointed when for reason of late hours or business engagements they failed to meet him at breakfast or luncheon or dinner, and if he happened to be present at afternoon tea—an incident by no means invariable—his delightful and informing conversation rendered the hour one of profitable recreation which not one member of the household was willing to forego. "I do not care for afternoon tea, inasmuch as I never take it at home," said an American lady who had spent many years abroad, "but I do want to listen to Professor Ferrer's conversation, and for that reason alone am I present." That the conversation of this man was uplifting and edifying in the highest degree most competent and truthful witnesses can testify. The growth and development of nations in the past and the present—the history of peoples especially along the lines of education and the development of literary taste —the peculiar characteristics and aims of Spanish authors as compared with the authors of England and of Germany, and the humor of Cervantes in Don Quixote, to which he thought the humor of American authors more nearly approached than that of any other country—all were frequent and truthful topics. "I love American humor," he would say, "it seems so Spanish I am quite at home in it." That most amusing incident recorded in the adventures of the chivalrous Don Quixote, where the innocent Sancho Panza hangs from the curb of what he supposes to be a bottomless pit, in trembling terror, a whole night long for fear his exhausted hands might slip and he be precipitated into unknown horrors, and with the dawn of daylight making the discovery that he was hardly three feet from terra firma—seemed to him an exhaustless source of real fun. "It is so funny, and so very American," he would say, "and Americans laugh and laugh at it—of course they do—you need never explain a joke to an American or to a Spaniard, and that is one of the best jokes in all literature."

That the Americans who sat at meat with him did laugh, and laugh long and heartily, was certainly true, although our British friends rose at once to the defence of British humor, while a Frenchman present was quite satisfied that France was altogether justified of her children when the question of wit—real, keen, and brilliant wit—was agitated. But the best of feeling prevailed among the little company, born under different skies and different flags, and there was not one who did not listen to the words of the Spanish teacher with real interest and unfeigned pleasure. His eyes, dark and soft as the eyes of an Andalusian maid, sometimes kindled with the light of enthusiasm—never with the heat and fire of bitter argument. His voice was rather pleading than urgent, and always of that gentle, low quality which King Lear so much admires in women, yet his very marked and strong personality gave no hint of effeminacy —in every way he was a most manly man. The landlady, who was by no means a weak or uninteresting woman, and in whose house he, with his wife and daughter, had lived for so many months, on hearing of his execution, exclaimed, "Such a man an anarchist! Nothing could be farther from the truth. I knew him well and he was one of the very best men I ever knew —full of the milk of human kindness, and capable of any sacrifice for the good of others. He had means of his own, and very, very often advanced, lent, and gave money to those who were in want, especially to students, for a love of learning appealed to his kind heart more than anything else."

Indeed, so deeply interested was he in students everywhere, and particularly in those of his own country, that he urged his wife and children, in the event of his death, to indulge in no luxuries, but to live simply that they

themselves might forward that thing so dear to his own heart—the education of the Spanish youth. "Oh, that Spain, my beloved Spain, would give to her children what England gives to hers—education, education. There can be no real progress in any direction without education. Would to God I could see schools for poor Spanish children as I see schools for the poor in the United States. Do you realize, ladies and gentlemen, that one half of my people cannot read or write—the people of Spain with her grand history, and her great past—the people of Spain, one of the most beautiful lands of all the world! Education, education, and again I cry, education!"

Such was the man, Professor Francisco Ferrer. Great men admired him and loved him and protested against his execution, but the decree of the court-martial was carried out, notwithstanding the petitions of sympathizers, not only in Spain, but in France and Italy and Germany. Carmille Flammarion and Anatole France, Gerhard Hauptmann and Ernst Haeckel, Maurice Maeterlinck and Cesare Lombroso besought and protested in vain. His trial was conducted with utmost secrecy. The accused man was not permitted to face his accusers, or even to hear the direct charges made against him, nor was he allowed to speak in his own defence, and more, his counsel was denied the right to plead for his client. Could the force of tyranny farther go, and is it to be wondered at that the news of his execution was the signal for general rioting throughout Europe? Interpellations were made concerning the execution in the British, the French, and the Austrian Parliaments, and when the Spanish Cortes met on October fifteenth, several deputies made speeches, condemning the government, in no ambiguous terms, for its action in the Ferrer matter. One of these speakers went so far as to pronounce the execution "an egregious political blunder," and to conclude his speech with these significant words: "The object of the removal of Ferrer was to help restore peace in Spain, but to-day Ferrer's influence is much stronger in Spain and throughout Europe than it ever was while he lived."

Professor Francisco Ferrer was not only a man of education and influence, but he had identified himself thoroughly with the cause and promotion of education. He was the founder of the Escuela Moderna in Barcelona—the Modern School. His aim was to provide for the youth of his own land, a school which kept pace with modern thought and invention—to be behind no other nation in affording means and advantages for those who desired them. So deep were his convictions that the Spanish youth needed opportunities compatible with their desire and ability, he ungrudgingly furnished means for such opportunities from his private fortune, advising his wife and daughters, who were in thorough sympathy with him, to hold above all else the nobility and sacredness of the highest education of mind and heart. However radical the opinions of Ferrer, his career was not that of a propagandist of anarchy. He loved man as man, but was provincial enough to love his own country above every other, and longed for her glory in a way not comprehended by such men as Élisee Rectus, the beloved of savants. That King Alfonso did not consent to the execution has been demonstrated by that monarch's subsequent action and attitude—that the people of Spain desired it is too absurd to be credited. What then shall be the verdict of posterity upon the execution of a man in the twentieth century who died with the words on his lips: "Long live modern education!" His prosecutors claimed that he was guilty of treason. His counsel declared that he was "the victim of clerical hatred." Nevertheless, shall not the instigators and abettors of this tragedy some day be inquired of for this man's death by an awakened and enlightened nation?

Until then, may God have more mercy than man on such a brave patriot's soul.

THE MERMAID'S NURSLING

By CHARLES A. CAMPBELL

AN odor of fish rushes upon you as you saunter along what the fishermen call "the Avenue," and when you are a little past State Street, on your way to the South Ferry, the odor strikes you with a good, smart whack. A maze of little masts; a fleet of tiny vessels; men, some of them swarthy as Moslems; men hauling on ropes or drawing carts laden with the food which the sea gives forth—this is T Wharf. Seen from the water side on a busy day, you think there is no room left in that jam of masts and booms for another vessel; but up skips a comely craft from Provincetown, with a gray-bearded old fellow, Neptune himself, at the wheel; the crew spring to lower the sails, and old Neptune spins the wheel furiously, now this way, now that, as the ship shoots in. Seen from the land side at close perspective, and from where you stand catching the accents of Sweden, of France, of Portugal, you decide that the fisherman guild is made up from many nations, and that they are rough fellows, of a rude and heavy wit. Go down to the sea with them in their ships, and you will find them generous and hospitable, faithful and brave; for faint hearts cannot set trawl from isolated dories at midnight in mid-ocean.

In the summer, at certain hours when the tide, neither rushing in nor out, is dead, it may happen that the trawlers off George's Bank set at night, but seldom do they set at night in mid-winter. Ah! The winter, with its treacherous weather, is the bitter side of the fisherman's life, for in winter the elements are ever snappish, ever alert to demand the toll of the sea.

Bawled Skipper O'Brien of the Mermaid, as he lowered himself part way into the forecastle: "Are the crew all here?"

"All here except the two Johnnies," shouted back the cook.

"Good. Don't any of you men go ashore again. It's a quarter to three, now."

The Mermaid lay at the outer edge of the fleet at T Wharf. The bait, the ice, and the provisions were all on board. The time set for hoisting sail for the George's was three o'clock. Though the two Johnnies had not yet shown up, the skipper had never a doubt about them, and would have wagered his "trip" that the pair would not keep his vessel waiting a moment.

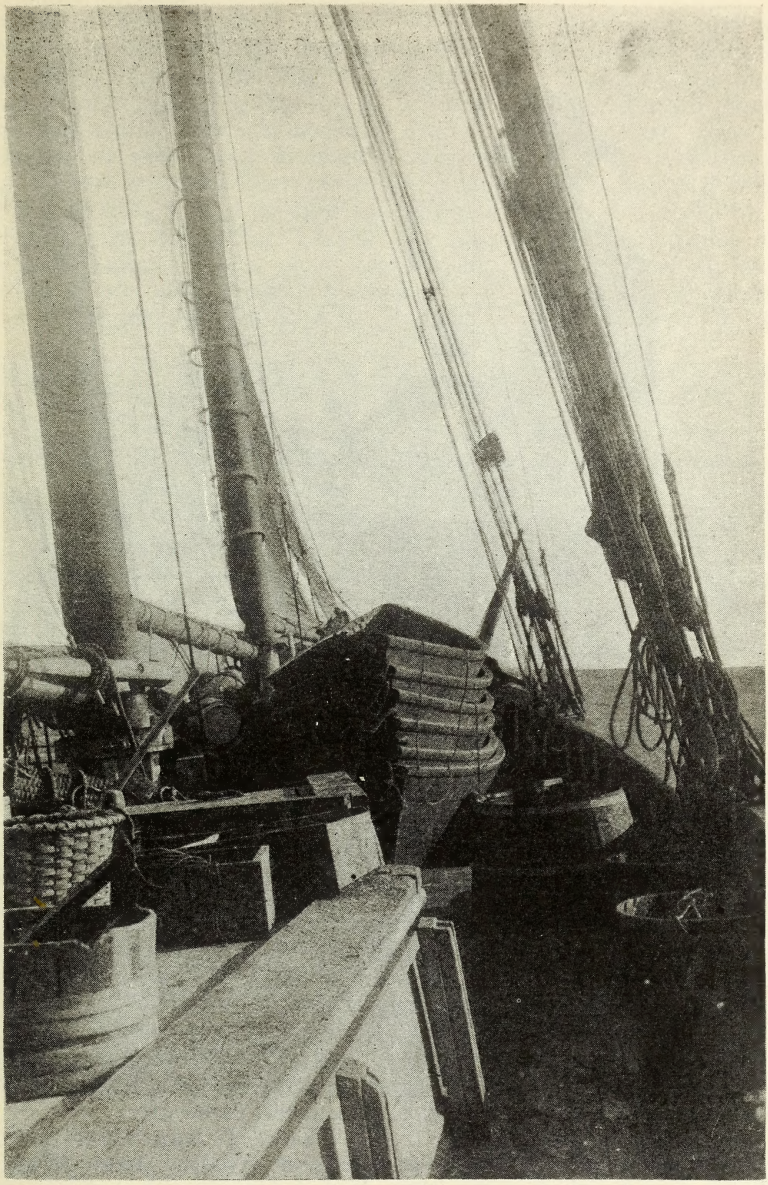
Johnnie Best was the first to arrive. He came picking his way across other vessels, jumping from rail to rail, and in his arms he carried a dog.

"Now, where did you connect with that French bull pup?" ejaculated the cook.

"He's followed me for half an hour. Poor pup! Ain't got no home," said Johnnie.

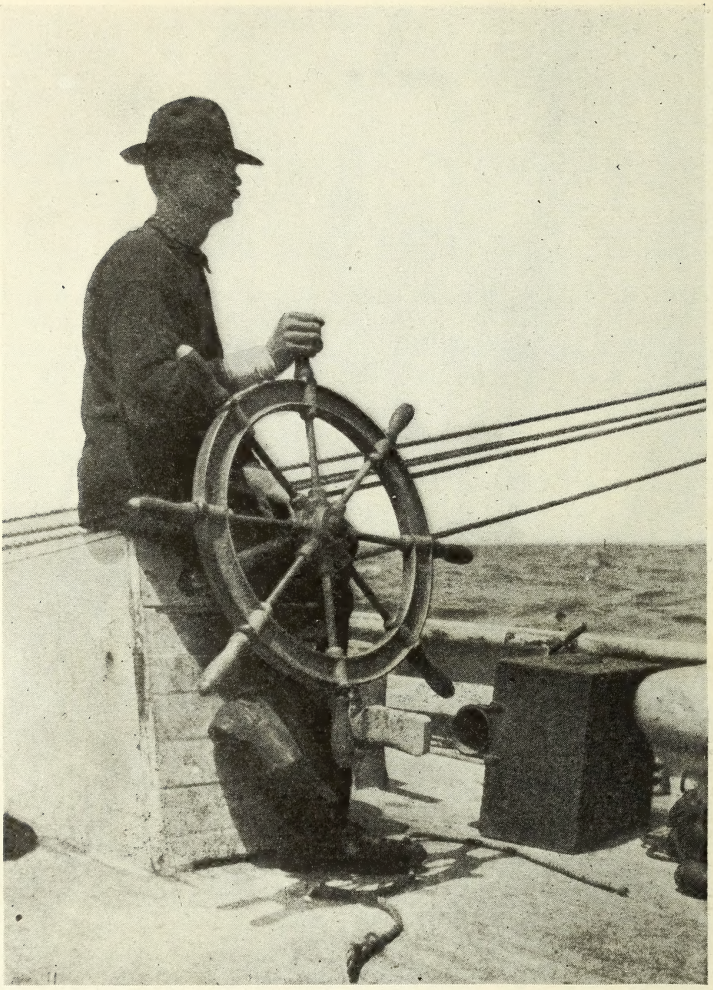
Down in the forecastle it was warm. The dog curled up on one of the bunks and went to sleep.

"That's just the way you did that night I brought you in out of the cold," said the cook to Johnnie. "You stuck to me like that dog does to you. Told me you had no place to go; was hungry and cold, and would I take you out for a trip? Sure, I'd take you out for a trip, me thinking you'd be seasick and not eat much. But we had fine weather, and you had an appetite like the starving kid you were. That was two years ago, Johnnie, and you've been with us ever since in all kinds of weather and luck. The Mermaid's nursling! Sure, you're no nursling



DECK OF A FISHING-SMACK

now, for there's none handier at the trawls than yourself. I'm proud of ye, bye; you're a husky youngster. But fishing is no place for ye. Better ye was back home. Listen to a tale of the sea. A young fellow came from up around your parts and followed the sea all his life. Thirty year he spent on the water, and not one friend had he ashore. He died the other day in Gloucester; there wa'n't no more wiggle in him. Wolfert, here, was by him in his little garret room, and closed his eyes; no women folk had he, nor children to smooth his path—just a sea-dog he was, dying, with only us rough



A QUIET WATCH AT THE WHEEL

fellows to say, 'Well, old Foster has passed in his checks.' "

Sang out the skipper: "Hoist the foresail."

It still lacked a few minutes of three. Johnnie Tobin was coming across the vessels. He had a letter in his pocket for Johnnie, the nursling, and to deliver this letter as soon as he should get aboard the Mermaid had been his intent; but coming now, just as the crew were hoisting the foresail, he jumped to the ropes to give a hand. One sail after another having been hoisted, Tobin took the wheel. The skipper joined a young man who stood on deck, watching the receding waterfront of Boston. Old Sandy Deagle, the cook, came aft.

"Cook, I want you to meet my nephew, Walter, from Wapeton, Dakota. He's making a passenger trip with us to see what kind of a lake we fish in. Feed him well, so he won't get seasick."

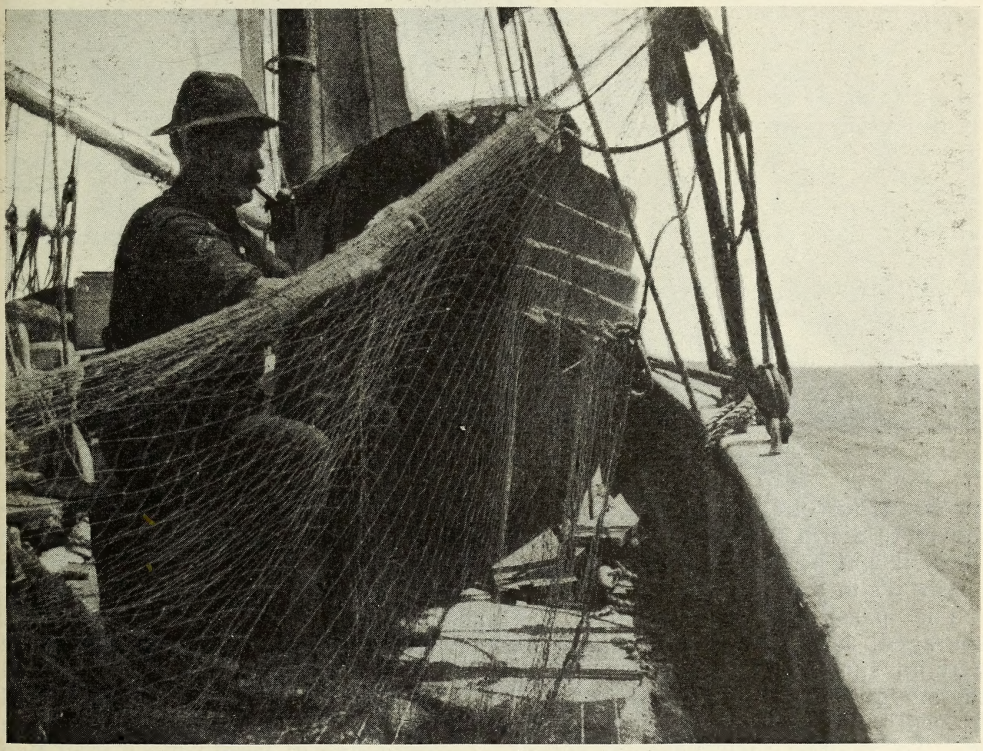
"All right, skipper. There's the best of meat and flour aboard, but small odds it will make to him if we have a blow. It's a poor time of year to make the pleasure trip."

To his pots and pans soon went Sandy. The skipper went to the cabin,

and the crew to the forecastle. Tobin, at the wheel, and Walter O'Brien were alone on deck, Tobin standing his watch, and Walter gazing with interest at the moving craft, tugboats, ferries, ocean rangers of steel, and buoyant, careening fishing smacks, their mainsails and jibs looking bright or dark in the afternoon sun, according to the tack they sailed upon.

"I'd rather take a dose of salts than start off on a fishing trip two days before Christmas," grumbled Tobin. "Christmas, of all days, is the one best day ashore with the family. Go a-fishing, and you might as well have no home nor family."

A lively breeze blew from the shore, and the Mermaid, skimming past buoy after buoy that marked the main ship channel, dropped the harbor islands astern and stood off toward Cape Cod. Careening far over to leeward, she dipped water; the spray flew over her bows from windward, and she tossed and rolled in a manner nauseating to a landsman. Night settled over Massachusetts Bay. Lights that marked Cape Cod were lost to view. The skipper, explaining to his nephew that the eighty or a hundred miles to the edge of George's were to be measured by this instrument, threw overboard the log. Sou'east by south, was the order given to each succeeding watch. Some time in the forenoon of the next day they would arrive at the fishing grounds.



MENDING NETS

Down in the forecastle they were discussing T Wharf. T Wharf was lacking in accommodations, they all agreed.

"Move?" said Sandy. "Move T Wharf? There's a lot of talk about it —a lot of talk. I've been sailing back and forth from there for a quarter of a century, and I've watched the fishing business grow till T Wharf is too small



CLEANING FISH ABOARD SHIP OFF GEORGE'S

for it. I, for one, would like to see it moved to South Boston to-morrow, but likely it will be two or three years yet before it's moved anywhere."

The passenger, already half discouraged, had turned into his bunk without supper. The nursling sat by the stove reading the "Frozen Pirate." Presently the rest of the crew turned in. To Walter, their peaceful snores seemed incongruous, he himself being unable to sleep because of the wild beating of reef points against taut sails, and the straining and squeaking of the masts.

Next morning there was nothing in sight but a sail or two and the expanse of water. As the straight horizon of the plains suggests the top of the world, so now the water, dropping or lifting the distant fishing smacks, suggested to the Dakotan the earth's apex.

"This is the lake we fish in," said the skipper.

It was afternoon when the Mermaid's dories, one after another, were lowered into the water, and when the last was lowered, the first was far astern, faintly visible. In each boat one man rowed, while his dory-mate flung out the trawl, and when the trawl was "set" each dory had a line of baited hooks resting on the bottom of the ocean, a line in length more than two miles. The skipper finally blew two long blasts on the horn, the signal to commence hauling. Darkness came on, and the men in the dories lit torches that the skipper might know their whereabouts. When the trawl had been taken up, the men raised little leg o' mutton sails and came gliding toward where the Mermaid jogged slowly back and forth. Under the star-lit sky they pitched fish aboard ship with forks, as one pitches hay. Torches blazed in the wintry wind, and the men worked fast, cleaning the fish, storing

them into the hold and baiting tubs of trawl for an early morning set.

Johnnie Tobin, the first to go down into the forecastle for a "mug up," found the cook asleep; and the tramp dog that the nursling had taken aboard playing with Tobin's own best coat, dragged from a lower bunk. Tobin noticed a letter, torn into half a dozen pieces. "It's that letter I brought aboard for Johnnie Best, I'll bet four dollars," he said, a guilty feeling coming over him. Then he picked up the pieces, placed them on a bench and fitted the pieces together to make sure he had found them all. Incidentally, he read the letter:

"Memphis, Mass.

"Dear Johnnie: Father was crushed in Hammond's icehouse this morning. Come home. He is badly hurt and unconscious. Doctor Robinson says he has hopes to pull him through, but I am afraid he may die any hour.

"Your sister, NAN."

Tobin's hand shook as he wrapped the parts of the torn letter into a piece of newspaper. "What shall I do? Johnnie Best—my dory-mate! I can't give him that letter on Christmas Eve. My God, no! Sandy! Sandy! Wake up, you, Sandy!" he shouted.

"A pretty bad mess," said Sandy, when he grasped the facts of the case. "A pretty bad mess. The youngster's folks don't know that he goes to sea at all, and they'll wonder why he keeps away. He had some trouble with his dad, and cleaned out. Ain't that the way you know it? Come to Boston, green from the country, with nary a friend nor money to get him by. He writes home, now and then, and says he's doing all right. I understand it all. Why, the lad comes of good family; I saw it in him that first night when I brought him on board the vessel. He ain't the bye to hold a grudge against his old dad such as 'twill look like to home when he don't come now."



A CATCH OF FISH

"I'll show him the letter day after to-morrow. What he don't know won't worry him," said Tobin, as he went to deck to help clean up.

Christmas Day the wind came up with the dawn. The seas ran high, and there was no fishing. On the 26th, the wind still blew, not so hard toward evening; yet the little Mermaid, caught now and then in some hollow of the water, plunged into waves that would have washed the dories away had they not been lashed fast. The skipper was optimistic. Said he: "Once the blow lets up out here, the seas go down quickly. I look to fish to-morrow."

Fishing weather followed. Twice a day for two days the trawls were set, the "catch" hauled up and deposited in the hold. On the morning of the 29th, the trawlers were caught in a sudden squall of snow.

They had threatened since daylight to come—those silent, feathery multitudes that sift from a gray sky and shut from view even neighboring objects, as does a fog. The Massasoit, perhaps a mile to windward, could be heard blowing her horn. "This will be our last catch; we'll steer for Boston Light soon as the boys are in," said the skipper. "I planned to make one other set to-day and leave, but enough's enough." And the wind rose, not quietly, but like some snarling, evil spirit let into control over the ocean. The cook stood aft, blowing the horn almost continually.

"We'll lose a lot of gear out of this," he remarked to Walter O'Brien. "Some of the trawl must have been hauled up when the storm broke, but those that were not through hauling will surely cut if their trawls have not snapped already. A dory'll ride through a three-days' gale sometimes; yet just one wave breaking over her will swamp her. The tops of those swells are beginning to curl under and break now. 'Tis when they break like that that men are lost."

To Walter, it seemed almost impossible that a small boat could live; but presently a dory appeared, poised on a crest, and with the next rush of water, came alongside. Watching for the proper instant, a trawler threw the painter, which was grasped by Sandy. There was a scramble, then a pounding of the dory against the Mermaid. Quickly the men at the ropes hoisted the small boat aboard the larger. One after another the dories were picked up, eleven of them; but the twelfth was still out at noon. The two Johnnies were in this boat, two good men in a dory; as good as ever sailed from T Wharf, the skipper said. "Sandy, give the horn another toot."

The snow was turning to sleet and freezing to the deck. Colder and stronger whipped the wind, until the passenger, standing on deck, was apprehensive of being blown overboard. Near the close of the short December day the clouds broke and a solitary star gleamed in the yellow sunset sky.

There is something uncanny about a gale at sea, something foreboding and mysterious to one who is aboard ship for the first time. There is a sense of insecurity; an accident may bring all hands close to eternity within an hour; you start suddenly and stare into a star which blinks at you like an eye from heaven. Two stars shine out from rifts of cloud. You think that a dead friend or parent watches you, and that his spirit lurks behind those two solemn eyes. Although your brain is intensely active with the wildest fancies, your body may be weak from vomiting; you wonder why you were ever incarcerated in matter that throbs and aches and perishes—perishes at sea, when at last the skull is worn to atoms on the ocean-bed by the restless tides. Sometimes ships leave port and are never heard of more; each winter some fishermen return with less men than with which they sailed. Death at sea seemed to have been the fate of the two Johnnies.

"I wonder," said old Sandy Deagle, "if Tobin told the Nursling about that letter, and did the bye expect to meet his dad."

Concerning the two missing men, little was said in the forecastle; the general opinion seemed to be that they

were lost ere now. The arm lights had been set, and a man, stationed at the horn, blew long blasts till his arm tired from working the bellows. Wolfert, who was wrecked at Cohasset during what he called the "Portland breeze," sat in the cabin, narrating to the passenger incidents of this disastrous storm. "The little Juanita was driven on the breakers, and never a man of her thought to reach shore," ran his story. "But the vessel held together, and a big wave drove us plumb against the pier. We were wet to the skin with spray, and one man falling off, or being blown off the pier, was like to have drowned. We reached the main land, nearly frozen, though we were in the wind. There wa'n't a soul in sight, no shelter; nothing but a vacant summer hotel. It was to freeze where we were. We smashed a window and got inside the hotel. By and by we found some beds, built a fire in the fireplace, and hung our clothes to dry; yes, and there was a little wine in the wine cellar. You may think you are a goner, and all of a sudden your chance comes to save yourself. Last winter two men drifted about here in a dory for three days, and were picked up, though the sea ran so high that a vessel like the Mermaid would be in peril. There's all kinds of luck in this business. Fisherman's luck! You may take eighty thousand pounds of fish and have to almost give them away ashore; then, again, you may go in with barely fifteen thousand and make a good trip of it. It all depends on the market, and you never know how you stand till the trip is over. Might be forty dollars you get one week, and the next forty cents and a plug of tobacco."

Wolfert went to throw the lead. "Fifty fathom," he shouted to the skipper. Yet parts of George's are so shallow that the water rushes there in roaring breakers.

"We're still in the south channel," said the skipper. "The most we can do is to cruise about here for a couple of days and go home. Poor fellows, we may pick them up yet."

Throughout the night Walter's uncle never left the wheel; nor was there a time when half the crew were not on deck. Once they saw something that floated in the water, but 'twas only an abandoned buoy from some fisherman's tackle. Sandy Deagle did not go to his bunk at all, nor did Walter, for both were too dispirited to sleep.

A fine day, with a subsiding sea, failed to bring cheer to the trawlers. What bait remained was dumped overboard; the men sat about deck, disentangling gear, and seldom spoke.

"There's just one chance for Tobin and the Nursling; they may have been picked up by the Massasoit. Somehow I feel it that they are on the Massasoit," said the skipper, hopefully. "Those boys wouldn't go down without a fight; even should a wave break over them and their dory, they'd cling to her and bail her out. To-day and to-morrow we'll jog here in the channel, back and forth, to the east and to the west; to-morrow night we'll get away for home."

At eight o'clock next evening they began the homeward run. The moon was shining on the water, illuminating half the eastern horizon. Again, the elements were tranquil. The sea would have been a dead calm but for a westerly breeze, hardly brisk enough to extinguish a match, yet enough to send the Mermaid on her course. Walter turned into his bunk in the peak of the forecastle. When he awoke, it was to hear the screeching of the Mermaid's horn. He went on deck and found that the vessel was running through a fog.

A craft ran alongside all the morning, and though unseen, made known her position by a deep, resonant baying. The fog lifted and disclosed an ocean tug towing three barges. Some miles ahead and in view was land and Minot's Light.

Ploughing the quiet water, almost home, the Mermaid passed Point Allerton, then Fort Warren. She entered the inner harbor and nosed her way directly toward the T Wharf portion of Boston's waterfront. All eyes were straining to discover the Massa-

soit. A smack was just getting under way for a run-off to the fishing grounds. It was a Portuguese boat, the Puellula Maris, and Skipper O'Brien gave her a wide course. Approaching T Wharf, it seemed that all the vessels of the fleet were in. There was no chance to enter. Tacking and veering off, the little Mermaid returned to mid-harbor.

Then the Plant Line steamer, on the right of the contiguous fishermen, left her dock. O'Brien shot in. Tobin was on the wharf.

"Where's Johnnie Best? Where's the Nursling?" shouted the crew.

"Gone home day before yesterday. I got a post card from him this morning. He says he's coming back to see you fellows next trip when you get in. He ain't going fishing any more."

Tobin had jumped on deck by this time.

"Who picked you up? The Massasoit?" asked the skipper.

"No. The Puellula Maris. We were in the dory all night, and lost you entirely. That Portygeezar picked us up at daybreak."

Questioned old Sandy:

"Did Johnnie say in the post card about his dad?"

"Yes. He's getting over his hurt all right."



DORY-MATES

The Pathology of School Discipline

BEING A CHAPTER OUT OF THE ANNALS OF FLAGELLATION

By LEWIS M. TERMAN, Ph.D.

THE annals of flagellation, if ever recorded, will be no less interesting or exciting than the history of the French Revolution. Unfortunately, however, the data for such a record are so rapidly becoming lost in oblivion that this important chapter in the history of human progress is probably doomed to remain unwritten.

A brilliant psychologist has recently proposed to define *Man* as "the only creature with an irresistible impulse to destroy his own pedigree." The so-called "missing link" between man and the higher anthropoids owes its destruction, he assumes, to this ruthless instinct. He attempts to show that man has always covered his tracks and ungratefully destroyed the ladder by which he has risen. Taking their cue from this, the defenders of flagellation might assert that the rod, having played an honorable and necessary part in the progress of mankind, ought not now in its declining years to suffer either oblivion or contumely.

Nevertheless, it must be acknowledged that the art of whipping *is* fast becoming a "lost art." If circumstances permitted I should like nothing better than an opportunity to do for this passing "institution" what the ethnologists are so admirably doing for the rapidly passing manners and customs of the old-time American Indian. But the dead Rod has no living friend devoted enough to make the sacrifice.

The history of flogging is as ancient as the history of mankind, and its records are intermingled with the oldest legendary and mythical lore. Whether the relation of the Rod to civilization is one of cause and effect, or only of accident, we are not here concerned. Perhaps few of us would consider it an "efficient cause" in the philosophical sense of that term. At any rate, it is safe to say that civilization was born and grew simultaneously with its religious application. The older of us no doubt recall with what earnest approbation the ministers (especially the bachelor ministers) used to re-echo the ominous advice of Solomon on this question—"He that spareth the Rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him chastiseth him betimes." We read that Homer himself suffered such chastisement from the hands of his master, and that the latter, after successfully performing the operation, assumed unto himself the high-sounding title of *Homeromastix*. (So much irony does human life reveal!) Possibly in order to satisfy the requirements of poetic justice, the historian proceeds to record the crucifixion of this master by King Ptolemy of Egypt.

Just as to-day the nations of the world are employing their keenest wits in devising implements of warfare, so in earlier times was man's inventive ingenuity devoted in no small measure to the creation of instruments of torture and punishment. (Let ethnologists who write on the history of inventions take note of this neglected field.) If we are to believe our forefathers, a high degree of perfection was achieved in this line of invention before anywhere else. About the only modern improvement worthy of report

is the recently devised *Mechanical Spanking Machine*, an affair which works automatically on the mere pressing of a button. Even this invention, cunning as it is, constitutes a questionable advance beyond the ancient methods, inasmuch as it is too impersonal to ruffle properly the spirits of the victim, and too mechanical to offer suitable vent to the indignation of the operator. Accordingly, our original statement stands unrefuted that instruments of flogging, being among the first and chief concerns of primitive man, were carried by him to a degree of perfection hardly to be improved upon. If we are to believe Juvenal, the ancient Greeks excelled in this art as well as in the others, and evidence warrants the belief that they attained near-perfection in it while yet in the elementary stages of architecture and sculpture. The status of the art in ancient India is attested by the suggestive Hindu saying, "A child's bones belong to his parents, his skin to the teacher." That the case was not different in ancient Egypt is indicated by the Egyptian proverb, "Boys, like asses, must be broken in by the lash." There has been preserved by chance the following brief but significant letter of an Egyptian boy to his former schoolmaster: "Thou hast made me buckle to since the time when I was one of thy pupils; thou didst beat my back, and the instruction went in at my ear." The Chinese schoolmaster of a couple of thousand years ago dreaded nothing so much as precocious egotism of the youth, and to retard its development he resorted to vigorous thwacks on the head, much as one heaps snow and ice around the roots of a young plant to keep it from premature. As for the Roman schoolmaster, he never conceived of any milder incentive to study than the strap. It was the practical-minded Romans, in fact, who first took the matter out of the realm of art and placed it upon a scientific basis by differentiating and classifying the various instruments and methods.

Among the instruments they have named and described to us the following are worthy of remark: First, *the scutica*, a kind of strap, made of leather or parchment. Second, *the ferula*, a short rod or stick, or in a later form a broad, flat stick with a hole in the center designed more effectually to raise a blister. Still later, there accompanied the ferula a little bird, carved in wood, which was thrown to the offending culprit, whose duty it then became to carry the bird to the master and receive his rewards. Third, *the flagellum*, a whip, or lash, of leathern thongs tied to a wooden handle, each thong "decorated" with knots or small bits of lead arranged at intervals of a few inches. Fourth, *the virga*, the switch rod, a degenerate descendant of which—the birch—has survived to this day, leaving behind its footprints in art and literature, as well as in tradition and legend. Fifth, *the equus*, a block contrivance designed to support the victim at a more convenient elevation—a kind of "operating table."

However, with the spread of barbarian influences after the downfall of Rome, schools gradually disappeared, and the familiar echo of the Rod greets us less often from that date until the Revival of Learning, known as *The Renaissance*, which swept over central and western Europe about 1400 to 1600 A. D. If the reader is a cynic he may mark the fact that the return of the birch was contemporaneous with the great religious awakening which culminated in the Reformation.

A faint idea of the part played by corporal punishment in the schools of those times may be gained from the autobiography of a certain Suabian schoolmaster, who has solemnly bequeathed us the following record touching his devoted service to the cause of education:

Nine hundred and eleven thousand, five hundred and twenty-seven blows with a cane, 124,010 with a rod, 20,989 tips with a ruler, 136,715 blows with the hand, 10,295 over the mouth, 7,905 boxes on the ear, 1,115,800 snaps on the head, 22,763 tasks out of Bible Catechism or Grammar, 777 boys made to

kneel on peas, 613 on sharp blocks of wood, 5,001 made to ride a timber horse, and 1,701 made to hold the rod high.

Incidentally, it is interesting that of the blows with the cane 800,000 were for Latin vowels, and 76,000 of those with the rod for Bible verses and hymns. And as if this were not enough, by way of adding insult to injury, he used, according to his own testimony, a scolding vocabulary of over 3,000 words!—May his ashes rest in peace! His record thus proclaimed and vaunted to the world holds first place secure and may justly regard the most gory performances of the most vicious schoolmasters in the heyday of "Old Virginia" and "Old Kentuck" as mere examples of the milk-and-sop regimen of modern "soft pedagogy."

A few hundred years ago it would appear that boys were flogged, not only for offenses, or omissions, or unwillingness, or incapacity to learn, but also upon the abstract theory that they ought to be flogged. Just as we now talk of "art for art's sake," or just as we teach in our arithmetics all sorts of absurd puzzle-like problems unlike anything ever to be met in actual life on the abstract theory that the mind must be "disciplined." "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" has become the proverbial expression of an unrelenting severity, but it is tame mercy compared to losing (figuratively speaking) both tooth and eye, and gaining nothing in return to balance the account.

Erasmus bears witness that this was the principle upon which he was flogged. In fact, it seems his master had a high regard for the boy's disposition and ability, and partly by way of showing his favoritism, flogged him unmercifully and often. Erasmus also describes another master who thought no discipline too severe for humbling the proud spirit of young humanity, and whose invariable custom it was whenever a friend dined with him to have two or three boys served up to be flogged by way of dessert. Much later Charles Lamb writes that night after night in the coldest winter he was called out of his bed in his shirt to receive the discipline of the leathern thongs, all for no known or imaginable offense. The educational spirit of the time is fairly mirrored in the following counsel from Ravius Textor, of the University of Paris:

"If they offend, if they are detected in falsehood, if they slip from the yoke, if they murmur against it, or complain in ever so little degree, let them be severely whipped; and spare not the scourge nor mitigate the punishment until the proud heart shall be subdued and they shall have become smoother than oil and softer than the pumpkin."* As Crabbe's schoolmaster put it:

"Students, he said, like horses on the road
Must be well lashed before they take the load;
They may be willing for awhile to run,
But you must whip them ere the work is done."

Dr. Johnson's educational system was uniform and invariable for all minds, viz.: Greek and Latin driven in by the rod. "Boys," he said, "take in your knowledge through the eye and ear if you can; but if you fail to do this, I will undertake to insert it through some other part of your personality." Or as Keate, a famous headmaster of Eton, expressed the gospel of the Rod briefly and forcibly: "Boys, be pure in heart. I'll flog you if you are not." Even the rather abstract distinction between *active* and *passive* verbs lent itself to demonstration by the aid of the Rod. For example, "Well, mutton head, what does an active verb express?" (Delay.) "I'll tell you what it expresses" (bringing down the stick on the boy's haunches by way of emphasis)—"it expresses *action* and necessarily supposes an *agent* and an *object* acted upon as *castige te*. Understand now, hey?" A Scottish schoolmaster, apparently of musical as well as inventive turn of mind, is said to have devised a rude sort of organ on which

he was wont to play for the amusement of his visitors. This organ was made by standing a long row of boys in line according to size, so that the biggest were at one end and the smallest at the other. The master then wielded his birch this way and that, striking one and then another of the boys, thus producing a series of notes, and incidentally supplying huge entertainment for his friends.

At Norwich there was a Dr. Parr, who deserves special remembrance in the annals of flagellation. At his school the day was not thought to end auspiciously unless it had seen at least one flogging levee. One of the submasters told him one day that a certain pupil showed signs of genius. "Say you so?" said Dr. Parr; "then begin to flog him to-morrow morning." The thoroughness with which Dr. Parr vindicated his faith in the Rod necessitated the installation in his school of a special rod maker. After due search a suitable man was employed—a man who had been sentenced to be hanged, but who had been cut down and resuscitated by the surgeons, and it was from the hands of this amiable character that Parr used to receive the birches with which his pupils have described as a "complacent expression of countenance."

The duties of flogging often proved too heavy to be borne by the teachers themselves, and accordingly in many instances the labor was handed over to professional flagellants. In France the flagellator was called the *cuistre*, a word originally signifying a cook, indicating that in those times, as well as to-day, the inhabitants of the kitchen must have possessed peculiar dexterity in this manual performance. In Germany he was called *the blue man*, because of the blue coat which he wore as the insignium of his office. If the reader insists he may use this fact in explanation of the idiom "to have the blues." In like manner one is tempted to account for unlucky Friday by the custom of some schools to reserve punishment for all the offenses of the week until that ill-omened day.

It is only natural that a practice so extreme should finally defeat its own end. Just as governments have found that a criminal code over-severe and too inclusive acts both to mitigate the stigma of crime and to increase the number of offenses, so an indiscriminating school discipline that flogged all alike and unmercifully lost all force as a deterrent and tended to make only him feel wronged on whom, by chance, punishment had not fallen. It, therefore, came about that not the slightest disgrace was attached to the experience. There might indeed be some reproach in never having tasted the birch, and to avoid this reproach boys have been known to get themselves flogged on purpose.

Tales of flogging gradually embodied themselves in legends and traditions, the pathetic nature of some of which testifies to the almost universal cruelty of the masters. The following story is typical of a whole class of similar ones: A boy in the hope of escaping the cruelty of his teacher fled to the shrine of St. Adrian, at Canterbury, to obtain protection by clinging to the tomb of the Saint. The master, notwithstanding the sanctity of the place, proceeded to inflict the chastisement, whereupon at the third stroke the outraged Saint stiffened the master's arm, use of which was not restored until the boy's forgiveness had been implored.

However, the dark side of the history of school discipline is somewhat relieved by the fund of humorous anecdotes to which it has given rise. Nowhere else is that universal and inherent optimism of human nature, that alchemic function of the soul which enables us to sip joy out of the very cup of misery, better exemplified than in these venerable anecdotes of which all of us have heard so many.

Among the English schools which had acquired a reputation for the ceremony and finish attending the application of the rod, none was better known than the famed School of Winchester. In the year 1570 this institution was honored by a visit from Queen Elizabeth. While passing through, Her

Majesty asked a young scholar if he had ever made the acquaintance of the celebrated Winton Rod, and the boy replied, with more readiness than expected, by an apt quotation from Virgil: "*Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem.*" ("Great Queen, what you command me to relate renews the sad remembrance of our fate.") Another master of Winchester used to speak facetiously of the Rod as "the sieve which sifts the wheat of scholarship from the chaff of stupidity." It is related of him that once when he was absent from the room a scholar stole a plum from the master's basket and began to eat it. First, however, he held the plum before his mouth and waggishly cried out: "I publish the banns of matrimony between my mouth and this plum; if any one knows just cause or impediment why they should not be united, let him declare it now or forever hold his peace." The master happened to be near the door, and overheard the proclamation. The next morning he quietly summoned the boy and disposed him for punishment. Then seizing the birch he thundered out: "I publish the banns of matrimony between this boy and this rod; if any one know just cause or impediment why they should not be united, let him declare it." The boy called out, "I forbid the banns." "On what grounds?" inquired the master. "Because," said the boy, "the parties are not agreed." It is related that the master enjoyed the validity of the objection and the boy escaped. Whether the affair really ended in this happy way, or whether the conclusion given to the story by tradition only illustrates the human tendency to remember things, not as they really occurred, but as we would wish them to have occurred, it is impossible to say. To overcome the serenity or the indignation of an old-time schoolmaster, and thus to give a happy culmination to an ominous situation, was a feat so difficult and so unusual as to be long remembered and admired. It was in such a feat that the original Vandyke is said to have given promise of his future career. A schoolmate was to be flogged on the morrow. Vandyke anticipated the event by painting on the bare back of the boy an exact likeness of the master. The story runs that when the boy's back was bared for the occasion the master burst out laughing and postponed the punishment indefinitely.

A hundred and fifty years ago a Scottish schoolmaster named Hackett acquired wide celebrity for the variety and severity of his flagellations. He thrashed the dull boys for their own demerits, and the bright ones for the deficiencies of their fellows. One of the boys, by the name of Anderson, received punishments so many and unjust that he conceived the deadliest sentiments of revenge against his master. He left school, went to India, acquired a competence, and later returned to spend his last days in Scotland. But during this long period he never forgot his floggings or his determination for revenge. Accordingly, on his first arrival in Scotland he purchased a whip and traveled to his old home. Putting up at the best inn and ordering dinner for two he sent word to Old Hackett that a former pupil wished to dine with him at the inn. When the old master arrived, Anderson locked the door of his room, produced the whip, and declared his purpose, at the same time commanding the victim to strip for the occasion. Old Hackett's presence of mind did not desert him. He acknowledged that his discipline used to be a little severe, but submitted that if he was to be punished he much preferred that it be after dinner. The proposition was not unreasonable, and Anderson could only assent. They sat down. The dinner was excellent, and Old Hackett's conversation proved so agreeable that Anderson gradually found his purpose of revenge growing weaker. At last he dismissed his sinister intentions altogether and insisted on escorting his old master safely to his door. How many a schoolmaster has been saved, providentially, as it were, from a similar impending fate solely by the mollifying

influences of time on the sentiments of revenge! A touching illustration of the psychological principle insisted upon by Ribot in his "Psychology of the Emotions," viz.: That emotions, as such, are not rememberable, that after once experienced they can never be *fully* reinstated in consciousness.

And yet, even the psychologist will not dispute that the emotions aroused by the Rod leave at least vivid traces of the quondam existence. These emotional aftermaths have supplied motive to novelists, poets, and makers of proverbs, in whose treatment of the school we may invariably discover a personal tinge bordering in many cases upon the confessional. For example, who can doubt that the early school experiences of the idling, shiftless Goldsmith were a necessary inspiration for his later depiction of the village schoolmaster:

"A man serene he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew,
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd."

And we wonder whether there is not a touch of autobiography gracing the following realistic lines taken from Shenstone's "Schoolmistress":

"But, ah! what pen his piteous flight may trace?
Or what device his loud laments explain?
The form uncouth of his disguised face?
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain?
The plenteous shower that doth his cheek distain?
When he, in abject wise, implores the dame,
Nor hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain;
Or when from high she levels well her aim,
And, through the thatch, his cries each falling stroke proclaim."

And even the gentle Horace we are led to suspect was moved on occasion by feelings of hatred and revenge. At least the following sentiment is pertinent circumstantial evidence to that effect:

"Hateful pedant, why dost me pursue,
Thou head detested by the younger crew?
Before the cock proclaims the day is near
Thy direful threats and lashes stun my ear."

If there be those who feel that literature has not dealt charitably with the schoolmaster, I would say to them that but for the aforementioned psychological tendency for the mind to banish the disagreeable to the limb of subconsciousness, the case might have stood far worse with him. Just as no very reliable accounts of the blood-curdling inquisitorial procedures of the church are extant, so, as a historian, I fear that vague tradition and idle speculation will soon supplant the possibility of a faithful history of the Rod, and thus lose to us irretrievably a most significant chapter of the Pathology of School Discipline.

*The writer does not like that ending, either, but it must be remembered that this is a historical account, and that nowadays no chronicler would debase his profession by giving literary excellence precedence over accuracy of statement.

A Christmas Dance

By FRANK H. SWEET

THE dance was set for Christmas night at Walling's, a horse ranch where there were women, situated in a high, watered valley, shut in by foot-hills, sixteen miles from the nearest town. The cabin, with its roof of "shakes," the sheds and corrals, can be seen from any divide between Packer's Ferry and the Payette.

The "boys" had been generally invited, with one exception to the usual company. The youngest of the sons of Basset, a pastoral and nomadic house, was socially under a cloud, on the charge of having been "too handy with the frying-pan brand."

The charge could not be substantiated, but the boy's name had been roughly handled in those wide, loosely defined circles of the range, where the force of private judgment makes up for the weakness of the law in dealing with crimes that are difficult of detection and uncertain of punishment. He that has obliterated his neighbor's brand, or misapplied his own, is held as in the age of tribal government and ownership was held the remover of his neighbor's landmarks. A word goes forth against him potent as the Levitical curse, and all the people say amen.

As society's first and pointed rejection of him, the slight had rankled with the son of Basset; and grievously it wore on him that Hetty Rhodes was going with the man who had been his earliest and most persistent accuser—Hetty, prettiest of all the bunch-grass belles, who never reproached nor quarreled, but judged people with her smile, and let them go. He had not complained, though he had her promise—one of her promises—nor asked a hearing in his own defense. The sons of Basset were many and poor; their stock had dwindled upon the range; her men-folk condemned him, and Hetty believed, or seemed to believe, as the others.

Had she forgotten the night when two men's horses stood at her father's fence—the Basset boy's and his that was afterward his accuser, and the other's horse was unhitched when the evening was but half spent, and furiously ridden away, while the Basset boy's stood at the rails till close upon midnight? Had the coincidence escaped her that from this night, of one man's rage and another's bliss, the ugly charge had dated? Of these things a girl may not testify.

They met in town on the Saturday before the dance, Hetty buying her dancing shoes at the back of the store. She wore a striped ulster—an enchanted garment his arm had pressed—and a pink crocheted Tam o' Shanter cocked bewitchingly over her dark eyes. Her hair was ruffled, her cheeks were red with the wind she had faced two hours on the spring seat of her father's "dead-ax" wagon. Critical feminine eyes might have found her a trifle blowzy; the sick-hearted Basset boy looked once—he dared not look again.

Hetty coquetted with her partner in the shoe bargain, a burly-headed young Hebrew, who flattered her familiarly and talked as if he had known her from a child, but always with an eye to business. She stood, holding back her skirts and rocking her instep from right to left, while she considered the effect of the new style—patent leather foxings and tan cloth tops, and heels that came under the middle of her foot, and narrow toes with tips of stamped

leather; but what a price! More than a third of her chicken money gone for that one fancy's satisfaction. But who can know the joy of a really distinguished choice in shoe leather as one that in childhood has trotted barefoot through the sage brush and associated shoes only with cold weather or going to town? The Basset boy tried to fix his strained attention upon anything rather than upon that tone of high jocosity between Hetty and the shiny-haired clerk. He tried to summon his own self-respect and leave the place.

What was the tax, he inquired, on those neck-handkerchiefs, and he pointed with the loaded butt of his braided leather "quirt" to a row of dainty silk mufflers signaling custom from a cord stretched above the gentlemen's furnishing counter.

The clerk explained that the goods in question were first-class, all silk, brocaded, and of extra size. Plainly he expected that a casual mention of the price would cool the inexperienced customer's curiosity, especially as the colors displayed in the handkerchiefs were not those commonly affected by the cowboy cult. The Basset boy threw down his last half-eagle, and carelessly called for the one with a blue border. The delicate "baby blue" attracted him by its perishability, its suggestion of impossible refinement beyond the soilure and dust of his grimy circumstances. Yet he pocketed his purchase as though it were any common thing, not to show his pride in it before the patronizing salesman.

He waited foolishly for Hetty, not knowing if she would even speak to him. When she came at last loitering down the shop, with her eyes on the gay Christmas counters, her arms filled with bundles, he silently fell in behind her and followed her to her father's wagon, where he helped her unload her purchases.

"Buying more than father'll want to pay for," she drawled, glancing at him sweetly. Those entoiling looks of Hetty's dark-lashed eyes had grown to a habit with her; even now the little Jewish salesman was smiling over his brief portion in them. Her own coolness made her careless, as children are, in playing with fire.

"Here's some Christmas the old man won't have to pay for." A soft paper parcel was crushed into her hand.

"Who is going to pay for it, I'd like to know? If it's some of your doing, Jim Basset, I can't take it—so there!"

She thrust the package back upon him. He tore off the wrapper and let the wind carry his rejected token into the trampled mud and slush of the street.

Hetty screamed and pounced to the rescue. "What a shame! It's a beauty of a handkerchief. It must have cost a lot of money. I shan't let you use it so."

She shook it, and wiped away the spots from its delicate sheen, and folded it into its folds again.

"*I* don't want the thing." He spurned it fiercely.

"Then give it to some one else." She endeavored coquettishly to force it into his hands or into the pockets of his coat. He could not withstand her thrilling little liberties in the face of all the street.

"I'll wear it Monday night," said he. "Maybe you think I won't be there?" he added hoarsely, for he had noticed her look of surprise mingled with an infuriating touch of pity. "You can bank on it, I'll be there."

Hetty toyed with the thought that after all it might be better that she should not go to the dance. There might be trouble, for certainly Jim Basset had looked as if he meant it when he had said he would be there; and Hetty knew the temper of the company, the male portion of it, too well to doubt what their attitude would be toward an inhibited guest who disputed the popular verdict, and claimed social privileges which, it had been agreed, he had forfeited. But it was never really in her mind to deny herself—at least the excitement. She and her escort were among the first couples to cross the snowy pastures stretching between her father's claim and the lights of the lonely horse ranch.

It was a cloudy night, the air soft, chill, and springlike. Snow had fallen early and frozen upon the ground; the stockmen welcomed the "chinook wind" as a promise of a break in the hard weather. Shadows came out and played on the pale slopes as the riders rose and dropped past one long swell and another of dim country, falling away like a ghostly land seeking a ghostly sea. And often Hetty looked back, fearing, yet half hoping, that the interdicted one might be on his way, among the dusky, straggling shapes behind.

The company was not large, nor up to nine o'clock particularly merry. The women were engaged in cooking supper, or up in the roof room brushing out their crimps by the light of an unshaded kerosene lamp placed on the pine washstand which did duty as a dressing table. The men's voices came jarringly through the loose boards of the floor from below.

About that hour came the unbidden guest, and like the others he had brought his "gun." He was stopped at the door and told that he could not come in among the girls to make trouble. He denied that he had come with any such intention. There were persons present—he mentioned no names—who were no more eligible, socially speaking, than himself, and he ranked himself low in saying so; where such as these could be admitted, he proposed to show that he could. He offered, in evidence of his good faith and peaceable intentions, to give up his gun; but on condition that he be allowed one dance with the partner of his choosing, regardless of her previous engagements.

This unprecedented proposal was referred to the girls, who were charmed with its audacity. But none of them spoke up for the outcast till Hetty said she could not think what they were afraid of. A dozen to one, and that one without his weapon!

"Keep right on!" the fiddler chanted, in sonorous cadence to the music, as the last figure of the set ended with "Promenade all!" He swung into the air of the first figure again, smiling, with his cheek upon his instrument and his eyes upon the floor. Hetty had caught a flashing glance toward her partner, and fancied that the musician's smile meant more than merely the artist's pleasure in the joy he evokes.

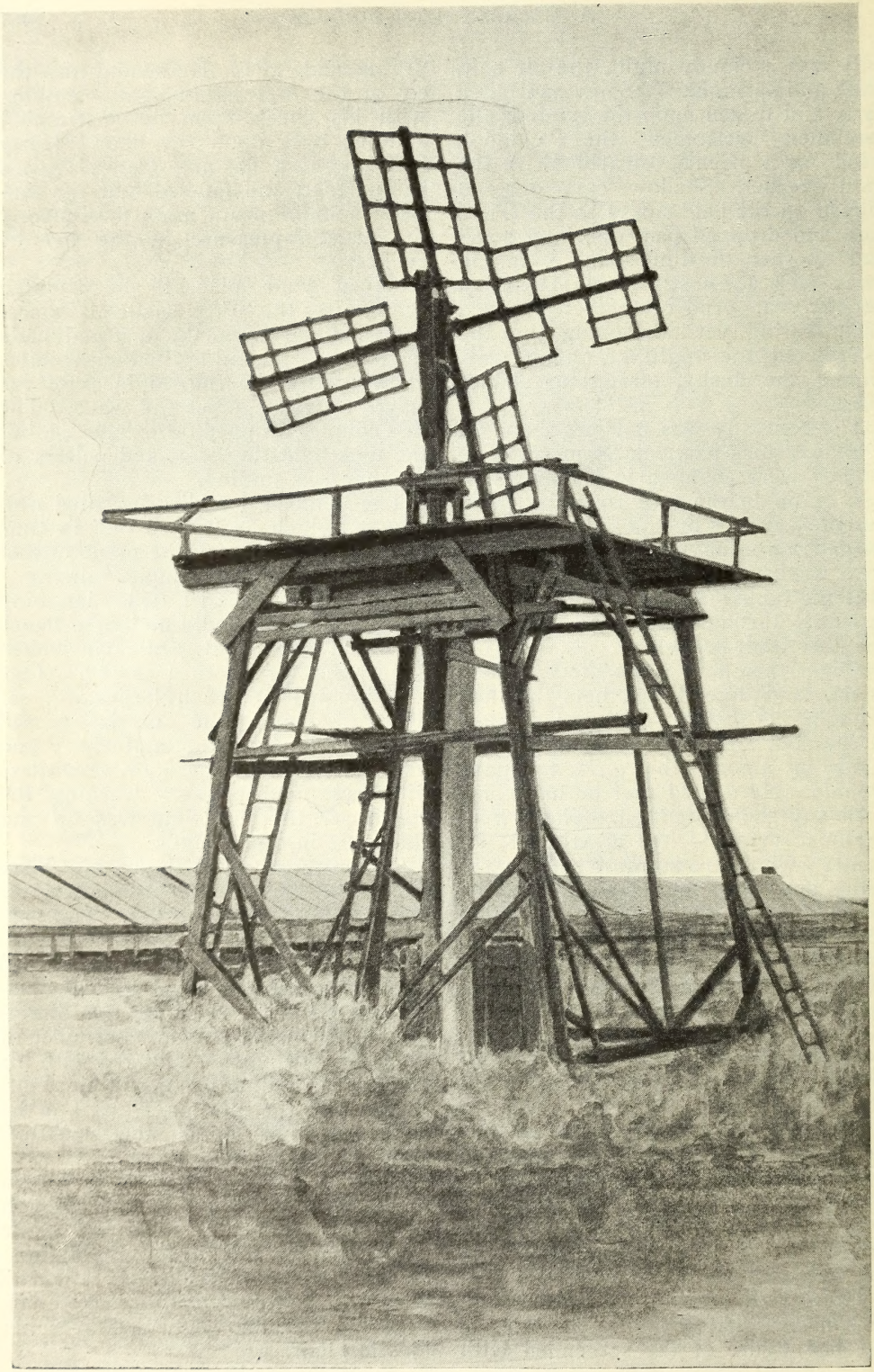
"Keep your places!" he shouted again, after the "Promenade all" a second time had raised the dust and made the lamps flare, and lighted with smiles of sympathy the rugged faces of the elders ranged against the walls. The side couples dropped off exhausted, but the tops held the floor, and neither of the men was smiling.

The whimsical fiddler invented new figures, which he "called off" in time to his music, to vary the monotony of a quadrille with two couples missing.

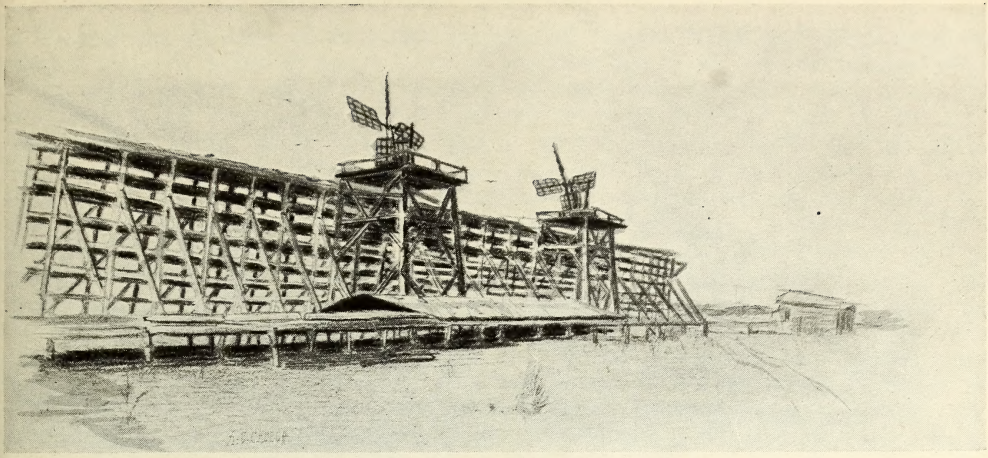
The opposite girl was laughing hysterically; she could no longer dance or stand. The rival gentleman looked about him for another partner. One girl jumped up, then hesitating, sat down again. The music passed smoothly into a galop, and Hetty and her bad boy kept the floor, regardless of shouts and protests warning the trespasser that his time was up and the game in other hands.

Thrice they circled the room. They looked neither to right nor left; their eyes were upon each other. The men were all on their feet, the music playing madly. A group of half-scared girls were huddled, giggling and whispering, near the door of the dimly-lighted shed room. Into the midst of them Hetty's partner plunged with his breathless, smiling partner in his arms, passed into the dim outer place to the door where his horse stood saddled, and they were gone.

They crossed the little valley known as Seven Pines, they crashed through the thin ice of the creek, they rode double sixteen miles before midnight—Hetty wrapped in her lover's "slicker," with the blue-bordered handkerchief, her only wedding gift, tied over her blowing hair.



ONE OF THE OLD WIND MILL PUMPS



The Padanaram Salt Works

By ALBERT COOK CHURCH

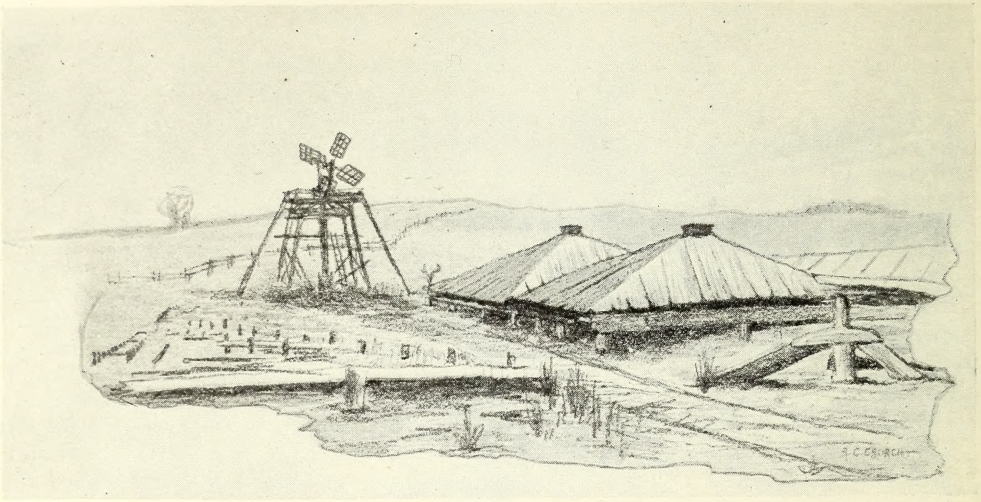
THE early production of salt in this country was an industry of much importance, and at the present time it is difficult to realize its value to the people of a century ago. In addition to its importance as a seasoning ingredient, in those days before the development and perfection of modern refrigeration it was universally used as a preservative, particularly in the curing of fish.

The manufacture of salt from sea water had been carried on by the Colonists to some extent for several years, although by far the greater bulk of their supply was imported from the saline deposits of the Mediterranean, Bahamas, and West Indies.

In 1809, however, Congress passed the restricted commerce act, which compelled the abolishment of commercial intercourse with England and France. The duty on salt also advanced from twelve to twenty cents per bushel, where it remained until after the War of 1812. Thus stimulated, the home production of salt became an industry of much importance, and salt works were built at many locations along the New England coast. The marshes along the shores of the Acushnet and Apponegansett rivers on Buzzard's Bay were a favorite location for the salters, and a projection beyond Nonquitt is called Salter's Point from the fact that salt makers operated extensively along these shores.

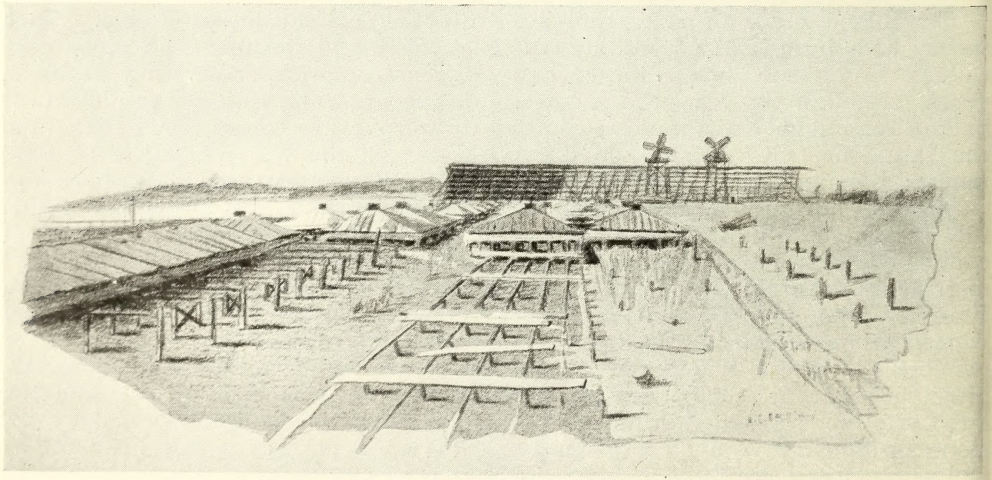
As time went by the price of foreign salt dropped, and the expense of producing it by the old process increased to such an extent that the business ceased to be profitable. Each season found the plants in more need of repair, and gradually they began to disappear. The last of the old works to survive are those at Padanaram, Mass., on the western shores of Buzzard's Bay, and these have been operated continuously for eighty years. The last salt made there was taken out a season or two ago, and since that time the works have been dismantled, removing one of New England's most picturesque landmarks.

There were two kinds of salt works, those known as bush works, and the other sort called the low or flat works. There was, however, but little difference in the process, the bush works being more of a departure to hasten



SALT VATS

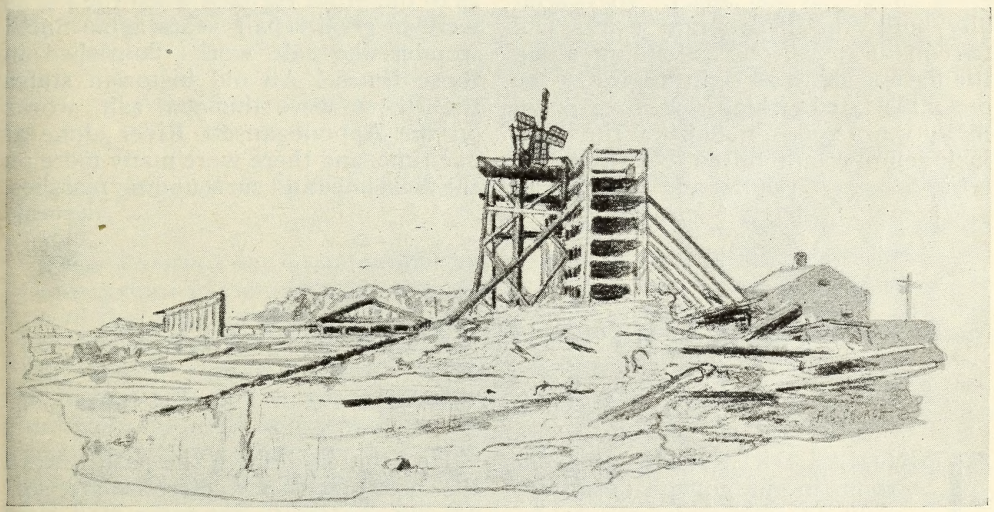
the evaporation; which they did to a remarkable degree, although it is claimed at the expense of purity. The general principle of the process was very simple, consisting of a number of wind mill pumps which were used to raise the sea water to a sufficient level to allow it to run into long rows of shallow vats, which exposed it to the hot rays of the sun for evaporation. The vats were about eighteen feet square by a foot deep, and were arranged in tiers or sets, the first series being somewhat higher than subsequent ones, in order that the water might run through the wooden spouts into the next. Each tier consisted of two rows, as they were built in pairs, corner to corner, so arranged that a pyramid-shaped hood on each end of a long beam, pivoted at its center, could be swung to cover them. These hoods protected the saline solution from rain, which would otherwise ruin the entire work of weeks were it allowed to run in and dilute the solution.



LOOKING NORTH FROM THE OLD WIND MILL

During the process of manufacture the sea water was first pumped into the slime vat, where it was retained about three days, by the end of which a thick, green slime, which was worthless, rose to the top. The water was then drawn off and led to the lime vat, where the lime in the solution was allowed to settle to the bottom. In a few more days this water was run into another tank, in which the precipitate was called "Glauber salts," used in a process of glass manufacture. Once more the water was drawn off to allow the Epsom salts to precipitate, and then to the final vats, where the strong saline brine would deposit in beautiful crystals of pure salt, four or five inches deep. This was shoveled out and stored in the salt house to dry, which was accomplished by allowing a thorough circulation of air to blow over it. Another product was obtained between the precipitates and the solution used for the final deposit. This was called bitter water, and was carefully drawn off to be used for the manufacture of magnesia, during which it was boiled down to a thick, pasty consistency, and afterward baked in crucibles to the commercial form of magnesia. It is an interesting fact that the workmen kept shovels and other iron utensils in barrels of this bitter water, which preserved them in a remarkable manner, retaining a lustre on them like polished silver, and preventing the slightest trace of rust.

In the bush salt works the sea water was first pumped to the top of a long wooden frame, having a number of shelves running its entire length, filled with scrub oak bushes. The top was built so as to form a sort of tank, into which the sea water was pumped by the wind mills, while along either side of the tank were rows of holes, kept plugged when the works were not in operation. When in use, however, the plugs on the windward side were withdrawn and the water allowed to run out. Directly beneath it was caught on shallow troughs, running lengthwise of the works and perforated at short intervals with little channels running over the sides, thus distributing the water in tiny rivulets the entire length of the works. The wind, catching the falling water, would drive it through the bushes, hastening the evaporation and accomplishing in a few minutes the result required weeks in the flat works. Some idea of its efficiency may be gathered from the statement that sea water starting at the top ten per cent salt would reduce to about thirty-five per cent during an interval of fifteen minutes, As it usually re-



THE BUSH ROCK, PARTIALLY DEMOLISHED

quired two or three weeks to get salt at a depositing consistency in the flat works, it may be readily seen that the bush works were a decided advantage in the economy of time. At the bottom of the bush rack the water was caught in a tank extending the whole length of the frame, from where it was led by gravity through crude wooden spouts into the vats, precisely as in the flat works, having the advantage of beginning there with a strong solution.

The Padanaram salt works were built during the interval between 1826 and 1828, on what was called Nonquitt Point, before a bridge connected the Point with Padanaram, on the Apponegansett River. The main rack or frame was six hundred eighty feet long, twenty-six feet in height, and the two sides about ten feet apart. As originally built, the Padanaram works had two main racks, one extending along the harbor shore at right angles to the one illustrated, which was torn down many years ago. In addition the plant included over a hundred low vats, covering a large territory and forming an establishment of no small magnitude. The wind mills used in pumping the water were picturesque wooden affairs of the crudest type, but proved to be remarkably serviceable nevertheless. As it is estimated that three hundred sixty gallons of sea water were required to produce a bushel of salt, one may readily imagine what an enormous bulk of water these wind mills have pumped from the sea during their long term of faithful service. In full operation the capacity of this plant would be about twelve thousand bushels a year, worth in the palmy days about fifty cents per bushel. At one time during the Civil War salt sold readily for one dollar a bushel, and as it required but two men to operate the plant, it leaves little room for doubt as to the profit realized when the works were in good repair years ago. Small wonder the salt works flourished in those times. An old historian states that there were thirteen salt works on the Apponegansett River alone at one time, and there were many more on the Acushnet and surrounding marshes.

"And Johnnie Didn't Tell"

By O. B. TOWNE

THOMAS DRENNAN sat in his room in the college dormitory with an expression of woe depicted on his large, strong features. This was Saturday night and college had closed on the Wednesday before. It was Christmas vacation, and a dull, dreary afternoon was wearing away so slowly that it seemed an eternity. The campus was deserted. 'Tis needless to say that Tom was both lonesome and homesick in spite of the fact that he would not have acknowledged it to any one. Once, however, he had admitted to himself, as he slid into his overcoat, that he wished he had gone home with his room-mate, as he had been urged to do.

He sauntered down the path toward the post-office in a disconsolate sort of way, hoping to get some mail from somewhere, it made little difference where. The man at the delivery window rallied him about the "blues," but he didn't even reply. When he found two letters in his box, however, the world really seemed interesting after all.

"Hullo! Two letters for me. That's Father's handwriting; and that's—um—dun no whose that is."

Off go the ends of the envelopes and out come the letters. His father's letter contained a check for twenty-five dollars, accompanied by a few brief lines.

Dear Tom:—Pack up a few things and take the first train for Woodbury Center. We are all going up to the old homestead for Christmas this year. I have been too busy to write before, and even the check had slipped my mind.

Well, good-by, my boy, till we see you at Grandfather's. Trust you not to waste any time.

Mother and Nellie send love.

FATHER.

"Say, Pop, you are A Number One. Now, let me see—it is four-thirty now, and I can't get off till ten-nineteen to-night. Guess I can fix it some way so as to get there without much effort. No stage on Sunday, though. Well, I can go to-morrow night. That will get me into Hardwick at eight Monday morning, and then the stage for the Center. Hurrah for Ireland!"

Woodbury Center, Vermont.
Dec. 18 —

"Say, this one is from Grandfather himself."

Dear Tom:—Your Grandmother and I are anxious to have you come up and spend the holidays with us. We would like to have all the children here, but they are so scattered that it is next to impossible. Little Johnnie is here and chatters night and day about you, wanting to know when you are coming. We will try and not make it too quiet for you. All the young people here want you to come, and are planning all sorts of sleighrides, coasting parties, and I don't know what all. Come if you possibly can.

Lovingly your grandfather,
ELISHA DRENNAN.

"Well, now what does this mean? 'We would like to have all the children here, but they are so scattered that it is an impossibility.' That doesn't track for a cent with Father's statement about going to the old homestead. Oh! I see. They are all going back to the old 'Drennan Tavern' for the holidays—aunts, uncles, nephews, nieces, cousins, brothers, sisters, and poodle dogs, and the old people don't know about it. Say, Tom, it's behooving you to make a joke out of this. Let me see—stage runs once a day up there, except Sundays, so if Father's letter isn't there now it won't reach them until I do. Good! It's a go. Hurrah!"

Tom finished his work with a light heart, took the train and landed in Hardwick on a beautiful winter's day. There had been a snow storm the day before and the mountains were covered with great feathery banks and the evergreens were nearly broken down with whiteness. The clouds had cleared away and the sun made the earth to glitter and blaze with sparkling brilliancy. Not a breath of air stirred, and the deep jingle of immense sleighbells seemed to startle the peacefulness of the village.

"Hullo there, Tom Drennan, ye everlastin' raskil. What ye doin' clear up here? Ain't lost, be ye? Give us yer paw. How be ye, anyhow? Goin' over to the Center? Wall, ye git right in here 'long 'ith me. Hain't seen ye fer nigh onto two year."

"How do you do, Mr. Thomas? I'm awfully glad to see you. You don't mean to drive me out to Grandfather's, do you?"

"Sartin'."

"Thank you. Isn't this a fine winter?"

It didn't take long to tell Mr. Thomas the plans for the holidays and to inquire what mail had been received at the old tavern. Thomas was pleased and expressed his feelings with a "Hi Gun! That's tiptop."

"Waal, yes," he said, "they wus two letters come last Wednesday fer Uncle Lishe frum somewheres in York State, I've fergotten the postmark, but I gave 'em to little Johnnie. Like 's not he's got 'em yet, fer he has an allkillin' fergettery, that kid has."

The rest of the ride out through what is known as the "Gulf" was perfect. Tom enjoyed it, although his

thoughts ran far ahead to the old home, the kind old faces that he loved, to little Johnnie, and the letters. John Thomas kept his tongue running all the way home, and besides telling all he knew, had time to inquire about all of Tom's relatives, and the news in general.

"Naow," he said at last, "ef yeou want to sprize the old people with a general reunion, they ain't nothin' I won't do to help eout. My man Hank 'll git a tree off'm the mountain and yeou 'nd Johnnie kin git the hall trimmed up fer the doin's. They is five boxes kum in by 'xpress this mornin' fer Uncle Lishe. Guess most on't is presents. Aunt Phoebe 'll bother ye wuss 'n a sick cat, though. She's allus smellin' 'round when they's somethin' in the wind. Me and Mary'll help ye out, howsomever. Say, can't ye kum deown about haff after two? Arright.

"Waal, here we be. Don't the old village look purty in the snow? Whoa thare. Recken they'll be glad t' see ye. I'll take the boxes daown t' my house. Howdo, Uncle Lishe 'nd Aunt Phoebe. Fine winter day. Here's a boy I found loose over t' Hardwick. B'longs t' yeou, so he says, 'nd ef ye kin keep him I recken I'll leave him fer a spell."

Tom found himself on the steps of the old tavern enjoying as hearty a welcome as he ever had known. Grandfather fairly beamed with delight and Grandmother kissed him several times.

"Come into the house, Tom; no need standin' out here, though 'tis a nice day. How be ye, anyway?"

"Tommy, my boy, you can't imagin' how glad I am t' see you. I've been thinking 'bout yeou ever since Thanksgiving."

"There, Tom, hang your coat up there 'side o' Johnnie's. Oh, yes, sticking some candy in his pockets for him, are ye?"

"Come right in here by the fire, Tommy. Have you had anything to eat this morning?"

"No," said Tom, taking two letters from Johnnie's pocket, "I didn't—"

"Why, you poor boy! I'll get you something right off. When did you hear from home last? All well, I spose? Kind o' lonesome 'thout yeou, wa'n't it? Well, yeou sit right down by the fire and I'll get ye somethin' warm." And the happy old lady, without waiting for any answer, hustled out into the kitchen for the wanted breakfast.

"Waal, Tom," began his grandfather, "I believe yeou are lookin' better 'n ye were last year. Football er bull fightin' sort o' 'grees with ye, don't it? When did ye hear from home last?"

"Last Saturday," said Tom, "and they were all well, thank you."

"Thet's good," answered the old man, "I haven't heard from them sense Thanksgiving."

"Per—per—perhaps," stuttered Tom, "they are planning to make them all Christmas letters."

"Thet's so," was the reply, "mebbe they be. Waal, here's yer breakfast."

"Now, Tommy, yeou sit right daown here in this warm chimbly corner, and tell us all about Father, Mother, 'nd little Nellie while yeou's eatin' this," said his grandmother, bringing in breakfast enough for four.

Promptly at half past two Tom took his cap and went down to the post-office to see John Thomas. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas met him at the door with eager faces. No one could have planned the matter better than they.

"Now, Tom," began Mrs. Thomas, "there's a poor woman 'at lives across the brook on the Tuffumbure road thet's a splendid cook, and—why I do believe she cooks fer Aunt Phoebe naow, don't she?"

"Eup," said John, "'nd ef yeou can't get Aunt Phoebe 'way somewheres, why—"

"She kin kum right daown and cook things on aour stove," broke in Mrs. Thomas.

It was decided to let Johnnie into the secret in order to find needed things around the tavern without unnecessary search. The old couple

were to be delayed at prayer meeting the next night by some pretext or other, in order to give Tom and Hank an opportunity to get the tree set up in the old hall and to open the boxes of presents. The relatives were to be stopped at Montpelier and Hardwick until Wednesday afternoon, when they were all to come at once. The dinner was to be taken up after the people had arrived. At last it was all arranged and the messages sent off by wire.

That night Tom obtained permission to have Johnnie as a bedfellow. Johnnie was more than willing and after a romp around the room the two started for bed. The recital of the proposed scheme to the little fellow was the first thing on the program. This he listened to with bulging eyes, and a mouth in the form of the capital letter O. He was overwhelmed with such a marvelous conspiracy and for a minute could say nothing. However, he grasped it all at last and, dancing up and down, fairly yelled with delight.

"But, Johnnie, you mustn't tell any one about it, not even Grandma. Now don't forget."

This only increased the dance. However, he clapped his hand over his mouth and shouted between his fingers.

"Oh, I won't tell anybody—anybody."

Tom finally managed to catch him and find out where the things were that he wanted. Johnnie told as best he could where the candles were, and where Grandma kept the tinsel, the streamers, hangers, and bunting she had used to decorate with at the "Sunday school tree" last winter. The presents were all kept in the clothes press in her room down stairs. This information obtained, they tumbled into bed and to sleep. Tom only played sleep, however, for he had a lot of work to do. After the house became quiet he got up and dressed. His search for the material wanted was productive of the desired results, and, after carrying it all into the hall, he locked the door and began his night's work.

The hall was a large room, forty feet long by twenty wide and fifteen feet high, with a tremendous fireplace at one end. Just the right shape for decorating. Tom succeeded in accomplishing a great deal that night, and with the first stir in the kitchen below, he retired to dream of home and father and mother.

Johnnie was down stairs dressing by the fire long before daylight. He was the happiest little boy that ever lived, but this morning he was happier than ever. He danced around the room with an unusual degree of hilarity. Grandfather only smiled, but Grandmother couldn't understand such jollity.

"Why, Johnnie, what makes you so happy this morning?"

Up came the little hand and he cried from behind that obstruction, "I won't tell anybody, anybody, anybody."

"Why can't you tell me?" queried the curious old lady.

"Because Tom said if I did, we wouldn't have it at all," he yelled from behind his hand.

Grandmother smiled and murmured as she left the room, "I wonder what dido Tommie is up to now."

Three times before Tom got up, Johnnie all but let the secret out; he managed to keep it, however, by putting his hand over his mouth and running twice around the house in the snow.

That afternoon, while the old people were out, he mounted watch at the window, to warn Tom of their return, while the work continued. When they did return, he made enough noise to arouse the whole village; then, in order that he might not leak a word, he put his hand over his mouth and ran, bare headed, around the house three times.

That night everything went off like clock work, and even if the scheme was suspicioned, no sign of it was apparent. Mary Thomas sent up a lot of popcorn balls and bags of candy to

help out, so that the perfectness was assured. Hank stayed with Tom and worked while Johnnie mounted guard down stairs. The work went on and the house was perfectly quiet with the exception of occasional outbursts of hilarity from the delighted boy, until about ten o'clock. At this time there arose an unusual commotion and hurried steps were heard coming upstairs at a breakneck speed. Tom knew what had happened so he blew out the light just as Johnnie burst into the room with:

"Oh, they're comin'. They're comin'."

Tom and Hank worked all night and finished the last thing long before the first stir was heard down stairs. Never had the old hall looked so festive. The walls were decorated with blue and white bunting, and from the two hooks in the ceiling, near the ends, were draped long strips of the same material. Under one of these hooks stood the Christmas tree with all of its burdens of books, toys, clothing, pictures, candy and so forth, while on each branch was fastened a wax candle. From the other hook, over by the fireplace, was hung a great bunch of holly, and suspended from it was a sprig of mistletoe. Over the fireplace an American flag was draped around two old flint-lock rifles and a Revolutionary sword. The pictures on the walls were draped with bunting and holly. Holly was also suspended in each window. Around the room were placed all the old-fashioned chairs and sofas the attic could furnish, and on the floor were long strips of rag carpet.

That night was the night and if one could have seen Johnnie it would have been apparent. He was so excited that he didn't know what to do, and hardly dared say a word. Five times he nearly gave it away, each time resorting to the old remedy of running around the house in the snow. This remedy was beginning to fail, however, and Tom had to come to the rescue.

Half past seven that evening saw the quartet sitting around the fire listening to stories of the "days when I was a boy."

"Come here, Johnnie, and sit on my knee while I tell you a story," said Grandfather.

Johnnie went, and sat quietly for a few minutes. Tom sat on the floor resting his cheek against Grandmother's knee while she stroked his hair. All sat looking into the fire, waiting for the story. The silence lasted for several seconds during which time a deep jongle, jongle of sleighbells was heard away up the road. Johnnie heard it, and burying his face in the old gentleman's coat, he wriggled and kicked with excitement.

"Waal, Tom, 'twas thirty years ago to-night 'at your Grandma and me made a big Christmas up in the hall fur the people down at the poor farm. We had the old hall fixed up fur judgment day, that night, and they was presents 'nough to supply a regiment. Waal, seems to be they'se lots o' sleighs out to-night. Them big bells is Thomas's. Waal, as I wus sayin', we hitched up Nig an' Jim onto the big sled and went down to get— Say, Phoebe, did ye ever hear so much bell-music afore?"

"Why, Lishe, I do believe they're drivin' up t' our front porch. Why, what noise!"

As the dear old lady leaned forward to listen, there was a chorus of shouts; then came a sound of chattering and laughing, all mingled in with the jangle of the bells. Johnnie could stand it no longer, and, jumping down from his comfortable seat, he tore around the room like mad, and shouting "Merry Christmas" at the top of his voice.

"Why, what does all this mean, anyway?" asked Grandfather, a little frightened.

"Tom, you rascal, what you been up to now?" demanded Grandfather.

All further comment was cut short by the increase of the noise and the tramping of feet on the porch. The front door flew open, and before either

of the old people could collect their wits enough to move, in rushed a merry crowd of children and grandchildren. Tom opened the sitting room door just in time to be grabbed around the neck and kissed by his own mother. What hubbub followed. Pandemonium was turned loose. Every one was crowding every one else in the vain endeavor to be the first to greet the grandparents. Twenty-eight people descending upon the unsuspecting old couple was too much, and the tears coursed down their cheeks unchecked and unheeded. Never was a surprise more complete or more happy. Wraps were thrown about the room carelessly until confusion itself reigned. Every one was filled with delight; every one was happy because every one else was.

At last they managed to quiet down enough to realize that the doors were wide open, and as they went out to close them they heard scampering of young feet and a childish voice from the big hall shouting "Merry Christmas," as though life and death depended upon the noise he made. Immediately there was a mad rush for the stairs and soon the old hall was ringing with merriment as it had not rung for years. The old couple were ushered upstairs by their own boys and girls, and when they came to the hall door they stopped in amazement. What a sight met their eyes. All warmed, all lighted, all decorated, and all filled with loved faces. Around the tree circled the grandchildren singing a Christmas carol, while older ones stood around happy and bright. Johnnie was in the circle of children singing at the top of his voice, and although he did not know a word of the song, he was not in the least disturbed, and was manufacturing words to suit the occasion. Chief in the group was the figure of Tom directing the singing and urging on the dance of the children.

The happy old people waited until the song had ceased and then descended on Tom and Johnnie with a swoop and covered them with caresses.

"Tom, ye rascal, I knew you couldn't be here more than three days 'thout havin' something goin'. How on airth did you do it 'thout our knowin'?" asked the delighted old man.

"Always was up to some trick, Tommie; but this is the best one yet," and the old lady threw her arms around his neck and kissed him.

"Yes," shouted Johnnie, "me and Tom didn't tell a word about it, but I had to swallow awful hard eight times to keep it from jumpin' right out."

There was a general laugh at this, but it was cut short by the appearance of a large, fat man with long white hair and whiskers, and all dressed in fur.

"Merry Christmas to ye, ladies and gentlemen and little kids," said the man, whose voice sounded like that of John Thomas. "This is 'bout the happiest set I ever see 'round these pairts. Thought I would drop in 'nd see ye fur a minute on my way over t' Ratville. I heard ye had 'bout all the presents the tree could hold, so I brought over a Christmas dinner fur thirty-two hungry people. Sorry I can't stay any longer, but I'm needed some'ers else to-night. Good-by and a Merry Christmas t' all on ye.

"Tommy, I don't know as there is anything else you could do to make me happy now," said Grandmother, wiping her glasses as if the mistiness was their fault.

Then came a general rush to thank Tom and Johnnie.

"We didn't do it all," said Tom in a muffled tone; "if it hadn't been for John Thomas and his wife and their man Hank we couldn't have done a thing."

"Yes," said Johnnie, "and I didn't tell anybody, did I Tom?"

The External Feminine

By ANNE PARTLAN

"*Then take the clothes and let the culture go.*" —Josephine Dodge Daskam.

THE RETURN OF THE TURBAN

The turban as a popular type of headgear is here and likely to remain for several seasons. There are many designs of this shaped hat, high and low crowns, lean and puffy ones. One very smart design is a swathed mass of black velvet adjusted at every angle possible to the head. It may be seen resting on the nose, dropped wearily on the back of the head, riotously cocked over one ear or set perfectly straight.

The millinery authorities agree that whether one can wear a turban or not is purely a matter of chin, that being the only feature too much in evidence. This shape of hat is at its best when made of mink and finished with the gold cloth used so much for trimming in general.

ROUGH SERGES AGAIN

The truly formal and elegant winter costume is not seen beyond the dressmaker's workroom until December. The tendency toward later sojourns in country houses has much to do with this. There seems to be a wonderful unanimity about the early winter tailored costume. Long coats, quite long ones, and yet we hear whisperings about a wonderful short coat model that some of the exclusive modistes have discovered abroad in the making. This delectable short coat model is a trifle more fitted than are the present long ones, however we in America are safe for the winter with our long coats. It will be spring at least before we can swing into the line with the very latest Parisian fad.

The rough, wide wale serge is an accepted weave for street wear and bids fair to remain for some time. There is a constancy about this fabric which even the capricous dame Fashion can not lightly thrust aside when once she calls this fabric into use.

Broadcloth still holds its own and many three-piece suits with braid trimmings, fancy buttons and auxiliaries are shown in the smartest shops. There is a new crepe weave on the market, suitable for dressy wear. It has a slight cord and an exquisite surface, dull yet lustrous. At first glance one might think it a woolen material because of its soft dulness, but the folds into which it drapes proclaim it crepe. On the wrong side it has a satin finish and pronounced cord, and despite its wonderful suppleness there is more body to it than to the more familiar crepes.

In Paris, chiffon and silk mousselines are being used in great quantities for tunics and veilings on the calling and carriage gowns. The makers do not hesitate to combine these sheer stuffs with the heavier materials, not only the crepes and silk cashmeres, but velcet, cloth, and even rough serge.

REVIVAL OF BLACK AS A FASHIONABLE COLOR

Black is strongly accepted this season on this side of the ocean, and in Paris it is very popular, for which the economical woman will be thankful, for black covers a multitude of wardrobe defects.

Color is not used to relieve the black gowns with the exception of a cream or gold streak about the collar, next to the face.

Black velvet models are here and there in evidence, also coat and skirt affairs with fur trimmings and fancy braid trimmings.



THE RETURN OF THE TURBAN

Black cashemire de soie cleverly draped into a simple bodice, united by a girdle to a softly fulled skirt, is one of the new one-piece frocks. The low-cut bodice front of this gown is filled in to the throat with sheer black chiffon laid over coarse mesh gold net, which in turn veiled fine cream net.

Russian coats, straight or belted, continue to obtain favor, and a lovely, quaint black costume, seen recently, had a knee-length coat of velvet, belted in with a leather girdle held by two huge barbaric clasps.

Below the coat fell a full, soft, long skirt of some dull finish crepe, without trimming, although the bodice of the gown was delicately garnished with gold lace and touches of embroidery.

Brocades, rich brocades, everywhere for evening wear. The solidity of this material has been greatly modified, so much that the designers are able to drape it with the lightness and suppleness demanded of modern materials. I have in mind an old rose brocade, made on empire lines. It fell plainly and clinging in front, but the skirt was slightly draped in back. The bodice was of fine dead white lace, trimmed with heavy gold embroidery.

Another evening gown had a tunic of blue and silver brocade draped around the body and ending at the knees in front while falling low in the back. A yoke of gold net in turquoise silk and the full underskirt below the tunic was of this material.

Fur is a dominant note in the sartorial harmony of the season. It is used for trimming gowns of chiffon, lace, and mousseline and the beauty of these combinations cannot be denied. A few judicious lines of fur will do much to restore an otherwise passe gown.

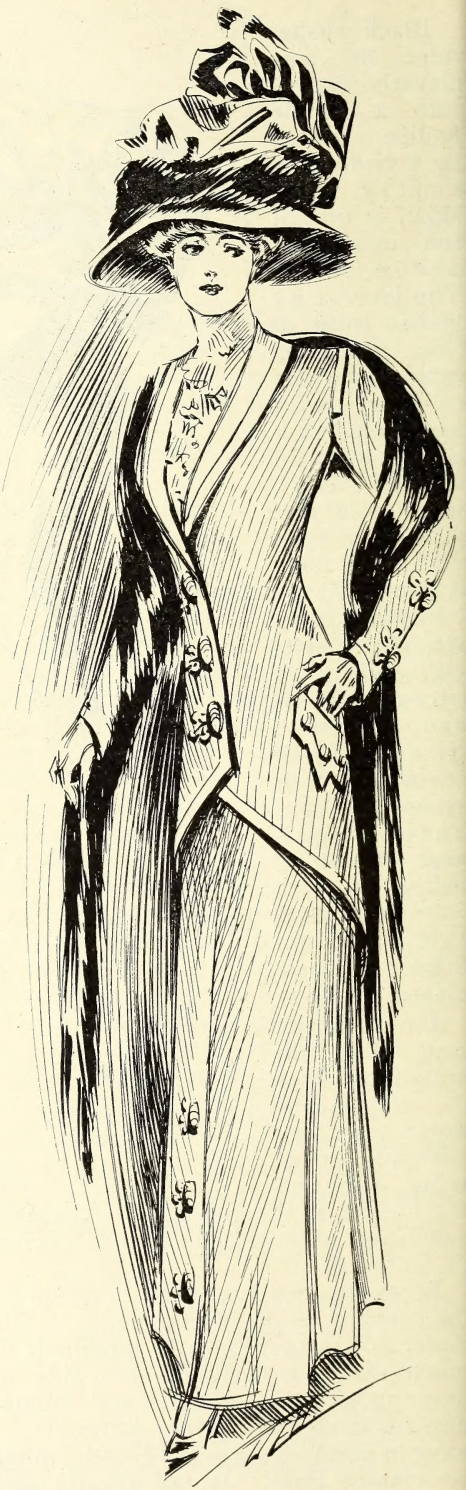
The most truly gorgeous evening coat is of tailless ermine trimmed with black and white ermine. Then there are wide-flowing capes of ermine, with hoods lined with flowered silk.

Sealskin is now, and ever shall be, the smart thing for street wear, and the very good imitation seal is everywhere in demand. The tall, slender Burne-Jones women are taking kindly to pelerines and dolmans made of the soft draping furs, and together with the huge muffs the graceful creatures are indeed picturesque.

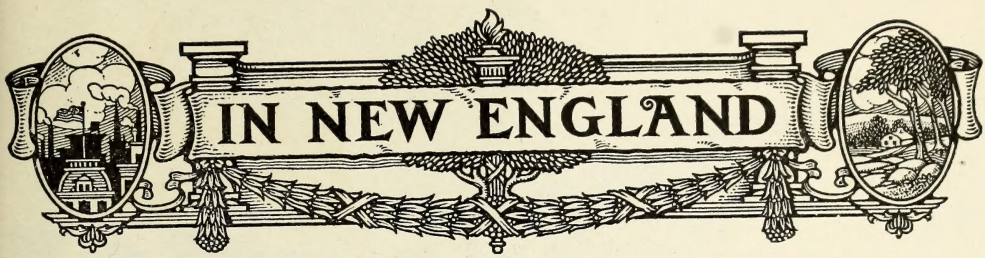
THE LAST THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED

After all is said and done, the question with every individual woman should be, not what is the most fashionable, but which of all the reigning fashions will suit me best. One may be gowned from top to toe in the most advance things possible and still look a fright. Women hopelessly beyond the pale of slenderness should religiously eschew any garment with curves, scallops, etc., and adhere strictly to perpendicular lines. If one is inclined to be flat-chested or angular, pile on the curves, in blouses, tailored suits or any out-door wrappings.

In the matter of effect, one may sin with impunity in regard to the front of one's gown, but to neglect the careful studying of back effects is fatal. A triple mirror is an undeniable essential to the successfully gowned woman, and pins galore! One of the most attractive women I know once confessed to me that all her hats had the trimming pinned on and at the same moment she raised an exquisite bertha and revealed to me that it was arranged with carefully concealed pins. Sewing, she told me, was very often the death knell to graceful effects.



THE EXTERNAL FEMININE



ARE "TIMES" "GOOD" OR "BAD"

Of course we ought not to venture an opinion on this interesting topic, or rather we should meekly echo the opinions from the financial "experts" or the politicians. We should base our opinion on minute calculations of the new tariff provision, stock market fake sales, etc.

If we might, however, venture an opinion that is based on none of these things, but upon the state of affairs which we meet in our town to town visitations, we should say unhesitatingly that times are good and growing better. Factories are being enlarged, mill towns are casting about for additional help, construction work on a large scale is being planned, and, if prices are abnormally high and the money market not perfectly satisfactory, the substance of prosperity is so abundantly with us and our people are going to work and forgetting the rest with a determination to be prosperous that is certain to attain its end, regardless of the mourners and disgruntled theorists.

THE OFFICE OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY

The election of Mr. Pelletier to the position of District Attorney of Suffolk County causes another quick shift in the personnel of that important office. It is a position for which he appears to possess every qualification, but it is not our purpose to discuss that point. But the manner in which the change was made would seem to indicate altogether too much politics.

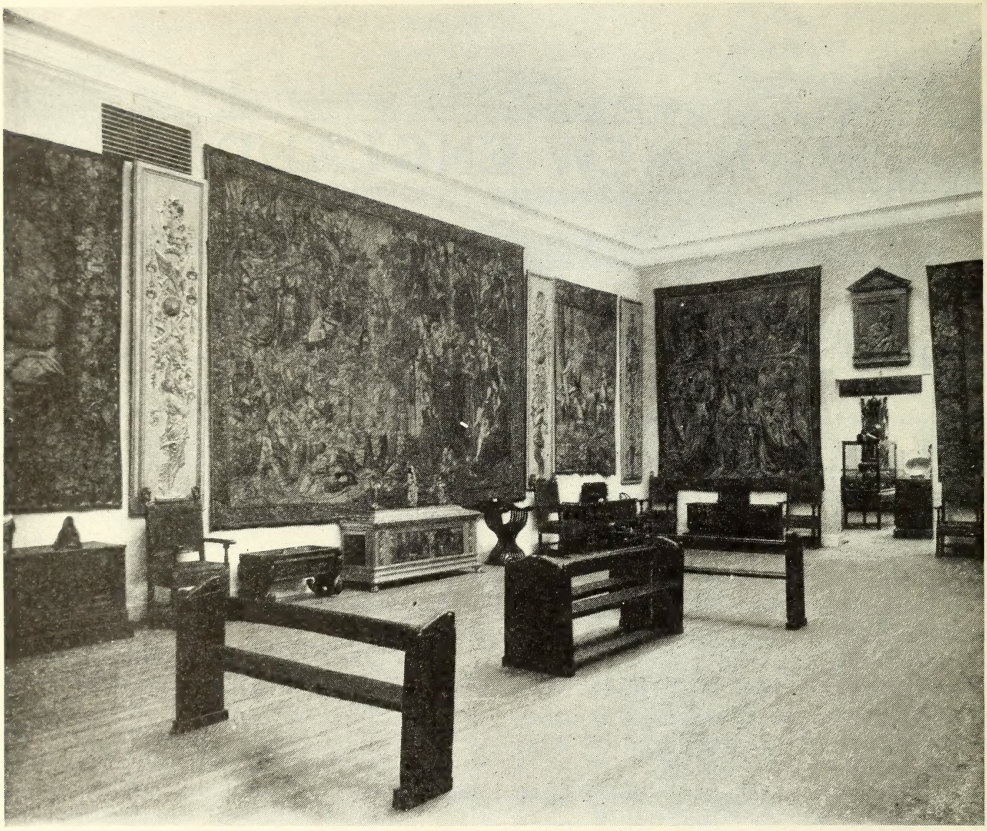
The District Attorneyship is a somewhat recent American invention. It is essentially a judicial position. Its holder should be absolutely free from any thought other than the faithful performance of his duties as the basis of continuance in office. The position seems to us to be fully as aloof from politics as the bench. On no other condition is its existence tolerable.

The United States is the only nation in the world possessing such an office, we believe, and the United States did very well without it for many years. Theoretically the office should exist, practically it is under trial, and Jeromeism, sensationalism, and politics are dangers to be avoided. Here is an opportunity for the New England political genius to assert itself in constructive leadership by the elevation of the office to its proper dignity. Mr. Pelletier's position is strategic. He has an opportunity to stamp the office indelibly for good or ill.

VERSE WORTH NOTING

The Editor of The Ladies' Home Journal some time since issued a complaint to the effect that no poetry (or very little) worth printing came to his desk. We do not doubt that the editorial office of the Journal is flooded with the usual deluge of ridiculous verse.

At the same time much of a very high order is being written, and there is a crying need of a type of editorial recognition such as played so important a part in the development of the



THE TAPESTRY ROOM IN THE NEW ART MUSEUM, BOSTON. THE CLEARNESS OF DETAIL SHOWS THE SUCCESSFUL LIGHTING OF THE BUILDING

great names of American literature a generation ago.

The following poem clipped from Youth's Companion (which paper, by the way, is publishing more really good verse than any other publication in the country) is as truly poetic and as beautiful in its own way as anything of Longfellow's or Whittier's.

THE SONG OF ISRAFEL

By ZITELLA COCKE

Oft have I dreamed of one sweet voice—
The voice of Israfel.
Sweetest among that radiant Host
Who with Godhead dwell,—
Before whose song archangels stand,
All reverend and mute,
For none can sing like Israfel—
Whose heart-strings are a lute!

And I have pondered deep and long,
What might be his employ
In that fair land of love and light,
Of pure and endless joy.
Mayhap 'tis his to soothe the souls
Mocked by the world's despite:
To guide the feeble, fainting faith
Through blackness of death's night;

Yet am I fain to think his song
Hath still a holier task,
So dear, so sweet, that heaven and earth
May nothing better ask;
To charm those precious little ones
That slip from our embrace,
Like whom, He said, we must become,
If we would see His face!

For man was good and woman fair,
Yet God had still a best,



FROM "THE GREAT SEA HORSE" BY ISABEL ANDERSON

And of all things His hand creates,
Children are loveliest.
And aye, these infant voyagers
Upon the unknown sea
Shall sail with Pilot Israfel
As on a mother's knee:

Bravest of all discoverers,
What wonders they behold,
What secrets hid from mortal ken,
To their pure eyes unfold,—
And all athrill with joy and love,
They drink from wisdom's well,
And learn heaven's holy mysteries
In the song of Israfel!

ART

Mr. John Elliott has returned to us, for while Boston is only his city by adoption, we like to claim him as an adopted son. Mr. Elliott has taken a studio for the winter, and will remain here till he goes to Washington to superintend the installation of his Diana of the Tides in the new National Mu-

seum. The building is still uncompleted, and it is hoped that the large mural painting that made such an impression when it was exhibited in Rome last winter may be shown in Boston before it goes to its permament home in the great hall of the Smithsonian Institute. Meanwhile Mr. Elliott has been busy in a new field, that of the illustrator. His strong decorative sense has found expression in the color drawings that illustrate "The Great Sea Horse," a volume of fairy tales just published by Little & Brown. These drawings are made in colored pastel, a process that lends itself well to color reproduction. The boy on the fish reproduced above gives something of the spirit of the work, though of course the black and white can give no idea of the luminous color scheme which makes this masterly study of life under the sea a notable piece of decorative work. The range of subjects treated in the twenty-four drawings is very wide, from the iceberg of the King of the Ice Gnomes to the tropical coral island rising from a translucent southern sea. The drawings are a new departure in illustration, perhaps their greatest charm is that subtlest of qualities—imagination. They are the work of an idealist who has mastered the realist's trick of drawing, and then has given the rein to his imagination and dared to paint not only what he sees, but what he dreams. It is this that makes the artist the master, whatever his period, whatever his school, whatever the medium through which he expresses his ideas.

Mr. Elliott shows a rare fidelity to nature in the careful drawing of the trees, the seashore, the seaweed, the fish, the flowers, the little recalcitrant mouse. So faithful is this nature study, so convincing the rendering of the things we know, that the painter easily makes us feel that the pictures of the Great Sea Horse, with his webbed feet, the fairies, the giant, and the pinkies must be true also. If the things we know are so truly painted, we must take it for granted that the things we do not know, such as the airy palace of soap bubbles held together by cobwebs, really look as he has painted them.

The stories in this unique volume will be treated elsewhere in the NEW ENGLAND, but one word must be said, even here in the art column, of their great charm and spontaneity. The book is by Isabel Anderson, better known as Mrs. Larz Anderson, the first, let us hope, of many other books. It is the work of a young author, and is fairly bubbling over with youth, and fancy, and charm. Like Alexander, Mrs. Anderson sighs for new worlds to conquer. In the world of letters, as in other worlds, her bright presence is thrice welcome.



Whatever doubts may have existed—if there were any—as to the ability of the Boston play-houses to hold their own with the widespread interest manifested in the new opera house and its attractions, must have been dissipated by the attendance which the theatres have enjoyed thus far this season.

That seats should have gone begging to see Grace George or Lillian Russell was not to be expected, but that two old attractions, closing long and successful runs, "The Man from Mississippi" at the Park, and "The Three Twins" at the Boston Theatre, should have no cause to complain of their houses and that two new attractions, one entirely unknown, should actually break old records, is a little surprising and evidence sufficient, if any were needed, that the people never tire of seeing a good play.

The last two entertainments above referred to were Elsie Janis in "The Fair Co-Ed" at the Colonial and "The Love Cure" at the Tremont Theatre. The first of these, "The Fair Co-Ed," would be called a very clever college play even without its star attraction. With Elsie Janis it is irresistible.

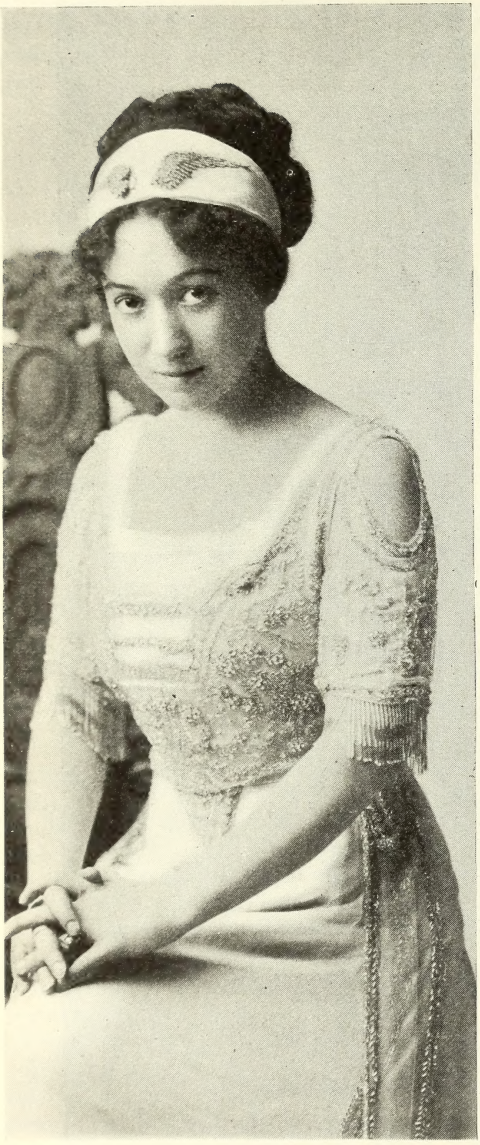


HATTIE WILLIAMS WHO APPEARS IN "DETECTIVE SPARKES" AT THE HOLLIS

"The Love Cure" at the Tremont, which is still on the boards and gaining in popularity with every production, is one of the best of Savage's musical productions. It is full of clever little hits that have taken hold of the popular fancy.

Beginning Monday night, Nov. 29th, Miss Elsie Ferguson opens at the Tremont in Channing Pollock's greatest comedy success, "Such A Little Queen," under management of Henry B. Harris.

Hattie Williams in "Detective Sparkes," at the Hollis, will be a very strong attraction. Miss Williams is a great favorite with Boston theatre-goers, and may count implicitly on acting before full houses whenever she brings her mimic world to a Boston



LINA ABARBANEL IN "THE LOVE CURE"

stage. She is one of those rare comediennes whose farcical exaggerations always stop at just the right point. They leave a laugh and a flavor of good will that is worth going out of an evening to obtain.

At the Colonial Max Rogers in "The Young Turk" will be the new play. It is a Paris-laid musical production. The hero breaks the bank at Monte Carlo and does all kinds of things, including occupying the Sultan's throne!

Bostonians will be interested in the "Boston—1915" opera which Theodore Friebus, one of the star actors of the John Craig Stock Company, is preparing for presentation at the Castle Square Theatre Christmas week. Written on trains and between matinee and evening performances and at all kinds of odd moments, this opera, the production of the infinitesimal hours of leisure that fall to the lot of a popular actor, is said to possess merits that give it a very high rank as an artistic opera. It will deserve to be well sustained by Boston people.

MUSIC

BOSTON OPERA A BRILLIANT SUCCESS

A wave of satisfaction and relief swept over the musical circles of Boston and vicinity with the first few productions of standard operas in the new Boston Opera House.

Acoustically perfect, audience and singers alike pronounced it. The great Constantino pronounces it the finest audience room that he in the capacity of a singer has been called upon to fill. Other singers of world experience support the statement.

The wonderful stage has made possible scenic effects of great beauty. This feature is certain to score even more brilliantly. It will surprise most people to learn that two hundred thousand dollars worth of special machinery was installed under the floor of that wonderful stage.

But I think that when it comes to the long back looks of history it will be that little home-made chorus and home-made ballet that will loom up as the largest achievements of the new movement—that and the successful performance of leading grand opera roles by what may fairly be called "home talent."

The ballet school is so successful that it has already been imitated in New York. The chorus draws an abundance of fine material from local sources, at least of female voices. It is still necessary to import male singers. But the American chorus girl and the American ballet dancer are no longer stageland dreams, but accomplished facts.

The success of Miss Leverini and of Miss Pierce and Miss Powell are very notable achievements not only of individual ability but of the management that successfully brought out these and other promising debutantes.

That the great singers should have risen to the occasion was to be expected, and other similar strictly professional and always purchasable results, but that these developments of local material should have been successful is the point that we would select as the crowning achievement of Mr. Russell's managership.

We should not, however, neglect to say that such artistic successes as the productions of "Lakme" and "La Boheme" prove that Mr. Russell is able to produce that unity and totality of effect that is the crowning achievement of grand opera staging.

Personally, Mr. Russell's affability and unfailing sympathy successfully meet the difficult and innumerable frictions and complications of a newly organized movement.



HOLIDAY JUVENILE PUBLICATIONS

Little, Brown & Company are covering the field of Juvenile Fiction not only extensively but most effectively this year. We notice among their list a number of books at once delightfully interesting and wholesome. There is a most fascinating journey of the imagination in store for youthful readers of the "Little People Everywhere" series, by Etta McDonald and Julia Dalyrymple. These volumes, numbering a dozen in all, are most attractively bound in red, using as front cover a scene typical of the country in which the story occurs. There is "Manuel in Mexico," "Ume' San in Japan," "Kathleen in Ireland," etc. They are very attractive Christmas books at sixty cents each.

"The Wide-awake Girls in Winsted," by Katharine Ruth Ellis, is a story of exceptional charm for girls in their teens. It is full of genuine girlish enthusiasm and situations of home life that are inspiring and especially human. This book retails for $1.50.

"Story Land" is one of the very best books for little folks that can be had. The little tots may travel with the story-book children into all lands and see the strangest of things, such as the little Hollanders scrubbing their wooden shoes, etc., and of wonders there are not a few.

"Polly and Dolly," by Mary Frances Blaisdell, is suitable for tots from five to seven to read themselves. The sentences are short and the print is large and clear. There are four children and their dog, Jack, who have the most delightfully happy times. Polly and Dolly go to a sewing school and learn to sew and Ted and Ned make a tent in the pine woods. The book is illustrated and retails for sixty cents.

THE BEGGAR IN THE HEART

Miss Rickert's fiction is never thin for lack of either material or thought. This does not mean that her work is to be taken too solemnly. Her books never forget their great business of entertaining. Nevertheless they are to be taken seriously as the conscientious labor of one who has been called to the work with a very clear and unmistakable call.

"The Beggar in the Heart" describes some London experiences of a Paris-

trained American girl whose uncle is an American artist resident in Paris. After rescuing her from orphanhood in a New England home of old-time narrowness, this worthy gentleman gives his protege a Paris convent schooling and the freedom of the world in general. Finding herself, at his death, more orphaned than ever and on the verge of destitution, she turns Londonward, where the enforced sale of some of her uncle's art treasures brings temporary financial relief and the acquaintance of Lord Wharton. All this is by way of introduction and occupies but a few pages, leaving us as a residuum "Petty-Zou" herself, her little studio in a model housing-problem London tenement, her lowly neighbors and Lord Wharton, who quickly assumes the important role of lover. But Petty-Zou is deeply engaged in her comradeship of toil and helpfulness with the poor folk about her and, besides, imagines that she sees that her marriage to Lord Wharton is not to his interest, which obstacle her New England conscience renders insuperable, for a time—but that is telling and we do not wish to "spoil" this book for any inquiring reader.

It is Miss Rickert's clear insight into Petty-Zou's heart and her inimitable character sketches from London tenement-house life that constitute the charm of the book—or rather it is these as they are illuminated and sweetened by Miss Rickert's large-hearted and pure-hearted way of looking at them.

The book, though full of life-tragedies, is never falsely tragic. It has a saving salt of humor and is always entertaining. Petty-Zou makes the most of her own contradictions and Miss Rickert never fails to see the fun of it all. All told, "The Beggar in the Heart" is, perhaps, the strongest novel of the season.

"THE SOUTHERNER" BEING THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF NICHOLAS WORTH

It is as an absorbingly interesting story that the "Southerner" first wins our attention. The traditional charm of the southland lurks in its delightful phrasing and in its all-pervading humor. With the barest thread of romance, with no strongly emphasized hero or heroine, the book accomplishes a feat of sheer enchantment by making the ideal of one man the heart of a plot and his devotion to the south the love theme of a novel. They are, of course, more charmingly depicted characters with the breath of love, humor, and tenderness upon them; there are most dramatic scenes and incidents, and there is a real heroine and a romance, but the whole situation is the best romance. It is a revelation to us of an almost new world, a record of universal struggle of human life; it is the autobiography not of Nicholas Worth, but of the New South.

For unpretentious as the novel assumes to be, the compass of the entire story is amazing. It ranges from the keenest and most humorous appreciation of the foibles of southern society to the most strenuous battle against its evils, all with the utmost kindliness of spirit and penetrating impartiality. It is a novel of the Civil War, but of its effect, not of its progress. The first scene presents the breathless interest of two boys at the railroad station when the war sends home its dead to be buried; almost the last scene presents the insane asylum which has buried those whom the kindly grass has not yet covered. The hero's father dies, not in battle, but in the dastardly aftermath of battle, which turned the scum of camp followers into burglars and highwaymen. Over the entire story falls the shadow of the Civil War, yet strange to say the book is not sad. It is inspiring with the efforts of the sons of the Confederacy to bring out of the throes of war and emancipation the New South.

"The Southerner," one comes slowly to see, is neither an apology nor a defence, but an explanation. It is the really thrilling effort of a nation to rise above sore defeat and adjust itself

to a life entirely strange. Through political struggles which use the black peril and the loyalty to the veterans as election levers, the hero struggles to introduce the vital life of new thought—the education of both black and white. "The Southerner" is aflame with a rebellion against political conditions which echoes the cry of Judge Lindsey, and with a practical demonstration in fiction of the conclusions of the organized charities of the day. The solvent of the south industrial education centered about the growth and manufacture of cotton. Pre-eminently the book is a live one of social progress as well as a magnificent interpretation of the past fifty years of recovery.

To place the story, however, in the category of the sociological or problem novel is unfair to the large and unsectional spirit of the author. His work is significant as an expression of the modern southern loyalty to the entire union.

There is a cry to the North not to brand upon these states the title of Southern, that perpetuates in them the sectional consciousness and keeps men from becoming citizens of the whole republic.

The hero himself applies a northern education to southern conditions, and pronounces the intellectual atmosphere of New England the freest and most congenial that he ever breathed, but he protests against the northern attitude toward the color question and the northern emphasis on sectional distinctions.

With his fiat that the negro question is not a problem but a state of society, the North may or may not agree, but it cannot fail to pay deference to the opinion of a progressive and patriotic southern citizen of the republic.

The book must be read to get a fair conception of its fulness of life, and it is a book to be read by north, east, south, and west, student, reformer, and dilettante. Whether it is a permanent expression of one phase of southern growth, it is impossible to say, but this at least is true; it is an expression of present conditions and ideals with which no thoughtful American can afford to be unfamiliar.

"The Southerner," a novel. Doubleday, Page & Co., $1.20.

SUSANNA AND SUE

There is an autumn design upon the cover of Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's new book, "Susanna and Sue," but there is no hint of decadence in her powers. Rather the distinctively feminine tenderness of her spirit has ripened into the full sweetness of maturity. No play of humor or pathos in this latest book of hers can ever equal her own work in the "Bird's Christmas Carol," "Timothy's Quest," or the "Story of Patsy"; those are the Wiggin classics, sprung from youth and quick flowing sympathy; but the serenity and gentle charity of Susanna and Sue are as full and mellow as the ripened fruits of autumn.

It is an ideal Christmas season book, this beautiful holiday edition. The entire story is pervaded by the tranquillity of the Shaker settlement to which the discouraged wife goes for comfort with her little daughter, and all the characters come out of storm and sorrow with the peace and goodwill of Christmas joy. The charming color illustrations by Alice Barber Stephens are a pure prodigality. There is no better nerve tonic for the wearied reader than a temporary residence in Shakerdom with thoughtful Susanna and irresponsible Sue.

Houghton, Mifflin, $1.50 net.

"Janet at Odds," by Anna Chapin Ray, is a story of a true, earnest girl who is as charming as she is "true blue." She conducts a boarding house for her friends during a summer in Quebec and many a trial does she have in trying to keep it a pleasant and congenial house-party. The book is bound in cloth and retails at $1.50.

MORE JUVENILES

"The Betty Baird Series," by Anna Hamlin Meikel, numbers three volumes in all.

The latest of these is "Betty Baird's Golden Year," in which the delightful Betty is a little woman bravely working at her profession and making her home a center of useful interests. These books retail for $1.50 per volume.

"For the Norton Name," by Hollis Godfrey, is the first story in a new series of books for boys, entitled "The Young Captains of Industry." The story is that of a young man using his college acquirements and his native resourcefulness to save from destruction the business of his father.

"Wonderful Little Lives," by Julia Augusta Schwartz, is the story of the grasshopper, the earthworm, the spider, etc., told in an entertaining and sympathetic way.

"Life in the Greenwood" is the newest volume in "The Open Road Library," compiled and edited by Marion F. Lansing. This series is almost unique in giving authentic versions of the best tales of time-honored tradition. The illustrations are simple, often humorous, and always artistic. The type is large and clear. "Life in the Greenwood" is the story of Robin Hood retold in a way that preserves all of the original flavor. The book is attractively bound and retails for thirty-five cents. It is published by Ginn & Company.

"The Garden of Eden," by Dean George Hodges, is a series of Old Testament stories retold in charming and sympathetic style for children to whom its fascination will make a strong appeal. It has a pictorial cover in blue and green, a frontispiece in color, and numerous illustrations. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., $1.50.

"Old Harbor," a story whose scene is Newburyport, is one of the best written books of the season. The author, William John Hopkins, has succeeded in making the reader feel a remarkable intimacy with the characters. It is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. at $1.25, and should be of especial interest to New Englanders.



EXETER, N. H.

Editor NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

The Exeter Board of Trade was organized in April, 1889, and from that time to the present has been influential in shaping public opinion and in advancing the mercantile and manufacturing interests of the town. For the past few years the Board has taken a less active part in the business affairs of the town because of the activity of a merchants' association which assumed substantially the same province.

At this time members of the old Board feel that it is now wise to revive the activity of this organization and add to its membership. There is a feeling that, with reviving business throughout the country, this town must make an effort for greater growth and exploit its many natural advantages. It is felt that the Board of Trade, representing all the business interests of the town, is best fitted for this work, and the lively interest

now shown by its members and the business men generally augurs well for success along these lines.

Few New England towns enjoy the national reputation of Exeter, but comparatively few of those who know the town for its beauty and atttractiveness as a home town realize the unusual advantages the town possesses as a site for manufacturing. There are many who forget that Exeter is a seaport, the Squamscott River being navigable from the sea to the heart of the town where schooners, sailing direct from Philadelphia, unload coal within 500 feet of our town hall. The Exeter Station of the Western Div. of the B. & M. R. R. is only fifty-one miles from Boston and several express trains daily make this trip in one hour and a quarter. There are a number of the best of sites for manufacturing buildings on level land along the line of the railroad. The town has excellent trolley service to and along the famous Hampton and Rye beaches and connecting with electric road services to Boston, Portland, and beyond. We have some undeveloped water power of value and a very excellent electric power service which is available for small or large manufacturers. Exeter, moreover, is awake for new enterprises and will meet in a generous spirit any overtures for the establishment of permanent manufacturing industries.

Very truly,

DANA W. BAKER,

Secretary Exeter Board of Trade.

WHERE HARTFORD EXCELS

There was competition recently between half a dozen New England cities for a foreign industry which would give employment to 2000 hands in the manufacture of a near silk fabric. Hartford after winning the contest lost the plant because the owners of the land best suited to the requirements would not sell. They had other objects in view for their property, at least some of them did. Others could not be induced to even put a price on their holdings. Plenty of other sites could be found, but the essential of a water supply of approximately 750,000 gallons a day was missing, so the industry located in the West.

It will be interesting to know in what particulars Hartford excelled twenty other cities, for in the final test the advantages of that number were considered. In the first place the visitors from over the seas said it was the cleanest, smartest, and most up-to-date community they had visited on this side of the Atlantic. They argued that a city whose exterior appearance was the embodiment of progressiveness must be inhabited by a people of superior intelligence, and that qualification was much desired in the employee.

They said that in none of the other cities visited had the price for electric current for power purposes been as low as in Hartford. It was actually 125 per cent lower than the Springfield, Mass., rate. So interested were they in this particular advantage that the company's engineer asked to be shown over the plant of the Hartford Electric Company, in order that he might see how the power was produced at such a low figure. He was satisfied after his trip that no city in the East, except perhaps Buffalo with its Niagara, could compete with Hartford in this particular. In some important essentials the equipment of this company is not excelled by any other city in America. This power advantage is so pronounced that the installing of a steam engine in a new factory in this vicinity is a genuine curiosity.

The visitors found that our transportation facilities were at least equal to those of the other places they examined; that banking conditions were better than in the majority of cities of our size; that our educational facilities were unsurpassed. For these reasons they decided to invest approximately $750,000 in Hartford. Unfortunately, after passing a severe competitive examination, the industry went

elsewhere because of hitch over the particular strip of land desired.

Hartford swallowed its disappointment. It found several other concerns anxious to come in and the Board of Trade is now negotiating with these, with the hope of getting two of them before the new year is very old.

In the meanwhile the board found other things to keep it busy. The depot of the N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. here was minus in many ways. A committee went to New Haven and held a conference with President Mellen, the outcome of which will be the expenditure of about $40,000 in making the required improvements. Our Board of Trade is alive and active. It is framing a program for next year which, if successful, will add much to the development and picturesqueness of the "Queen City of New England." The publicity work of the year has been devoted chiefly to the circulation of the municipal A B C. Neat and attractive cards containing much statistical information are to be found in all of the business houses and public buildings. A special edition is now being printed for the schools, upon request of the teachers. The card is as follows:

A B C of Hartford

A—rea—18 miles.
B—ank clearings, 1908—$166,906,324.25.
C—apitol of state and county seat.
D—eath rate per thousand, 1908—12.21.
E—lectric light power 1½ to 6 cts. Kw. hour; House 11 Kw.
F—ire department—3 steam propellers; 9 horse engines; 15 engine houses; 1 chemical; 13 combinations; 4 hook and ladders; 138 permanent men.
G—as—85 to 95 cents per 1000 cubic feet.
H—as 157 passenger trains daily, also a steamboat line to New York City.
I—s on two divisions of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Roalroad system.
J—ust midway between New York and Boston.
K—eeps thousands of workmen employed in 60 modern factories.
L—ighted by 820 arc and 100 twin series incandescent lamps.
M—ore skilled mechanics than any other city of its size in the country.
N—umber of public parks and squares 17, having an area of about 655 acres, about 19 of which is water. This does not include Keney Park of 680 acres, at present in the care of trustees, but which will eventually revert to the city.
O—ne college, 2 seminaries, 4 libraries, 1 high and manual training school, 18 grammar schools.
P—opulation 112,000 in 1909. Increase since 1900, 32,000.
Q—ueen city of New England, a metropolis of opportunity.
R—egular police force 105; supernumeraries 120. Automobile patrol system.
S—eventeen insurance companies, 5 trust companies, 4 savings banks, 9 national banks.
T—ax—18 mills; school tax average 4 mills additional.
U—nites most thriving suburban towns in the country.
V—aluation of assessed property approximately $100,000,000.
W—ater department is self-sustaining, receiving from water rates $30,000 to $40,000 each year above interest on bonds and all expenses. Water shed comprises about 10½ square miles. Has a gravity system.
X—amine Hartford's available factory and residential sites.
Y—M. C. A.—building and institute splendidly equipped.
Z—one of industry, wealth, refinement, and education.

(Published by Board of Trade)

THOS. J. KELLY.

BURLINGTON (VT.) NOTES

In the next few months there will be more building than in several years past. Among the buildings will be one with modernly equipped offices and a theatre.

President Buckham of the University has appointed a committee to consider the question of university extension courses.

A Symphony Orchestra has been organized, and the first concert will be given at the Strong Theatre on November 26. The undertaking has a firm financial support, and much interest is shown in the project.

The Commercial Club has appointed a committee of fifteen to confer with our railroads with the view of having a new union railroad station.

Collector of Customs C. H. Darling lately entertained the members of the Ethan Allen Club with an illustrated lecture on "Arctic Explorations."

JOSEPH DANA BARTLEY.

THE BIGELOW STUDIOS

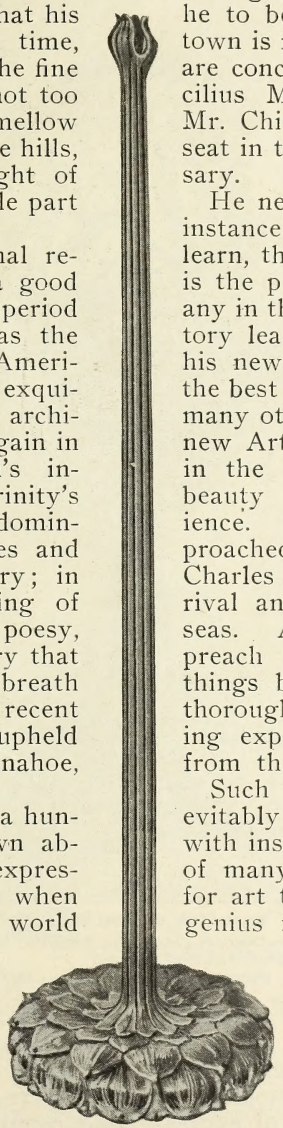
By WILDER D. QUINT

"TO be a good Bostonian one must always believe that his city is, at any given time, the center of at least one of the fine arts," was the pleasant and not too modest dictum of a rarely mellow citizen of the town of the three hills, who flourished for the delight of literature during a considerable part of the last century.

If that belief were the final requisite, it were easy to be a good Bostonian at almost any period since 1790, when Copley was the foremost portrait painter in America; in 1810, when Bulfinch's exquisitely graceful lines put our architecture on a new plane, and again in the 70's, when Richardson's influence radiating from Trinity's mighty Romanesque arches dominated the builders of churches and libraries all over the country; in the long period of blossoming of that matchless garden of poesy, philosophy, fiction, and history that made all the world catch its breath at the scent, and in the more recent days of sculptural glories upheld by such men as Kitson, Donahoe, French, and the rest.

At no single decade within a hundred years has Boston known absolute barrenness of artistic expression, and rarely any period when the Philistine of the outer world could stand up squarely and deny her pre-eminence in some one line of the crystallizing of beauty into concrete form. The past, at least, is secure.

What of to-day? Is it written that the aforesaid good Bostonian must look sheepish and admit that the old glory has utterly departed? Is he to be easily convinced that his town is in decadence where fine arts are concerned? Must he let supercilius Mr. Gotham or flamboyant Mr. Chicago crowd him out of his seat in the temple? It is not necessary.



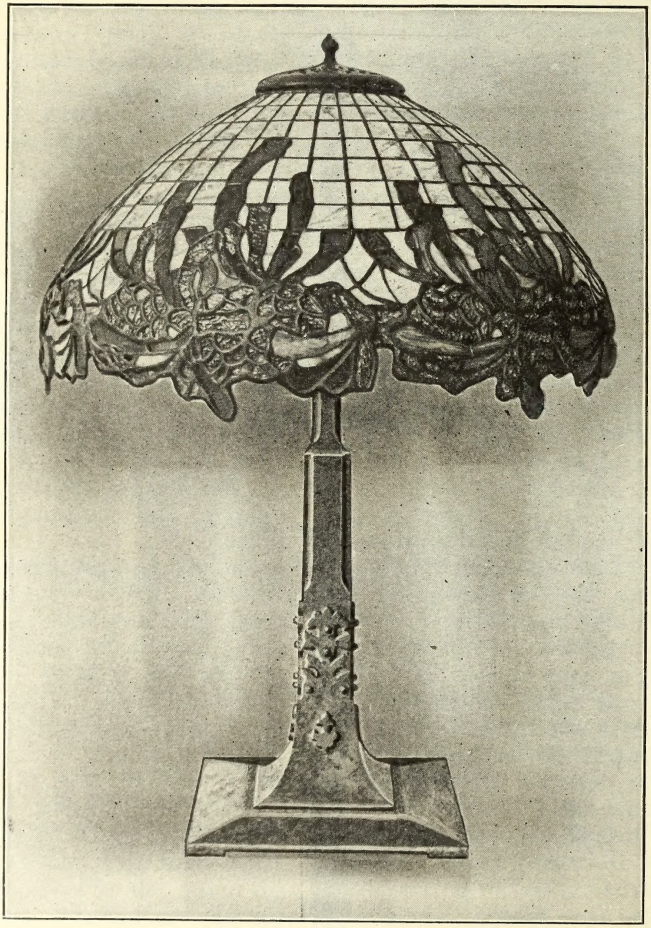
BRONZE FLOOR STANDARD
By Permission
Bigelow, Kennard & Co.

He need only point to music, for instance. He knows, or can soon learn, that his Symphony Orchestra is the peer, if not the over-lord, of any in the world; that his Conservatory leads all in the country; that his newly erected Opera House is the best in North America. So with many other of his possessions. His new Art Museum excels all others in the United States in dignified beauty and commodious convenience. His park system is unapproached in this hemisphere. His Charles River Basin will soon rival any similar work across the seas. And he may comfortably preach the gospel that all these things bespeak an impulse that is thoroughly alive and merely seeking expression in different ways from the old.

Such an impulse need not inevitably be spectacular. One potter with inspiration has made the name of many an old-world town stand for art throughout the years. One genius in gold or silver-working may render an age glorious. One man with a new thought in the bend of a chair leg may create a permanent school. So in the hundreds of manifestations of personal or household adornment, art may work as truly in some specialized form for the

beautifying of the home as in pompous temples or canvases blazing with the colors mixed by genius.

Take the story of the lamp as an example. Greece and Rome did not disdain to put their most artistic thought into its making. Unconsciously, perhaps, they made it serve a double purpose of illumination. So, too, did the artisans of the Middle Ages. But with the advent of gas and coal oil, inspiration along this line seemed to cease, and for many years it stood still. Horrors were perpetrated in the name of light. Not so very many years ago it was considered rather decorative to include in one's drawing room the figure of a lavishly gilded maiden rearing aloft an oil or gas burner in the form of a bouquet or a tree, the whole surmounted with a globe, "hand painted," with all the hues of the spectrum, and a few never found there. Even expensive productions were often ghastly. Art had lost itself for the moment so far as this once noble form of expression was concerned. But the Renaissance was already stirring.



BIGELOW STUDIOS LAMP

Shade of pearl opalescent glass with irregular border of pine cones and needles. The Standard is of Bronze.

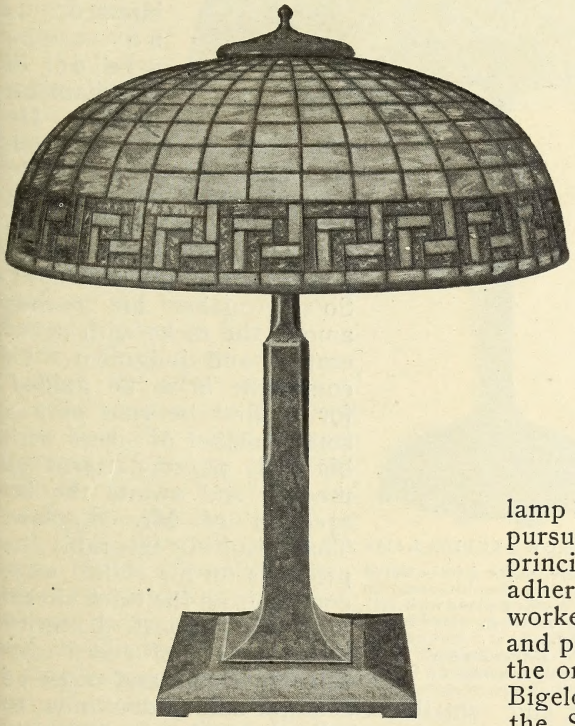
By Permission, Bigelow, Kennard & Co.

To-day, so great is the change, designing and making lamps is one of Boston's notable accomplishments. As much thought, taste, and creative genius is put into the process as in any possible manifestation of high endeavor, and you may go through the fascinating rooms of the Bigelow Studios, where the producing of lamps has become a specialty, with a feeling of conviction that art for art's sake rules this domain of beauty.

It is a unique experience to find oneself transported in a fraction of a minute from the throngs and the clangor of Boston's congested streets to the sudden calm, the peaceful beauty of the Bigelow Studios. Strangely enough,—unless it be a trick of the imagination, helped on by the repose of the surroundings, — all noise ceases, though not many feet away street traffic is at flood tide. Soft, rich carpets mute every footfall; the dark, wainscoted walls, with here and there pillars of the same wood, as one room opens to another, are perfect in their way.

At first only a dull gleam or two of

color, a long, faraway vista, with an occasional suggestion of flower or lighter tessellated tops. Then, at a touch, there blossoms into the sight a whole garden of color, which soon resolves itself into scores of beautiful lamps on massive tables admirably adapted for the display. The harmony of tints and designs is notable; not a jarring note is struck, nor is there any suggestion of over-accentuation of color or mistaken adaptation of illuminated shade to its base. Of these latter is a great variety—pottery of many sorts, Japanese vases, rare pieces of unique charm, and, most significant of all, because showing the new creative work to fullest advantage, standards of bronze produced in the Studios.



LIBRARY LAMP
Shade of mottled shell white glass with Grecian border in amber. The Standard is of Bronze.
By Permission
Bigelow, Kennard & Co.

Here two distinct arts unite, and the result is most happy. Surely no haphazard meeting this, no chance acquaintance, but the fruition of thought and training and the intuition that art bestows on its chosen disciples.

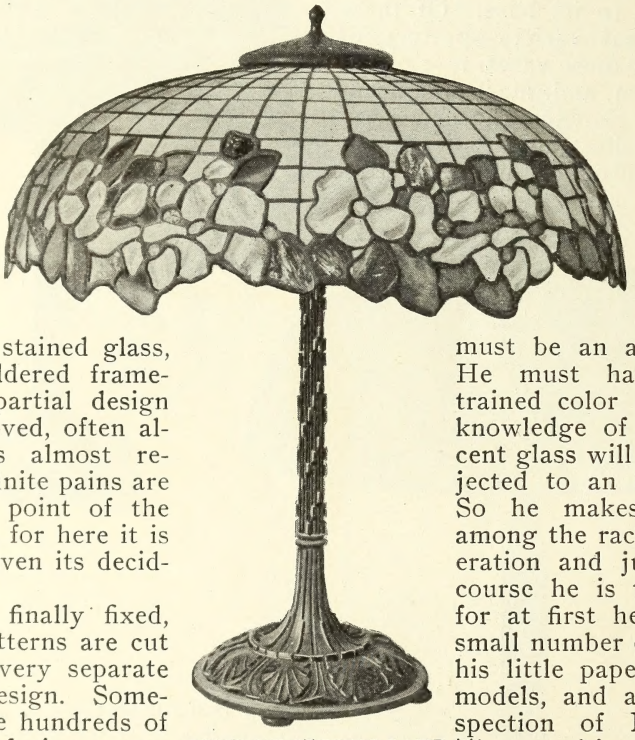
The creation of a Bigelow Studios lamp is a fascinating study, and in the pursuance of it we find certain definite principles clearly outlined and rigidly adhered to. We see a new theory worked out to results at once elegant and practical. We soon recognize that the one great object of Mr. Homer L. Bigelow, the head and guiding spirit of the Studios since its inception, has been to produce a shade that should delight the eye by its artistic appeal, and still be capable of diffusing a soft light throughout the room. We shall discover that the predominance of delicate tints is notable; the multi-colored products of other years are here conspicuous by their absence; in fact, it



BIGELOW LAMP
Blossoms of hand molded glass with foliage in rich greens and browns. Background of pale blue. The Standard is of Bronze.
By Permission
Bigelow, Kennard & Co.

may be said that in most patterns the delicately traced ornamentation is utilized solely to temper the severity of a plain opalescent shade. It is the possession of qualities such as these that has made the products of the Studios a factor throughout the world.

Let us follow the practical steps in making a shade. After the contour is decided upon a solid wooden model of it is carefully built. Upon that is painted a portion of the intended pattern — a bit of intertwining leafage, a fragment of Grecian border, or a group of roses, all laid on to simulate pieces of stained glass, with their soldered framework. This partial design must be approved, often altered, perhaps almost re-created. Infinite pains are taken at this point of the shade's career, for here it is most surely given its deciding touch.



BIGELOW STUDIOS LAMP

Shade, white faintly tinted with blue, the blossoms in hand molded glass with foliage in contrast. Standard of Bronze.

By Permission
Bigelow, Kennard & Co.

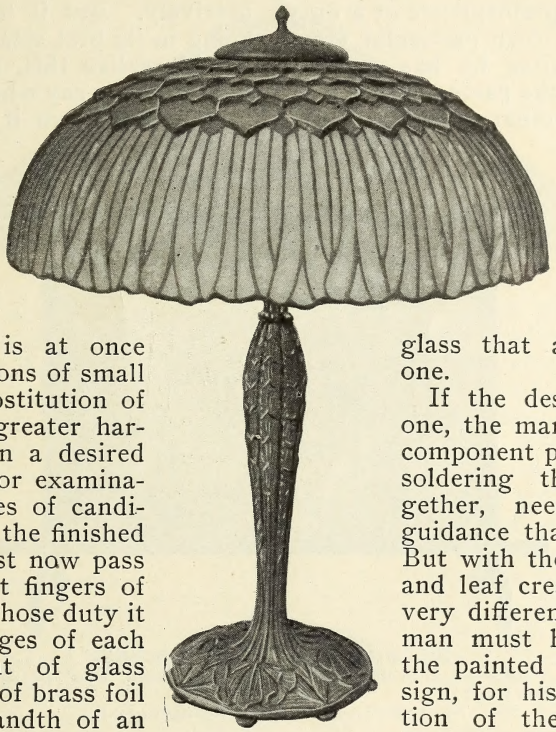
The design finally fixed, little paper patterns are cut representing every separate piece of the design. Sometimes there are hundreds of them, and confusion worse confounded would result were not each one of them numbered to correspond with numbers of the wooden model of the shade, or "chuck," as it is technically called, and upon which the completed design is painted. These pieces, together with the "chuck," now go to the cutter, a highly important man in the process of the art shade.

Meanwhile has begun the search for the opalescent glass that shall carry out the color scheme of the design to practical perfection. To see this search is stimulating. In the light and airy workshop of the Bigelow Studios are many racks filled with great sheets of the material of every conceivable mixture of tints, mottled and streaked as chance brought them from the fusion of the glass foundry, where they have all been selected personally by the head of the Studios. A score of these sheets may be laid under tribute to make a single shade, so imperious is the demand for exact and harmonious reproduction of the design.

The cutter as has been inferred, is no mere wielder of the diamond point. He must be an artist as well. He must have a highly trained color sense and a knowledge of what opalescent glass will do when subjected to an interior light. So he makes his rounds among the racks with deliberation and judgment. Of course he is to be guided, for at first he cuts only a small number of pieces with his little paper patterns as models, and awaits the inspection of Mr. Bigelow. That resulting favorably, he proceeds on his skilful way, cutting from the thick sheets with the utmost dexterity bits of glass of every conceivable shape and often as small as the finger nail. Sometimes, to get a desired effect of color, he cuts into an entire sheet for the single tiny piece that is needed. And so, with his painted model before him, and his bits of paper as guides, he goes serenely along his appointed way, performing admirably his part in the general scheme of things.

Now the bits of glass have all

assumed their allotted shapes. But they have not yet passed their final examination. To do that they must prove to the head of the Studios that their individual shading is correct, and that the ensemble of color tones is harmonious. This test is aided by a very ingenious contrivance originated by the Studios, called the illuminating box. A large mirror is set at an angle behind a window partly made of prismatic glass, and over this is a sheet of ordinary transparent glass. Assembled on this plate in a circle the definate result of all the pieces as they will ultimately be affected by light is at once foreseen. Rejections of small offenders and substitution of other pieces for greater harmony or to attain a desired effect end the color examinations of the scores of candidates for place in the finished shade. They must now pass through the adept fingers of a young woman whose duty it is to bind the edges of each seperate fragment of glass with the thinnest of brass foil —only one-thousandth of an inch thick, they tell you in the shop. With a rapidity amazing to the onlooker this young woman encases each flower or leaf, or square, or crescent, as it may happen, with its binding of yellow metal, made necessary as a base for the solder that later on is to unite them all in the fully made lamp shade. One wonders just how much training the fingers require to perform with such unerring accuracy. It is merely digital alertness, to be sure, and yet, as the glittering bits come from the operator's hands with bewildering speed, there seems to be something very like mental processes in the selecting and carrying through of each part of the task.



BIGELOW LAMP

The contrast in this shade between the delicate petals and the mellow toned sepals is a notable example of congruity. The Standard is of Bronze.

By Permission
Bigelow, Kennard & Co.

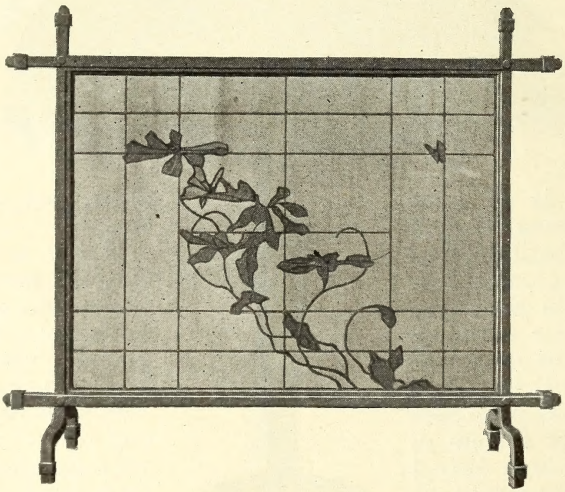
A moment more and you see a shade begin to assume its allotted form. Over in one corner sits a man at a curious machine, with an iron standard fastened securely to the floor. On it at a convenient angle and so arranged as to revolve at the will of the operator, is the wooden block model of the shade whose fortunes we have been following with so much interest. On a table close at hand is a soldering pot and irons. Nearby, also, are the brass-bound pieces of opalescent glass that are to be made one.

If the design is a simple one, the man who unites the component parts of the shade soldering them lightly together, needs no further guidance than his own eye. But with the intricate flower and leaf creation the case is very different, and the workman must have recourse to the painted "chuck," or design, for his better appreciation of the desired effect. He must sort from out the large number of pieces before him that particular bit whose color and shape marks it as belonging to a certain position on the block model.

Slowly and carefully he begins to place his bits of many tinted glass where their shapes will unite. You think of one of those cut-up puzzles now so dearly loved by the seeker for amusement, and you speculate as to whether this calm and impassive-faced artisan finds enjoyment besides the good workman's satisfaction in his

task. To a child it would be a pleasure, perhaps, but the child could never realize the perfect felicity of beholding a task assume its final proportion under his hands. Does the workman? One might ask him, but his answer would probably throw little light on his real sentiments in the matter. Perhaps he scarcely knows himself.

But one thing he does know to the perfection that may well stimulate us all to the better performance of a duty —and that is his own particular craft. Watch him. After he has entirely welded together the parts of the shade, his most extraordinary work is to be done, that which is called "floating" in the language of the trade. This process consists of raising a perfectly moulded, half-round thread of lead to cover the crudeness of the first soldering, and it gives the finished appearance to the correctly made shade.



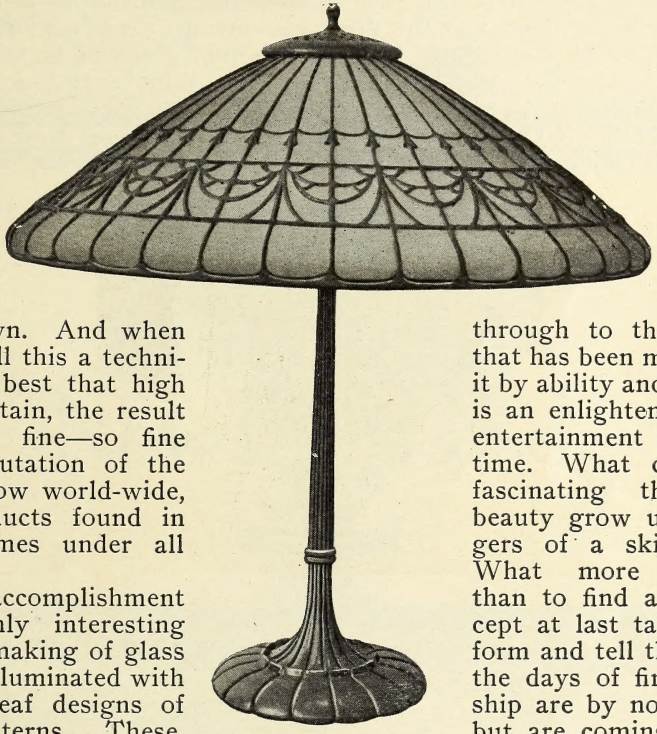
ILLUMINATED GLASS FIRE SCREEN
Poinsettia in brilliant reds on a crystal ground. Hand-wrought Iron frame.
By Permission, Bigelow. Kennard & Co.

Seizing his pointed iron, hot from the forced gas flame at his side, and holding a thin strip of solder in his left hand, the artisan runs over the brass-bound edges of the bits of glass with astonishing swiftness and skill, twisting and turning through the intricate pattern with a sureness that never varies, but always leaves its little ridge of solder where that solder ought to be; not once encroaching on the glass, and making its glittering, silvery trail through the mazes of the pattern without a hint of inequality or mistaken direction. The almost human obedience of the iron to do the bidding of the guiding hand must be seen to be fully appreciated. Yet the operator himself regards it as a perfect matter of course that is the secret of his dexterity. When the thing we do best seems extraordinary to us, we are no longer good artisans.

One process more and our shade is ready for the home of him to whom beauty of interior adornment appeals. Having been completely "floated," it can now stand alone literally and figuratively. But it lacks something of being in its best estate. Even the tyro would realize this, and yet he might not be able to say what was amiss. Simple enough when it has been pointed out to you; the soldered lines of union all through the pattern are too bright, too staring, too out of harmony with the dull opalescence of the myriad pieces that make the whole. They must be changed in tone altogether. But how? That is a secret that is guarded by the Studios with the most jealous care, and rightly, for the process through which the shade now goes is of extreme value.

However, you are permitted to follow the piece along into the electro-plating room, a place of strange odors, where two big tanks seethe with a fluid in which lies concealed the secret. Into one of them goes the shade, submerged completely, and when it comes forth at the proper time, behold, all the old bright, soldered lines are gone, and in their places are joints of bronze, greenish or brownish as the scheme of the glass may demand. This is the last and most striking in the series of transformations.

We have followed the fortunes of but a single shade. But unending processions of them pass over the same route day after day. And no two are ever alike, unless specially ordered so to be. New inspirations are constantly coming forth from the mind of the leader of this notable craft, and they are aided by the limitless variations in the coloring of the sheets of opalescent glass from which all the shades are made. New effects are constantly wrought out, all the more surely because the creative spirit pervades the place and rightfully claims its own. And when is added to all this a technical skill the best that high ideals can obtain, the result is inevitably fine—so fine that the reputation of the Studios, is now world-wide, and its products found in beautiful homes under all skies.



LIBRARY LAMP

The Shade is of Smoke-gray opalescent glass. The Standard is of Bronze.

By Permission
Bigelow, Kennard & Co.

Another accomplishment of this highly interesting place is the making of glass fire screens, illuminated with flower and leaf designs of manifold patterns. These, too, originated in the establishment, and they have now been brought to a high state of perfection. They furnish a most charming effect as the flames behind them dance through their opalescent blooms and light an apartment with fairy-like gleams.

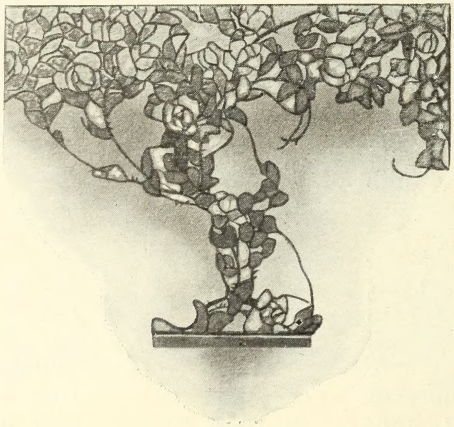
No visitor to the Studios can fail to note the bronze lamp standards, each adapted with extreme harmony to the shade above it. The least artistic of men would be compelled to feel that some subtle, indefinable agreement of shape or color had produced a perfect whole. This is one more, and not the least, of the home achievements of the establishment, for every standard is originated by Mr. Bigelow himself. Each is modeled first in wax, then in mahogany, then in the more sturdy white metal from which the bronze casting is made, and is finally finished and colored in the workshops of the Studios. Highly effective works of art they are, as any one may see at any time by a visit to this place of fine achievement. That such a visit is a keen pleasure goes without saying; it is more than that—it is an opportunity. To follow a work of art through to the destination that has been marked out for it by ability and perfect taste is an enlightenment and an entertainment at the same time. What can be more fascinating than to see beauty grow under the fingers of a skilled artisan? What more illuminating than to find a mental concept at last take completed form and tell the world that the days of fine craftsmanship are by no means over, but are coming back to us with more power and intelligence as time goes on? Our good Bostonian, who may witness this any day he chooses, has, therefore, a valid reason for believing in his city's standing as a creative center.

How best are we to estimate the influence of such a home of high-minded craftsmanship as this? Not by the size of its output alone, though that is now large. Not altogether by the beauty and charm of its exhibition rooms, though they are wonderfully effective in the producing of "atmosphere." Not even wholly by the rare artistry of the

things it creates and makes, though that is a powerful element in the education of the public. To all these factors must be added one other, most potent and significant of all, it seems to me, and that is what is very evidently the established principle in the mind of the head of the Bigelow Studios—that nothing shall go forth from them which judged by the canons of art as he sees them, is inferior to the best in any particular whatever.

It is the insisting upon and the diffusing of that spirit that counts. The great masses of the people soon come to understand and appreciate it.

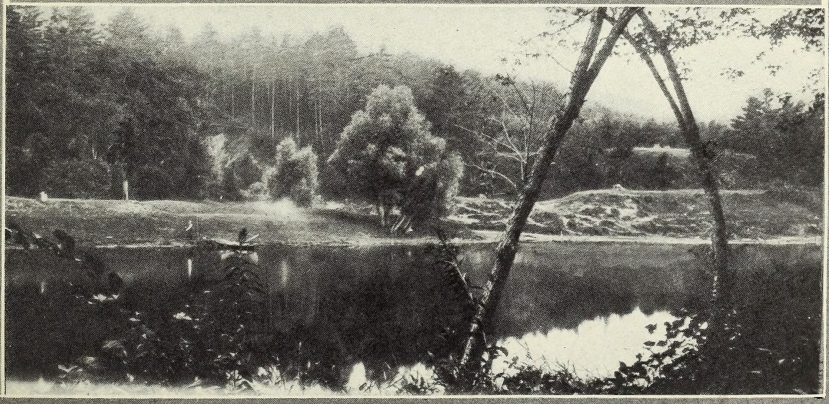
Truly, our good Bostonian whose acquaintance was made earlier in these pages, may reasonably take heart of grace and defend his city against any aspersions from the far-off barbarian who knows not what is being accomplished here. He may consistently deny that art is slumbering altogether in the venerable town. He has the practical means of disproving such an assertion, and few more delightful and convincing than personal experience with that place of high endeavor and notable achievement just above the ramp and roar of New England's busiest thoroughfare.



Detail of Illuminated Glass Fire Screen. Yellow roses with foliage of soft greens and browns, upon crystal ground.
By Permission, Bigelow, Kennard & Co.



Beautiful New England





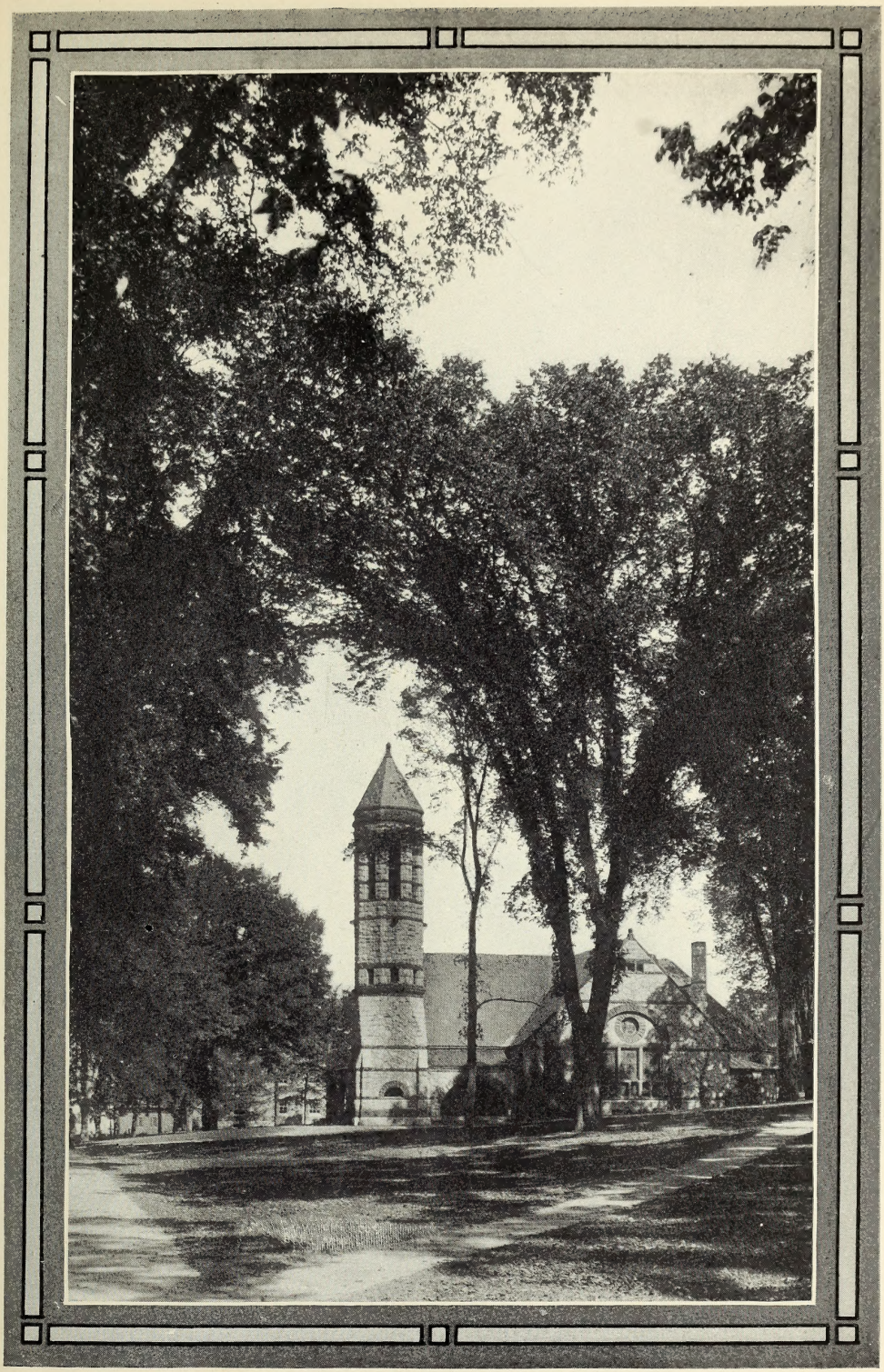
OVERLOOKING THE CONNECTICUT RIVER, HANOVER, NEW HAMPSHIRE



The Bema, Hanover, New Hampshire



THE TOWER, HANOVER, NEW HAMPSHIRE



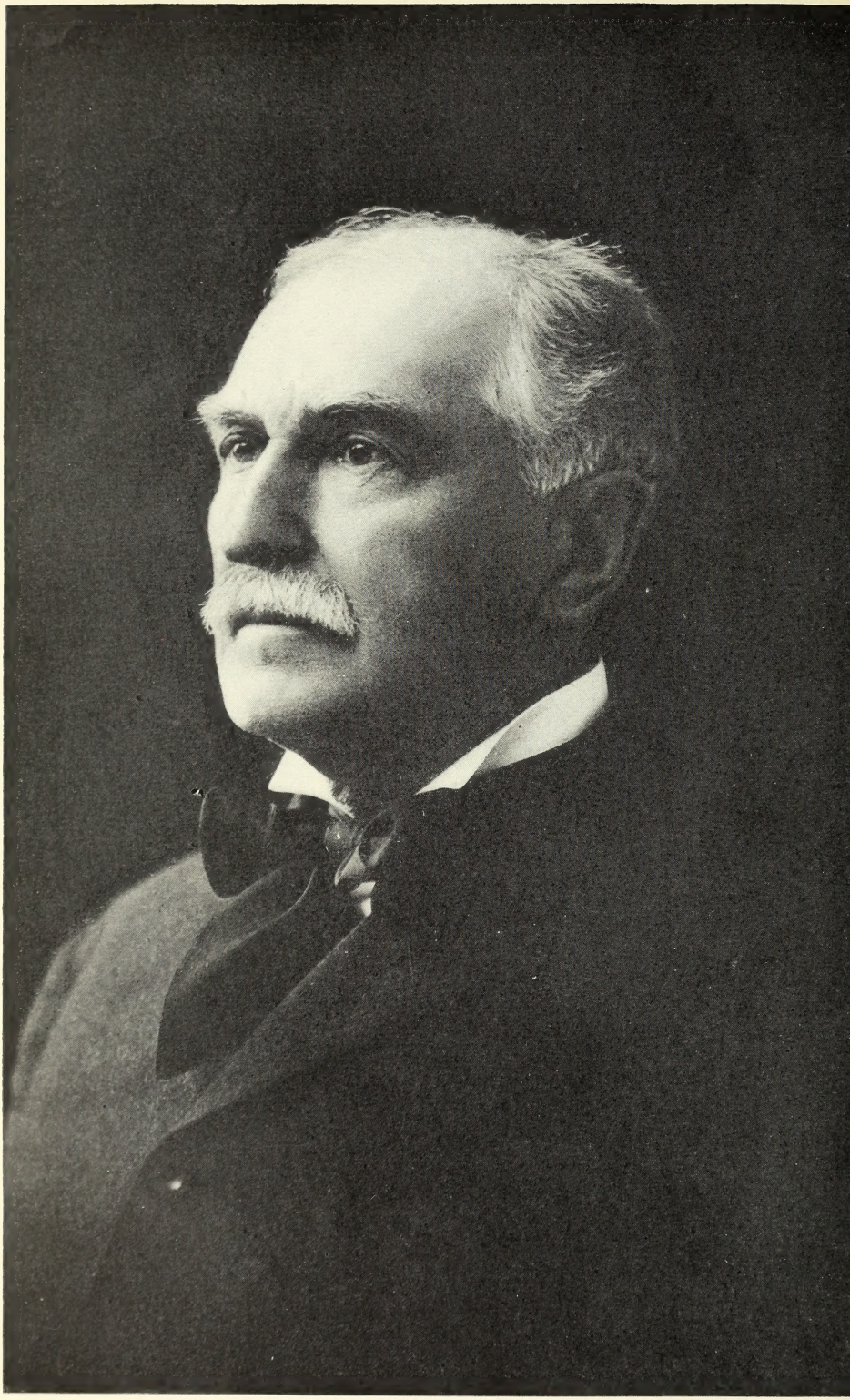
ROLLINS CHAPEL, HANOVER, NEW HAMPSHIRE



THE OLD PINE, HANOVER, NEW HAMPSHIRE



View of Main Street, Hanover, New Hampshire



EX-PRESIDENT WILLIAM J. TUCKER OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

VOL. XLI. JANUARY, 1910 NUMBER 5

THE NEW DARTMOUTH

By MELVIN O. ADAMS, A.M., '71
and WILLIAM T. ATWOOD, '09

WHEN Dr. Earnest Fox Nichols assumed the presidency of Dartmouth College last October, he undertook the administration of an institution so different from that to which his predecessor, Dr. Tucker, succeeded sixteen years ago, that it has sometimes been designated as the "New Dartmouth." A word of explanation is perhaps necessary in this connection, for the term "new" has carried to many the idea of a breaking down of the old traditions—a conclusion which they strive to prove by pointing to the increase in numbers of the student body, the change from a local into a national college, the comfortable and even luxurious accommodations so different from the Spartan life experienced by the older alumni. These things, they say, must have changed the standards of the college and reduced the traditions to empty tales.

But the "New Dartmouth" is not the result of revolution, but of evolution. The old traditions have not been broken down, but have adapted themselves to modern requirements. No institution can stand still and succeed, and the policy of even Dartmouth has been ever progressive, alive to the present needs. Indeed, it was the knowledge of present need that prompted Eleazer Wheelock to plunge into the wilderness and found his little log college for the education of the Indians.

The alarmists are so assiduous in gathering statistics, and so zealous in spreading the results of their investigations, that it is eminently fitting now at the end of the splendid administration of Dr. Tucker, who, above all men, is responsible for the New Dartmouth, that we discuss the college in its new position, and question whether the change has been other than a healthy growth. The conclusion will be, we believe, that the splendid traditions of democracy and loyalty which make up the famous "Dartmouth Spirit" have never been stronger than they are at present.

A comparison of the College in 1893, when Dr. Tucker assumed the presidency, and now is most interesting. The external appearance shows it to be far from the "little college" it was at that time, although it was then vastly larger than when the phrase was made famous.

Massachusetts, Sanborn, Crosby, New Hubbard, Wheeler, Richardson, the three Fayerweathers, and New Hampshire Halls, all dormitories and housing over seven hundred students,

have been erected during the administration of Dr. Tucker. With three exceptions they are constructed of brick. Several houses have also been remodeled into dormitories. Besides the dormitories, Webster Hall, a magnificent auditorium, the Tuck School of Administration and Finance, Butterfield Hall, the biological laboratory, and Wilder Hall, the physics laboratory, have been built. Even historic college yard has had its changes, for New Dartmouth Hall was completed in 1905, and while it is a replica of Old Dartmouth, occupying the same site and burned in February, 1904, it is of brick instead of wood. An important addition which must not be omitted is College Hall, containing the Commons and rooms of the College Club, the social center of the institution. And now the new gymnasium is under construction.

The architecture of the college is varied, but most of the buildings, especially the newer ones, are of colonial type.

In Webster and Dartmouth Halls the colonial scheme is used in the interior, mahogany and white enamel being used for woodwork in both cases. The lecture room in Dartmouth Hall is said to be the most beautiful room for that purpose in the country.

In 1898 the central heating plant was built, from which the entire college it heated. An electric lighting plant was installed in 1905.

The fraternities have prospered and increased, and their fine chapter houses form no mean addition to the beauty of the town.

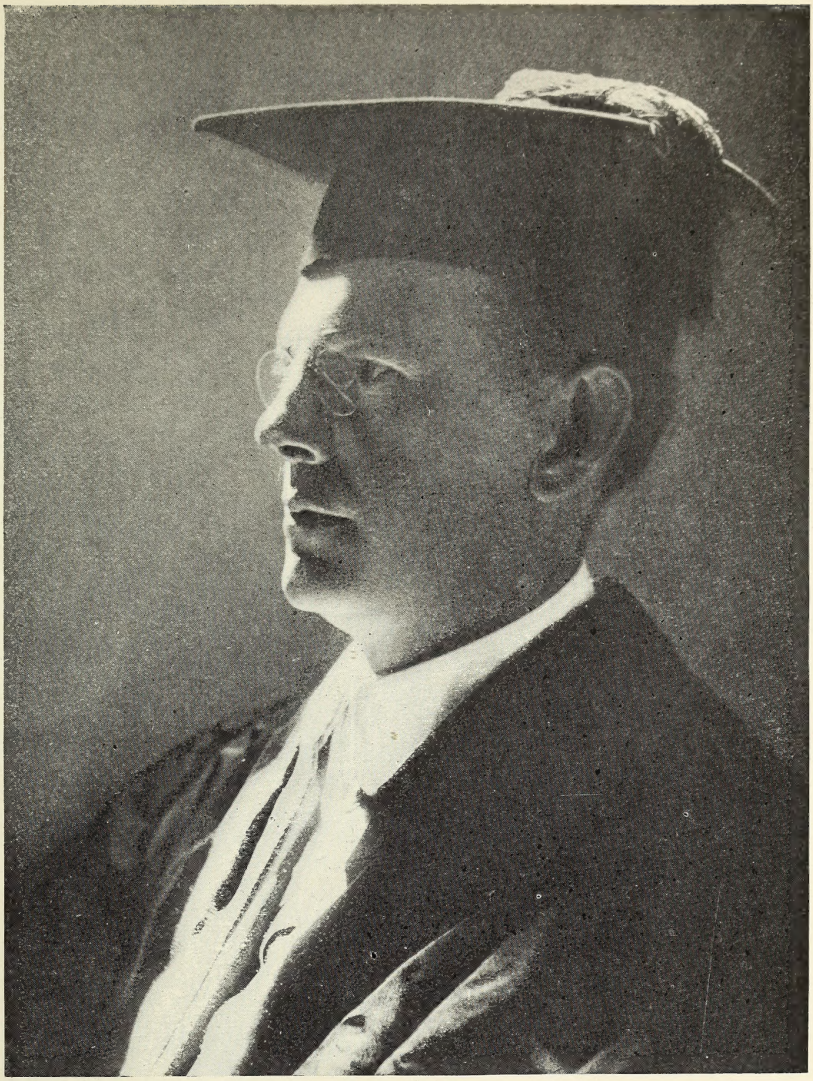
As the number of students has grown, their character has changed. It is no longer the college of the New England farmer's son—all honor to him—who earned his way by alternate terms as country schoolmaster, boarded 'round and

"Sang songs, and told us what befalls
In classic Dartmouth's college halls."

Dartmouth has become a city man's



MASSACHUSETTS HALL

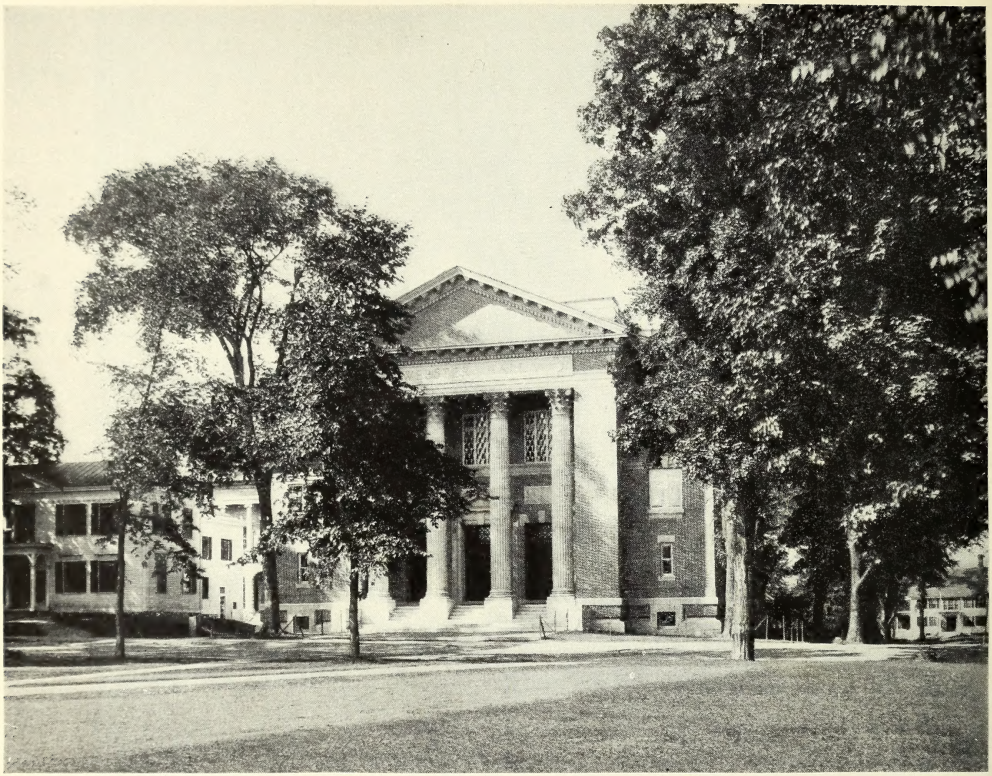


PRESIDENT EARNEST FOX NICHOLS

college. Neither is it longer a poor man's college, in the sense that the students do not come from wealthy homes, but it decidedly is the college for a poor man in the sense of social equality of rich and poor. The snob is not tolerated in Hanover, and any attempt to display superiority results in ostracism or a visit to the horse-trough.

In distribution of students, Dartmouth is probably more representative than any college except Yale. Every state is represented in its catalogs, a large number coming from the Middle West.

All the foregoing facts the pessimist collects, gravely tells us that the Dartmouth spirit, outgrowth of a small community of sturdy New Englanders, poor and simple living, cannot exist under present conditions that are the very opposite. His deductions seem sound, too, and it is rather more difficult to prove on paper that the Dartmouth



WEBSTER HALL

spirit does still exist, than it is to prove that by all logical reasoning it should not. However, one only needs to know a few Dartmouth men, to see how firmly they stand by each other, to realize that the famous spirit still exists. When one hears how a whole college turned out at two in the morning, walked a mile over roads ankle deep in slush and ice, with a cold, heavy rain falling, just to cheer a team returning from defeat, one does not question the existence of the Dartmouth spirit.

One of the most potent factors in the keeping up of the old spirit is the alumni and the alumni associations. It has been said that a Dartmouth man can talk on no other subject than Dartmouth. While a few men, Webster and Choate, for instance, could talk intelligently and forcefully on one or two other subjects, it is true that the favorite theme of every alumnus is his Alma Mater. The alumni do inestimable work in arousing an interest in the prospective student. He knows from them the traditions of democracy and loyalty before he starts for Hanover, nor does he have the traditions from word only, but sees them in practice.

When he is graduated, the older alumni help him in securing a position. In every city of any considerable size in the country there is a Dartmouth Club—a club that is working every minute for Dartmouth.

The second cause of the preservation of the Dartmouth spirit is the isolation of Hanover. Away from the diversions of large cities, the students are forced to seek the companionship of their fellows. Tennis, golf, snowshoeing, skiing, all call for companions, and offer the most favorable opportunities for promoting close friendships. A man soon falls into that *camaraderie* with his fellows which lasts throughout

life and when he becomes an alumnus extends to all Dartmouth men.

The dormitory system, too, has much to do with the development of democracy, since the rooms are so arranged that students of varying pecuniary ability may room in the same building.

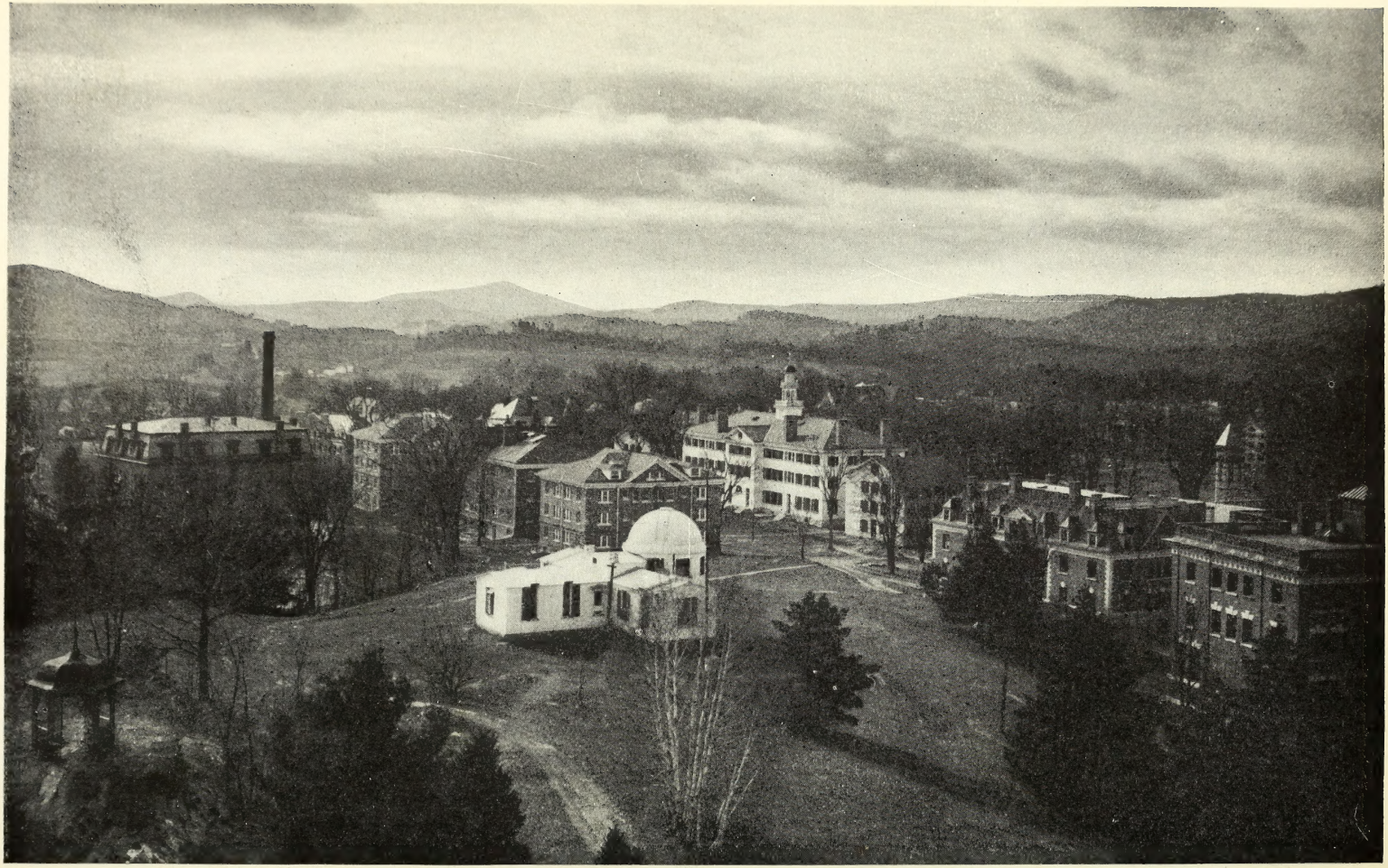
In 1901 College Hall was erected. The first floor is occupied by the rooms of the College Club, composed of the entire student body. The apartments are furnished with all the appointments of a prosperous club, and form the center of social activities in the college. Here the fellows gather to sing college songs and discuss college events. Here, in the great Commons dining room adjoining, are held the Saturday evening smoke talks, during the winter and spring. Speakers like General Miles, Elbert Hubbard, and Norman Hapgood are secured. The result is that the students are constantly together. How can democracy fail to flourish?

A man's college course is passed during the most sentimental period of his life, and it is not strange that in such a place as Hanover, at such a time of life, and with the old traditions constantly repeated about him, and the names of the great sons of the "little college" who were not ashamed to declare their love for it, daily words,—it is not strange that he, too, should absorb and pass on their love and veneration for the "Mother of Men."

The town of Hanover itself is well suited to the perpetuation of romantic traditions. Its elm-lined streets, the high hills that surround it, the placid river, its steep banks, pine covered or stretching away in rolling meadow, have been the haunts of Webster, Choate, and Thayer; by that road Wentworth, royal governor, came to the first commencement, there by the bridge Ledyard landed his canoe; and as we pass the shady streets, or gaze out over the valleys to the purple



NEW DARTMOUTH HALL



DARTMOUTH COLLEGE FROM THE TOWER

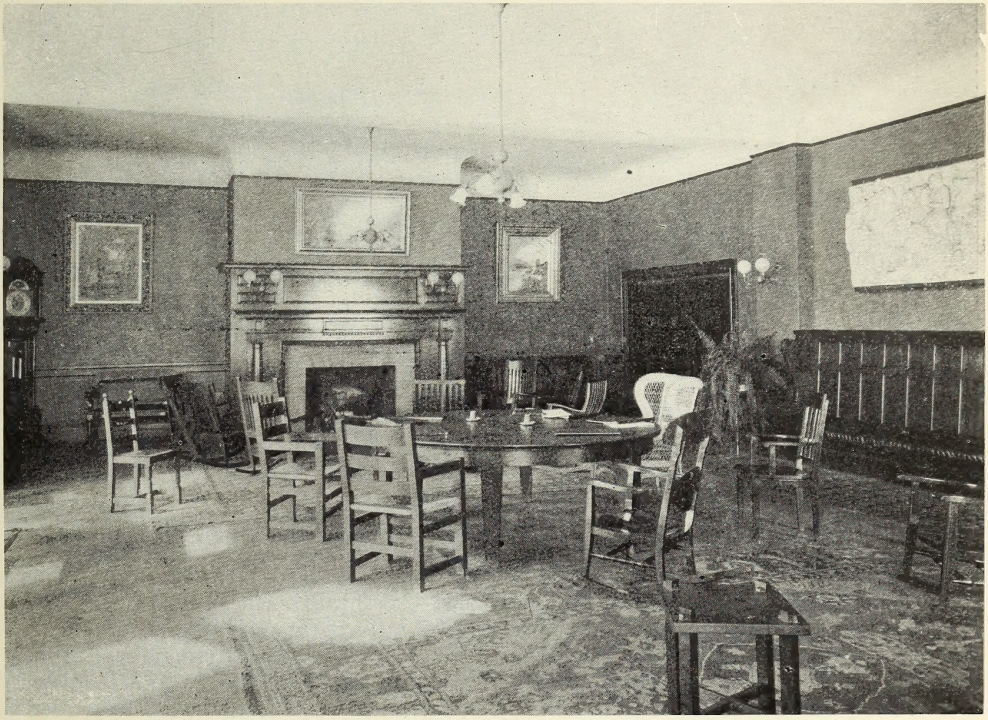
hills, or walk beside the quiet waters, like the exiled duke, we find sermons in stones, and tongues in the trees, and they all proclaim the glory, past and future, of Dartmouth.

Can you be surprised at the loyalty of the Dartmouth man?

But besides all this, the student since 1893 has had the privilege of intercourse with the man who has made the New Dartmouth possible, through whose skillful hands, by whose unwearied work, the college was piloted through the transition from old to new, whose enthusiasm and zeal have not for a moment relaxed, yet have been tempered by wise conservatism that has made the change an evolution and not a revolution.

It is doubtful if there was ever a college president more beloved by his students than Dr. Tucker. He was, and is, the ideal of all that is manly and honorable. His decisions are never questioned, witness the attitude of the student body in the incident of two or three years ago, when the entire baseball team was charged with summer ball playing and prohibited playing on the college team for the rest of their course. It will be remembered that the decision was never questioned, even by the suspended players.

Whatever is pure and manly Dr. Tucker stood for. At Sunday vespers he preached much against littleness and nastiness. A most forceful speaker, what he said will be long remembered by his hearers, and the lessons of purity and simplicity which he taught from the pulpit of Rollins Chapel will shape many a man's life.



LIVING ROOM—COLLEGE CLUB

A Boston paper recently spoke with some wonder of Dr. Tucker's practice of raising his hat to the students, but to one who knew him it is not difficult to picture him as at any time other than a gentleman—kindly, considerate, courteous, and unassuming.

When he retired from the presi-



THE COLLEGE CHURCH

dency, Dr. Tucker built a house in Hanover, a house strong and simple, like the man himself, where he will continue to live. Although not actively concerned with the college, his advice will doubtless often be sought and his example will, for many years to come, be open to the entering students, who, knowing him, will declare: "He is a man. Take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again."

The great work of Dr. Tucker is but the beginning. He has changed a little college into a large one, a provincial college into one of national scope and territory, a simple collegiate life into one far more complex; yet he has accomplished this without diminution of the democracy and loyalty which made the Dartmouth of yesterday famous.

"Founded by Wheelock, saved by Webster, refounded by Tucker." With such men as these ever ready to give their aid, men of Dartmouth have no need to "set a watch, lest the old traditions fail," whatever changes of growth or life may come.

Dr. Tucker has never spared himself when the good of the college was his end.

One of the trustees, speaking before the Dartmouth Lunch Club of Springfield when the choice of Dr. Tucker's successor was being considered, told of a visit of the Doctor's to Cleveland a year or so before. He was scheduled to speak at several places in the interest of the college and had fulfilled all but one of the engagements, although suffering from a severe cold. On the way to the final lecture, the car on which he was riding was disabled and no carriage being available there, he started to walk through a blinding snow storm to the hall, over a mile away. The gentlemen of his party urged him to return lest the exposure should bring on serious illness. Dr. Tucker replied, "I feel that I am but executing one of the duties of the presidency. I trust

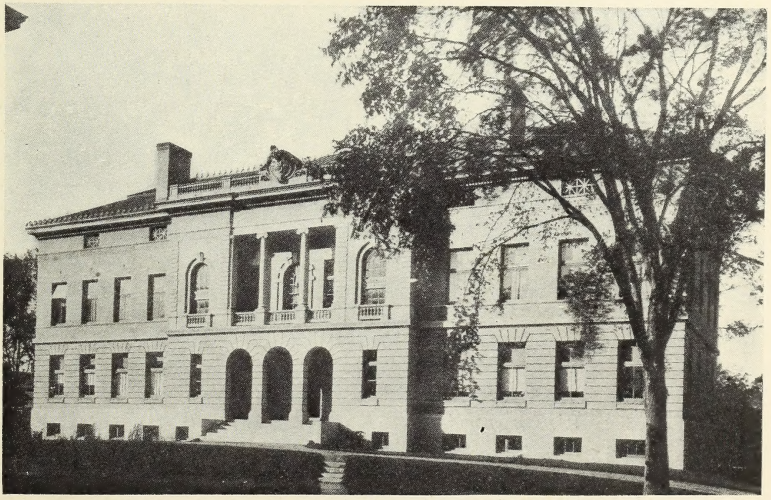
that my successor, whoever he may be, will feel as I do in this matter."

It is to such a man that the New Dartmouth is due. May his retirement be as pleasant and peaceful as his long term of energetic usefulness and self-sacrificing devotion to Dartmouth has deserved.

Last October Dr. Earnest Fox Nichols, of Columbia University, was chosen to take the place of Dr. Tucker. Although not a graduate of Dartmouth, his several years' experience as a teacher in the college has made him thoroughly familiar with its spirit and traditions, and familiarity in this case, far from breeding contempt, begets the most sincere admiration.

There is not an alumnus who does not look forward to his administration with the greatest confidence, trusting that the policy of conservative expansion, which his predecessor has established, will be carried out and developed. The seed of a greatness far beyond the present has been planted; it is for him to till the soil and show the world that the ideal college may exist with unchanged standards despite all the vicissitudes that time may bring. How great a change awaits Hanover if in the next sixteen years Dartmouth increases as it has in the sixteen years just passed! Even now there is no room left around the campus for college buildings. The dormitories must push farther and farther away from the recitation halls. This is an important problem that faces the engineers. The new "cut-system"—a very important consideration in an isolated college—must be tried out. At the present rate of growth, Rollins Chapel will soon be inadequate, in spite of the addition completed within the past year. Thanks to Dr. Bowler and the generosity of students and alumni, the new gymnasium, the largest in the country, will be completed within a year. This means a great stimulus to athletics of all kinds, having, as it does, a baseball diamond, a gridiron, a long dirt track, besides the regular gymnasium equipment, all under cover, where the teams may practice during the long Hanover winter. All these things bear directly or indirectly upon the future of the college. All mean changed conditions which must be carefully considered by those in administration. But into their hands we unhesitatingly commit the college, knowing that the Dartmouth spirit, which they possess, will not suffer the Dartmouth spirit to be lost, nor let the voice crying in the wilderness call in vain.

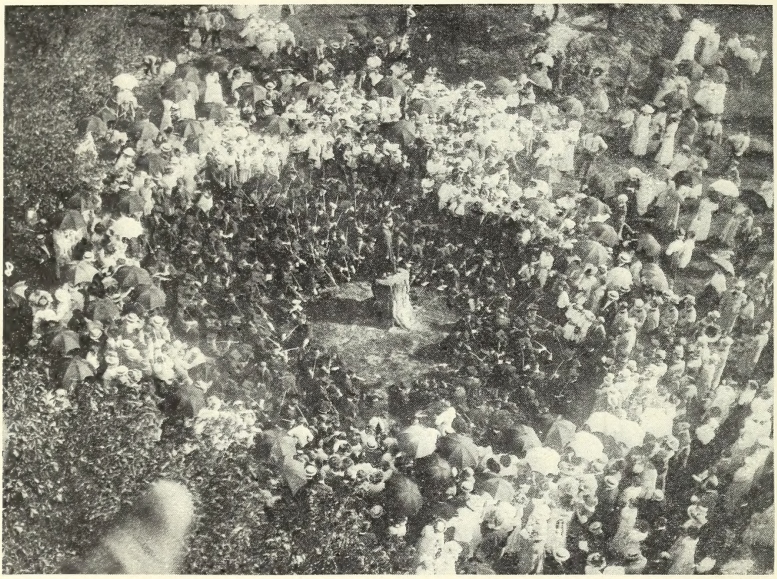
A century hence the college will be thrilled by the speeches of Dartmouth



BUTTERFIELD MUSEUM

night, with the same love of Alma Mater as it is to-day, and the Seniors will crowd about the Old Pine stump to smoke the final peace-pipe with the same reverence for tradition as they have since college record began.

And the spirit of the Old Dartmouth shall be in the New Dartmouth, strong as the granite rocks that tower above her, deep as the silent river that flows past her, beautiful as the sunset on the Norwich hills.



PEACE PIPE AT THE OLD PINE STUMP

NOCTURNE

By ETHEL SYFORD

Peace time—rest time—thou beautiful Sister of Day—
Night time—God's time—what a wonderful soothing thou hast!
O Thy breath so caressing,
With a magic all potent,
A spell all entrancing,
Thou lurest men's souls,
And a fine silver charm thread
Thou weav'st in their moods.
All thy loveliness breathes of tenderness,
All thy lull of peace and soothing,
All thy Silence is brimmed with ecstacy,
All is gentle communion 'twixt Nature and God.
Peace time—rest time—thou loveliest Sister of Day!
Star time, Hope World,—
Love's Hour,—Night!

The White Slave Traffic in Boston

By FRANK W. CHASE

Secretary of the Massachusetts Watch and Ward Society

PRESIDENT TAFT has wisely recommended to Congress the enactment of more drastic legislation against the so-called "White Slave Traffic." He has recommended an appropriation of fifty thousand dollars to carry out the provisions of the present law and meet such expenses as the enforcing of a new law will entail.

It may not be known to the average citizen that on May 18th, 1904, a treaty was signed between the leading powers of Europe for the repression of this iniquity. This treaty was presented to our government and after careful consideration its ratification advised by the senate and proclaimed by the President June 15th, 1908.

This is said to be the first treaty relating to social morality to be consummated between the leading civilized governments of the world. Its provisions should be generally known to our people.

The most important of these are summarized in the first three articles as follows:

Article I. Each of the contracting governments agrees to establish or designate an authority who shall be directed to centralize information concerning the procuration of women and girls for the purpose of debauchery in a foreign country. That authority shall be empowered to correspond directly with similar service established in each of the other contracting states.

Article II. Each of the governments agrees to exercise supervision of railway stations, ports of embarkation and of women and girls in transit, in order to procure all possible information leading to the discovery of a criminal traffic. The arrival of persons involved in such traffic as procurers or victims shall be communicated to the diplomatic or consular agents.

Article III. The governments agree to inform the authorities of the discovery of such unfortunates and to detain, pending advices, such victims in institutions of public or private charity. Such parties will be returned after proper identification to the country of their origin.

The execution of the provisions of the treaty in European countries has been entrusted to the national police. In this country, where the police are not a department of the national government, the bureau of immigration, which seems best equipped for the service pledged, has been instructed to carry out as far as possible the provisions of the treaty.

In Boston, at present, we have a government immigration inspector who is enthusiastically and ably doing the work thus pledged. Scores of girls have been deported from New England under the laws enacted to carry out the treaty.

The most important of these laws which has been the basis for Federal prosecutions is Section Three of the Act of February 20, 1907. It may be found in the United States Compiled Statutes, Supplement of 1907, page 392, as follows:

Section 3. That the importation into the United States of any alien woman or girl for the purpose of prostitution or any other immoral purpose is here-

by forbidden; and whoever shall directly or indirectly import or attempt to import into the United States any alien woman or girl for any such purpose in pursuance of any such illegal importation or whosoever shall keep, maintain, control support or harbor in any house or other place for the purpose of prostitution or any other immoral purpose any alien woman or girl within three years after she shall have entered the United States, shall in every such case be deemed guilty of a felony, and on conviction thereof be imprisoned not more than five years and pay a fine of not more than five thousand dollars, and any alien woman or girl who shall be found an inmate of a house of prostitution or practicing prostitution at any time within three years after she shall have entered the United States, shall be deemed to be unlawfully within the United States and shall be deported as provided in Sections 20 and 21 of this Act.

Under this act, suits against about two hundred and fifty procurers and keepers of houses of ill-fame have been instituted and convictions obtained in the Northern District of Illinois by United States District Attorney Sims. Among the cases which were tried before a jury and resulted in conviction was the case of The United States vs. Keller and Ullman. These defendants were charged with having harbored Irene Bodi, a native of Austria, within three years after she entered the United States. Having been found guilty by the jury, they were sentenced to imprisonment in the penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth for one and one-half years each. They thereupon carried an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, alleging, among other things, that the law under which they were convicted was unconstitutional in that the clause, "keep, maintain, control support or harbor," attempted to embrace powers not given by the Constitution to Congress, but reserved to the respective States and to be within their police powers. This contention was upheld by the Supreme Court. Hence most of the section is at present impotent.

An attempt is now being made to have each State supply the law thus impotent by the legislative enactment of the various States. This has been done in South Dakota, North Dakota, Iowa, and last of all in Illinois. Already scores of cases of "white slavery" have been reached and punished under the state law of the last State.

Now what *is* the "white slave traffic"?

When the average man hears the term "white slave," his first mental picture is likely to be the sort of scene one gets in the romantic novel, where a ruffian, armed with handkerchief and chloroform bottle, springs from a dark alley upon the first defenseless girl who passes, presses the stupefying cloth over her mouth, binds her, carries her to a waiting hack, and leaves her to recover her senses locked in a room of an immoral house, literally a slave. No doubt can now be entertained after reading the "War on the White Slave Trade," in which Hon. Edwin W. Sims, United States District Attorney of Chicago, and his assistant, Hon. Harry A. Perkins, and Hon. Clifford J. Coe, Assistant State's Attorney of Cook County, Ill., but that this is still going on in some parts of the United States.

This sort of kidnaping, however, in Massachusetts is a thing of the past. Such methods here have not been employed for twenty-five or thirty years. The romantic, swashbuckling hero of a quarter century ago and another regime has been replaced here by the calculating, business-like procurer, who knows that a woman may be bound with a habit much more effectively than with ropes, and imprisoned with circumstances far more securely than with lock and key.

It was against the older methods that our state laws relating to this evil were enacted, and against the modern white slaver they are practically powerless. "If you want to catch vermin you must resort to a fine-tooth comb." The laws of Massachusetts on this subject are about com-

parable with a horse comb, through the teeth of which these parasites can easily escape.

The legislature of Illinois has furnished to the authorities of Cook County a fine-tooth comb which has enabled them to rid the county of from eighty to one hundred men and women who systematically bought and sold human souls into the utmost degradation.

A clear understanding of the methods and extent of this damnable traffic as it goes on in Boston is necessary for its eradication. The New England Watch and Ward Society, whose business it is to learn the facts and let the public know the exact status of these vices in Boston, has, with great patience and expense, secured a list of the immoral houses of the City of Boston, and has made the astounding discovery that at the present time there are no less than two hundred and twenty-three known immoral houses within the city with inmates aggregating over one thousand. By careful investigation, conducted on a single night in January, 1909, a canvass of the streets and an investigation of the immoral cafes resulted in the discovery, through the actions of the women soliciting on the streets and resorting to these cafes, that to the best of human power to determine, there are, together with the known inmates of immoral houses, close to five thousand women in Boston who are professional or semi-professional prostitutes. This means that if one-half of Boston's six hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants are women, one in sixty-five is a social outcast. However, Boston is the centre of about a million people, and it is fairer to suppose that a more accurate statement would be about one in two hundred. Women of easy morals are likely to congregate in the city.

It is a fair question to ask if these are all "social accidents" or are they the product of an organized force working in the community with devilish, mercenary design—a force that makes a business of wrecking women. Whether social accidents or social products, it is a fearful condition to contemplate. If a study of this question should demonstrate that institutions supported and administered under the votes of the citizens of the City of Boston are able to turn out prostitutes so fast as to fully meet the demands of this infamous business, then citizens have a right to ask whether those who are responsible for their administration are doing their duty.

The most important factors in the white slave traffic of this city are the immoral cafe and the pander, and these two classes are, at present, least within reach of the law as it now stands. Other communities have taken hold of the problem and have met it squarely; Massachusetts has practically not touched the real questions in twenty-five years. Both of these factors are known to exist and results of their work are responsible for the present conditions.

Let us study these two institutions at greater length.

By the immoral cafe we mean the so-called Bohemian resorts of our city. They are a modern development, the increase in the number of these places being especially rapid in the last five years. While not all are newly established, old places have been changed to meet modern demands, since the passage of the twelve o'clock law by the Legislature, and its acceptance by referendum at the city elections in 1906, and the passage, at about the same time, of the act to provide for the appointing of a Licensing Board for the City of Boston, these places have rapidly multiplied, until some twenty-four of them are now in full blast. They are attractively furnished, supplied with delightful music, are provided with comfortable chairs and tables, and afford a measure of seclusion not, in some cases, foreseen by the powers of the law. Practically all have, in addition to the cafe proper, private dining rooms, where by a small tip to the waiter one may enjoy the seclusion of a private apartment. It

is indeed pertinent to ask, What is the use of a screen law when its provisions and objects may be nullified by the arrangements and partitions of a modern Bohemian resort? These places are undoubtedly patronized in many cases for legitimate purposes, but on the whole their chief patronage consists of a Bohemian class whose morals are more than easy, and they have become the modern market where women of questionable reputation display themselves under attractive circumstances, dicker with their victims for a price, and conclude what may seem to them a profitable bargain without even adjourning from the premises.

And a still worse feature of this branch of soul-wrecking, is that these cafes are situated in the heart of the business section of the city.

The recreation of the modern average working girl is limited by her salary. Working all day in a large department store, she is tired in body and sick of soul when night comes. In all too many cases a legitimate salary scarcely furnishes more than is necessary to pay for her room and board under the most meagre conditions; what is left for her clothes and recreation is pitifully small. If she wishes any extended amusement she must depend on chance acquaintance with someone whose salary is usually larger than his morals. For the price of a drink they can enjoy the privileges of one of these slave marts, or, if she is not unfortunate enough to make the chance acquaintance outside of these places, being a girl, that fact will privilege her to resort to these places and secure all but the drink without any expense whatever. Here she may "sit for company." If her life is not yet corrupted she may receive lessons from those who are past-masters in the art of seduction. Her teachers enjoy a wealth of the things which appeal strongly to some women's natures in the way of flashy dress and expensive luxuries of food and refreshment. The only price which these cost as illustrated by her preceptors consists of boldness to ask them from one who is all too ready to furnish them in exchange for the fascination of an attractive face and a sprightly conversation.

Once this soliciting for refreshments is induged in, the descent is rapid. It need not be outlined. A visit to the ladies' room of a modern cafe would convince a doubter that in these Bohemian resorts we have the primary school for immoral lives, with teachers always in evidence and opportunity seldom lacking. Intoxicating liquors, giddy music, rare opportunity and skillful teachers is a combination quite too much for the average girl, and she slips over the edge of the precipice a social wreck.

By accident? Just such an accident as every year to save money through lack of safety appliances in factories, thousands are crippled and maimed for life. Just who is responsible for such social accidents as are here described? Is it the girl herself?

Is it her employer who pays her less than a living wage?

Is it the dive-keeper who lets her loiter on the premises?

Is it the public which licenses such places as these?

Is it the Licensing Board which justifies its indifference by maintaining that bad women must have some place to congregate and profess not to see any essential difference between the first-class hotel and the second-class, since both will take the money of any class without asking whether it is tainted or not?

It is hard to place responsibility, and fairness would decide that some measure of responsibility rests upon all these classes and each escapes the responsibility by shifting it from one to another.

The object of this article is not to suggest a remedy, but to record the facts. A visit to a modern Bohemian resort must convince even a doubter that the chances of a frequenter to pass through them unscathed is about as good as the miller's chance of flying through the fire unsinged.

We have dealt so far only with the

slave mart, and now we must look at the buyer and seller.

This leads us to speak of the *pander*. For every professional outcast in the city there is at least one male outcast who lives from the earnings of her dishonor, who is supported to take the place of him whom dishonor has made impossible. A careful study of this question puts it beyond doubt that if there be 1000 professional outcasts, there are 1000 who are supported by them, kept by them, their unmarried husbands. The panders are a class of men who have lost all self-respect; in a word, occupy a plane even beneath the woman who supports them. They, too, are social wrecks. They are often men with criminal records, with drug habits, with immoral tendencies. Having no work, they spend the day in idleness, dressed among men in about the same taste as their unfortunate supporters dress among women. They form the most dangerous class in the community, being ever ready to turn their hand to anything dishonest that doesn't require "sand." As a rule, they are "dope-fiends," victims of drug habits that require money to satisfy while disqualifying them for securing money in honest ways. Being in close touch with the keepers of immoral houses and desirous of keeping in with them, having an intimate knowledge of their need of inmates and with a ready market for their goods, with a keen need of the money thus securable, they become the real white slaves of our city. They have qualities which make them desirable to one set of women, and those qualities, together with clothes of a better grade than many honest men can afford, fit them well to play their nefarious role in the community. Visiting the Bohemian resorts, which we have before described as the places most favorable to ruin, they find it very easy to pick out from a large assortment those upon which to work. The steps downward need not be described. In all these they employ their well-known methods with deadly effect, and the "drugs," particularly cocaine, are, we believe, most often the trump card in the hand. Once acquired, the cocaine habit requires from $.25 to $8.00 worth of the drug a day to satisfy the cravings.

What chance has a woman who earns $5.00 per week, with a possible $1.50 for spending after the meagerest necessities are supplied, to satisfy such a craving? To have the craving and to lead an immoral life are practically the same thing. It cannot be otherwise.

Two things the pander can do with a victim when secured: He can sell her outright or he can establish a cadetship over her and secure an income from her shame by acting as a manager for her.

We have thus far spoken of the conditions and class that made "white slavery" possible. Let us now turn to another phase of the subject. Here is a typical case of this business which occurred this fall: A well-known massage parlor keeper in Boston, whose "ad" had been complained of and taken from a Boston newspaper this year, was stopped as suspicious at Montreal, Canada, with four girls from a small Canadian town. She explained that she was taking them to Boston for domestics in her apartments. Inquiry was telegraphed to Boston and information returned as to the character of her business. Before this had been returned, she had taken the electrics to Montreal Junction. There she took a "sleeper" and evaded the inspectors. She, with her four girls, left the train at Concord, N. H. An inspector of a private organization late in the fall found the woman and from her own lips learned the method of her abominable practices, and received an offer from her to give her an introduction to "a party who could furnish all the girls she wanted, French or English." As the law now stands, nothing effective in the way of court evidence could be secured unless those securing the evidence themselves should open a house of ill-repute and by a prosecution have it proved such, for the law says, "sends a girl to a house of prostitution," not a house which is claimed to be such or holds itself out as such, and certainly

not a perfectly decent house, which is the only kind a decent person would lure girls into. Those trying for the evidence probably would not have been able to boast, as this massagist, that "she had done business for six years without trouble."

Or, take another typical instance: A letter from a large city where an "exposition" was being held, came to a social worker informing him of the departure for Boston of an agent from the largest house of ill-fame in that city. His business was to visit the immoral cafes, such as we have already referred to, to secure twenty "fresh girls" to supply the extra demand for the local market during the "exposition." in that city. The "agent of prostitution" visited the immoral resorts, secured the "girls" and took them back, doing all his work by furnishing information and money in such a way that our present clumsy laws or the simplicity of those enforcing them could not prosecute him.

This last summer a woman appeared in Boston for the purpose of securing sixty girls to supply the immoral houses in the Canal Zone at Panama. She commenced by securing the services of a Bobby B——, whose business is such that his acquaintance with "women of easy morals" is extensive. Their fare was advanced to Panama and the girls supplied from our extensive market. Those who ought to be interested simply dismissed it with the statement: "It would be fortunate for Boston to get rid thus easily of sixty." Whether any of these ever get back will never be known. The reports that came from Panama lead us to doubt their survival. Yet every one of these was "somebody's sister," some "mother's darling."

In a terrible dive on F—— Street, visited by negroes and foreigners, was found by a rescue worker a young girl bewildered with cocaine. She was taken to a rescue home and there told a pitiful story of the sins to which she was forced and her slavish treatment by the woman who kept the place. She had been kept under the influence of cocaine ever since a pander had given her the address of the place and introduced her to the keeper who furnished the drug. About the same time agents from the Watch and Ward Society had come upon this place and secured some cocaine there. The keeper was promptly arrested, complained of for vending cocaine in a dwelling house, and given six months. She appealed and awaits the action of the Superior Court. She could be more easily reached under the "cocaine laws" than under any law we have against forms of "white slavery."

If a woman's watch is stolen or her pocketbook picked, there are the best possible forces to bring the criminal to justice, but if a woman's honor is stolen, one has to listen to a lot of nauseating nonsense about "regulating and segregating vice." Crimes of violence are matters of great moment,—crimes of vice are looked upon as trivial. If a man or woman is guilty of a crime of violence, we photograph him, measure him by the Bertillon system and so thoroughly identify him that he can be recognized in any part of the United States. If he is guilty of a crime of vice, he is generally fined lightly and turned loose again on the community to change his name or her name and go on with his or her nefarious business. It is still more absurd when, if women are caught, to see them fined and allowed a certain number of days to go out and raise the fine. Who can doubt how such a fine is going to be secured?

Probation is a merciful and well-intentioned scheme of modern law, but if the courtroom is full of curious panders who secure information of a woman's shortcomings and later visit her and offer her a chance to escape the limitations of probation by going out of town to a quiet "house," the probation only seals the woman's doom. The effectivenes of the probation system is in the probation officers, and, good as the present ones are, they cannot hope to do thorough work unless greatly extended. A woman who harbors a girl for immoral purposes who is on pro-

bation ought to be severely dealt with, rather than merely fined. It ought to be dealt with as "contempt of court."

A Roxbury mother complained that her sixteen-year-old daughter had been lured away from home by a woman who had made her friendship and after a long search she was located in a sailor dance hall in New Bedford, where she was acting as the wife of a man who pretended to have married her, but really was selling her nightly and collecting the ill-gotten gains.

A Malden mother complained that her daughter had disappeared and when found she told a horrible story of how she had been drugged and corrupted and finally had fled away to be befriended by a rescue home and brought to the Chardon Street Home, where she was recognized and returned to the mother.

Late at night a beautiful woman came tumbling out of a Chinese resort, thrown violently down the stairs, shouting for more opium. The best thing at the moment to be done was to ring for an ambulance, but when she had been treated and her confused senses quieted, she gave an account of herself as having foolishly accepted the invitation to visit the "resort" from a "white man," who plied her with the drug which took away her normal senses and the partial return of her senses found her in the resort with money gone, clothes disarranged and the awful after-effects of her debauchery shaking her through and through. The glimmer of consciousness enabled her to get to the point where she fell down, or was shoved down, the stairs, at which the Boston policeman caught her and rang for an ambulance.

An attractive woman staggering along Eliot Street met a citizen. In broken sentences he learned she was a stranger in the city and had taken too much "dope." Being a nurse, he recognized a drug and not liquor was responsible for her condition. Unused to rescue work, he tried as best he could to assist her, and all too easily accepted the aid of a young man who offered to see her cared for. He took her to a rooming house near by and that is all he knew of the outcome of this case. It was his suspicions of the young man that led him to report the case. It was too late. They had gone in the morning.

It may well be charged that this article does not present court evidence of the existence of an organized white slave traffic in Boston. That is true. But it does point out enough to lead to the putting on our law-books such legislation as shall enable us to do for Boston what Illinois has done. Given the law, there are facts enough at hand to start a work in Boston which will secure as wholesome results as Chicago has produced. General Martin's crusade, about which there are varying opinions, did one thing which has made the city seem better, if it be only an hyprocrisy, it has driven the fast houses to cover. Prostitution is not to-day flaunted brazenly, as it was then, with whole streets given up to it. But it is there just the same, and those who have pierced beneath the surface know of a horrible condition which exists. That horrible condition, as pointed out at the opening of this article, means that hundreds, yes, thousands, of girls are yearly sacrificed to the idol of lust.

If these are social accidents, due to dangerous institutions permitted by vote of our citizens, improperly watched over and excused when caught, then the obvious duty is to secure men who are equal to the task laid on their shoulders. If these are social products, then it becomes our obvious duty to adopt laws which are working successfully in other states, and commence the fight that every Christian should welcome.

There is a concerted movement to attempt to secure on our statute books the so-called model laws under which Illinois is acting and which will in a measure supply the lack of Federal law due to the Supreme Court decision.

They read as follows:—

Anti-Pandering Law

Section 1. Any person who shall procure a female inmate for a house of

prostitution, or who, by promise, threats, violence, or by any device or scheme shall cause, induce, persuade, or encourage a female person to become an inmate of a house of prostitution; or shall procure a place as inmate in a house of prostitution for a female person; or any person who shall, by promises, threats, violence, or by any device or scheme cause, induce, persuade, or encourage an inmate of a house of prostitution to remain therein as such inmate; or any person who shall, by fraud or artifice, or by duress of person or goods, or by abuse of any position of confidence or authority procure any female person to become an inmate of a house of ill-fame, or to enter any place in which prostitution is encouraged or allowed within this State, or to come into this State or leave this State for the purpose of prostitution, or who shall procure any female person, who has not previously practiced prostitution to become an inmate of a house of ill-fame within this State, or to come into this State or leave this State for the purpose of prostitution; or shall receive or give or agree to receive or give any money or thing of value for procuring or attempting to procure any female person to become an inmate of a house of ill-fame within this State or to come into this State or leave this State for the purpose of prostitution, shall be guilty of pandering, and upon a first conviction for an offense under this act shall be punished by imprisonment in the County Jail or House of Correction for a period of not less than six months nor more than one year, and by a fine of not less than three hundred dollars and not to exceed one thousand dollars, and upon conviction for any subsequent offense under this act shall be punished by imprisonment in the Penitentiary for a period of not less than one year nor more than ten years.

Section 2. It shall not be a defense to a prosecution for any of the acts prohibited in the foregoing section that any part of such act or acts shall have been committed outside this State, and the offense shall in such case be deemed and alleged to have been committed and the offender tried and punished in any County in which the prostitution was intimated to be practiced, or in which the offense was consummated, or any overt acts in furtherance of the offense should have been committed.

Section 3. Any such female person, referred to in the foregoing sections, shall be a competent witness in any prosecution under this Act, to testify for or against the accused as to any transaction or as to any conversation with the accused or by him with another person or persons in her presence, notwithstanding her having married the accused before or after the violation of any of the provisions of this Act, whether called as a witness during the existence of the marriage or after is dissolution.

Section 4. The act or state of marriage shall not be a defense to any violation of this act.

Anti-Detention Act

An act to prevent the detention, by debt or otherwise, of female persons in houses of prostitution or other places where prostitution is practiced or allowed, and providing for the punishment thereof.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the people of the State of Illinois, represented in the General Assembly. That whoever shall by any means keep, hold, detain against her will or restrain any female person in a house of prostitution or other place where prostitution is practiced or allowed; or whoever shall, directly or indirectly, keep, hold, detain, or restrain, or attempt to keep, hold, detain, or restrain, in any house of prostitution or other place where prostitution is practiced or allowed, any female person, by any means, for the purpose of compelling such female person, directly or indirectly, to pay, liquidate or cancel any debt, dues or obligations incurred or said to have been incurred by such female person, shall, upon conviction for the first offense, under this Act be punished by imprisonment

in the County Jail or House of Correction for a period of not less than six months nor more than one year, and by a fine of not less than three hundred dollars, and not to exceed one thousand dollars, and upon conviction for any subsequent offense, under this Act shall be punished by imprisonment in the Penitentiary for a period of not less than one year, nor more than five years.

Another Important Law

A Bill for an Act relating to pimping; defining and prohibiting the same; and providing for the punishment thereof and for the competency of certain evidence at the trial therefor.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the people of the State of Illinois, represented in the General Assembly. That any male person who, knowing a female person to be a prostitute, shall live or derive support or maintenance, in whole or in part, from the earnings or proceeds of the prostitution of such prostitute, or from moneys loaned or advanced to or charged against such prostitution by any keeper or manager or inmate of a house or other place where prostitution is practiced or allowed or who shall tout or receive compensation for touting for such prostitute, shall be guilty of pimping, and upon a first conviction for an offense under this Act shall be punished by imprisonment in the County Jail or House of Correction for a period of not less than six months nor more than one year and by a fine of not less than three hundred dollars and not to exceed one thousand dollars, and upon conviction for any subsequent offense, under this act shall be punished by imprisonment in the Penitentiary for a period of not less than one year nor more than three years.

Section 2. Any such female person referred to in the foregoing section shall be a compentent witness in any prosecution under this Act to testify for or against the accused as to any transaction or as to any conversation with the accused or by him with another person or persons in her presence, notwithstanding her having married the accused before or after the violation of any of the provisions of this Act, whether called as a witness during the existence of the marriage or after its dissolution.

Section 3. Nothing in this Act contained shall prevent any male person who shall be unable to earn a livelihood in consequence of any bodily infirmity, idiocy, lunacy, or any other unavoidable cause, from receiving support from a female relative when such male person shall, under the provisions of an act of the General Assembly by this State, entitled, "An Act to revise the Law in Relation to Paupers," approved March 23, 1874, enforced July 1, 1874, be entitled to support by such female relatives.





Photograph by T. E. Marr

The American Man of Business and His Playgrounds

By FREDERICK W. BURROWS

In the course of a recent article in the "Outlook" a writer, who is comparing American and English ideas of sport as exemplified in certain conspicuous competitive events, offers the fair and thoughtful criticism that the American method of following the great games precludes active participation in them by men who have passed the "college-going age."

This criticism is followed up with the claim that, in comparison with Englishmen, few American business men engage in sportsmanlike activities.

The stricture is well-founded—in part.

If we confine our observation to competitive athletics, we will certainly agree that the American business man is a participant only as a more or less interested observer. He is a loyal "fan," but that is about his limit,—that and a most omniverous reading of the "dope."

As a remedy, the author of the article in question suggests that we make our play less strenuous, less scientific, less exacting in training (in other words, put up a poorer game) in order that business men shall be able to enter the competition on more even terms with college youth and professionals. The conclusion seems decidedly weak.

To the cross-fire of shouts and songs that fill the air with the noise of conflict, we are to add the warning call, "Look out for Grandpa, fellows. Go easy!"

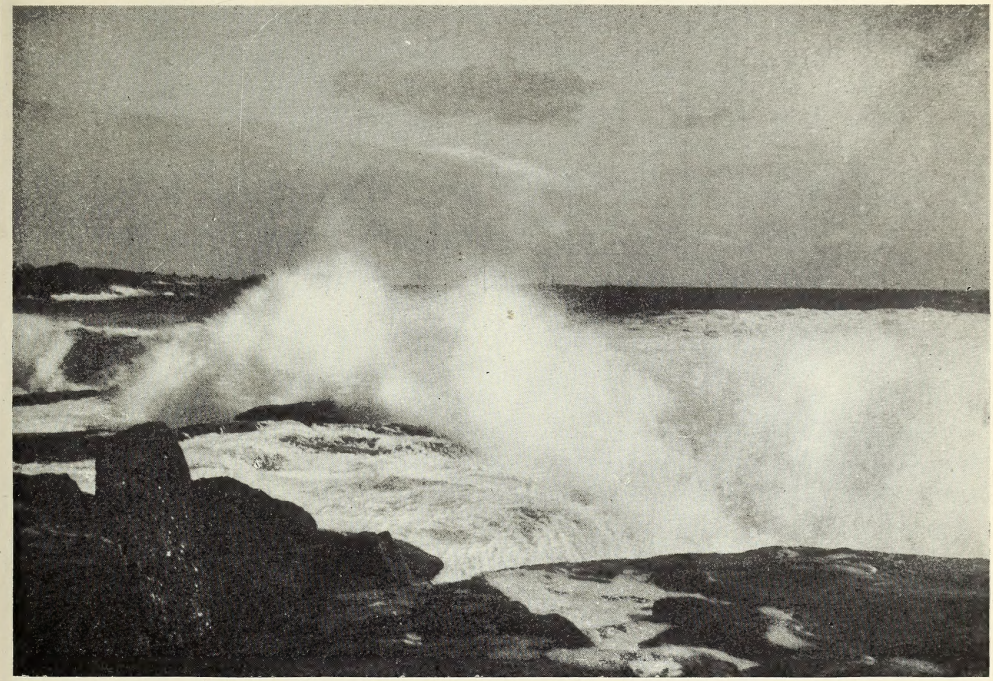
Not that I would ridicule the safer football movement. That game, as played to-day, involves liabilities of injury that are too numerous to be allowed to stand.

But, as a matter of fact, the wisest and sanest expression of the sporting spirit for matured men is not to be found in competitive athletics. The youth who are being educated for the struggles of life may, with great advantage, be pitted against one another in the keen strife for athletic supremacy. It is good to learn to face an equal, or a superior, unflinchingly and in good temper. It is good to have every faculty and power of mind and body so tempered and tried. But the American business man is every day thrown into the midst of the most intense competition. However much the game may be concealed by the outward forms of business life, the pitting of brain against brain and brawn against brawn is the way to all achievement, if not to daily bread. Such a man does not require the competitive element in athletics as a relaxation.

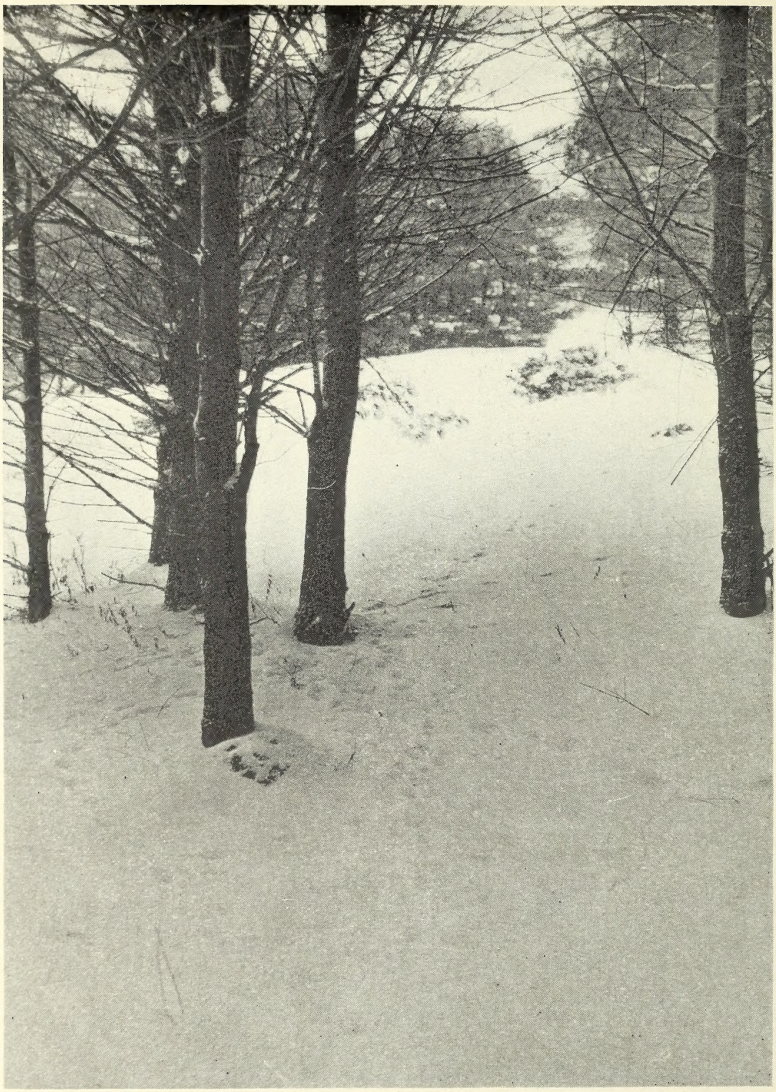
There are other forms of sport than the competitive which call for the fullest play of muscle, manly endurance of stress and the development of physical address. Particularly is the call of the outdoor life, the call of the wild, the call of nature as our great play-fellow winning more and more of the leisure hours of our American men of affairs.

For the development of this outdoor life, New England is particularly happily circumstanced.

Our far-famed and multi-linear shore-line issues the most bewitching of appeals to the lover of the sea, and there is a tang of salt in every true New Englander's make-up. Old Ocean, the most rough-and-tumble and exhilarating of all play-fellows, demands skill and strength, steadiness of nerves and unflinching courage of all who would follow the game. This, of course, does not include drinking champagne in company with lewd women on board a gilded yacht. That is an excrescence of vulgar wealth, of the brazen insult of which we may some day be able to rid ourselves.



THE MOST ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE AND EXHILARATING OF ALL PLAY-FELLOWS



Photograph by L. D. Sherman

THE WRITING IN THE SNOW BECOMES AN OPEN BOOK

Sailing, motor-boating, deep-sea fishing, exploring, and the study of nature as the sea reveals her wonderful ways, are forms of activity that may be followed as strenuously or as moderately as taste and ability may dictate.

Tens of thousands of American men of business find recreation and the restoration of physical stamina in these unrivalled out-of-door opportunities of New England's entrancingly beautiful sea-board. Is it not better than a form of foot-ball softened down to meet the needs of the business man who cannot spare the time to go into training?

But the sea is only one resource. There is also our wonderful countryside, with it mountains and lakes, rivers and forests, even its savage wilderness, at our very doors. The ways of sane recreation opened to the lover of nature by this great playground into which we have but to step,

offer a sufficient outlet for every normal desire for physical activity.

Rod and gun for the sportsman who needs such assistance, or the camera for his more fortunate brother who does not have to kill in order to enjoy; the paddle and the oar, the camp under the fragrant pines, the struggle with the wilderness, the self-dependence taught by isolation from the servile conveniences of civilization; danger if one will go where it is, need of caution and of nerves of steel—such recreation and delight beyond the reach of the mere playing of games is occupying the spare moments of an increasingly large percentage of our population. Here is call for every quality of sportsmanship and every expression of manly spirit and vigor. The man equipped by these recreations with his nerve and muscle fund is a stronger and more capable man than the gymnasium or athletic field can possibly produce.

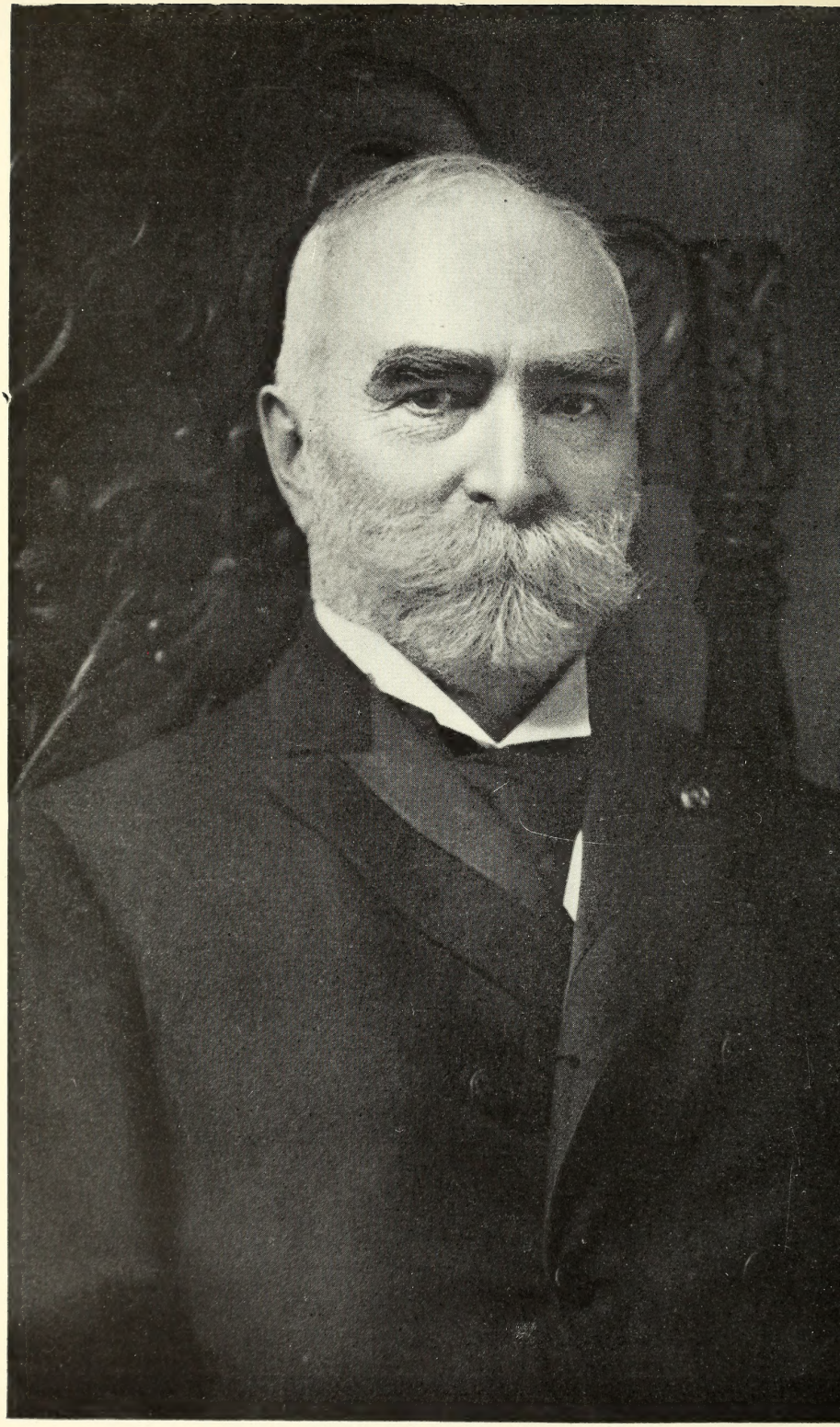
That student of history greatly errs who imagines that there was no sporting spirit in the sentiment with which our forefathers went forth to tame the wilderness. Pioneering was a game that had its rules and penalties. It developed a type of chivalry, of which James Fenimore Cooper is a very fair historian. And when the sons of our American wilderness went forth to the trial of arms with their British cousins, a close reader of the incidents of battle will find that it was not the American who most often failed in the spirit of fair play and chivalrous dealing.

With due admiration for our fox-hunting and cricket-playing co-linguists, (and we prefer them to all jiu-jitsuing Japs or side-stepping Frenchmen that ever lived) it is our sincere belief that the ardent devotees of these great national pastimes could not even qualify in a competition with the out-of-doors trained American.



Photograph by L. D. Sherman

HE LEARNS THE MATCHLESS LORE OF THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN



COLONEL ALBERT CLARKE

Boston and the Tariff

By ALBERT CLARKE

THERE are people who think that a seaport needs free trade. They say that protection deprives it of its great natural opportunity. Many attempts have been made to convince the people of Boston that if there were no tariff bars they could have the trade of all the Eastern Provinces of Canada and a much larger European, West Indian, Central American and South American trade than they enjoy now, and that they could manufacture iron and steel and everything else here in successful competition with the coal and ore regions of the West and South, while their shipping industry could be restored to the primacy which it once enjoyed.

All this sounds plausible, but it fails to reckon with facts. The first great fact is that protection is a national policy and Boston belongs to a great nation in which that policy as a whole has been wonderfully successful, and Boston has prospered equally with the rest. If a locality suffers some loss by reason of protection, the offsetting gain of a free and reserved home market that is twelve times as great as all attained foreign markets combined, is a compensation not to be ignored.

A second great fact is that protection is the policy of most other countries. If we were to abandon it and they should not, we would have free imports, but not free exports. This would be a one-sided arrangement and would expose domestic industries to ruin. If all were to abandon protection, which is unlikely, their relations to each other would not be essentially altered and we should simply exchange control for chance.

A third great fact is that the ports which are now rivals would remain rivals still. Boston would have no monopoly of oceanic advantage. The same reason which gives New York primacy to-day would exist under free trade, namely, size and centrality as a point of distribution.

What, then, can be done in relation to the tariff that will help Boston after the pending revision is over? Several things, among which are:

(1) A more complete recognition by all the inhabitants that this city is a part of the United States and cannot have a tariff different from that of the whole country.

(2) That the foreign commerce of the port, much of which merely passes through here, and even that which begins and ends here, is of small importance compared with the vast internal commerce of the country, of which Boston gets its share and can increase it more certainly than it can gain as much abroad.

(3) That the promotion of manufacturing in and around Boston is of far greater consequence to the growth and prosperity of the city, and to the trade of most of the merchants, than a freer importation of foreign goods could possibly be. And by promoting the primary object we also promote the secondary.

(4) That opposition to sectionalism and a disposition to be fair towards all parts of the country will do more to attract trade and to increase the influence of Massachusetts statesmen in Congress than the pursuit of any provincial or peculiar policy can do.

When, some months ago, at a thinly attended meeting, the Boston Merchants Association voted in favor of "a lower level of duties," a prominent citizen of a neighboring city, largely interested in manufacturing, after read-

ing the resolution remarked: "I wonder if they think they can prosper if we cannot, and it is doubtful if we could under lower duties." The prosperity of merchants depends upon the purchasing power of the people. That power depends upon general employment. Our mills cannot run if foreign goods are allowed to displace their products. Let even but one of the great industries of Massachusetts be crippled by increased importation, which a "lower level of duties" is designed to invite, and every Boston merchant will suffer a loss of trade.

Boston is not a large shoe manufacturing city, but it is the trade center of the largest shoe production in the country, just as it is the trade center of the largest wool and woolens industry. Once there was a clamor for free wool and it came, but there came with it a cut in the duties on woolen goods, and there also came adversity. Now nobody in the business advocates free wool, because he prefers protection and prosperity. Shoe manufacturers have recently consented to forego a portion of the low duty on shoes as a consideration for free hides. They thought they did not need the protection, but for the first time they are confronted by foreign competition. It is not felt yet, but it is sure to be, for American shoe machinery has recently been introduced in every country which manufactures shoes, operatives there have been trained to high efficiency by skilled men sent from here, and the labor cost of production there will average forty per cent. lower than here. In these circumstances can there be any doubt but that the nations which export large quantities of the finest products of the loom and the forge will soon export shoes that will rival our best and at prices that will close our shops unless we have adequate protection? Although a few Boston shoe merchants might make more money in selling the foreign product, can the merchants as a whole conceive that it would be for their interest or for that of Boston to have Lynn and Brockton subjected to such a stress as would compel a reduction of prices and wages?

One thing that we should get over is our overweening self-conceit. In many things we have excelled, but now "there are others," and we have no monopoly of efficiency. On the contrary, we must have more practical education or fail to hold our own. Not many years since a Boston man established a metal goods manufactury in Hartford, Conn., and when asked why he did not set it up in Boston, he replied that more first-class mechanics could be found in that region than in this. It is now known that Germany leads the world in almost every line of science and skill in the productive arts and that German merchants are the greatest captors of foreign markets that the world has ever seen. Our leading educators and manufacturers realize that the far-famed institutions which are Boston's greatest asset must more than ever train our youths for what they have got to do, and if by 1915 we equal Germany in this respect Boston may hope for continued ascendency.

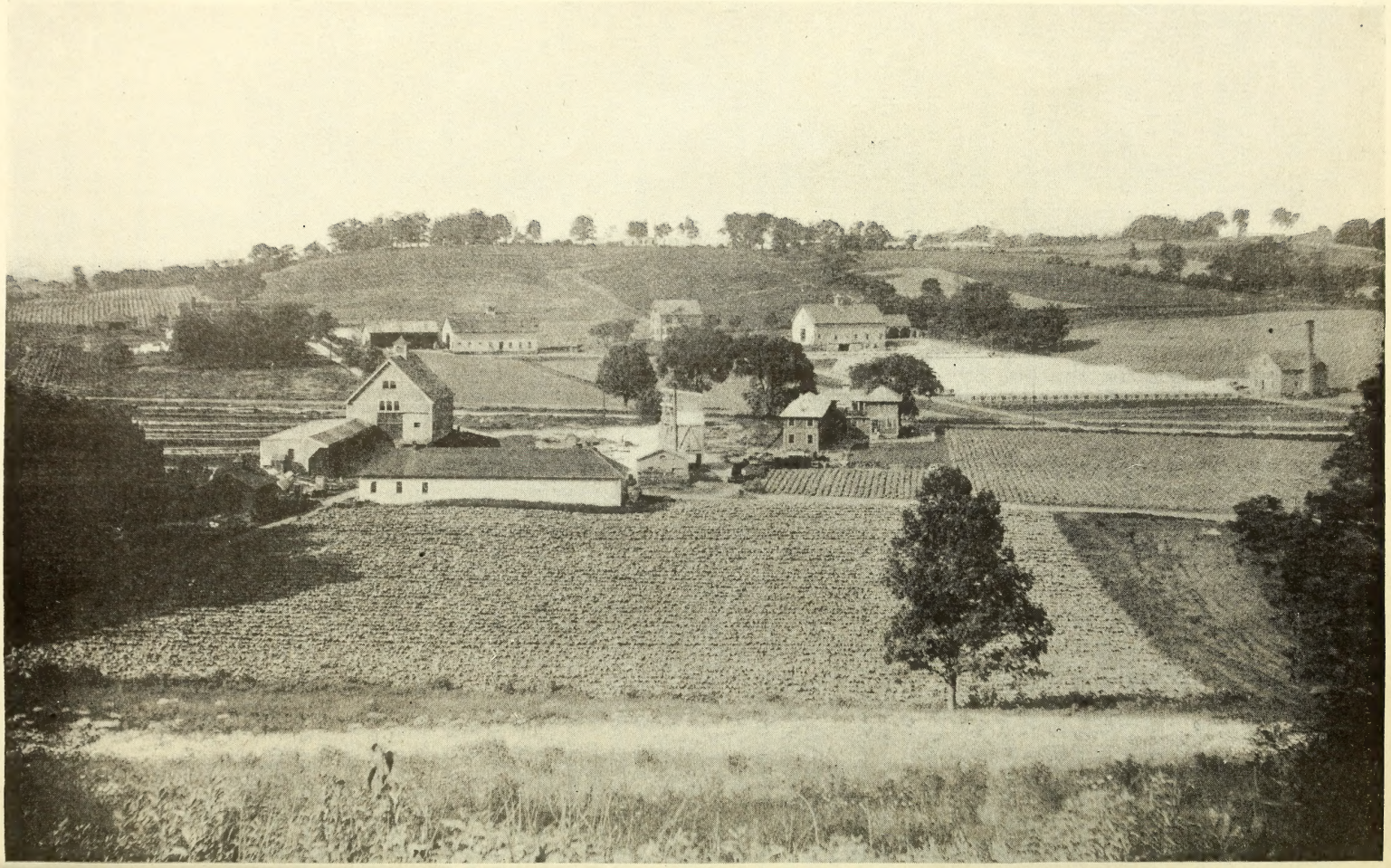
A reader who has followed me thus far may inquire, if, with that accomplished, we may not then be able to dispense with a protective tariff. My answer is no, for before that time every country in the world will have become productive, and why should we open our doors to them when they will not open theirs to us? Germany and France do not find free trade necessary for gaining foreign markets. On the contrary, they have found that their industrial strength at home which has resulted from protection has better equipped them for foreign enterprise. Such has been our own experience. Under the Dingley law we developed the greatest foreign trade in our history, in both exports and imports, and the chief reason was our aboundin prosperity at home.

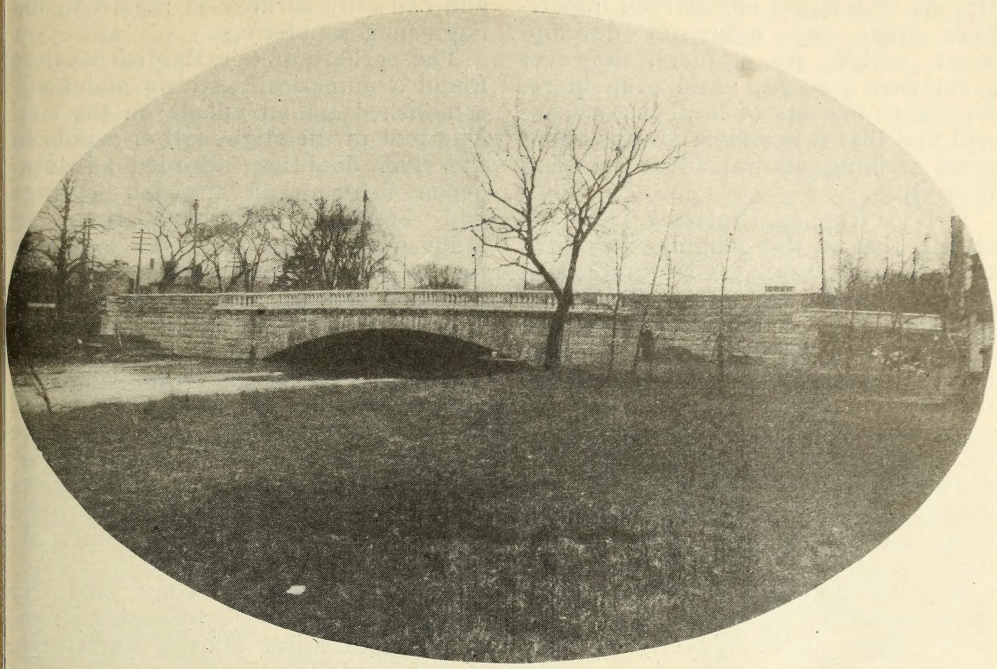
Let Boston he practical. Protection is now recognized by both the leading political parties as the established policy of the country. Free trade is no longer a menace, but there is a greate

menace in the demands for lower duties, in the scramble for advantage between industries and between sections, and in the persistent misrepresentations of the operations of protective duties in given instances. How often it is said, "O, I don't advocate free trade, but I would like to have the duties removed which protect corporations that make lower prices abroad than at home." Since duties, like rain, must fall alike upon the just and the unjust, their repeal to punish a trust would hurt innocent producers in the same line, whose competition may be necessary to low prices. And since selling abroad for less than at home is the practice of all the exporting peoples and is not due to tariff at all, how can removing the duties correct the practice? In fact, would not repeal aggravate the evil, by exposing us worse than now to its practice by foreign syndicates? What will it profit Boston or any other port of this country to play into the hands of foreign trusts by an unpractical attempt to curb domestic trusts?

I have called the attention of Congress and have repeatedly brought to public notice the discriminations by our railroads in favor of imports. Rates from Boston to Chicago on imported goods are 30 cents per 100 lbs. and on domestic freight of the same class they are 50 cents. From New Orleans to Chicago the rate on imports is 22 cents, and on home products 75 cents. Railroads, of course, competing with each other, as they have to, make contracts with steamship companies, by means of which goods are often carried on through bills of lading from foreign ports to the interior of our country at lower rates of freight than merchants and manufacturers along our seaboard can get to the same points. Nothing but a protective tariff has prevented this practice from working havoc among our mills, and if duties are reduced, many of our manufacturers and merchants will be ruined. How much better would it be for Boston to strive for a correction of this evil, which is well within the range of possibility, than it is to waste time and effort by issuing bulls against what some regard as the comet of protection.

Boston has some reputation for culture and for business sagacity. To preserve that reputation we need to avoid crankiness and singularity. The men who built the city and those who founded Lowell, Lawrence, and the other beehives around us, were men of courage and foresight. When Francis C. Lowell and his associates began to weave cotton by machinery we were importing cottons from England and India and paying 50 cents a yard for goods that now sell for 10 cents. Protected by a high duty, they established print works at Lowell and now calicoes sell for less than the duty. Since the duty does no harm, why not keep it for the good it may do again in some condition of trade? When John M. Forbes, T. Jefferson Coolidge, Thomas Nickerson and other Boston capitalists invested large sums in the building of Western railroads, they but carried out the policy of their elders who had built the railroads and mills of New England. They knew that the way to make Boston grow was to help the country to grow. Boston can reap the harvest by continuing to cultivate a national policy and holding the good will of friends in distant fields.





THE NEW BRIDGE OVER THE CHARLES RIVER AT WATERTOWN

IN BOSTON'S NEW SUBURBAN DISTRICT

OLD WATERTOWN, A MODERN SUBURB

By CHARLES M. ROCKWOOD

THE present importance of Watertown is emphasized by two great and vital movements in the civic life of Greater Boston—the improvement of the Charles River Basin and park system, and the construction of the Cambridge Subway—for Watertown and Cambridge are contiguous communities.

Although now the oldest town within the limits of Middlesex County and an important point in colonial history its greatest story is of to-day and to-morrow rather than of the past, however honorable that may be. As a matter of fact, it is so very honorable that, east and west, there is no prouder boast among our older families than that of a place in its genealogical records.

But in the neighborhood of a great and growing metropolis, such as the Boston of to-day, local history is practically swallowed up, save as it is embalmed in literature or in the justly proud traditions of private families. Over and over again our brief account must be turning to emphasize the natural charms of the location; Boston has need of these. At the very door of one of the greatest real estate markets in the world, these physical characteris-

tics are of a larger commercial importance than any industrial development within its borders, however great that may be. And even in referring to matters of local history, we will find that it is almost always about some striking natural advantage that they cling.

If it is true, as Professor Horsford claims, that in this neighborhood was the site of the mythical Norumbega of the great Norse navigators, it was the threefold fact of its location at the head of tide water on the Charles River, its abundance of fresh water in springs and running brooks and its general salubrity and attractiveness that determined the settlement. Possibly, also, the need of oak timber for the repair of their ships was an inducement, for the magnificent oaks, particularly of the Waverly district, are to-day the admiration of visitors, thousands of whom are attracted by their fame. Some of the Waverly oaks are said to be near a thousand years old. But we know little of the Norseman and can only surmise in regard to his Saga-sung wanderings.

The earliest of our English settlers found a numerically strong and long-established Indian village on the site. The foot of the slight fall or rapids in the river doubtless afforded advantageous fishing and the fair springs and brooks must have been an inducement. The soil was excellent for the rudely planted maize, and the sunward sloping hills lengthened the Indian summer and hastened the arrival of tardy spring.

Governor Winthrop on his very first voyage ascended the river thus far and described the location, with which he was much impressed. Nor did he forget the spot, but visited it doubtless many times, after the manner described in the following extract from his letters:

"The governor and some company with him, went up by Charles River, about eight miles above Watertown, and named the first brook on the north side of the river (being a fair



THE MILL POND AND LEWANDO'S

stream, and coming from a pond a mile from the river) Beaver Brook, because the beavers had shorn down divers great trees there and made divers dams across the brook. Thence they went to a great rock, upon which stood a high stone cleft in sunder, that four men might go through, which they called Adam's Chair, because the youngest of their party was Adam Winthrop. Thence they came to another brook, greater than the former, which they called Master's Brook, because the eldest of their party was one John Masters. Thence they came to another high-pointed rock, having a fair ascend on the west side, which they called Mount Feake, who had married the governor's daughter-in-law. On the west side of Mount Feake they went up a very high rock, from which they might see all over Neipnett, and a very high hill due west, about fourty miles off, and to the northwest the high hills by Merrimack, about sixty miles off."

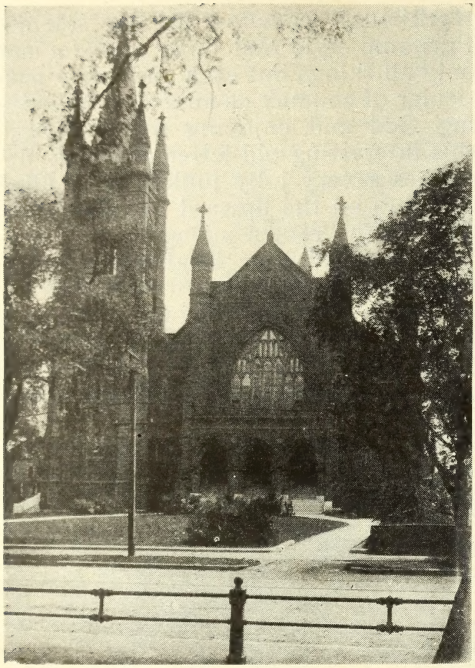
Although couched in the solemn, Puritanic style that must consider not only all things but each and every particular of conduct as an act of "glorifying God and enjoying him forever," this interesting old letter evidently describes a very jolly junket, with filled hampers on the upward trip and empties for the return voyage.

Students of New England local history should remember that the territory included under the old town names was much greater than now bears the same appellation. Thus, Watertown included portions of Cambridge, Newton, Belmont and Waltham, and no part of what was the original settlement falls within the present boundaries of the town—rather an odd circumstance.

After its many successive reductions of area, usually to the advantage of Cambridge, there remains within the borders of the town some twenty-seven hundred acres, rather less than more, constituting it the smallest town



MAIN STREET, IN 1862



ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, ROMAN CATHOLIC

in area in the state. Even this acreage includes the Charles River itself, the celebrated marshes, and the beautiful and extensive tracts of Mount Auburn and Catholic Cemeteries.

Watertown was settled by the English in 1630. In July of that year a considerable company, under the leadership of Sir Richard Saltonstall and Rev. George Phillips, ascended the Charles and began a settlement on or about the present site of the Cambridge Hospital.

Both of these men were forceful and picturesque characters. Saltonstall did not find himself in accord with the Massachusetts Bay oligarchy and soon returned to England, but not before he had left an indelible stamp on the colony. He remained to the end a firm and true friend of the colonies and of liberty, and his services in London were often of the utmost value.

The Rev. George Phillips was, perhaps, one of the broadest and most scholarly of the colonial divines. He was an ultra-independent, but one of the rare type which accords for others the toleration that it demands for itself. In fact the claim is made for him that he was the father of representative government in America. Nor does the claim seem to be ill-founded, for it was the objection of the Watertown colonists, under his leadership, to a taxation scheme of the Massachusetts Bay oligarchy, which was being collected without the consent of those upon whom it had been levied, that forced that decidedly aristocratic body to call a council of representatives to aid in the administration of the colony.

The community which these men established was argricultural in its character. The soil was fertile and unencumbered with forests, and Sir Richard had brought many cattle and servants with him. Intensive cultivation was unknown. Land holdings were large. The colonists began to feel straitened for room in their agricultural operations and petitioned the legislature for a further allotment, which was granted, though not of contiguous territory. As early as 1635 the inhabitants began to feel crowded for room! They accordingly passed the following curious vote:

"Agreed, by consent of the freemen (in consideration there be too many inhabitants in the Towne, and the Towne is thereby in danger to be ruinated),



BAPTIST CHURCH

that no forainer coming into the Towne, or any family arising among ourselves, shall have any benefit either of Commonage or of Land undivided, but what they shall purchase, except that they buy a man's right wholly in the Towne." This is more important than might at first appear. It is a spirit that did not die with the earliest colonists. As late as the early days of the present century, when there was possibility that the Boston and Worcester Railroad might pass through the town, a successful resistance to the encroachment was organized.

The result of this has been the retention of many large tracts of available land within the town and their development under the more satisfactory conditions of modern landscape gardening and engineering skill. And it is just this state of affairs that is making Watertown a centre of interest to the people of Greater Boston to-day.

The first step in the modern development of the naturally beautiful territory included within the town borders, was the widening of Mount Auburn Street.

Mt. Auburn Cemetery, one of the most beautiful in the United States, borders the avenue at its first entrance into Watertown. For a considerable distance the dignity and grace of this noble burial ground give a character to the street. The adjacent territory along the avenue is occupied by a succession of beautiful churches and residences with broad and well-kept lawns, that stamp its home quality. There is no more attractive bit of highway in the neighborhood of Boston than this. In this district resides that strong leader of the state Democracy, Senator Vahey.



PORTION OF MOUNT AUBURN STREET

While this improvement, the widening of Mt. Auburn Street, was fundamental, a development of still greater importance was the great work of the Metropolitan Park Commission along the banks of the Charles River. Three miles of this improvement lie within



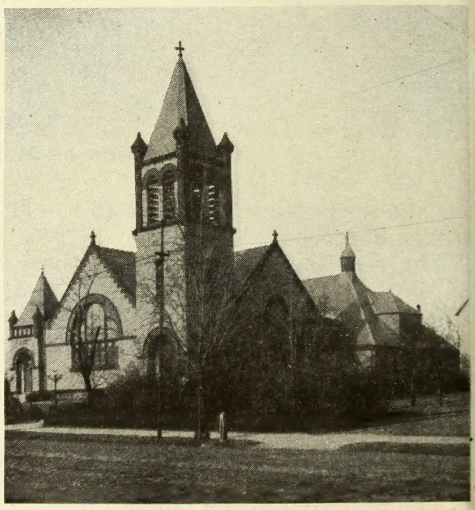
PHILLIPS CHURCH, CONGREGATIONAL

the borders of Watertown. It passes through the very heart of the town, not only forming an approach of unrivalled beauty, but rendering accessible in the same attractive way a finely elevated tract of land with a warm southerly slope and a beautiful outlook on the corresponding hills of the Garden City of Newton, just across the river. From favorable points, and there are many such, vistas are opened eastwardly toward Cambridge and Boston with the winding river to mark the route and reflect the blue of the sky, the moving clouds and the green banks and the halls and towers of the University City. It is a fair prospect, and the vicinity of Boston affords nothing finer.

This parkway, as has been remarked, enters the heart of the town, crossing the stream by the bridge that spans the ancient fording place of Norsemen, of Indians and of early colonists. This is historic ground. Nearby stands the old Coolidge Tavern and the bridge itself is a noble and beautiful monument of civic spirit of to-day as well as of the historic past to which its tablets call attention. Built of cut granite and concrete in the form of a low arch, surrounded with a graceful balustrade of cut stone, and with four semi-circular bays that afford alike a resting place and a point of vantage from which to see the flow of the stream, and its adjacent banks, the bridge must be admitted to be one of the finest that spans the river. Work is now in progress narrowing and deepening the channel, for this was once designated as a "fall," and was a favorite Indian fishing ground.

It requires no wide stretch of the imagination to see a landing rebuilt below this bridge, and a considerable river traffic, particularly of pleasure craft, centering there.

At this point, also, Watertown is fortunate in that an industrial establishment which has gained possession of the land immediately above the bridge, has shown a most commendable appreciation of the possibility of making such structures not only negatively free from undesirable excresences, but positively attractive. The large factory of the Lewando Cleansing and Dyeing Establishment is well and tastefully built with appropriate simplicity of form and its surroundings kept with scrupulous attention. Pretty grass



ST. JOHN'S METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

plots separate it from the street and, with the sense of industry and thrift that goes with it, strikes rather a cheerful and pleasant note.

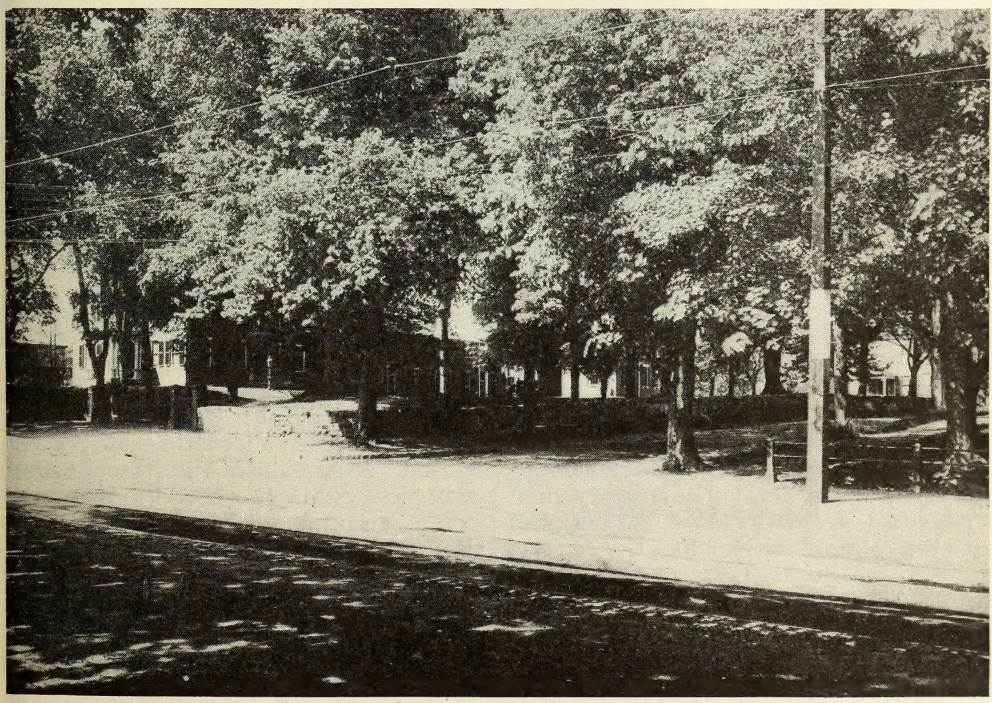
Just at the north approach of the bridge is Watertown Square, which is formed by the junction of the parkway, Riverside, Mt. Auburn avenues and Main Street, which is the highway leading over the hills to Waltham. In the square is the old Town Hall with its classic front and the two banks of the town, the Union Market National Bank occupy a new and artistically designed, modern, commercial building.

Moving up Main Street we come to the Public Library, the Common and Soldier's Monument and the fine edifice of St. Joseph Parish. This is one of the most beautiful Catholic churches in the suburban districts, and, occupying a commanding site, is a marked feature in the general aspect of the town.

Along this highway to Waltham are situated many of the fine old estates of the town. Some of these are still maintained and retain their pristine beauty with the added attraction of age and association. Others have fallen into decay or are converted to other uses or divided into smaller holdings.

The land here slopes away in a southwesterly direction somewhat abruptly, leaving to the occupants of the more elevated side of the street the command of a broad and beautiful prospect. Here is to be found the beautiful home of Mr. Whitney, "The Elms," as it is called, and other attractive estates. The location is a natural one for large estates, or for subdivision into high-grade residential property, which there is such an insistent demand on the outskirts of our expanding metropolis.

Choice hunting ground for the antiquarian and the writer of historical romances, these old estates, if one might but delve among their ancient traditions of colonial and revolutionary days. Everywhere, in the midst of latter-day improvements, is this atmosphere of the past. Here lived the Up-



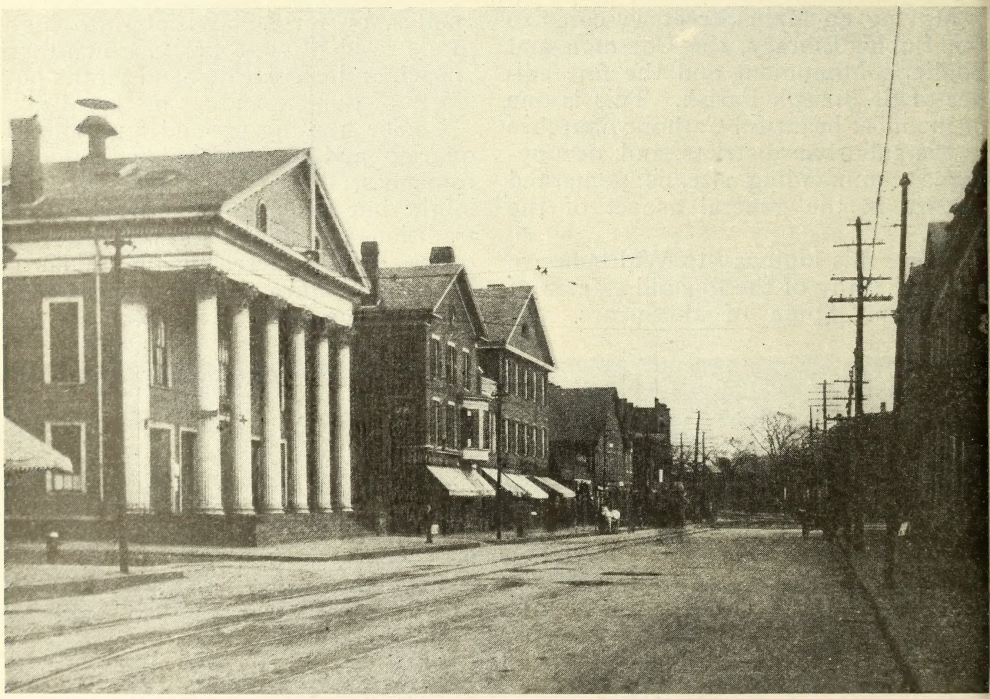
"The Elms" residence of Arthur Whitney, Esq.

hams and Warrens and Stowes and Stearneses and Coolidges and Masons and Hoars and Curtises, Edward Garfield, an ancestor of the President, and Thomas Mayhew, the early mill proprietor,—these and a score of others among the first settlers whose descendants have been among those who have shaped the western prairies into commonwealths and achieved striking successes in war and peace.

That Watertown housed the Provincial Congress during a most trying epoch in its brief but history-making career, is a fact known to every school boy. In the old Coolidge Tavern, still standing, the great Washington regaled himself on more than one occasion, while relics of Lexington and Bunker Hill and the great siege, of the march on Ticonderoga and the special levies of troops to meet Burgoyne, are the prized possessions of the older families.

This atmosphere of historic association quickens patriotism and strengthens local pride and civic spirit. It is a pleasant atmosphere in which to live and adds an element in the daily life that is not purchaseable for any price of merchandise. That part of Watertown history is a national possession, and yet in a very true sense, also, it belongs to the people of the town.

Of some of her richest literary associations Watertown has been robbed by the successive mulctings of her territory. A portion of the Lowell estate still lies within the borders of Watertown, and the homestead and James Russell Lowell's birth- and dwelling-place were in Watertown, and yet, of course, he was a Cambridge man, as much so as his neighbor Longfellow, to whom every inch of Watertown was as familiar as his own dooryard. No one with the slightest love for litera-

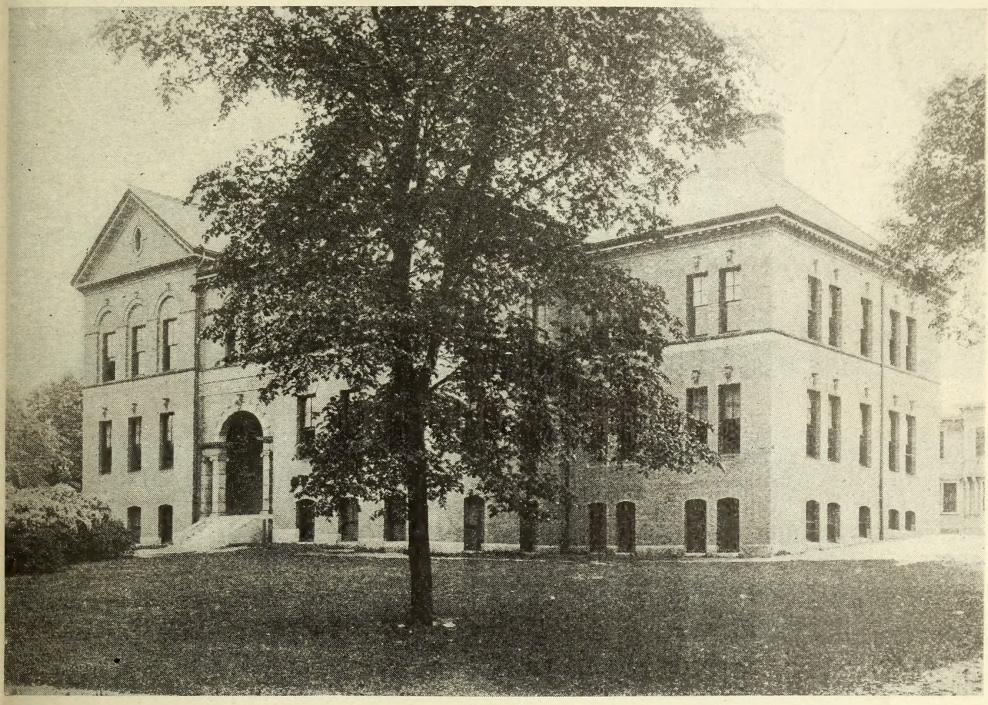


TOWN HALL AND WATERTOWN SQUARE

ture can think of the Charles River without associating it with the name of the great poet, and the United States Arsenal, located at Watertown, must also bring to mind one of the most interesting of his poems. The Watertown Public Library, under the direction of Mr. Solon Whitney, and the Watertown Historical Society have made careful collections of the rich historical material available.

affairs as Mr. Arthur H. Whitney is indeed fortunate.

Born of old Watertown stock and separated by inherited wealth from the necessities of active business, Mr. Whitney has given his time the more generously to public interests and his democratic spirit and sympathetic understanding of the needs of the man on the street have made him a power for good.



THE FRANCIS GRAMMAR SCHOOL

As we have said, the interest which this adds to the district is somewhat intangible, but very real and powerfully felt, nevertheless.

But it is not in the past alone that Watertown men have achieved results that are national possessions. In our own time, in the arts of peace her citizens have not been deficient. Watertown enjoys the distinction of being the home city of no small number of Boston's most enterprising and capable men of affairs.

A community that can command the services of such broad-minded men of

Mr. Charles Brigham, the architect, is another Watertown citizen who has achieved the highest distinction. Perhaps his best known work here in New England is that of the addition to the Massachusetts State House and the great Christian Science Church edifice in Boston. But these are only examples which illustrate the importance of the work on which he is constantly engaged.

Unique among modern commercial enterprises and revolutionary of office methods is the accounting and recording and filing system devised and



THE OLD COOLIDGE TAVERN

manufactured by the Library Bureau under the direction of its President, H. E. Davidson of Watertown. Mr. Davidson was not the founder of the Library Bureau, but he was the founder of the commercial application of the card system of accounting and filing, and that is an achievement that has added untold millions in savings and increased business efficiency to our national wealth.

Mr. Walter B. Snow, the distinguished engineer, prominent in the affairs of Technology and a publicity man of marked ability, is also a Watertown citizen, as are also Mr. Bartlett M. Shaw, superintendent of the Walker and Pratt Foundry Company; Mr. A. O. Davidson, so long agent of the Aetna Mills, and Mr. F. W. Freeman, the present agent of this important industry. Mr. Davidson's home is one of the attractive features of the Bemis section of the town.

No name has been more vitally and usefully connected with Watertown interests than that of Mr. Samuel L. Gleason, vice-president of the Union Market National Bank and veteran real-estate man. Mr. L. Sidney Cleveland, the president of the Union Market National, is one of the quiet forces of present day Watertown affairs. Mr. Chester Sprague, of the Sprague Lumber Company and other important business interests, is another of Watertown's able men of affairs.

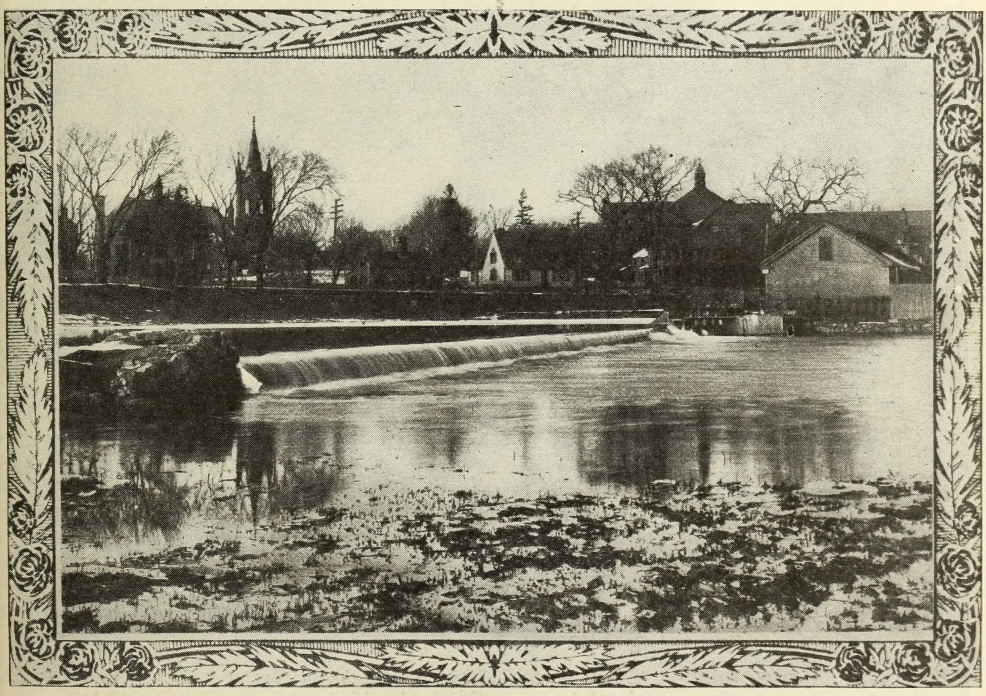
Among the younger men should be mentioned Mr. Walter C. Stone, Mr. P. Sarsfield Cunniff and Mr. Charles A. York, the present Selectmen of Watertown, and Mr. J. A. L. Coon, Representative to the General Court and largely instrumental in securing the beautiful new bridge which spans the Charles to the adornment of the town and the convenience of travelers, and Mr. Stratton, the publisher, editor of Human Life, a bright and progressive publication which is making its mark.

These and many others have organized a Board of Trade, of which Mr. Chas. A. Hobbs is president and Mr.

Stone treasurer. This organization is used as a center for all good works that have Watertown's welfare at heart.

I have purposely reserved for the conclusion of this article one of the most important factors in the future development of this interesting locality. I referred at the very beginning to the construction of the subway to Cambridge. As this great piece of work is already under way, its quickening effects are already being felt. And no wonder. It is as if some great geni had, in the course of a night, and at the signal of the possessor of the magic word, squeezed the country together and eliminated in the process half of the intervening distance. The building of this subway is the same as picking Watertown up bodily and setting it down some three miles nearer to Boston. It is the same as taking this most beautiful tract of country, with its winding, park-bordered river and garden-covered slopes, its charming residences and rich associations, and placing them at the very front door of the West End of Boston! The completion of the Cambridge Subway and the full accomplishment of the plans for the Charles River by the Metropolitan Park Commission will probably see the value of Watertown real estate at least double in value.

There can be little doubt but that Governor Winslow thought at the beginning that Watertown was to be the site of his future capital, the metropolis of New England. There he began the erection of a house for himself, and although his sounder after-judgment led him to move nearer to the harbor, which was to be the true source of wealth, the site which he selected, the site which the Norsemen selected (if the professor is right) and that was the scene of the first struggle between the white man and the red, the battle between Thorfinn and the "Skraelings," will become the most delightful and the most desired of Boston's residential districts.



THE OLD PAPER MILL FALLS



BRANCH WITH FRUIT



APPLE TREE IN BLOOM SECOND SEASON AFTER PRUNING

IN PRAISE OF THE APPLE

By W. B. CONANT

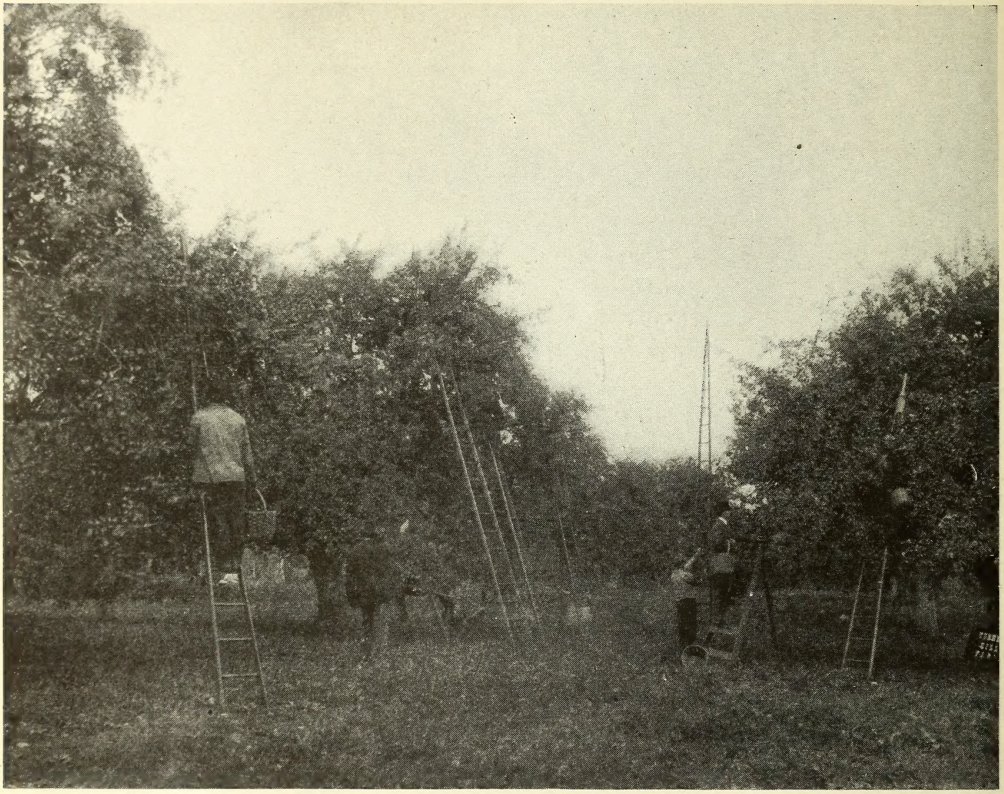
Photographs by courtesy of Wilfrid Wheeler, the New England Fruit Show and A. W. Otis

THE grape is royal, the pomegranate priestly; the blushing, rosy peach is the society belle of the garden, while the pear, slender, delicate and dainty, is the gentlewoman among the fruits. But the apple,—wholesome, succulent, abundant,—exists for all mankind, and is the great democrat of the orchard."

In words something like these a writer pays tribute to the products of the garden. One might weave a romance around any one of these common fruits, and not the least of them around the commonest—the apple.

Consider where one must begin if he were to tell the story of that fruit. From the Garden of Eden and the fall of man, down through the centuries the apple has played a conspicuous and varied part in history. What was it about Paris and the apple? (one forgets his mythology) and did not William Tell shoot an apple from his son's head? (or is this a myth, too?) And was it not an apple that, falling, suggested to Sir Isaac Newton the law of gravitation? There were apples forbidden, apples of discord, golden apples of Hesperides, "apples of gold in pictures of silver." After all, perhaps, the fruit most linked with romance and tradition is not the royal grape nor the priestly pomegranate, but the common, familiar apple.

But one must curb his fancy and concern himself, for the time, strictly with the American apple of the year nineteen hundred nine. This fruit is New England's greatest money crop. It is its largest item of agricultural export. In seasons of plenty, Euro-



TURNER HILL FARM, IPSWICH, MASSACHUSETTS
FRUIT IS CAREFULLY PICKED, PLACED IN FIELD BARRELS, AND TAKEN TO THE PACKING HOUSE FOR SORTING

pean steamers carry abroad from five thousand to twenty thousand barrels per cargo, while thousands of barrels more are shipped to the West and South. Strange about the New England apple. It finds a ready market wherever there are people who eat apples at all. Ohio has its orchards, but the Massachusetts and Maine Baldwin is sold in large quantities in its chief cities. Even the extensive orchards of Michigan do not by their nearness close the markets of Chicago, Minneapolis and the Northwest to New England fruit. It maybe that people are prone to prefer the thing that is brought from a distance, or that with the people of the newer West there lingers in memory the boyhood flavor of the Northern Spy and the Greening that grew on the old farm back East. Whichever may be the reason, no local variety can quite take the place of the fruit that comes from the stony hillsides of New England.

Consider for a moment the favorite habitat of the apple. It chooses a rugged environment. You cannot "grow" apples, though you may cultivate them. That is to say, if you would have it in its full brilliancy and finest flavor, you must, aside from judicious pruning, let it for the most part alone. Here is an orchard that is plowed and harrowed and richly fertilized. Note the dense foliage of the trees and observe that while the fruit is abundant and large it is green and very likely speckled with a black fungus growth. On the other hand, no finer fruit can be found than that which grows by itself on some old

Baldwin tree on a Vermont hillside pasture where no plowshare ever turned up the soil.

Then, again, rich soil will not produce a good apple. The gravelly hill is the place. Some towns are known for their apples; others cannot produce good fruit. Concord, for example, raises little fruit for export, while Acton, Harvard, and Littleton, just to the west and on high land, are known as the favorite habitation of the apple. In bearing years these three towns together ship a large per cent. of the apples exported from Boston.

There is a tradition in reference to packing, or "putting up" apples, which has it that the canny New England farmer put the fine, large fruit on top of the barrel and cider apples in the middle,—in short, "deaconed" them. This may be the custom in some localities even to the present day, but those who are accustomed to pack fruit for export do not use these methods. They know that self-interest demands an honest packing, even though their consciences may be no tenderer than those of others. To pack a barrel of apples properly, first have your barrel clean and sweet. If a second-hand flour barrel, wash it with clean water. When dry, place one layer of the finest, reddest fruit on the bottom, stems down. This is the show-window of the package, as will be seen, and this much of display is taken for granted as permissible both from the standpoint of ethics and good business shrewdness. Fill carefully so as not to jostle the "facers" shaking the barrel gently with each basketful emptied into it. When full, crown the top evenly so that the fruit will stand an



SPECIMEN LIMB — BALDWIN — CROP ON THIS TREE ESTIMATED 12 BARRELS. SPREAD OF TREE OVER 50 FEET. SAME TREE BORE 3 BARRELS ON ONE LIMB

apple's height above the chine of the barrel. Then apply the pressing screw, —not wantonly and maliciously as if to reduce the contents to cider, but with proper care not to break the skin of the fruit. "But you will bruise the apples," one says. Very well; better squeeze them a little, equally on all sides, than leave a scantily filled barrel to chuck about on shipboard, the apples rolling over each other and jamming their sides in the process. The secret of a well-packed barrel consists largely in its being tightly filled, and not "slack," as the trade terms it.

Next in order comes the stencilling. Here it must be remarked that there are no standard brands for marking apples. It is a pity that no organization of exporters has been formed in this part of the country, one of whose objects would be to cause a standard brand to be placed on fruit shipments. Such an organization exists in Canada, and is said to be of great value in the selling of the Canadian product in European markets. But our exporters place, ad libitum, "Fancy XXX," or "Extra Selected XXXX," or what not, on apples that may be number ones, "mixed," or good everyday fruit, indiscriminately. In consequence, the mark means nothing to the buyer.

Our shipment is now ready for export by the Ivernia or the Winifredian, or any other of the ocean liners. Down at the Hoosac Tunnel or Boston & Albany docks is a sea of barrels standing with their stencilled heads uppermost. Each barrel bears the shipper's proper mark of identification,—some, plain initials in a circle, diamond or square; others, more elaborate, embellished with crowns or other insignia; and all bearing the letters "U. S. A." in accordance with international trade regulations.

The freight rate for a barrel of apples from Boston to Liverpool in recent years is two shillings (fifty cents). Formerly it was one and six pence, and in seasons of unusual freight competition has been as low as one shilling. English custom tucks on little extras in the way of cooperage, wharfage, etc., which add perhaps five or ten cents more.

Our next sight of our shipment is on the dock in Liverpool, whence it is taken to the storage warehouses. The Liverpool market is a large auction, in which six concerns, known as the "Big Six," co-operate, practically monopolizing the import fruit trade in Liverpool.

They have a joint auction room, built in the form of a small theatre. The auctioneers' bench occupies the stage, and in the pit an elevator brings up sample barrels from the floor below. There are two barrels exposed to view at one time. One shows the facing—the original bottom of the barrel, removed—the regular rows of fruit with its stem up. The other barrel is half emptied into a basket, thus disclosing the middle of the package,—good and true fruit, or the unsuspecting "deacon's" ciders, as the case may be. Two or three helpers throw samples to the bidders ranged on the benches in the gallery above. The bidding goes on apace. The Liverpool auctioneer is a substantial tradesman and wears his tall hat with the port of a M. P. The trade boasts of at least one baronet. But the selling is a tremendous hustle. Each of the six auctioneers has about so much time at his disposal, and the other five after the first are awaiting their turn. The expense of using the auction theatre is apportioned among the firms according to the time occupied by each on the thrice-a-week selling days. It amounts to several shillings a minute, so no pauses, even momentary, are allowed.

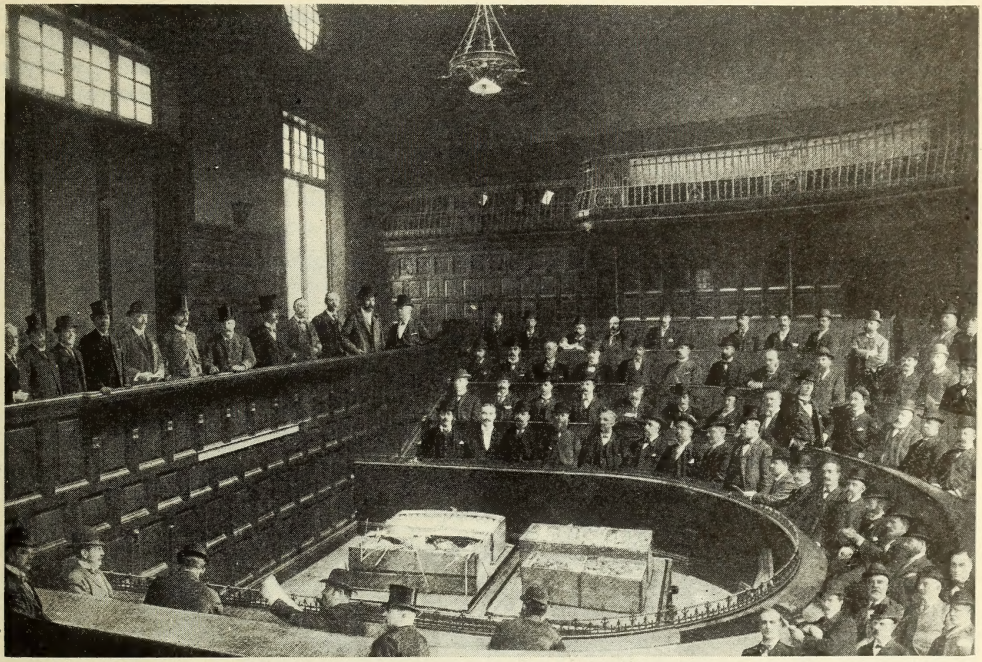
The same night, very often, or at any rate next morning, the shipper up in Middlesex or Worcester county, Massachusetts, receives his check for that sale, the account being forwarded by cable to the firm's agent in Boston and by him mailed to the consignor. This account is, however, not the exact but the approximate result of the sale —even pounds and shillings, the pence and farthings involved in the transac-

tion being adjusted by mail a week or so later.

One asks, Has England no apple crop of her own? She grows some fruit, to be sure, but it is mostly of the fall variety and cannot be kept into the winter, and besides, most of the home-grown fruit is of the green sort and not highly regarded. The ruddy, hard American Baldwin is so much superior, and the distance of three thousand miles so easily bridged by quick and cheap transportation that American apples have long been looked upon as a staple British food, and her own inferior fruit consigned to the ignoble fate of the cider press.

The English apple-eater is favored more highly than ourselves, in that the spring hiatus, when fruit of the northern zone is not obtainable, is supplied by the importation of the delicate, yellow apple of Tasmania, which reaches the English market early in May, each apple wrapped in tissue paper and packed like oranges in crates.

Successively one section after another in the United States has boasted of being "the home of the big, red apple." Once it was southern Illinois; but the fine young orchards of the Ben Davis, where ten years ago the writer revelled in the glory of that brilliant variety, are now dead and plucked up by the roots. For a time the Ozark region of northern Arkansas and southern Missouri flaunted its boast of being "the land of the big, red apple." Now it is Oregon and Washington that lay claim to raising the finest apples on the continent; fruit that sells at a dollar a dozen or something like that. Only the other day the writer received a postcard from an Oregon friend who wrote: "Have taken five parties of homeseekers into the Hood River Valley this season;" and these men are looking principally for fruit lands. But attractive as the Pacific coast apple and its price both are, one cannot believe that with hundreds of growers entering the field of production the dollar-a-dozen day will last long. The time when the first Georgia peaches



FRUIT BROKERS' AND BUYERS' ASSOCIATION, LIVERPOOL

brought fabulous prices is well remembered, and likewise when the genuine Rocky Ford, Colorado, cantaloupe was in reach only of the rich. So it will be with the apple of the Pacific Northwest, handsome to perfection though that fruit is.

But the New England Baldwin will endure. It is a staple, tried in many markets not only of England, but of all Continental Europe. Its fame even extends to South America. Each autumn a Christmas ship sails from Boston with a cargo of Massachusetts apples for the people of far-away Argentine.

Last fall the writer went up to one of the hill towns and picked the apples of his orchard which was set out by his grandfather when the writer was a boy. Well he remembers the time those trees were set, for he held the slender saplings and squinted down the rows to see that they were in line while the men shovelled in the loam about them.

If you would enjoy a mellow October day to the full, go where the Baldwins are growing thickly. Get a ladder and a basket with an iron hook to hang it by. From a rung high up among the branches see how the sunlight radiates from the rosy-checked fruit.

But if you cannot do this, step around the corner to the fruit store and buy a dozen Mackintosh Reds or Northern Spies. If when you pare them you fail to discern your sweetheart's initials formed by the spiral links of the parings,—the sweetheart days, mayhap, having gone by,—you will at least taste one of the most luscious fruits of the earth. To paraphrase a well known saying, "God might have made a better fruit—but He never did!"



TURNER HILL FARM, IPSWICH, MASS. STORE-HOUSE AND TRANSPORTATION

A Converted Cosmopolitan

By EDITH ELMER WOOD

YES, they were talking English. Howard had not heard the sound for nearly two months, and that last time he had promptly gotten out of its neighborhood without being discovered. His first impulse now was of flight, his next of resignation, since he could hardly expect immunity from tourists within a mile or so of Nice. Perhaps, even, it was some unacknowledged tug of homesickness for the speech and sight of his kind that had drawn him thither. Moreover, one of the girls had a pleasant voice—American, obviously, but neither shrill nor nasal,—and he felt a vague curiosity to know whether her face matched it. This reconciled him to the otherwise annoying fact that the whole gang seemed to be approaching his retreat, which he had picked out for the double virtue of the view it commanded and its seclusion from the highroad. It was on the very backbone ridge of Mont Boron.

He intended to have a look at all these worldlinesses and then go back into the unspoiled mediaeval Provence he had discovered.

Ah, here came the walking party! In the van were two English girls with their Mamma. They wore their front hair in a "fringe" to their eyebrows, covered with a net, and their back hair in a coil, also covered with a net. Their teeth were too profuse, but their complexions were lovely, and they looked healthy and wholesome. There were two French girls also, dressed exactly alike, chic rather than pretty,—but, Lord, how they rolled their eyes! No, they weren't Howard's style. His compatriot came last. He hadn't seen a girl in a white shirt-waist and a tailor skirt for a long time, and the sight was really rather pleasant. Her trim, American shoes set something vibrating, too. The French girls were teetering along on high heels and pointed toes—the most absurd outfit for clambering over rocks—and the English contingent, going in for comfort and solidity, outraged the esthetic sensibilities of the beholder. What a funny collection of imitation men they had along with them! There were a couple of sissy American boys—just the kind one would expect to find loafing around Europe with their mothers and sisters instead of hustling with their fathers at home—and several young Frenchmen wearing the most ultra-English clothes and talking a wonderful hybrid jargon full of English sporting terms hardly recognizable through their French pronunciation. There was one Frenchman, though, who was different. His clothes were not in the least English. They were obviously local and worn in a sort of picturesque disorder. He wore a turnover collar and a carelessly knotted necktie with floating ends. He had a closely trimmed, pointed, black beard, black eyes full of animation, rich, opulent coloring, and red, red lips showing full under his moustache. "A good Provencal type, all right, but I'll wager ten to one his collar isn't clean on the inside," commented Howard to himself, which shows that he was not emancipated from Anglo-Saxon prejudices. One of the sissy boys now approached, lifting his hat with an imitation French manner and beginning:

"*Pardon, Monsieur, mais . . .*"

"I still understand English," observed Howard, with uncalled-for severity.

"Oh, yes, to be sure," stammered the boy. "We wanted to know if we can find a good road down to Nice from the

other side of the fort, or if we have to go back the way we came?"

"Can't say," replied Howard. "Haven't been to Nice yet by *any* road. You can look at this if you like."

He took a road map from his breast pocket and handed it to the youth, who spread it out and became, with several other members of the party, absorbed in arguing over possible routes.

"What *is* the old fort?" asked Howard, idly, glancing along the ridge at the picturesque structure which occupied its highest point beyond where the pine trees stopped.

"Chateau Mont Alban."

"What period does it date from?"

The answer was a polite shrug, indicating indifference as well as ignorance. Evidently these were not people who interested themselves in history.

"I wonder if it was a Saracen stronghold, or if some old Count of Anjou or Toulouse built it to keep the Saracens off?" Howard mused aloud.

"It is very old," the young man nearest him replied with obliging vagueness.

"Monsieur understands French?" asked the man with the pointed beard.

Howard bowed assent.

"It dates only from the reign of Louis XIV." he said. "It was one of a chain of forts built along this coast by the illustrious engineer, Vauban. If Monsieur is interested in antiquities, I can show him relics of the Saracen period, of the Roman, the Greek and the Phoenician. The whole human race first and last have passed along this enchanted azure coast."

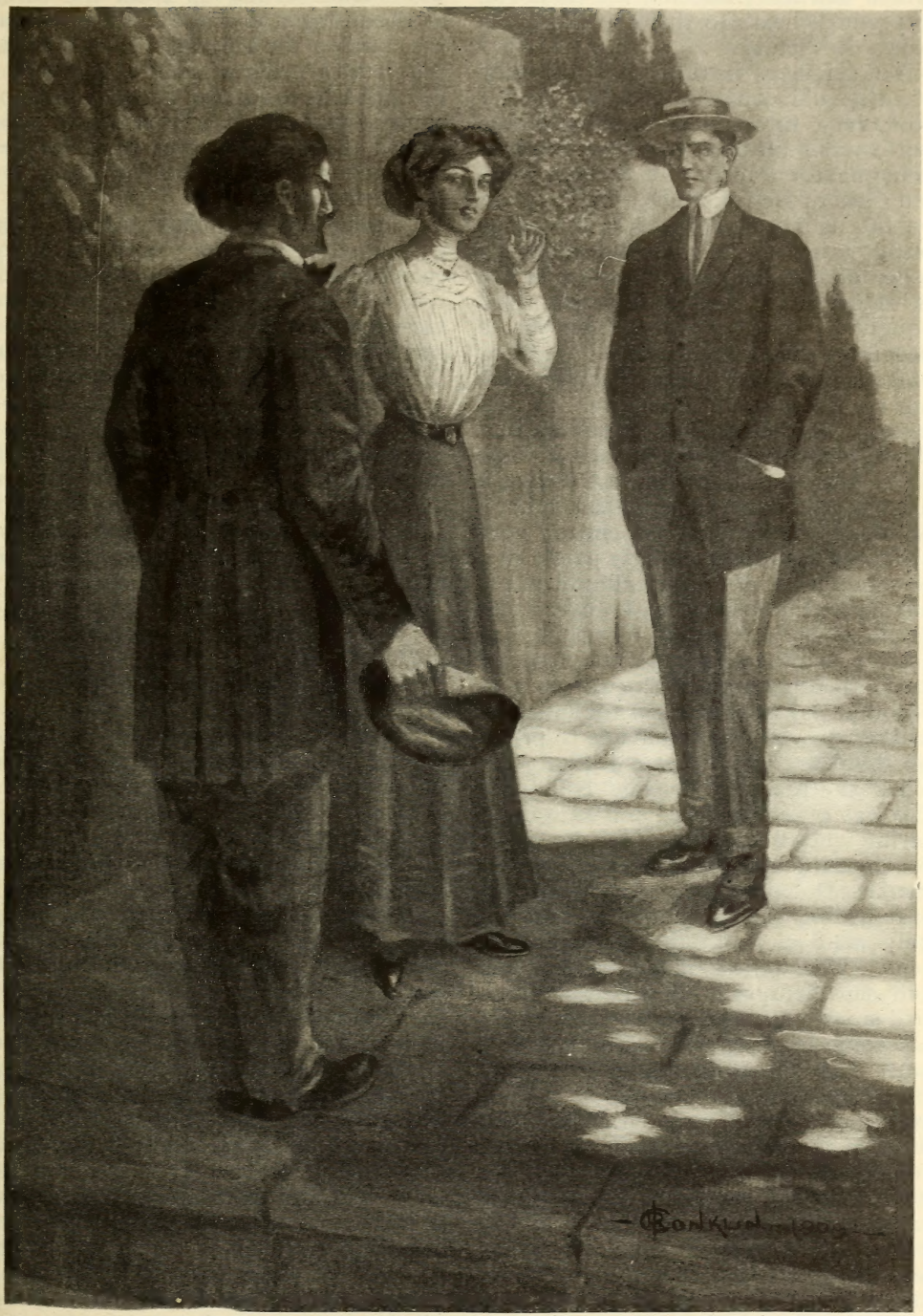
"Thank you," said Howard. "I *am* interested, and it is a pleasure to talk with one so well informed."

"Ah, these others are all strangers like yourself," he replied, courteously exculpating his friends from any implied charge of ignorance.

"Why didn't you ever tell me about your Romans and Greeks and Saracens, Monsieur Brun?" asked the American girl. "Somehow one never thinks of history in connection with Nice."

"Ah, Mademoiselle," he cried dramatically, "neither does one think of history in the presence of a charming young lady. To you Nice is—is she not?—a city of gaiety, of flowers, of blue skies, of cosmopolitan society, of dances, theatres, tennis, races, a *mise-en-scene seduisante* where you break the hearts of your many unhappy admirers. Nice is for you a *mondaine elegante et coquette.* She belongs to the present—all—*all* to the very present moment. What have *you* to do with mouldy, long-dead Greeks? But to *me*, a Nicois, an artist, a poet, a man of letters, a browser among library shelves, reconstructing in my imagination the past—the many pasts—of my beloved city is my most cherished pastime. When the present looks vapid and frivolous, I have only to put on my historic spectacles and I see that wooded promontory between the port and the new city crowned with a Greek acropolis. I see the Phoenician traders hauling their triremes up on the beach as the fishermen do with their boats to-day. I see them trying to persuade the simple aboriginal Ligurians to do all their business with *them* and avoid those perfidious Phoenicians who have erected a temple to their god, Hercules, on the rock where the Prince of Monaco now takes tribute from the rich and foolish. . . . I see the legions of Rome marching from Italy along the Aurelian way—to conquer Gaul, to conquer Spain, to conquer Britain. You know where the road ran? Past La Turbie up yonder where Augustus built his big monument to celebrate his victories over those poor devils of natives, past Eze, then back of the hills by the same route as the Corniche now follows, to Cimiez, which was an important place in those days,—seat of a Roman governor with baths and circus and luxurious villas. And there were *mondaines elegantes* then, the same as now, and foolish poets who broke their hearts for them."

He sighed, placed his hand over his cardiac region, looked unutterable things at the feminine part of his audience, and went on with the greatest animation pointing out objects of historic interest, skimming over the events



From a drawing by R. Conklin

"MADEMOISELLE IS PLEASED TO AMUSE HERSELF AT THE EXPENSE OF HER SERVITOR."

which had most affected the immortal city which bears to this day its Greek name of Victory.

Yonder, back in the valley, did they see that old convent with the tower? Not very interesting architecturally, but it was built by the brother of Charlemagne for one of the earliest communities of Benedictines. It was built on the spot where the first bishop of Nice, Saint Pone, was beheaded by order of the Emperor Claudius in the third century. And now it has been bought by the city to be turned into a hospital for contagious diseases. *Autre temps, autres moeurs,* but it's still working for the good of humanity. . . . Yonder, in the opposite direction, that third promontory, the faint one, is Cape Saint Martin. The Empress Eugenie has her villa down there. That in itself is interesting. Surely no century ever produced a more touchingly poetic personage with a more appealingly tragic history? There used to be a convent on the point in the days when the Saracens roved the seas and made descents on Christian coasts. The abbess was afraid of Saracens and got the villagers of Roquebrune on the hillside to promise that they would come down to her aid if she rang the convent bell. But she was a nervous soul and kept wondering whether they would really come. So she rang the bell one night to test them. Down they rushed pell-mell, brandishing their weapons to save the holy maidens from the wicked Saracens. The abbess made her excuses and sent them back. But now she worried more than ever, fearing they would not come because she had fooled them once. So she rang again, and again they came, and again she blessed them and sent them home. And *now* she worried for fear they would no longer come because she had fooled them *twice.* So she rang again, and they came again—but not quite so many of them, nor were they quite so good-natured about the blessing and the excuses. The fourth time the convent bell rang they all turned over in their beds with a grin and went to sleep again, and the next morning they saw the smoke curling up from the ruins of the pillaged convent and far off on the horizon the tiny sails of the Saracen fleet carrying away the abbess and her nuns to grace the Kaliph's harem.

"Oh," said the girl, "it seems to have served the abbess rather right for being such a goose. But I'm sorry for the poor nuns."

"Perhaps they didn't mind," suggested the narrator with a leery twinkle in his eye that made Howard, who had been keenly enjoying his fervid oration hitherto, suddenly ache to seize him by the collar and shake him.

The girl said nothing, but turned away sharply.

At that moment the rest of the party, after indescribable confusion and argument, had decided on their route and came up to return the map to Howard.

"You are wheeling?" said one of them, glancing at his recumbent bicycle.

"I am."

"Don't you find it tiresome?"

"Not at all."

"Are you just over from Mentone or all the way from Italy?"

"Neither. From back there." He waved his hand towards the hills piled up inland.

"Really?"

"Indeed?"

The announcement made quite a sensation.

"We have very few visitors arriving from that side," observed the self-accused poet. "What route did you follow?"

"Just now I come from the shrine of our Lady of Laghet, which I reached by a wild little path from the most picturesque eagle's nest of a fortified village I ever saw—Peillon."

"Ah, ah, ah, I see I have discovered a brother poet!"

"Not at all," said Howard, repentant of his momentary expansion. "Your eloquence, Monsieur, was contagious. . . . But it is true that I like your hilltop villages and miracle-working virgins better than I expect to like the casinos and cafes of Nice."

"Yes, yes," said the Frenchman.

"They are more poetic. But this, also, is life. How long have you been back there with the primitives?"

"It is two months since I left Aix-les-Bains on my wheel, and in all that time I have not touched modern civilization."

"Bravo!" cried the poet.

"Oh cricky!" said one of the sissy boys. "I should think you'd be glad to get to Nice."

"Going to stay long?" asked the other one.

"I think not. What would a man without a dress suit do in Nice?"

"You might send for your luggage," suggested the first sissy boy, helpfully.

"Great head, Reggie!" laughed the American girl. Then, addressing Howard for the first time, she repeated:

"Send for your luggage."

"To hear is to obey," he returned, and their eyes met. It was neither a challenge nor an invitation. It was just a glimpse—fleeting, evanescent, restful—of far-away Home.

The walkers moved off. Howard stood looking after them for a moment, then dropped back on the mossy rock where he had been sitting before the interruption.

"Somehow I'm afraid the charm is broken," he said to himself, "and I shan't get back to my Arcadia."

* * * * *

Howard put in several stupid days wandering about Nice, bored and lonely. He ran across Brun one night after the theatre and sat down with him at a little table outside the Casino to have a *petit verre* and watch the world go by. Howard wanted to ask about the rest of the party, but something kept him from doing it at first, and nothing would have tempted him to speak of them after a few minutes of Brun's entertaining, but distinctly off-color, chat, as he pointed out this and that celebrated *demi-mondaine* or lightly sketched the latest piquant scandal whispered about the Grand Duke at the third table to the right. To do him justice, Brun spoke as a philosophic observer of human follies rather than as a participator in them. He was never coarse, always witty, sharply cynical, almost a moralizer, a man of taste, as he would have called himself. But now and again a word, a flash, a gleam of teeth and eyes made Howard think of a satyr Then it would be gone so quickly, followed by an expression so really refined and innocent, *bon enfant*, that Howard was not sure but he had imagined it all, led astray by some latent race antagonism.

The next morning he met the sissy boys losing francs on *rouge et noire* at the Jetee Promenade.

"Hello," they said. "So you sent for your luggage? How do you like Nice?"

"Not much," replied Howard gloomily. "It's a mighty slow place for a man who doesn't know anyone."

"Easy enough to get acquainted," they began eagerly. "You just—"

"I don't care for that kind."

"Don't you really? You want to know the society people? Haven't you any letters? Ought always to carry letters, you know."

"I will try to remember next time," observed Howard gravely.

"Play golf?" asked the other, who was really a friendly lad, and on Howard's answering affirmatively, he said, "Come out to the links with me this afternoon. I'll put you up."

Howard accepted, and they exchanged cards with great solemnity. Howard made a point of treating him as if he were a real man, and the sissy boy was evidently flattered.

Howard hoped the girl with the white shirt-waist would be there, but she was not. He was long-headed enough, though, to know that if he stuck to a boy whom she called by his first name, he must meet her sooner or later. And he really liked golf and played rather well, though he was out of practice. Then, by good luck, just at the end, he met a woman whom he had known at home, who appeared to be a personage so important that he immediately became something of a personage himself by reflected light —no longer a sissy boy's chance protege, but a man to be cultivated. He

observed the change with silent amusement. He had never suspected Mrs. Kane of such potency.

The following night he was in her box at the Opera. He looked all over the house before he found what he was searching for.

"Do you see that girl in the upper row of boxes, all in a shimmer of silver, with reddy gold lights in her hair? Three, four, fifth, seventh from the end. How can they possibly see the stage from there?"

"They can't. It's one of poor Mrs. Arlington's economies. She *has* to have a box because it's the proper thing, but she feels she can't afford one you can see from."

"Hard lines. Is the girl her daughter?"

"Belle Arlington? Yes. She's worth six of her mother. Takes after her daddy, I suppose. . . . Who are they? The father's a naval officer. He's on a ship in the Philippines. They were out there a while, but Madame couldn't stand the climate, so she and Belle came here. She enjoys poor health. You know the type. Has social aspirations and no money. But Belle's a right sensible, sweet girl."

"Will you present me some day?"

She laughed.

"So *that's* what you've been leading up to? It's very easy. Come to tea at my house to-morrow, and I'll ask Belle. There'll be two or three other people, but they will be just for filling."

He was there first. She came in dressed in white broadcloth, with beautiful, unnecessary furs and a picture hat. Daddy must be living pretty slimly out in the Philippines, but the result was very pretty.

"Belle," said Mrs. Kane, "here's a young man who wants to meet you. I suppose there's some story back of it that you know, but I asked no questions."

"Oh, the bicyclist!" she acknowledged, smiling frankly. Then turning to Howard. "I see you sent for the luggage."

"Yes," he returned, glancing down at his irreproachable afternoon attire, "but I am inclined to be homesick for the flannels and the freedom of the road."

"Why did you leave them?"

"I obeyed orders."

"Reggie's?"

"No."

"Oh!"

"Let me tell you," observed Mrs. Kane to the girl, "that when Mr. Howard is at home he is a civil engineer and builds bridges and railroads and all sorts of wonderful things. And he does it remarkably well, I'm told. He's been over here to recover from a serious illness. I think you and I are both American enough at heart to prefer a man who *does* something?"

"Yes," said the girl, "but I don't really see that my preferences are very important—in this connection."

"No?" queried the elder woman. "I thought they were."

"Besides," Belle continued, demurely glancing at the lean, bony, intensely virile individual industriously handing her the sugar bowl, "I should never have taken Mr. Howard for a *flaneur*—even without your guarantee."

"Thank you," he replied, as if he meant it.

"Monsieur Brun says he met you the other night."

It annoyed him most unreasonably that she should be on intimate enough terms with Brun for him to report to her a chance meeting of the sort.

"And who *is* Monsieur Brun?" he allowed himself to ask, "besides being a poet, an artist, a man of letters, a Nicois, and a very amusing talker?"

"He's a newspaper man on the staff of the *Etoile de Nice*. He writes those little half-column effusions on the first page signed Jacques Juillet."

"Why not Antoine Aout or Simon Septembre?"

"Oh, heaven knows! Don't ask *me!* Sometimes they are poetic little reflections on flowers and women and the beauties of nature, and sometimes they are fierce little digs at a theatrical star he doesn't like or some society woman who snubbed him—oh, the most cynical things!"

"It doesn't do to offend Jacques Juillet," said Mrs. Kane. "He's a venomous little reptile."

"Oh, that's not a fair way to put it!" cried Belle. "He's not *that*. He's a great, big, impulsive, overgrown child. If anybody does anything disagreeable to him, he tries to do something disagreeable to *them*. That's quite true. But it's all open and aboveboard. Nothing snaky."

"May be," said Mrs. Kane, "but I don't like him."

"And he's awfully good-hearted. He had been roasting one of the singers at the opera. She deserved it. She sang miles off the key. But he heard a story about her private life that struck him as pathetic. It wasn't really, you know. It was too—French. But he thought so. So he turned around and ate his own words and gave her column after column of praise and made a regular artificial boom for her all by himself."

"You may be sure he got something out of it."

"Oh, now, Mrs. Kane, you *are* prejudiced!" cried the girl.

* * * * *

As Howard foresaw, the spell was broken, and he could nowise get into the mood to resume his solitary bicycling. For his life among the peasants he felt the same sort of tender, melancholy regret that one feels for the innocence of one's childhood, without making any effort to regain it. After all, he was going home in a few weeks, and he might as well spend them in this comfortable atmosphere of expensive exotics. As Monsieur Brun said, this also was life and worth observing.

He met a great many people, but the two who had first attracted his attention continued to monopolize it—the Frenchman, for whom he felt alternately a real liking and a positive repulsion, and the American girl whose very candor baffled him. There were moments when he suspected that Brun exercised some sort of baleful Svangali influence over her, others when he though she was amusing herself at the too trustful poet's expense—and at his as well. She had several other followers of miscellaneous nationalities, some of them adorned with titles, but he was *sure* she was amusing herself with *them*.

"They are very educating. They broaden one's ideas," she explained laughingly to some gibe of Howard's.

"You pride yourself on being a cosmopolitan," Howard reproached her.

"It's not a question of pride, but of fact. I have lived all over the world all my life, haven't I? I'm not ashamed of it. Why should I be? But I don't take any special pride in it either."

"Where *is* your home?"

"Why *here*, *any*where, *no*where. It's not only that my father's a naval officer, but he is the son of one, and my mother is the daughter of another. Don't you see, we none of us *ever* had a home. There isn't any place on the face of the globe where we can't make ourselves at home, find friends, *feel* at home in a way. But the reverse of the medal for people who are at home *every*where is that they are really and truly at home *no*where."

"Do you know, that seems a little bit sad to me?" he ventured.

"It *is*," she replied quietly.

"And you will probably stick to the tradition and marry a naval officer, too?" he continued.

"Very likely," she said.

"Always supposing you escape the polyglot viscounts and marquises and Provencal artist-poets."

"Always supposing I do," she echoed, but there was that in her voice which intimated that these personalities were an indiscretion.

The life and the place were beginning to fascinate Howard. There was the delicious climate, neither warm nor cold, balmy, caressing, *tiede*, as Brun was always saying, yet surely not *lukewarm*, as the word seemed to translate itself. There was the beautiful stage setting, the mountains, the sea, the jagged coast line, the rich, warm coloring, intensest blue of sea and sky, intensest green of palm and pine, dashes of color in the flowers

climbing over the villa walls, warm yellow stucco of the villas themselves, warm red tiles of the roofing, dazzling white of the roads. There was the ever-present human comedy, the coming and going of tourists and sightseers of all nationalities and all classes. There was the semi-submerged world very much in evidence, especially after nightfall, rubbing elbows quite surprisingly with real society—*le monde*. And there was this last world to watch, with its countless subdivisions of nationality and rank, from royalty down. It was all very well done in its way. The machinery by which bored humanity amuses itself was quite unusually perfect. Yet Howard would have tired of it within a week, had it not been for those two flesh and blood personages moving among the manikins and what he kept telling himself was a purely impersonal curiosity as to how their little drama would turn out.

They were all indebted to Paul Brun for a number of charming excursions which they would never have thought of themselves, and for putting meaning into many others which without him would have been perfunctory. He made an admirable director of picnics, with his inexhaustible fund of local anecdote and legend, his ready *flair* for the picturesque and dramatic, his always smooth and effective, though sometimes sinuous, method of dealing with livery and restaurant people.

"He doesn't pervert the truth from any sordid motive of gain or cowardice, you know," Belle explained confidentially to Howard. "Nobody is deceived by what he says. Sometimes he does it to be polite and sometimes he seems to be just—exercising his talents."

"Lying for the love of it. Yes, I've noticed."

"You shouldn't call it by our ugly Anglo-Saxon name," she objected. "It isn't fair and it isn't descriptive. Moral qualities have to be translated as well as words."

"*I'm* no cosmopolitan," he said rather sulkily. "Perverters of the truth are liars where I come from."

"That's where you're narrow," she insisted. "Can't you feel the influence of this soft, warm air on yourself? Can't you feel it softening your speech and your manners?"

"*No!*" he assured her with unnecessary emphasis.

"*I* do," she mused. "If I stayed long enough, I should be quite, quite different."

"*Don't!*" he implored.

She laughed.

"But it might be a great improvement. Why should we be always so sure our own way is best?"

"Let that go!" he cried. "It's best for *us* surely? Good Lord, look at all these imitation things around us! You don't want to be like *them?* Look at these ridiculous French chaps in their stiff English clothes talking about their *cloob* and their *sporr*. Look at all these Americans trying so hard to be something different from what they were intended to be. What's the use of discussing whether roses are better than clover-blossoms, whether cabbages are better than pineapples? They're *different*, aren't they? And they only make themselves ridiculous by trying to turn into each other."

"You're right," she said, kindling to his unwonted enthusiasm. "You're awfully right." Then she emitted a little sigh. "But it's natural for a patchwork quilt to be a patchwork quilt, isn't it? It would be quite artificial for it to try to be a white marseilles spread? And what can you expect of a wanderer who has been brought up all over the world?"

"Expect her to hark back to her good Anglo-Saxon forebears," he replied with more decision than he really felt.

As a matter of fact, he was worried about her. Her relations with Brun seemed to be growing always more and more confidential. What could her mother be thinking about? Surely she must see that he wasn't the sort of man . . . But Howard could hardly interfere. Mrs. Arlington regarded Brun simply as a useful creature who managed excursions with

due regard to economy and gave Belle plenty of practice talking French. A foreigner without a title would never have occurred to her as a matrimonial possibility. And that any man could conceivably fail in reverence toward a descendant of the Arlingtons and Newtons was beyond the scope of her imagination.

Belle herself gave him a sort of explanation one day of the second place to which she always relegated him when Brun was present.

"He harmonizes so perfectly with the landscape, you know. He's *part* of it. Now *you*—you are always so aggressively separate from it."

"Say a discord and be done with it."

She smiled and did not deny it.

It was true that he impressed her in that way. He lacked color. His features looked hard and flinty. She had no doubt of his integrity, of his sterling worth. She had a notion that his inner nature was by no means prosaic, but his speech was. Brun, on the other hand, this child of the sun, with his lips like a ripe cherry and his eyes like melted fire, with his constant flow of words and his constant surge of emotions, with his quick sympathies, his cheap generosities, his childlike vanities—why, he was a living poem, which she was reading with keenest delight! He had no reserves. But what are reserves for anyhow? He was alive, alive to the finger tips, and he made everything around him alive. He peopled the hilltop castles with Grimaldis and Lascaris, picturesque robber barons pilfering strangers and oppressing their own people till their people rise up and burn them out. He covered the Ile Saint Honorat with cells of holy hermits keeping alive the traditions of Christianity through the darkest of the dark ages, sending out Saint Patrick to convert the barbarians of far-away Ireland and transplant the snake story, which really belonged to Sainte Marguerite of the neighboring islet. He made the Man with the Iron Mask pace up and down his island prison, real and baffling and mysteriously fascinating. He called up the old troubadours and the Courts of Love. He told her about the Provencal poetic revival, introduced her to Mistral and read aloud to her the peasant epic of Mereio, rejoicing in her appreciation of its flavor. He told her the stirring, if somewhat apocryphal, story of Catherine Segurane defending the citadel of Nice against the Turks whom perfidious Francis of France had called in as his allies. She had never before felt herself part of a life so rich and many-colored. She was fascinated clearly. Howard groaned in spirit. But what could he do?

"*Tiede et fecond*," he burst out once in an aside to Belle, as Brun was delivering a rhapsody on the rare Provencal rain that was spoiling an excursion for them, "all he says could be boiled down to those two words! He is one grand vibration of sex consciousness. I wonder if he ever forgets for one little instant that he represents the *fecond* male principle or that those *tiede*, moist, red lips of his were created to kiss women?"

"Does he impress *you* that way, too?" she said, with a quick side-glance.

That "too" was the most comforting word she had ever let fall. But neither her tone nor the circumstances encouraged him to pursue the subject, and he felt he had been skating on thin ice in saying so much.

The day after this incident the plans of the Arlingtons were all suddenly changed by a cable from the Philippines. Belle's father had been invalided home. They were not to be alarmed. It was not serious—just too much tropics. But he would be glad to have them meet him on his arrival in California.

There followed much calculating and consulting of steamer schedules. Thomas Cook's young man nearly had nervous prostration before Mrs. Arlington was through with him. They finally decided on a steamer sailing from Cherbourg in about a week. Howard felt a certain satisfaction in knowing they would leave Nice before he did. He would have hated to go

off with that international romance unfinished. He had some wild thoughts of getting his ticket exchanged for the steamer the Arlingtons were going by. But it seemed foolish. What was he after? He didn't want to get married, he wasn't in love with Belle Arlington, she didn't like him as well as she liked Paul Brun—and Mrs. Arlington would probabbly change her mind at the last moment and go by a different line anyhow!

* * * * *

It would be hard to say what led Howard's footsteps up to the cemetery the afternoon before the Arlingtons were to leave. He had been to call, and Mrs. Arlington had told him that Belle was out walking with Brun, that they had gone for a last look at Nice from the cascade on the Chateau hill. He was not trying to follow them, he told himself, else of course he would have gone to the cascade on the Chateau hill. He had no earthly reason to suppose they would visit the cemetery behind it. Indeed, it was extremely unlikely.

He sat down on a balustrade that commanded a large view and smoked cigarettes and thought melancholy thoughts. The cemetery was deserted after a solitary, black-gowned woman had visited her dead and gone away. The sky was aquiver with blueness overhead, and Nice down below there was very much alive. But these people in the ground didn't care. Gambetta lay yonder—By George, that was just the sort of a fellow Paul Brun was! He hadn't thought of the resemblance before. Howard didn't know much about Gambetta beyond what he had gathered from "Numa Roumestan," but he knew enough to be sure he didn't like him. Garibaldi, now, who was also buried here, was a very different type. And yet . . . Hello, who were those people just appearing on the terrace below? So they *had* come this way after all! It was too far to call to them. Should he go down and join them? Supposing they did not want him? Why not stay where he was?

They had entered one of the subcourts of the cemetery, surrounded by a covered marble walk and wall. The dead were crowded into every available inch of ground, into vaults under the walk and niches in the wall. Why had they come there and what was Brun pointing out? Then it flashed on him. Brun had told him once that his mother was buried in this cemetery.

"The cad!" he exclaimed to himself. "The pathos of it! He is taking Belle to introduce her to the sacred ashes, and he hopes by dropping a *tiede* tear on them to make them *fecond* enough to touch Belle's heart!"

The two sat down on the marble steps, and Paul began talking very earnestly. Howard struggled against the feeling that he was eavesdropping. Certainly he was in no danger of overhearing what they said or of guessing at it from the expression of their faces. Certainly they were in an entirely public place, and he was the first-comer. Still there remained the fact that they were unconscious of his presence. If he had been sure Belle was quite mistress of the situation and didn't wish to be interrupted, he would have slid down quietly from his perch and gone away. If he had thought Belle needed his protection, no fear of giving offense would have kept him from joining them instantly. But he didn't know, he didn't know. So in spite of himself he sat still, and in spite of himself his eyes (after he had fixed them elsewhere) always returned to the two figures.

Obviously it was not a mere casual afternoon chat they were having, nor a disquisition on the beauties of the view or the historical associations of the place. Brun was talking very earnestly, leaning towards her as he spoke, and little by little drawing closer to her. Belle moved back once or twice, but not so much as he advanced. Oh, he was talking for himself all right! He was not the man to miss taking advantage of this tete-a-tete. What could Mrs. Arlington have been thinking of? Didn't she know

the absolute impropriety of this unchaperoned jaunt from the French point of view? Of course in a cosmopolitan city like Nice the freedom from constraint of American girls was more or less understood. Many things were permitted them without question which would have been a matter for scandal in a French girl. But *this*. . . Mrs. Arlington ought to have seen that this was carrying it too far.

Howard was suffering a very acute form of torture. He was watching, with his hands tied by his lack of right to interfere, a clean-souled girl being hypnotized by—Oh Lord, was it possible that she *cared* for him?—that this was a *romance* to her?—that she didn't see the unspeakable sordid fleshliness of it? It was no business of his. He had no right to interfere. She would regard it as a great piece of impertinence. Good God, Brun had taken hold of her hand, and she was letting him keep it!

Howard jumped down from the balustrade, intending to leave by the other road. He had no right to interfere, but he could not stay to *see* it. And then, in spite of himself, something drew him down on their side of the hill. After all, it was a public place. He had a perfect right to pass that way. She might be displeased at the interruption, but what did her displeasure matter to him?

During the two or three minutes he was walking down the path, they were hidden from him, and he did not see them again till he was in their enclosure—within a few feet of them. Then all his wrath against Belle died away. She was as white as a ghost. She held herself rigidly away from Brun—eyes, body, expression, all betokening antagonism. Yet she still allowed him to hold her hand, and there was a pathetic little quiver at the corner of her mouth, a look of terror in her eyes. It was exactly like a bird fluttering around a snake. The poor little thing was fighting to the end, but foresaw defeat. And he was still talking, still pleading, pouring out in words of fire his primitive male hunger for her, compelling with his eyes, caressing with his voice, his moist lips, red like a ripe cherry, always suggesting kisses.

She saw Howard first, snatched her hand free and jumped to her feet, her face flushing scarlet. But above and beyond her embarrassment, her expression was one of intense relief—as at an unhoped-for escape from pressing danger. Brun choked down an imprecation and clothed the nakedness of his soul as rapidly as he might. The primitive hate of the primitive man when another comes between him and the woman he is pursuing blazed in his eyes as they rested on Howard, who lifted his hat, bowed and made as though he would pass on.

"Wait," cried Belle chokingly. "Mr. Howard, will you do me a favor? Will you take me home?"

"Of course I will," he said, as though the request were the most natural thing in the world.

"I am to consider this my dismissal then?" said Brun, pressing close to her and ignoring Howard.

"Why, yes, it seems clear enough, doesn't it?" she replied quite fearlessly now.

"May I not see you again before you leave?"

"There is no use. It could only be painful."

"You know what this means to me? I have told you? You have considered? There is nothing left for me but a yawning hell of hateful dissipation into which I plunge to drown recollection of the might-have-been—and at the end, *pouf! Un coup de pistolet—*"

"Oh, come, Monsieur Brun," she laughed, "you wrong yourself. shall I tell you what you will do? You will go over to the monastery on the Ile Saint Honorat. You will get the abbot to let you sleep in a cell overnight and play at vigils and austerities. You will walk along the strand all by yourself and pick up a sea-shell and hold it to your ear and write an exquisite little poem about it for the *Etoile de Nice*—and then you will be quite cured!"

"Mademoiselle is pleased to amuse herself at the expense of her servitor," he replied, drawing himself up to bow, with his heels together and toes turned out, as he had learned in the army. She had touched his pride, and he would trouble her no farther.

When they were alone, Howard noticed that she seemed hardly able to walk. She was positively tottering. She was pale as death again. Very formally he offered her his arm and with equal formality she declined it and struggled on without help. He had never been so rigidly ceremonious with her as now. He had a feeling that the smallest liberty would seem as if he thought her less worthy of respect because of what he had happened on. He was aching to take her in his arms and comfort her like a child. He knew she was on the verge of tears. But what right had he to assume that if the touch of Paul Brun was profanation, his would be merely fraternal sympathy?

They walked home in silence, and at the door, Belle held out her hand, saying, "I am very grateful to you." And he replied, "My dear child, it is I who am grateful to the lucky chance that brought me there." And so they parted. But Howard went to Cook's office and changed his steamer.

* * * * *

It had been a rough passage, but it was nearly over. They were within twenty-four hours of New York, and the raw, bleak wind dashed the spray in their faces with true American energy.

"How far away it all seems," Belle was saying to Howard as they leaned on the rail together watching the heave of the water, "—Nice, you know, and life there! I can't realize it. It must have been a previous existence. How could I ever have liked Paul Brun?" (It was the first time his name had been mentioned between them.) "He seems simply odious to me now. We *can't* understand people of another race except superficially. Inheritance goes deeper than environment. You were so right about that."

He did not wish to insist upon his rightness.

"Do you feel the American quality of this air?" he asked, willing to talk about something easier.

"Do I *feel* it? Why, I'm breathing it, drinking it, reveling in it! I can feel the brace of it down the whole of my backbone. I can feel the clean rush of it through my brain, blowing out the old-world cobwebs I've been gathering. It's like drinking liquid life. Why, this is where we belong. Nothing else matters. Nothing else is *real*."

"Thank you for the plural. Do I harmonize better here?"

"Oh, yes, you tone in perfectly."

"No discords?"

She shook her head.

"And you?"

"I feel in touch with home, too. But I don't know whether home will feel in touch with *me*. I dare say I'll still have to be an alien."

"What are you calling home?"

"The whole of that." She pointed vaguely ahead. "The United States."

"You're all right, but the home's too big. You can't make it fit. I have thought a lot about what you said once —that a person who is at home everywhere is at home nowhere. I want you to pick out one particular spot for a *real* home."

"What spot?"

"*My* spot."

"Oh, what for?" she parried, with a woman's instinct to gain time.

He cast about wildly for a reason and could think of nothing but,

"So I won't have to keep on being sorry for you."

"That's the most absurd reason I ever heard," she said. But the proof of the reason lies in its convincingness.

Planning a New Pleasure Park for Greater Boston

By GEORGE F. HOWELL

IT has been universally conceded for the past few years that among the needs of New England two have stood out very prominently and, although at various times, a number of attempts have been made to fill these needs nothing of a definite nature has been accomplished. That the results were negligible was not, however, the fault of the public-spirited citizens who endeavored to forward the several movements inaugurated, but rather the result of conditions then prevailing.

One of these needs is for a popular and scientific aquarium worthy of a section whose fisheries represent an annual catch valued at more than ten million dollars. While the other is for a large public zoological park open freely to the sightseeing plain people and at the same time offering a field for scientific observation and experiment particularly with a view to acclimatization of species.

Although zoological collections are to be found at Providence, Auburndale and other places in New England, these are small and at best offer but limited opportunities to scientists, while such a park as that inaugurated in central New Hampshire by the late Austin Corbin is too inaccessible to be useful to the mass of people.

There is fortunately at this time a reasonable certainty that both these lacks will be supplied through the activities of the Massachusetts Zoological Society, which owes its inception primarily to the personal efforts of Alexander Pope, and of which Dr. Charles S. Minot of the Harvard Medical School is president. The Hub has long wanted to see animals—not simply the lions of



Middlesex Fells Reservation—Present small zoological park



POLICE STATION AND HEADQUARTERS—MIDDLESEX FELLS RESERVATION

the social season or the beasts of the visiting circus, but permanent exhibits, situated in physical circumstances resembling their native habitat as closely as possible. Visitors to the sea coast towns from Stamford to Eastport often express surprise that no such institution as the Battery Park Aquarium at New York has ever been created in Yankeeland. Exhibitions of dead fish the western sees in plenty, as he prowls about the odorous but fascinating T wharf in Boston or along the harbor front of Gloucester or Portland. Skeletons of marine specimens he notes in the museums of natural history of Boston, Salem, and Cambridge. But the chance to see sporting about in clear, pure sea water the grey, green, and brown fishes of the North Atlantic, the scarlet, blue, and saffron tribes from tropical waters, and the plunging, playful cetacea of sub-Arctic and Arctic, is denied him here, and for this he must look forward to his stay in the American metropolis—unless, perhaps, he has seen exhibits of this sort at the remarkable aquarium in Dertoit, supplied with sea water from a thousand miles away.

The organization is now in existence and well formed which has advanced these two projects to a point where their realization in the immediate future appears certain. Its objects are the establishment of an extensive zoological park in the Middlesex Fells where for some time a tiny nucleus of a zoo, maintained by the Metropolitan Park Commission, has attracted thousands of visitors every fair Sunday or half-holiday, and of an aquarium on Farragut Avenue at Marine Park, the sightly reservation at the tip of the peninsula which parts Boston harbor from Dorchester Bay.

The Massachusetts Zoological Society has for its forebears and exemplars almost numberless associations of the same general character in other cities, of which the Zoological Society of London, England, is the oldest and most famous. In the middle nineteenth century these associations of persons interested in the formation of living collections of animals sprang up all over Europe. In nearly every instance the society early secured the co-operation of the state or municipal government which agreed to furnish and maintain the site on condition that the association would supply the animals. The exhibits are secured sometimes by direct purchase, sometimes by soliciting gifts, as from representatives in the colonies or in foreign countries.

The outcome of this co-operation has almost everywhere been felicitous. One of the delights of living or visiting in not only the larger European capitals, but also in such cities as Antwerp, Hamburg, Copenhagen, Amsterdam, and Dublin, is the opportunity freely or for a nominal fee to become familiar with the habits of wild creatures in the local zoological garden. Abroad a city of half a million people unprovided with a zoological garden would be regarded as hopelessly wanting in facilities for the instruction and amusement of its inhabitants.

Following the outlines of organization in these European associations, and of the New York Zoological Society, which in fifteen years' time has created in the Bronx borough of that city the most magnificent zoological park in the world, the Massachusetts Zoological Society was projected in the spring of 1904. Its incorporators were William Lyman Underwood, Edward G. Gardiner, Samuel J. Mixter, Alexander Pope, Herbert Parker, Charles Sedgwick Minot, Outram Bangs, and John C. Phillips. The object, as stated in the constitution, is "to raise funds to establish and maintain a zoological park in the vicinity of Boston, in the state of Massachusetts."

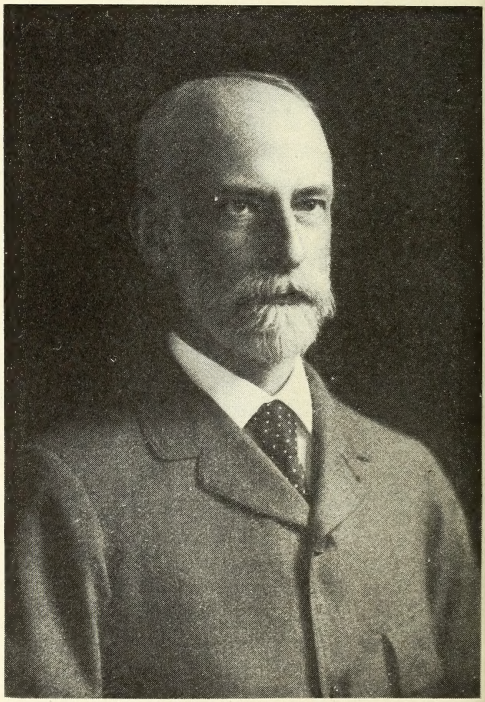


MEDFORD BORDER ROAD

Dr. Minot, who is also president of the Boston Society of Natural History, was elected president; Col. John E. Thayer and Dr. Henry P. Bowditch, vice-presidents; Dr. Edward G. Gardiner, secretary. At the present writing the board of officers remains as originally elected with the exception that the late Dr. Gardiner has been succeeded by Frederick W. Coburn as secretary.

This society took up a portion of a comprehensive scheme which the Boston Society of Natural History had reluctantly dropped in 1894 under stress of the financial stringency then prevailing so it is seen that the project at present proposed is not exactly new. As a matter of fact if the second largest center of population in the United States is still without a respectable collection of living objects of natural history at a time when many even of the smaller American cities outside of New England have secured such exhibitions for the entertainment and instruction of their population, there at least has been no lack of a carefully prepared plan for giving Boston what other cities have. The one great project, the lost opportunity as it appears to many Bostonians in or approaching middle life, was that which culminated in a report made in 1889 by the Natural History Society to the Park Commissioners of the City of Boston. To this definitive formulation of a scheme which for breadth and scientific intelligence has perhaps never been surpassed anywhere—and which doubtless was too complete for the comparatively limited resources of the community at that date—the society has been led by suggestions contained in the working out of the metropolitan park plans in the office of the elder Olmsted. Part of the grand design of this leader of American landscape architects had been to place in one of the more accessible parks such an animal garden as had been established in his own earlier creation, Central Park, New York City, as well as an aquarium similar to the one since installed in the old circular fort at Castle Garden in the same city. Places for zoological gardens and aquarial parks were designated in Mr. Olmsted's designs of the early eighties and in pursuance of his ideas the Society of Natural History, at the advice of the municipal government, worked out some extremely interesting outlines.

Their scheme, broadly, was for a zoological garden at Franklin Park, then in process of development in the Roxbury district of Boston, for a salt water aquarium, including open air



DR. CHARLES S. MINOT
PRESIDENT MASSACHUSETTS ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY

fish ponds, at Marine Park, which had been laid out in South Boston in 1883, and for a fresh water aquarium at Jamaica Pond, then lately included in the reservation known as Jamaica Park. The elaborated plans were feasible enough on paper and perhaps they would not have been too extensive for a city the size of Boston except that conditions were already preparing for the great financial depression of 1893, which hit New England harder than any

other section of the country. Local investments in western railroads were beginning to undergo the change that has taken the headquarters of so many of these enterprises from Boston. The political situation in the city proper was distressing. The welling up of local pride and patriotism that is now being experienced was not even in prospect. Metropolitan consciousness had only begun to appear while the spirit that is now welding a lot of country villages into one of the world's largest and most cosmopolitan cities had hardly been evoked. Consequently, although the Society of Natural History presented attractive designs, such as the drawing for a South Boston aquarium by Sturgis and Cabot, and although a vigorous appeal was taken to the public for subscriptions, so little was accomplished that in 1894 the entire scheme was summarily dropped.

This renouncement was in some respects not altogether unfortunate. For one thing it enables the Massachusetts Zoological Society, formed for a single purpose, to start with the benefits of experience that was not available twenty years ago. And, furthermore, since that time a new conception of the "zoo" has grown up. Most of the collections of living animals in Europe are located in comparatively small areas of urban parks, not exceeding thirty or forty acres, as a rule. They are zoological gardens rather than zoological parks—a distinction which naturalists regard as very important.

Since 1889 this country has witnessed the creation in New York City of a real zoological park, one of more than 200 acres in extent, where the enclosures are so ample and the natural advantages of the location so well preserved that overcrowding of animals, inevitable in a menagerie or garden, is quite unknown. For the purpose of the zoological garden which the Boston Society of Natural History proposed to found in Franklin Park not more than perhaps twenty acres would have been available, in a reservation already used for athletic purposes and unprovided with a sufficient supply of running water. The establishment, in brief, of a smelly little menagerie in this park, while it might have given some pleasure to some of the people, would have meant untold suffering for the animals, and its political aspects, in the conditions existing in the early nineties, might have been as malodorous as its physical condition. Similarly the aquarium as then proposed would have started with an unnecessary and expensive separation of the marine and fresh water exhibits which, according to recent experience, are much better conjoined in the same plant.

The Massachusetts Zoological Society began its work with an inquiry into the possibility of securing from the Metropolitan Park Commission the use of a properly prepared and reasonably extensive tract in one of the outlaying parks of the community. In December, 1904, the following letter was addressed to the commissioners:

"To the Metropolitan Park Commissioners:

"Gentlemen:—Last spring the Massachusetts Zoological Society was incorporated for the purpose of establishing a zoological garden or park in the vicinity of Boston. In view of the great cost of maintaining tropical animals in this climate, the society does not contemplate a typical zoological collection, but rather a collection of hardy northern animals, such as bears, deer, otter, beaver, etc., which need but slight protection in winter. Members of the executive committee are of the opinion that the Stony Brook reservation near Readville would be an excellent place for such a collection, and will be glad to know if the Metropolitan Park Commission will allow it to be used for such a purpose.

"Also, whether if such a collection were established there, the commission would allow an entrance fee to be charged on certain days; all money so obtained to be used for maintenance of the collection.

"Further, the executive committee will be glad to learn whether the Park



MIDDLESEX FELLS, PARKWAY—FELLSWAY WEST, LOOKING TOWARD PINE HILL

Commissioners can contemplate accepting and maintaining such a collection after it has been established by this society, and if legislative action be necessary, would the commission favor such legislation. The officers of the society are, President, Charles Sedgwick Minot; Vice-Presidents, Dr. Henry P. Bowditch and Mr. John E. Thayer; Treasurer, Rev. James Ells.

"Yours very truly,
"(Signed) EDWARD C. GARDINER,
"Secretary."

The favoring attitude of the present head of the Metropolitan Park Commission, Mr. W. B. de Las Casas, was shown in his letter of reply, dated December 22, 1904:

"Dr. Edward G. Gardiner,
"131 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston.
"Dear Sir:—In reply to your letter of December 12th, and confirming statements made to you and Mr. Pope at a conference with the Metropolitan Park Commission on December 21st, I am asked by the Commission to say that the idea regarding the establishment of a zoological garden or park in the neighborhood of Boston, expressed in your letter to this Board, is of very great public interest and that we will be very glad to make an investigation of the matter in the hope that it may prove practical to allow the establishment of such a Zoo in the Metropolitan parks and, preferably, as you suggest, in the Stony Brook Reservation. We will also be glad to consider the matter more in detail as you are able to furnish details. Should our conclusions be favorable we will be glad to approve the presentation of the matter by you to the legislature for special authority to enable us to receive and maintain your gift.

"Very truly yours,
"(Signed) W. B. DE LAS CASAS,
"Chairman."

As the question of sites was studied expert opinion veered from Stony Brook Woods, a reservation of about 450 acres south of Boston, to the Middlesex Fells, the extensive and beautiful forest reservation of 3,000 acres laying in Medford, Malden, Melrose, Winchester and Stoneham to the north. Upon the advice of Director W. T. Hornaday of the Bronx Zoological Park, it was decided to lay out a complete plan for very extensive collections of animals, even if at the outset, as seemed probable, a start would have to be made with a comparatively small section of the total scheme. The idea, of course, was to avoid patchwork and needless changes of scheme. Accordingly a relief model was made for a park to cover a tract of about 200 acres in the southern part of the Fells, near the head of Forest Street, Medford, and attracted much attention while on exhibition at the Boston—1915 exposition in the old Museum of Fine Arts building, during November, 1909.

The right of the Society to arrange with the Metropolitan Park Commission for the use of this tract was secured by the passage in 1907, largely through the efforts of Representative Norman H. White of Brookline, of House Bill No. 422, an act "To authorize the Metropolitan Park Commission to provide grounds for a Zoological Garden in the Middlesex Fells Reservation and to permit the Massachusetts Zoological Society to keep Animals, Plants, and Specimens there and exhibit the Same." The character of the permission is indicated in the two sections of the act which state respectively:

"Section 1. The Metropolitan Park Commission is hereby authorized to set apart a suitable tract of land within the limits of the Middlesex Fells Reservation, so-called, with sufficient approaches thereto, for a zoological garden, and to allow the Massachusetts Zoological Society the use of the same, rent free, subject to such rules and regulations as said Metropoitan Park Commission may establish therefor.

"Section 2. Said Massachusetts Zoological Society is hereby authorized to establish and maintain upon the land set apart in accordance with the pro-

visions of section one, of this act, a zoological garden for the purposes for which said corporation was established."

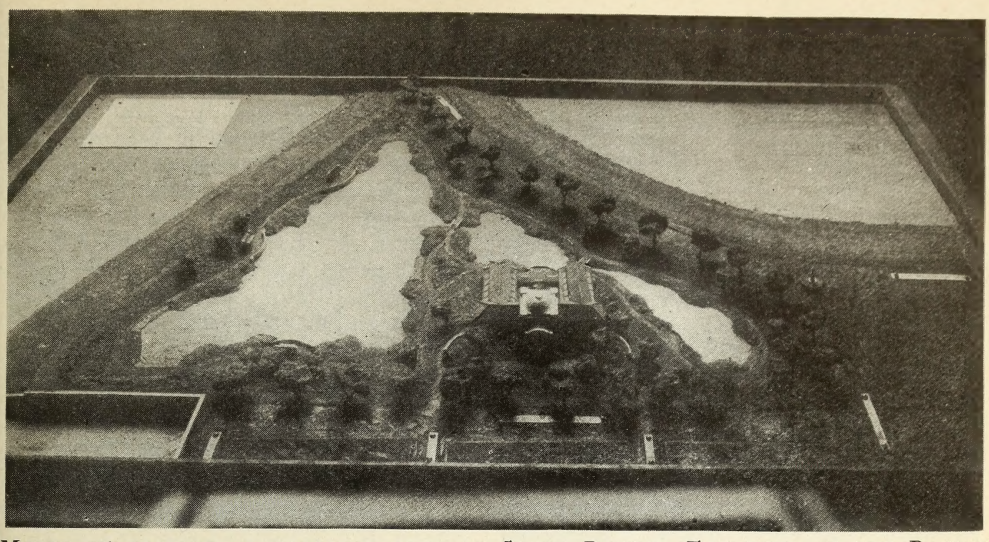
This measure carried no appropriation for making the grounds suitable for receiving collections of animals or for policing and otherwise maintaining them. That defect it is now designed to correct, if possible, at the forthcoming session of the legislature. Measures to that intent have been adopted by a committee of the Zoological Society acting in conjunction with the Metropolitan Park Commission.

Precisely as the panic of 1893 put a quietus on the earlier attempts to establish zoological and aquarial gardens in Boston so the panic of 1907 all but eliminated the scheme of establishing a zoological park. Estimates of the probable cost of suitably preparing the grounds at Middlesex Fells had been obtained from the engineer of the Park Commission while somewhat more than fifteen thousand dollars in conditional subscriptions were pledged by public-spirited citizens. Popular interest was well aroused and everybody realized how backward Boston had been and hoped the plan would succeed. But the intervention of the financial depression stopped all proceedings, and until October, 1909, the Zoological Society was moribund and practically nothing was done.

Meantime George E. Parkman had died leaving a very large residuary estate, the income of which, in accord-



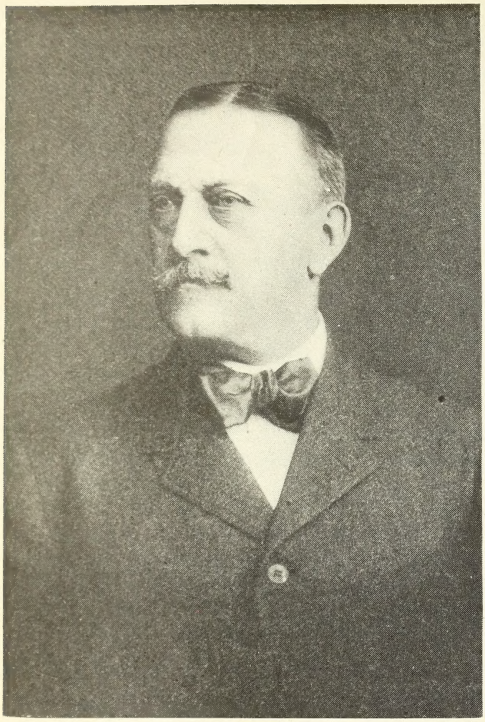
MODEL OF PROPOSED ZOOLOGICAL PARK AT MIDDLESEX FELLS



MODEL OF PROPOSED AQUARIAL GARDEN AT SOUTH BOSTON—EXHIBITED AT THE BOSTON 1915 EXPOSITION

ance with the codicil appended in 1887, was to be applied to the improvement of parks then in existence in the city of Boston. That meant that the city fathers would be empowered to expend very considerable sums of money, if they should choose to do so, upon such collections of living animals and fish as other cites have within their borders. A proposition was made in the fall of 1908 by a former mayor of Boston to create out of the Parkman fund a zoological garden in Franklin Park. Mindful of the objections of experts and holding it reasonably certain that eventually the state of Massachusetts would do its part in completing the project at Middlesex Fells the Massachusetts Zoological Society offered as a counter proposal that a portion of the Parkman money be expended upon an aquarium at South Boston. This was the idea underlaying the resolution to appropriate eighty thousand dollars brought in the board of aldermen early in November of 1908 by Mr. J. Frank O'Hare of South Boston, the understanding being that the Zoological Society would serve as trustee of the aquarium thus created. Almost simultaneously with these happenings the Boston landscape architect, Herbert J. Kellaway, who had taken charge of the public parks exhibit at the Boston—1915 exposition, secured the gratuitous co-operation of Willard Brown, an architect, in making a model for an aquarium building at Marine Park, following out Mr. Olmsted's original idea. This plan, a model of which was on exhibition at the Boston—1915 exposition, consists of a tract of land on Farragut Road, City Point, of almost eleven acres, containing three sheets of water for seal pools and the like of about four and one-quarter acres in extent and of depth varying from four feet to twenty feet. While the walks shown on the model are not actually existing, the foundations for the same have already been prepared, and the expense of the grounds is thus seen to have been already taken care of.

Opposite the area between Second and Third streets a high plateau has been left to receive the building. This, as proposed, consists of a central domed hall with gallery for the arrangement of specimens, from which may be obtained views down the museum on either side, the one for marine, and the other for fresh water collections. Here will be found specimens, skeletons, types and diagrams of all that goes to make up the two branches

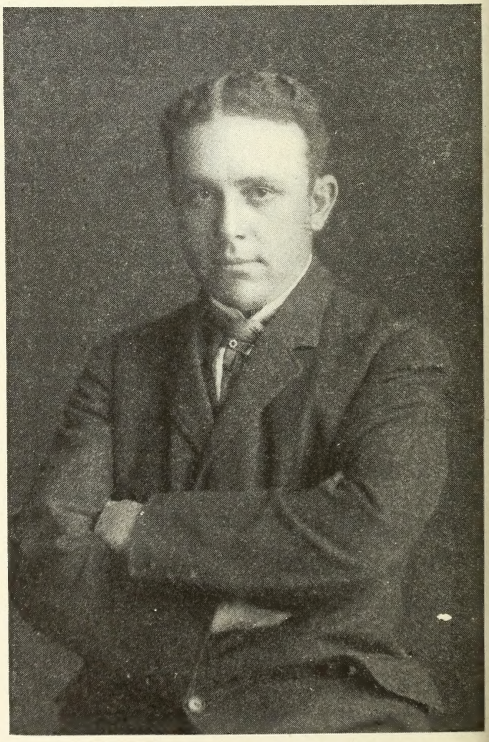


ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

of aquatic life. In the center of each, and also in the great central rotunda are large pools for living specimens.

From each of the museums is entered the aquarium proper. Passing down the long, dimly lighted, vaulted central space are seen on either side brightly lighted pictures of marine life in all its ceaseless activity. Marine plants and animals of the North Atlantic, all named, described and of great interest to all persons living on our seashore; fauna from Southern waters, with its brightly colored, and strangely shaped specimens, all of the utmost interest to the student and the pleasure-seeker alike.

Whether the municipal authorities in creating an aquarium will follow Mr. Brown's sketch as representing the kind of aquarium Boston ought to have in operation by 1915 in all its details, remains to be seen. That it is worthy of adoption is, however, conceded by numerous experts. Some kind of collection of living fish at South Boston is already assured. The Massachusetts Zoological Society will start with the inestimable advantage of having as adviser in the project Professor E. L. Mark of Harvard, who for many years has been director of the Bermuda Biological Station for Research and from which the New York Aquarium has received many of its choicest specimens. In following out its other plans the Society will have the assistance of such ornithologists as Col. Thayer of Lancaster, of so distinguished an anatomist as Dr. Minot, of naturalists like Mr. Underwood, Dr. Smith, Mr. Thomas Barbour and many others.



HON. NORMAN H WHITE

Casting Bread Upon the Waters

By MILDRED NUTTER FROST

NAT HAYES came out of the post-office, climbed into the wagon, and clucked to the old mare, which presently jogged off at a comfortable amble, the wagon rattling cheerily behind. Every one in the village knew Nat Hayes' old gray mare and the peculiar rattle of his wagon; and what was more, they all liked Nat, and nodded a greeting or passed the time o' day as he went by. And then they would smile knowingly at each other—yes, Nat had got his letter all right, and they were mighty glad of it.

So the two old cronies—the horse and the man—jogged along, and as the houses grew fewer, the man fell to dreaming—pleasant dreams they were that every now and then would wrinkle up his face so that the valleys around his mouth would all run up hill; and then he would chuckle and slap his knee. Fortunately the mare knew her way, knew just how far to turn out for the big rock at the entrance to the lane, and how to slow down when she went over the rickety bridge by the brook, and just how wide a curve she must make as she entered the barn. Then she stopped and waited, and when nothing happened, she turned her head around and whinnied. Nat looked up in surprise.

"Jiminy, Susie, how'd you get here so quick? But, there, when I get to thinking about that leettle gal, well, well!" and he climbed out and began hurrying through the chores. It didn't take him long; and presently his cheery "Halloa, Mother" sounded outside the kitchen door.

Rebecca was there to greet him with an eager questioning light in her eyes.

"It's all right, Mother, I've got the letter."

The little square table was already spread, and the last rays of the sun were playing across the old blue china —Mother's wedding set; and Mother was just pulling from the oven a pan of puffy, hot biscuits. Nat was especially fond of hot biscuits.

"Mother, we'd better not read it till after supper, had we?" said Father, a wistful negative in his voice.

"Oh, let's not wait. Let's read it now."

That was the way they always did, but they always went through the little play first. It was Father's way, because he didn't like to ask Mother to keep the supper waiting for him.

So Mother pulled her spectacles down from the top of her head, fitted them on the top of her nose, patted her hair into its accustomed smoothness, and took the letter from Father. Her hands trembled just a little with eagerness, as she carefully clipped off a tiny sliver from one end of the envelope, only the teentiest bit for fear of cutting the letter. She read it out loud, holding it up by the window to catch the lingering light; and Father leaned over her shoulder, his faded eyes relighted and straining eagerly to follow Mother down the page. It was written coarse on purpose for the old eyes and the spectacles. Occasionally Mother's voice quavered, and Father passed the back of his hand over his eyes, as they read of some success of their little girl.

"Of course she isn't really our little girl," Father would say in a half pleading, half deprecating voice, as if to exonerate himself from claiming what didn't belong to him.

"Oh, well," Mother would answer, "it's just the same."

And when they sat down to supper,

the biscuits tasted ever so much better, even if they weren't exactly hot.

After supper Mother went into the "front room" and brought out a box; it was a chocolate peppermint box, Father had brought from the store.

It had been a long time since they had looked at the pictures in the box, almost three weeks. Mother carefully turned the contents upside down so they could begin at the bottom, because that was where the baby pictures were. Each was done up carefully in white tissue paper to keep out the dust and light. The first was a little daguerreotype, taken soon after old Sal had come to live in the village, bringing her small charge, Isabel, a mere baby then, just beginning to walk; not a mere baby, after all, though, but a very remarkable one, every one thought, with the most wonderful big, brown eyes, so deep and dark and sparkling, that it seemed as if she must see more than other people.

The next was when she was a little five-year-old, with sunny fly-a-way hair, mischievous eyes, and lips just quivering to laugh.

"Jiminy, Mother, seems 's if I could hear her crowing because she'd beaten me in a game of 'Everlasting.' But land's sakes, she was allus up to her tricks. I'll never forget the way she fooled me one day when I was driving along home. I'd got along about half way up the long hill, when I heered a bird singing, and stopped the old nag to listen—for't was mighty sweet—and I peered in among the trees to see if I could see the purty creetur, when out jumped Isabel from behind a stone laughing fit to split. 'Oh, Uncle Nat, you thought it was a bird. I fooled you that time;' and then she jumped into the back of the wagon and had me by the ears before I could say Jack Robinson. I pretended I knew who it was all the time and was just looking to see where she was hid. She caught the reins out of my hands and said, 'Now, Uncle Nat, you play you're my coachman. Fold your arms, sit up straight, look right ahead, and we'll make Aunt Rebecca think we've just arrived from Skinamadoo.' Gee whiz, I bet she's got royal blood in her, for she looked like a queen, and she just enjoyed the play as if it had been the real thing."

There was a little kodak picture of Isabel rocking her doll to sleep, taken about the same time, which was Mother's especial pet. She was such a serious little mother, all love and tenderness. That was the way she looked when she smoothed Mother's hair back when her head ached.

Then there was the picture when she graduated from the village school. They both loved this picture, the delicate, tremulous lips, they eyes half sparkling with the triumph of the moment, half dreamy with unknown expectations.

There were many more, but all of Isabel, excepting one; that was Miss Whitney, Isabel's fairy godmother. Four years ago, it hardly seemed possible now, Miss Whitney had been visiting in the town, and had sung all summer in the little, old, white meeting house, just to help them out. It was in the Sunday school that she had discovered Isabel, her sweet, strong voice standing out from all the others.

One day when Nat went into the store to buy a piece of "caliky" for Rebecca, he overheard Miss Whitney talking about Isabel. He hadn't any cotton to stuff into his ears, as he said; and so, while he was waiting, he just sat down by a tub of cheese and listened. And then he went home and had a long talk with Rebecca.

"She said as how if she could take Isabel to Europe with her, and have her voice cultured or cultivated or raked over or something of the sort, she'd be a regular Pereppy of Jenny Wren. No, that wasn't it; what in time was it she said?"

"Jenny Lind," suggested Rebecca.

"Oh, yes, Jenny Lind. Well, o' course I butted in and asked how much it 'ud cost, and then I just took the trail for home a-chewing over the idea."

Rebecca dropped her sewing, pushed

her glasses up over her hair, and ejaculated:

"Well, I declare, Nat Hayes, of all the things! I'd miss her dretful, but there, she's got her life to live, and I'm an old woman. I cal'late old Sal would be right glad to be well rid of her for a spell. I've heard her grumbling of late and saying as how it would be a burden to keep a growed girl that didn't do nothing to earn her living, and she hoped she'd either get married soon or go into the factory."

"I want to know!" ejaculated Nat.

"And do you know, what she'd said had set me to thinking that if old Sal didn't want Isabel, perhaps she'd let us adopt her, and then we'd have her all our own; but there, your plan would be a sight better for our little Isabel, and maybe we can have her when she comes home again."

"Jest so, jest so, Rebecca. We'd miss her a heap, but she ought to have a chance, and we could spare some of that money Uncle 'Rasmus left us just as well as not."

That practically settled it; and after much talking and planning and revising of plans, arrangements were finally made, and Isabel left for Europe.

And now for the last four years the weekly letter had been the principal event in their daily lives. The village had been all stirred up over Isabel's departure, and there were not a few who were still skeptical. They liked Nat, and enjoyed seeing his pleasure in the letters, but they felt doubtful about the wisdom of such a course. Chief among them was Miss Remember Stevens. When she heard of Isabel's protestations of gratitude, she tossed her head in disgust.

"Oh, well, it's all right for her to say that now, but you just wait, Nat Hayes, and see if you hain't made a fool o' yourself. As long as she wants your money, she'll be all honey, but when she's got her larning, she'll put on her furbelows and won't even know you. You just wait and see."

Nat only smiled at such remarks. He felt sure he could trust his little girl, big girl, he said he would have to call her now; and her letters still rang true. Perhaps they did have more "larning" in them, but there was the same little girl down at the heart of them. All Isabel's letters were carefully tied up with one of her old pink hair ribbons they had found in the barn, and every month the money was sent to pay expenses.

After all the pictures had been looked over, and been carefully rewrapped and once more arranged in their accustomed order, Mother put the box away, and then sat down beside Father for a last rehearsal of the letter before going to bed.

About the middle of the next week Nat had to make an extra trip to the village for some grain. He went into the post-office as usual and was surprised to find an official-looking long envelope in his usually empty box. He opened and read the letter, then reread it, and read it again, and finally put it into his pocket, and went out and mechanically clambered into the wagon, too dazed even to cluck to the mare, which started off of her own accord. Nat didn't seem to notice his friends who called out their accustomed greetings, and the men at the store looked at each other in inquiring perplexity. What could be the matter with the habitually lively Nat? At home Nat did up the chores as if in a dream, and then sat down on a milking stool and tried to collect his thoughts. He sat there a long time, till Rebecca, becoming troubled, came out to see what was the matter. The sight of Rebecca brought him to himself.

"No, I ain't sick, but that there scalawag of a bank cashier has stolen our money and took to his heels. Jiminy, I'd just like to get my nippers on him. You bet he'd have to do some tall thinking about then."

It was a dreadful blow to Rebecca, but she tried to be brave for Father's sake.

"Well, there ain't no use trying to pick up spilt milk. We allus got along all right afore we had Uncle Rasmus' money, and we never used none o' that for ourselves, and have allus laid

up some in the bank besides, so I guess we'll get along."

But even although they might get along themselves, they feared they should not be able to get together sufficient ready money to send Isabel, and they could not bear the thought of disappointing her. This fear, however, they did not mention, not even to each other, but quietly went about their work as usual. Yes, quietly, that was the difference between the present and the past. Rebecca did not sing so much as had been her custom, and only when she saw Nat coming toward the house would she strike into one of the cheery old songs they both loved. Even then, do the best she could, the words would come slower and her voice grow more quavery.

And as Nat went along the street, the neighbors, looking after him would say:

"Well, well, Nat is beginning to grow old. Why, he used to be as lively as a cricket."

For a month or two the necessary money was forthcoming as usual, but things went badly that spring. A heavy drought set in, threatening the small fruit crop. Day after day Father carried water way from the pump to the garden patch, until his poor old back refused, and he was laid up in the house almost a week with the "rheumatiks." And in the meantime the fruit dried on the stem without even filling out. But the drought kept right on. Great, heavy clouds would roll up and pass over. Standing in the old hill pasture, Nat could see it raining off in the distance, but it never came near his farm. The other crops were failing, one by one.

One night Nat had a long talk with Rebecca. There was no use putting it off any longer—the facts must be faced. They would not have as much as five dollars to send Isabel next month; and, aside from Isabel, they needed money for themselves. The crops they usually exchanged for groceries had failed, and this year they would even have to buy some of the staples they usually raised. The only way to raise money was on the farm. It hurt Father to do it. The farm had been in the family since the sixteen hundreds, and had never been mortgaged before. But this was only the beginning of trouble. The winter was long and unusually hard, and three cows, one after another, fell sick and had to be killed. Then Mother took a severe cold, and had a long, hard attack of pneumonia, so that they had to have a trained nurse and a specialist from the city.

"Everything is greased for you when you begin to slip down hill," said Father, dropping heavily into a chair one day, and tossing Isabel's letter into Rebecca's lap.

"I don't know where we're going to get any more money to send our girlie," he groaned. "Isaac Fairweather is threatening to foreclose if we don't pay up."

"Well, Father, don't worry," said Rebecca. "We've done the best we could, and there ain't a man that could have worked harder than you have, and we ought to be thankful we are alive."

But when they read the letter, they were very much surprised. They hadn't expected Isabel quite so soon, but there it was:

"Don't send me any more money, Uncle Nat. I'm coming home. I'm going to sing in Boston in Grand Opera in April. I want you both to be sure and come to hear me sing, for you said you would be the first to hear me when I returned. Now you must keep your promise—sure. Don't disappoint me. Then I'm going back to the farm with you. I cannot wait to see the place and your dear faces."

There was much more to the letter, but Father broke in.

"Jiminy, what are we going to do? We may be in the poor house then, and what'll she say? Lucky she don't want any more money. To-morrow was the day to have sent it, and I've been fretting about where I was to get it. She wants us to come to Boston to hear her sing. Oh, how I wish we could go, —but I'm afraid it would have to be on a shank's mare; camp out on the

Common, and beg for our meals. Oh, Mother, Mother, we'll have to give it up."

Letter after letter came from Isabel telling of her disappointment in not seeing them, and begging them to be sure and come right away. At last Isabel's companion, Miss Whitney, came. She heard the news when she arrived at the little Maine town, and was fully informed when she saw Uncle Nat. She begged of them to go with her to Boston the next day, saying that Isabel had looked forward during all her hard work to this event. It would not cost them anything. She had the tickets, and Isabel would look after them and come home with them, as this was the last performance in Boston. How could they refuse? At last Nat exclaimed:

"Well, Mother, we might as well be killed for an old sheep as a lamb. Let's go. We will have one good time before we go to the poor house. Get our your wedding dress and my swallow-tail coat, and we'll go and hear our girlie sing."

After he had once decided, he threw all care aside and was like a boy, in his eagerness. Mother was just as pleased, only she did not say so much. She was all in a flutter of excitement. She had never been to Boston. How all the town would talk! And what fun it would be to be able to tell the women at the sewing circle all about Boston and Grand Opera! She had just been aching to have something to equal Mrs. Totman's stories about her girl's doings at boarding school. She flew around, sweeping and dusting and putting things to rights, and when Miss Whitney protested that she would tire herself all out, she said:

"Land sakes, Miss Whitney, I wouldn't leave this house, not in this shape. Mercy, supposin' we were killed in one of those dreadful accidents; I wouldn't have the neighbors see a speck o' dirt, not for worlds."

The next morning Nat was up bright and early, calling:

"Come, Mother, we mustn't miss the coach."

They were both ready and dressed an hour before time to start. He and mother had a lovely ride, until all of a sudden they came upon a wreck which delayed them a number of hours. Nat tried to advise and help.

"Why couldn't you have had your weather eye out and prevent this accident? You might have postponed it till I got to Boston. If I hadn't these togs on, I could lift more than a dozen o' those critters; they act as if they were paid by the minute, and were trying to manufacture more than sixty to the hour."

At last arrangements were made so they could proceed; and when they reached Boston, Miss Whitney said there would not be time to go to the hotel, but that they must go at once to the opera.

"Is she going to sing in the town hall or the church?" inquired Rebecca.

"It's in the theatre," said Miss Whitney.

"Oh, Jiminy, you'll be turned out of church, when Parson Black hears you've been to the theatre."

"But, land sakes, Father, we can't go home and not hear her sing, and if it don't hurt her, perhaps it won't hurt us, just for once. We'll keep thinking it's a church, and you know it says, 'As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.'"

They were soon being ushered into a box at the theatre, and Miss Whitney left them to go and tell Isabel they were there.

"This doesn't look much like a church," said Nat, as he glanced around the house.

"You'll have to do a heap o' thinking. Just look at that lamp; not much like our tallow dip; it's so dazzling. Take your bonnet off, Mother. All the other women are bare headed. We must watch and do as other people do, so girlie won't be ashamed of us. Just look at that wash tub trimmed with white feathers coming through that far door. A woman is under it. See! She's taking it off. My, she better get a nigger to help carry it."

"If my hat isn't in style, my dress is. Look at that lady coming down

the aisle. Her dress is made just like mine," said Rebecca.

"She isn't so pretty as you are," said Nat, patting her cheek. "Look at that miss with her. She'll have the rheumatiks. I might throw her my muffler. She better pull her skirt up around her neck same as you do when you go out to feed the pigs."

"Oh, Father, do keep still. You'll make me laugh right out in church."

"Church, oh, Jiminy, that's too good. Keep on thinking. Whew! Look at this crowd coming on the platform; the circus is coming, hear the band."

Isabel had been anxious all the afternoon, and when it came time to leave and go to the theatre, she seemed much depressed. They had not come. What could have happened? She was peeping behind the curtain when she almost shouted, for they were in the box opposite. How she wanted to fly to them, but it was almost time to go before the audience. She would have to wait. She trembled with emotion. Oh, if the theatre would only disappear and leave her at the old farm, sitting on the hassock watching Aunt Rebecca knit and Uncle Nat read the newspaper. But how they had changed! The tears came into her eyes. Had she been away so many years that they looked so much older? She watched their eager faces, and could almost imagine what they were saying. Suddenly an arm was thrown around her and Miss Whitney said:

"They are here, and I have been looking for you everywhere, I've much to tell you when I can have a little time. There, you must go now."

Nat and Rebecca stood spellbound, watching everything, when suddenly the house broke into a tumult of applause.

"What's going on now? Look at that angel coming on the platform. Oh, she most takes my breath away. My, she's looking at us, and smiling. She's waving her roses at us. No, it can't be; yes, it's Isabel, it's Isabel. Oh, Mother, it's Isabel."

They stood there unmindful of the crowd, crying like two children.

"We can't call her girlie any more, she's a grown-up lady. She's singing, Mother; look at her."

Isabel sang as never before. It almost seemed as if the gates of Paradise opened and, as Uncle Nat had said, an angel came forth. The people held their breath, and when she had finished, the house fairly rang with the applause. After acknowledging this, she took her roses and tossed them into the box at Father and Mother, as if to say, "I owe it all to them, dear souls." Another storm of applause shook the building, for the papers that day had printed the story of the love and sacrifice of two old people in Maine who had made it possible for the new singer to study, and they all knew at once that these two must be the people referred to. Every eye was turned to them. There they stood, oblivious to every one but Isabel. Rebecca hugged the roses as if they had been Isabel herself, and Nat was laughing and clapping as if it was at town meeting.

"Jiminy, we'll all have corns on our hands if we keep this up long."

After this the audience found as much pleasure in watching the box as listening to the opera, for Nat and Rebecca saw no one but Isabel, and they watched her with tense, yearning eagerness. Finally it was all over, and Isabel was called before the curtain. She sent for Nat and Rebecca, saying she wanted them. They went where they were led, and soon found themselves before that vast audience. Isabel threw her arm around Aunt Rebecca's waist, and held Uncle Nat's hand, while the people fairly went wild. Flowers were thrown at them from every quarter, and there was hardly a dry eye in the house.

"Jiminy, Isabel, I'll have to get you out of Boston, or they'll eat you up," said Uncle Nat, a trifle huskily, straightening up a little with proud satisfaction that his little Isabel should be the object of such applause. Aunt Rebecca said nothing, but she clung close to Isabel, and her eyes were brimming as she looked up half shyly, half wonderingly, at the beauti-

ful young woman by her side. In their utter lack of self consciousness neither of them could comprehend that they had anything to do with the cheering. Tired and exhausted, they soon found themselves in their room at the hotel. Isabel had kissed them good-night, but they were too much excited to go to sleep immediately.

"It seems as if I was lying on air. I reckon I won't miss the feather bed," said Father; and they never did, for they neither moved nor woke until Isabel knocked on the door the next morning.

"Jiminy, where am I, Mother? Get up. Where are we? This isn't the poor house."

They soon joined Isabel, and after breakfast went out to see Boston; and the next day started for home. Old Sal had died two years before, and Isabel was going to live with them. When they reached the little Maine town they called home. Nat was surprised not to see more out. He felt he had been away a long time, and he thought every one would be out to see Isabel. As the mare climbed the last hill and the old farm came in sight, Isabel exclaimed:

"This is lovely, to be home once more. I'm so happy."

"We'll have a game of 'Everlasting' to-night, and you may win if you can, Miss Isabel. I've been practicing since you've been away," said Nat.

"All right, Uncle Nat, only I warn you, beforehand, that you'll have to look out for your laurels, for I won't have any more mercy on you than I used to have. Do you ever play 'Bridge' here, Auntie?"

"Land sakes, Honey, I haven't played it since your birthday party, ten years ago, but I can sing it yet—'London Bridge is falling down, falling down, falling down.'"

"That's fine," said Isabel, laughing heartily.

As they came in sight of the house, Nat was quite excited.

"Jiminy, Mother, the house is lighted. I hope old skinflint hasn't taken possession. He said he was coming down to-night, but I told him to keep away. I didn't want to see him till I had to go. Well, if he's in that house, I'll pitch him out. Hurry up your old nag, Elnathan; it seems as if we'd never get there."

But they did, and when they opened the door, they stood dumb with amazement, for it seemed as if the whole village was there to welcome them home. The table, enlarged for the occasion, was bountifully spread, and to break the spell they all began to sing:

"Home again, Home again,
From a foreign shore."

"Well, this does beat all, Isabel; I reckon they are glad to see you; and I am glad enough to see them instead of old skinny."

Such a merry evening as they had. Nat and Rebecca seemed to forget their care, and were as young as the rest. Nat was telling a funny story, when someone came and whispered that Mr. Fairweather wished to see him a minute. Isabel heard the name and followed him out into the entry, for Miss Whitney had told her the whole story and she had come prepared. As soon as Nat saw the man, he exclaimed:

"I told you not to come here to-night. I wanted to enjoy my last night here in peace. Oh, Isabel, why did you come out?"

"I knew you were in trouble, Uncle, and I thought perhaps I could help you. What does this mean, Mr. Fairweather?" as she saw Nat was completely broken down.

"It means that I hold a mortgage on this place, and I shall be compelled to foreclose to-morrow morning if he cannot pay."

"Cannot you give him a little more time? You know he will do his best, and perhaps I can get so that I can help him," said Isabel.

"She hasn't any money now," thought the man.

"I would if I could, but I need money badly, and I cannot wait any longer."

"I am told you have large sums in several banks."

"Who told you?"

"Oh, never mind. As you do have so much, it seems as if you could wait just a little while longer."

"I am sorry. Nat is a good fellow, but if I am to have the place, the spring work ought to begin soon."

"Have you forgotten the time when your barn was burned, and Uncle worked until he nearly dropped, helping you? It seems as if you might show a little kindness to him."

Isaac winced under this examination.

"I'm only wasting time. I'd help him if I could, but I must have the money or the farm to-morrow."

"Have you the papers?"

"Yes."

"How much is it?"

Isaac told her.

"Get the pen and ink, Uncle; we might as well settle it to-night, and then we'll sleep better."

"What, have you got the money?" said Isaac in astonishment.

"Yes," said Isabel.

"Why didn't you tell me so at first?"

"I thought I would give you a last chance to redeem yourself."

Uncle Nat was so astonished he could hardly move. Isaac was so chagrined, he could scarcely speak, for he really did not care so much for the money as the farm. He had wanted that for years, and now, when he thought he had it, it was going to slip away from him. Isabel went in after the pen and ink.

"Here is the money, Uncle; it's all yours. I haven't needed all you sent me, but I kept it, fearing to hurt your feelings. I didn't want you to think I was growing independent and wished to be rid of you, and I knew I could make it right with you when I returned. Now pay him off and we'll be happy once more."

Isaac took the money and signed and handed over the papers. As soon as the door closed, Nat grasped Isabel by the hand and broke down completely. Rebecca had missed them, and came hurrying out and found them in tears.

"Oh, what is the matter? I thought we were going to be happy to-night."

"I never was so happy in my life," said Nat. "These are tears of joy; and the house is ours, the mortgage is paid, and we haven't got to go to the poor house; and, Oh, dear, just thank Isabel, she did it all."

"Oh, Auntie, I'll tell you about it later; let's go in now and have a jolly evening."

Auntie couldn't understand it, but Nat was happy, and she must be so also; and when the neighbors departed for their homes, there were two very happy old people left at the farm; happy because the dear old home was theirs once more, and because Isabel had returned to be their very own.

"Oh, Jiminy," said Nat, as the last team rattled across the bridge; "I wonder what Miss Remember thought to-night. The day you went away she told me that you wouldn't know us when you had your furbelows on. I wish she'd seen you at the theatre, all silk and jewels, standing before that immense crowd, holding Mother and me by the hand. Whew! It most took my breath away."



POWER

THE WIZARD OF NEW ENGLAND DEVELOPMENT

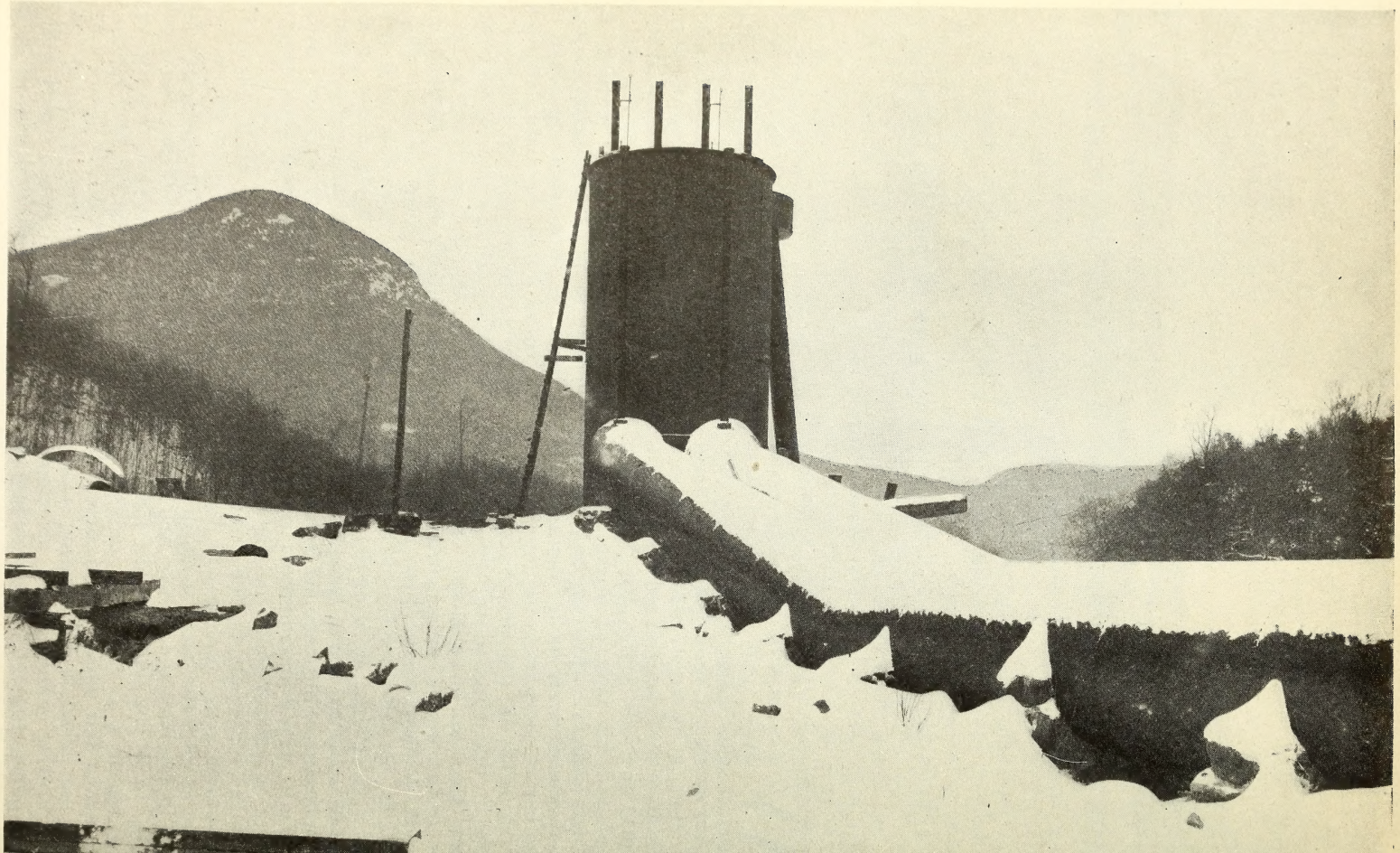
By CLAYTON M. JONES

WHEN the sturdy English explorers and adventurers in their ignorance of the extent of the country sailed up the rivers of New England in an endeavor to find a passage through to the Pacific, they encountered a series of rapids and falls which obstructed their course. The falls of these streams which impeded the progress of the crude vessels were looked upon as only another of the numerous impediments which offered themselves on every side to the conquest of the country. But the history of these rapids of New England is as romantic as the story of the discovery of the New World. To tell the story of the waterfall is to tell the story of the race, so closely are they woven together.

Before the white man set foot on the western primeval wilderness the rapids of the rivers tumbled boisterously over the rocky slant; the time-worn mountains rose, perhaps, in the distance, to form the background of a picture of fascinating wildness and abandon. In all the ages no white face had yet appeared to view the grandeur of the scene and when he did appear he was too intent in subjugating a wild and hostile country with his pigmy man-power to stop for an instant to cast even a dubious prophecy that the massive strength of the rivers, which so contemptuously whirled his canoe out of its course and broke the paddle in his hands, should some day be harnessed to do work of men in cities far away; to light the streets and the homes, to run the factories, the street and traction cars whirling millions of passengers yearly across the self-same country over which he so slowly and laboriously fought his way.

But these things have come to pass. The mystic Indian legends of the river, telling of rites and sacrificial ceremonies, have given place to the romantic story of the white man, of how he has harnessed the turbulent flood to do his bidding and transmuted its mighty strength to wires carrying it far away to the places of their own little physical efforts.

It is true that eventually the settlers designed crude water-wheels with which they made the water-falls grind the corn, but the little power which they could thus extract from the rapids had to be used on the spot where the falls were located. It could not be sent to the villages and cities which were springing up and which were being located with reference to harbors

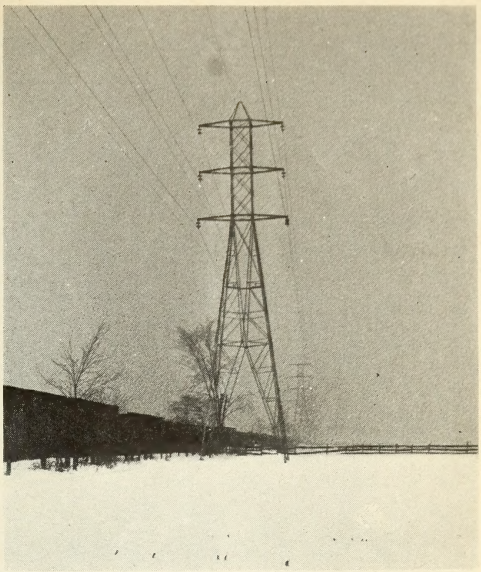


and trade routes. So it was that when James Watt invented the steam engine and factories started up in England the people in New England were not long in abandoning the energy of the river for the energy stored up in coal.

And why was it? Simply because, although power could not be transported, coal could be carried to the place needed and there used to create steam for the steam engine. In this manner the villages and cities were not dependent upon the river, and the factories and towns could be located with reference to the seaports and railways, because, wherever located, power derived from the coal could be made on the spot.

It was James Watt, then, who was the great original emancipator of slavery. He made it possible for the race to substitute coal-power for man-power, and the infinite energy stored up in the coal-beds of the continent used to take the place of the pigmy energy of men meant that hereafter the race need not consume every working hour in which the sun gave light in the mere effort to keep themselves alive. It meant more comforts; more necessities; more luxuries and, above all, more recreation and more time to think of more ways to make the natural forces of nature do the drudgery of the world.

And so this new-found method of using the energy of coal diverted attention from the mighty power contained in the rushing rivers. People were too busy in using this new weapon for the conquering of a new country. They saw in it a means to real freedom. For in the new world the gaunt shadow of poverty which had pursued the race like a nightmare from the beginning of its existence, was as much in evidence under a new and untried form of government where men were called free as it had been in the Old World under the scepter of kings and the sway of monarchs. A half century of American independence had elapsed and it was evident that declarations and constitutions could not make men really free while they held in their hands the tools of serfs.

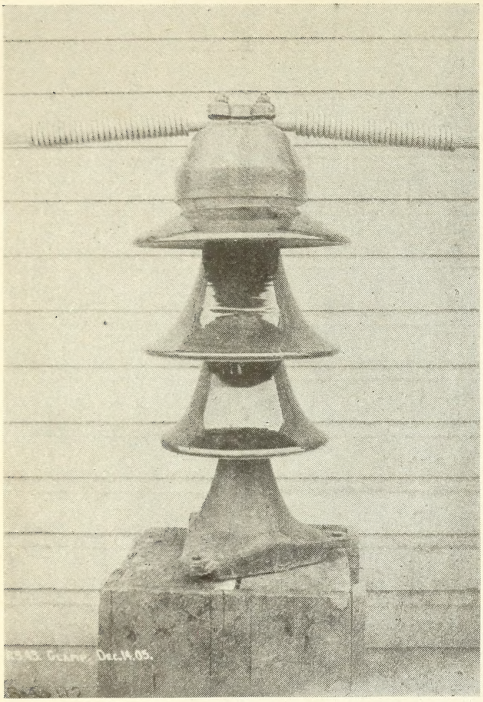


SUSPENSION TOWER SCHAGHTICOKE TRANSMISSION LINE

And now do we begin to see how wrapped up the river was destined to be in all this cosmos of industrial and political forces? For where town sites were located near water-falls the river still ran the mill or supplemented the steam plant. Far from the towns and cities, however, the water-falls were untouched, they tumbled in their primeval solitude as they had done before the white man set foot on the continent. Still the silver thread of the river was connecting each advance step in civilization until finally, like a spider's web, its ramifications were destined to touch in a greater or less degree every phase of American life.

But the discovery which was to make possible the use of the falls of the river, wherever located, had not yet come. The missing link which was to connect the river in the wilderness to the mills in the cities had not yet been discovered.

In the meantime great strides were being made along the line of transportation and agriculture. In England, the steam engine had been abandoned as a method of locomotion because it was not sufficiently perfected to compete with horses, and George Stephen-



GREAT PORCELAIN INSULATORS
USED FOR CARRYING CABLES

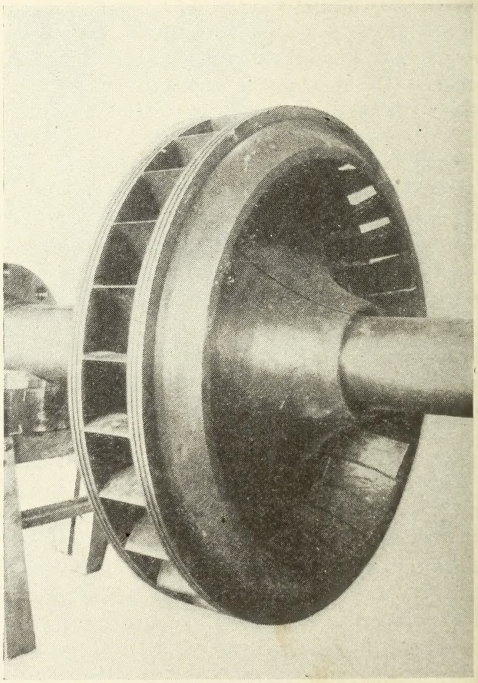
son, the builder, was called "The craziest man in England." In this country Morse and his "New England" telegraph were sneered at as were the Wrights and their flying machine in our own times. Howe had not invented his sewing machine, Hoe his printing press, nor Deere his steel plough. Stoves, matches and oil lamps had not as yet come into existence. Petroleum was peddled around in bottles as medicine and iron was $75 a ton.

But as the increasing population of England, pressing harder and harder on the means of subsistence that came from the limited land of an island, had created the necessity which had evolved the steam engine, thereby making possible the exchange of manufactured articles for food stuffs, so, in this country, had arisen an insistent want for a way to do agriculture on a large scale in order to gain a grain surplus to send to Europe. The methods of the settlers coming from the land of the sickle and the wooden plough were not sufficient. But no new way had been invented until the momentous year of 1831, when three achievements along the lines of electricity, transportation and agriculture marked the coming epoch of prosperity.

Cyrus McCormick had been working for several years on the problem of the reaper and in 1831 he drove his first crude but workable machine out on a hillside farm in Virginia. The application of machinery in this manner to the cutting of grain gave as great an impetus to agriculture as Whitney and his cotton gin had given to cotton growing in the South thirty-eight years before.

In 1791 less than two hundred thousand pounds of cotton had been shipped out of the country; in 1800 nearly twenty million pounds went over sea.

Three years previous to Eli Whitney's invention, Samuel Slater had set up a cotton spinning factory, with complete machinery after the English models, at Pawtucket, Rhode Island,



MODERN TURBINE WATER WHEEL



VIEW IN BEADER ROOM, J. HENRY & SONS PAPER CO., LINCOLN, N. H.

on the Blackstone River. At this point the first undershot wheels were also installed to turn the spindles of the cotton mills in an area destined in the future to contain many square miles of mills. It is therefore seen how vitally the rivers of New England contributed to her prosperity even before the days of power transmission. The invention of a Connecticut school master in the South had to be assisted by New England rivers before the raw cotton could be made into the completed textile.

So while the clicking blades of McCormick's reaper were severing the thongs which had bound Hunger and the race together with the first strands of yellow wheat, the rivers of New England were proceeding to clothe the people so cheaply that none were so poor that they could not afford to buy the cotton cloth.

In the same year of 1831 Peter Cooper anticipated the growing demand for transportation by solving the problem with the abandoned tools of Stephenson. Peter Cooper built the first locomotive in the United States. It appeared simultaneously with the reaper. It weighed less than a ton, its boiler being about the size of a flour barrel and its flues made of gun barrels. It was the first application of steam to transportation in this country.

During this time while the enormous number of horse-powers of the rivers had been going to waste because there was no way to bring the power to the cities where it could be used, Faraday, back in England, had been slaving ten years in laboratory in an effort to invent some way to produce a continuous flow of electricity. Finally, in this same year of 1831, he discovered that he could generate a current of electricity in a loop of wire by revolving it transversely between the poles of a

magnet. The variation of the compass needle of his galvanometer connected in the circuit heralded the coming of a new order of things, the extent and possibilities of which Faraday himself did not even dream.

In fact the full commercial development and importance of this great discovery did not appear until the World's Fair in Chicago in our own days.

In the meantime, Peter Cooper's little flour barrel engine had developed into a 1500 horse-power locomotive running on steel rails at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and improvements in the reaper had greatly increased its efficiency and capacity. The development of Faraday's great discovery was so slow, however, as to be practically at a standstill. In those days the growing railroads were enabling people to transport goods and food-stuffs to distant places. Morse's telegraph was being perfected, so that gradually people were enabled to transmit thought considerable distances; but years were to elapse before Faraday's discovery was sufficiently developed so that people could transmit power from the place where it was manufactured by the steam engine instantly to the place of application. The power had to be used on the spot *where it was made*. So the streets were lighted by gas and oil lamps and the street cars were drawn by horses instead of electricity being made to do the work.

New England was settled and developed without that greatest of acquired human abilities—the ability to transport power. The system of electrical distribution had not arrived. It was not until 1883 that the first alternating current generators were installed for the purpose of electric lighting and not until the World's Fair in Chicago, ten years later, that the country at last comprehended the possibilities of power as applied to traction lines, street cars, lighting and factories. It was not until ten years ago, with the first developments at Niagara Falls, the installation of immense water turbines weighing many tons and the rising price of coal, that people saw a new vista open up before them which stretched their imaginations to the limit.

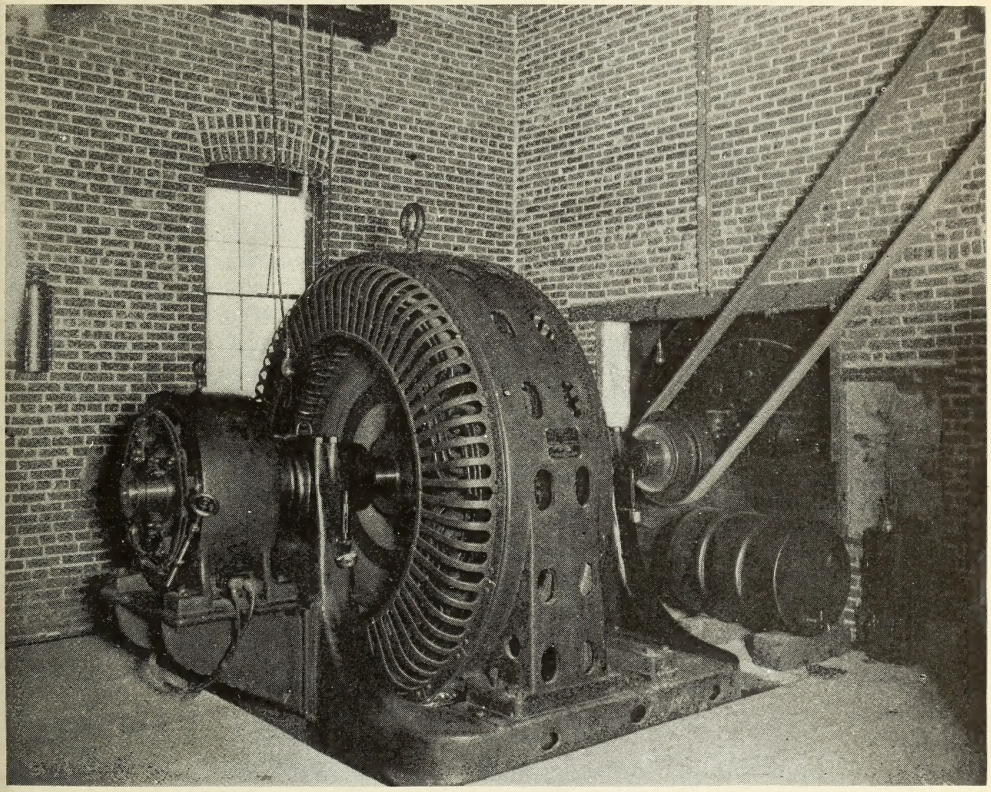
Faraday's discovery had opened up a tremendous field of hitherto untouched energy. And best of all, unlike the coal beds, it was not depleted by use but could be conserved by proper reservoirs and the protection of the timber on the water-sheds so that the flow of the streams and therefore the power production would be steady and of maximum output. Knowing the benefits which the race had derived from harnessing the energy contained in the coal beds, people were able to cast predictions as to the possible benefits to be derived from the harnessing of the energy of the rivers through this new ability to transmit power.

This, then, is the story of how the river has come into its own. The great water-falls were once admired for their beauty alone. Now it is seen that when the coal resources are exhausted they will be looked upon as the sole barrier between the race and slavery as the explorers seeking the North-West passage looked upon them as the barriers between the Atlantic and the great ocean to the West.

So important to the race has the river suddenly become that legislation is on hand on all sides to conserve its flow. The Boston Merchants Association has recently passed a resolution urging action to prevent the destruction of forests on the high water-sheds of the White Mountains. An estimate of the unconserved flow of New England streams, or such a volume as is available during the nine months of an ordinary dry year, shows that there is a tremendous total of 600,000 horse-power as yet undeveloped on New England streams.

It is stated on good authority that a practically economical flood-flow conservation would practically double the present available water-power output. There are over four hundred million dollars invested in manufacturing interests in the streams in New Eng-

land, which start on these water-sheds, and these interests employ about two hundred thousand operators, pay wages of three million dollars a year and have a yearly output of about sixty million dollars. On the Connecticut River alone there are three thousand mills. The government has already spent three million dollars in aiding navigation on the several rivers tributary to the White Mountains.



350 Kw. A. C. R. F water-wheel type generator—J. Henry & Sons Paper Co., Lincoln, N. H.

These figures are interesting because they show from a power and transportation standpoint how important the problem of the river has become.

Theoretically all the fall and flow of a river is available for power development and this full power development is attainable when the lower pool of one dam becomes the upper of the next. But this is not the situation on the rivers of New England and the northern and middle States, where dams were located because they afforded good mill sites and not because they utilized the most of the available fall. Here and there between these past developments may yet be found good sites with ample fall unutilized and those in the upper reaches or remote from transportation facilities still await development.

The power requirements of the New England mills are at present far in excess of the present developed capacity of her streams. In view of Southern water power development and the consequent lowering of the cost of production by this means, it is necessary for the safe-guarding of New England's future economic independence that the flow of her streams be conserved and their power possibilities developed to their maximum efficiency.

On March 10, 1908, the Supreme Court of Maine handed down a decision of the utmost importance to the future welfare of the country. The question which had arisen was the right of the legislature to restrict the cutting of trees on private land for the prevention of erosion of lands and the resulting filling up of the rivers and lakes, and last and most important, the preservation of the natural water supply for power and navigation purposes. Now, the basis of the industrial welfare of Maine is her water-powers, and the decision of the court that the legislature had this right and that the rights of individuals in this case should be subordinate to the general welfare, because land is not the result of productive labor but derived solely from the state itself, enunciated a policy which will have far-reaching effects in the conservation of our timber and water resources.

The latest notable development in New England is that of the Connecticut River Power Company. This is the first hydro-electric plant in New England whose transmission lines reach towns and cities within a radius of seventy miles for the purpose of selling electrical energy in bulk. Five miles from the Massachusetts State line on the Connecticut River near Vernon, Vermont, a dam and power house has been erected. The drainage area of the river at this point is 6300 square miles with an average rainfall of 36½ inches. The dam creates a thirty-four foot drop of water and is 600 feet long at the crest. The power house is designed for an ultimate capacity of thirty thousand horse-power and the transmission lines are strung to Brattleboro, Vt.; Keene, Winchester, and Hinsdale, N. H.; Winchendon, Gardner, Fitchburg, Shirley, Leominster, Clinton, Marlborough, and Worcester, Mass. These towns and cities have an aggregate population of 271,000 and their industries are so widely diversified that they produce three thousand different classes of product. Many of the factories located in this district are the largest of their kind in the United States. Within this area there are also five street railways and ten lighting companies, some of which have already made contracts for this power.

With $50.00 per horse-power per year as a fair average rental it is seen that this one development at its full capacity will be worth something like $1,500,000 a year. Figuring it in the saving of coal, a horse-power for each ten-hour day and three hundred days in the year will take about seven and one-half tons of coal to produce it. Therefore, thirty thousand horse-power would require about 125,000 tons of coal. The price of coal in this region is $4.50 per ton, so that the river delivers at this one point alone power equivalent yearly to $560,000 worth of coal.

The immense money value to be saved by doubling the present total output of the rivers of New England by the methods already suggested is evident.

United States Census statistics of the comparative power comsumption of leading industries from 1900 to 1905 show that the paper and pulp industries used 765,00 horse-power in 1900 while in 1905 they used 1,122,000 horse-power; cotton goods used 811,000 in 1900, in 1905, 1,040,000 horse-power; worsted goods, used 97,000 horse-power in 1900 and in 1905 they used 130,000. An increase of 47, 28, and 34 per cent., respectively. During those five years alone, some thirty hydro-electric plants deriving their energy from the rivers added 800,000 horse-power to the total then consumed and transmitted to distances upwards of a hundred miles. It is almost self-evident that the power derived from the streams is much more economical than that derived from coal. There is no charge for fuel and the costs of maintenance and operation are trivial when compared with these items in the steam plant. The use of electric power has enabled the mill owner to do away with the mechanical drive of shafts, pulleys and belts and substitute in

their place the safe, clean, noiseless drive of the electric motor. The steam plant output must always be maintained at its maximum whether the machines in the shop are in use or not. On the other hand, the electric current, registering through a meter only as much energy as actually used in working the machines, creates an economy so great that even at high current rates it may not exceed that of the most economical steam power service. In this way the consumer pays for only the power he actually uses.

It is evident that these considerations are the reasons for the reported increase of electric power in the industries of 222 per cent. With river flow control these figures show that the current generated by the river would soon displace that made by steam.

Long lines of steel towers are becoming more familiar in New England. You can trace them and the wires which they support from cities far away to the water-fall distant from the railway and the busy haunts of men. There you will find installed the magic machines, developed from Faraday's discovery, busily transmuting the energy of the river to mysterious current fed as life-blood to the arteries of a great city in order that its manufacturing, its commerce and its transportation may live and prosper. Truly, this age of Great Things will give the river its due recognition in the production of Power: The Wizard of Development.



MILL, DAM, PENSTOCK AND POWER-HOUSE OF THE WORONOCO PAPER COMPANY, WORONOCO, MASS.

"Baby" Ballinger's Soul

By M. I. THOMAS.

IT was nineteen hundred years ago that Satan went up onto a high mountain and pointed out the wealth of the world as the price of a soul. Black was black in those days, no doubt, and there may have been no such thing as "professional honor"; at any rate, a man with generations of believers in the code behind him did not have to buck up against the man whose father landed at Ellis Island and to whom these subtleties are "tommy rot." And the Devil has been sponged off the slate.

And yet that sort of thing is going on to-day; it comes to the young doctor, the lawyer, the business man; sometimes he can look back and put his finger on the very moment when it came and he chose the thing of this world, for a price; then again it creeps upon him, unawares, until one day he suddenly wakes to find all those high ideals, those fine ambitions—oh, Lord! what young fools we were.

"Baby" Ballinger did not look as though he were solving his soul's destiny, as he sat there in "Old Fitz'" draughting-room—pink cheeked, with a shock of wavy, dark hair, wearing his ink-stained linen smock, such as all the fellows at "Fitz'" affected. Nor were the surroundings suggestive of decisive moments.

"Long Thomas" was giving a realistic performance of "himself as graphophone"; "The Nightingale" was dancing wildly around the door showing how the maddest maniac could not injure himself in the "Special Lunatic Aslyum Door" he had invented: "Buff" was sitting on his table with a piece of candy on his nose, waiting for a lull in proceedings, when he would do his celebrated "Little Dog Fido Act"; tossing the candy in air, catching it in his mouth and barking like a very virtuoso of a dog. Pierre, the office boy who had "abandoned the Career of an Artist, to become an Architect," was the only one at work, doing correspondence School plates in the darkest corner of the room.

All of which, barring the industries of Pierre, went to prove that "Old Fitz" was away and the Head Draughtsman down stairs, where he was explaining the scheme for a sunken garden to Money Bags.

In the midst of it was "Baby" Ballinger, face to face with Destiny in the shape of an offer of a position as head of the Architectural Department of the Nonpareil Building Company, at double his present pay, a share in the profits, and large promises for the future,—to say nothing of a chance to show what was in him.

Why should he, the banner "First—First Mention" man at college, wear out his eyes over chimney drawings and cellar window frame details for "Old Fitz"? He would bet all his old shoes if he couldn't make a better design than the "Aerial" Fitz was building down on Williams Street.

These people talked well, too; high art at low prices for the man of moderate means; "classy" designs and the best of workmanship,—and yet—

It was not because it was a building company,—that was a legitimate business even if it did work at cut prices, and bar him from the A. I. A. while it lasted; nor because it would give him no chance at "big" things; nor because he overheard the Vice-President tell a prospective client that they had "eliminated the fool-architect," though that jarred upon his sense of professional loyalty.

It was because it was this particular building company; that he had learned their ways as he sat in their reception

room waiting for their President. They had some of Haskill Derby's little country houses on the walls, mounted attractively over the Nonpareil Company's signature. "Of course, Mr. Ballinger," they said, "we shall replace these with your sketches when you come"); he heard them make promises they could not keep; he heard them give orders to their Dago workmen that meant poor work; he heard them urge their "outside man" to jolly old Bullion and promise him anything he wanted; they would "see to squeezing him when the time came."

But, of course, there was a girl,—Jean, the adorable, who was wearing her life out teaching at a fashionable school, where the girls dared to look down on her,—Jean, who had "more brains in her little finger than the whole caboodle,"—or so, Ballinger said. And there were "Nuts" in the school, two of them. Jean said she was laying in a stock of funny stories that would last a lifetime and you couldn't help laughing to hear her tell how one of the "Nuts" tried to drown herself drinking at the water cooler. But it was no place for Jean.

And if half what those fellows promised came true, Jean would be riding in an automobile one of these days.

Just then the Head Draughtsman came back with the report that old Money Bags said he didn't "need a sunken garden any more than a toad needs a wagon" and "what was more, he wouldn't have one."

"The Nightingale" stopped being a raving lunatic to say it was "a bloomin' shame; the best thing the old man had had in the office this season, and nothing to compare with it in this country. Old Money Bags had boodles of money; what was he spoiling the fun for?"

And then they all settled down to work and Ballinger went on—"Why couldn't a fellow do great things, uplift the homes of the common people, put beautiful things within their reach and educate the artistic natures of the people?"

After that it was as good as settled; and he told the Head Draughtsman he was going to leave and the fellows took him out to lunch at the old joint—a nice bunch of boys they were—and the Head Draughtsman came around and shook hands and said he was sorry to lose him; and the fellows filled up his overcoat pockets with office supplies on the sly and then held him up on the sidewalk on the charge of walking off with Old Fitz' goods, and fished out green rubbers and erasing shields and "Kohinoors" and scales with the vast joy even quite grown-up boys find in such tricks, and so he went away in the midst of great chortlings.

And he married Jean, and the "Nuts" sent notable presents and a well-conducted story would stop right here; but this one doesn't.

The Nonpareil Building Company began to display most fetching designs at phenomenally low prices,—for Ballinger had a gift with his pencil and could make a sketch that would coax the money right out of your pocket; and the business waxed and flourished.

But "Baby" Ballinger earned his bread in the bitterness of his soul.

He knew his clients were being exploited; that his charming designs were built with cheap material and cheaper labor, and would begin to depreciate in value before they were fairly done; he loathed the imitation oak wainscot, and the imitation stained glass and the tin tiles; he knew his plans were cut down till there was no room for one's head in the stairs; one's bed in the chamber, or one's tub in the bathroom.

If he suggested some little touch that would give character to a house, the "Head of the Building Department" would come storming in.

"Let's have none of this funny business, Mr. Ballinger. That little change of yours spells money, MONEY, do you *hear?* Fifty dollars that would cost us and we're making little enough as it is, Artistic Simplicity, that's our line and don't you forget it, if you know what is for your interest."

And for the interest of Jean, to be sure, and the little Jean and "Baby" Ballinger, 2nd.

So he stayed in. A fellow can't start out all over again with a family like that on his hands.

As for "The Bunch"! they made good. "Long Thomas" was out for himself; on committees of the A. I. A. and making quite a name; "Buff" won that big Court House competition last year, and hung out his shingle; and "The Nightingale" invented a Non-Syphoning Trap, that is a mighty good thing:—good business, too. Even Pierre, the industrious, is "in charge of a room."

Ballinger did not see them often; they were friendly enough; but he hadn't made good; they knew it and he knew it.

Up at the college, Professor Gregory asked, "What's become of Ballinger? Promising boy, he was. . . . Is that so. Well, well, well! I'm sorry to hear that. I thought he stood for better things than that." And the other man said, "It was a case of the Garden of Eden, a woman spoiled it all."

Queer; for if there ever was a woman who scorned money, and held to high ideals, and believed in the glorious possibilities of Art, and what a man of genius—like Ballinger, you understand—could do for the uplifting of the world, that woman was Jean Drexel.

There was that little affair at the school, to be sure, but that's a long story.

But when I ask if Baby Ballinger, 2nd, would be an architect like his dad, Ballinger said:

"God forbid;" and Jean said, "Mercy, no! There's no money in Architecture, you know."

Queer, wasn't it? Perhaps women, too, wake up some morning and find their bright dreams gone and their souls dead.

THE HOMING INSTINCT

By JOHN CLAIR MINOT

At day's enchanted hour,
  Across the scented lea,
Home from a far-off flower
  Returns the honey bee.

Beyond the mountain height,
  O'er seas and lands unknown,
With swift, unerring flight
  The pigeon seeks its own.

What bee and pigeon know—
  Shall it not fill my soul
When my time comes to go
  And seek through space my goal?

Who Will Administer the New Boston Charter?

II.—Mayor George A. Hibbard

By James A. White

On January 6, 1908, George Albee Hibbard, who, only a few weeks before, had resigned the Postmastership of Boston, was inaugurated Mayor of the City of Boston. His election had been unexpected; it was one of those extraordinary happenings which diversify the field of politics. With but scant financial resources and but indifferent support from organizations which have assumed the exclusive privilege of anointing those candidates who meet their high ideals, he had been sent into the arena to meet a rival who had never known defeat and whose success was a shibboleth of victory.

Furthermore, he had made a campaign and won it in a city where the note of partisanship was the strongest and most dominant, on a non-partisan platform, by promising an administration which was to be one of justice for all and favors for none. As he stood on the rostrum of the Council Chamber after having taken the oath of office and looked down on those assembled, it was a strange sight which met his eyes. He saw the members of the new City Government which had come in with him eyeing him with the practiced eye of the hunter, for his weakness. Beyond them were the sleek rows of those who feature prominently in the show acts of citizenship on such occasions as this and avoid all real obligations for the rest of an entire period. Like midwives, their obligations ended with the birth of the administration. Again, and fortunately for his peace of mind, he saw the few sincere, who looked hopefully to the dawning of the new days he had promised.

Half an hour after the last of the congratulating crowd had passed through his office, while the echoes of their promises of assistance in the work of governing the great and happy city were ringing in his ear, the Mayor was struggling with the new facts of the work before him.

At his right was the Corporation Counsel of the City, warning him of steps which must be taken to protect the City with regard to last hour contracts which he gravely questioned. At his left was the City Auditor, asking for his stand with reference to a flood of salary increases which had been jammed through after the manner of a departing king scattering largess to his followers. Close beside was the City Treasurer waiting to call his attention to the fact that not only had all the department money been expended, but that there was a hundred thousand of bills unpaid awaiting settlement.

Gathered around the room were heads of other departments praying that steps be taken to provide funds for the immediate repair of bridges and schools and ferries, which had been neglected for years. It was a savage awakening which came to him as a result of the conferences, when he found that it was almost a shell of a municipality which had been turned over to him.

Sadder than this was the appeal of a head of a department for informa-



HON. GEORGE A. HIBBARD, MAYOR OF BOSTON

tion as to what he would do with the one hundred or more laborers who had been drawn from civil service for municipal employment almost within a week, and who were standing idly in the yards for lack of even the pretense of work.

Mayor Hibbard's first day in office ended at 1 A.M. the morning of the next.

All this simply marked the beginning of such a siege of labor that the wonder of it all is that the Mayor did not collapse within the month.

A man absolutely untrained in municipal business, he found himself called upon at once to reach a decision on the most elaborate problems of municipal life. For his own protection, he found himself obliged to take up not only the smallest, but the largest details. The Finance Commission had cast a cloud of doubt over almost every function of the city. In cases they had found actual and barefaced dishonesty, but in a multitude of other cases the money which was running in a golden flood out of the city treasury was finding an easy exit because of lack of efficiency and weakness of administration.

Thus he found himself examining the hay and straw purchases—small in themselves, but aggregating over $75,000 a year—and evolving a new purchasing system. He found himself solving out a problem of flour purchases for the city institutions. Again, it was the meat and the fish contracts; and, more important, he had to set himself to the task of trying to determine what was the exact amount of work in the various lines of municipal industry which could be expected from the employees of the city.

And then, very, very early, he found that among the men from whom he expected help that but little was to be had. His own party associates, who, during the campaign had hailed the non-partisan plank in his platform as an inspiration, first hinted, then suggested, and then tried to command that it be thrown overboard; and, when he refused, the first and most serious break came. Determined to live to his pledge, or go down with it, it would be idle to say that this break did not worry him. He had always been a strict party man himself, and the Republican organization was to him an organization of loyalty. He tried, while the rupture was just showing, to give a sign of recognition in certain appointments, which from the beginning have always been shifted with each administration. But a fair share made but a small offering to those who had expected to have a full sweep.

Within a month after taking office he had carried out to the letter a number of suggestions made on most important matters by the Finance Commission. He eliminated useless officials in the Health Department who had been receiving $17,000 yearly; he cancelled certain notorious contracts; and he started the discharge of the "students"—men who simply draw pay but do no work.

These administrative activities should have won immediate recognition, but, to his surprise, he learned that the difference between preaching and practice is as wide as the seven seas. The "best" citizens were visitors, but, sad to relate, their missions were far different from what he had expected. They called in behalf of men who were notoriously unfit for their replacement in the city service. The same men who, during the heat of the campaign, had vigorously preached that a fair deal for all and favors for none should be the real gospel of the city, now filed in a brazen, barefaced procession, asking that this and that special favor be done for their friends or themselves. They either wanted to say a good word for men who had goods or lands or materials to sell, or they wanted things which, under the general laws, they were not entitled to. And the refusals which they got left them as arch enemies. They would have made a trading place out of the Mayor's Office and set up the tables of the money changers.

When that first year is reviewed, the wonder of it all is that the Mayor

succeeded as he did, for it was success which crowned his efforts. One does not have to quote the encomiums of his friends for proof; it can be found in the official report of the Finance Commission which was made to the Legislature on the first Hibbard year. On page 231 of volume two can be found this tribute, of which any man might be proud—especially a man to whom the field was a new one:

"Intelligent business methods, with resultant economy, have been substituted for extravagance and corruption. There appears to have been a fairly complete elimination of favoritism and fraud from the contracts, purchases and other business of the city. The department expenditures of the year 1908-09, exclusive of debt requirements, and of the expenses of the police and licensing departments, have been less by about one million dollars than in 1907, with no decrease in efficiency. The borrowing power has been exercised more conservatively."

Marooned by his own party associates, and deserted by the men who had been preaching what he had practiced, he began the second year of his administration. A weaker man would have been inclined to throw the whole task over. There were twelve full months before him—ample time to cultivate the form of popularity which sits so well on more emotional men. But with a good deal of the same spirit which must have actuated one other fighting man when he sent back word that "He would fight it out on this line if it took all summer," he went into his second year at full speed.

He re-announced his non-partisanship, and then he said again that the City of Boston had millions for its real needs but not one cent for waste. Thus, while he allowed in the annual budget a sum of money for the hospitals and charity institutions so large that they closed last year, and will close this, with unexpended balances, he cut the fripperies off.

He told the members of the City Government that the only way to settle the debt problem was to stop issuing it in such volume; and then, he followed that up by doing it; so that for the first time in twenty years the city not only failed to spend all the money it had under the tax levy, but the direct municipal loans, other than rapid transit, were lower than for years.

He stopped entirely the loans for the re-paving of streets and took funds for this purpose out of the tax levy; and he cut out entirely the loans formerly issued outside the debt limit. This policy meant attention to a multitude of things, small in themselves, but monumental in their totals. The mere item of the lighting bills for the municipal buildings in the heart of the city he cut from $12,000 to $7,000. The coal bills were cut $20,000. The hay and grain bills were cut $50,000.

The annual printed reports of the city departments met his blue pencil; and the pages of costly and uninforming tabulation were cut out of them and certain standard tables introduced. He maintained that annual reports were printed primarily for the instruction of citizens, rather than to be text books for specialists in various parts of the country.

Not the least important of his tasks was the establishment of a merit list of new streets to be constructed.

During his two years in office he has given to Boston the cleanest streets it has had in a decade. He has re-established the integrity of the municipal dollar and brought it up to par. He has welded a disorganized and demoralized corps of municipal workers into a harmonious whole. He has eliminated not only graft, but incompetency, in many of the departments. In short, he reduced the debt, eliminated graft and restored the whole calibre of public service. He has kept not only the promises which he made himself, but he has excelled the demands of the experts who have outlined conditions which they claimed would produce an ideal city.

Boston again is doing a reputable busi-

ness with reputable business concerns. Each citizen is standing on his own rights, and none are favored at the expense of others. Her arms have never been wider apart for the reception of the sick and unfortunate than during his administration; and for the first time her children are housed in schools which are provided with adequate and competent fire protection. This is the record of the man who is offering himself anew for the suffrage of the people.

When the question of this article was presented, I was curious enough to ask him the type of a man who was needed to properly advance the city. "I feel," he said, "that what is primarily needed is a man who will keep his feet on the ground. That," he said, "may be a homely way of putting it, but it is my impression. There is not one of us but could plan changes for the further comfort of the people of the city, but the City of Boston already has before it obligations running close to $100,000,000, which will have to be expended for the supplying of what we have been educated to regard as general conveniences. The municipality is morally bound to construct sewers and surface drains, to build streets—and nearly four hundred miles of these are unaccepted at the present time—to purchase and equip properly located playgrounds, and to build and repair school structures. Extraordinary as it may seem, and though great sums have been expended on our school system in the past, I found on taking office that we had a corps of school nurses who had neither rooms nor appliances provided for their use. This need had been supplied.

"I also feel that my candidacy is absolutely required for the purpose of establishing once and for all whether the poor man is to be barred from office holding. We have seen in our various state offices the disappearance of the man not able to command substantial campaign funds, and I hope that this condition will not prevail in connection with our municipalities.

"I have endeavored in this campaign to observe absolutely the spirit of plan two, and I intend to continue in that course. I must confess, however, that when Mr. Donovan, Mr. Storrow's chief political adviser, in a published interview, announces that his interest in the campaign is that the Democratic party may be strengthened so the Democratic candidate for Governor may be elected next year, I wonder if the Republicans who are supporting Mr. Storrow appreciate the situation they are developing. The interview in question is given below; it appeared in the Boston American of Saturday, December 18:

" 'I think I am entitled to some consideration in this campaign. In the coming state compaigns we will have a non-partisan as Mayor, but with him (Storrow) in City Hall the Democratic party will be strengthened and we will elect our Democratic candidate for Governor next year. That is my object in this campaign.' "

THE RAIN

By RUBY BAUGHMAN

The lake blurs into a cloudland
Heavy as blighting fears;

On gray ripple splashes the rainfall,
Dismal as unshed tears;

One gray sail shows through the shadows
Somber as loveless years.

MAMMY

By JOSEPHINE COMPTON BRAY

I.

MAMMY stood in the doorway of the basement kitchen with a basket in one hand and a bucket in the other; together they quite filled the entrance. A red and black turban was bound around her head and her full, blue gingham dress was short enough to display wide shoes loosely tied over blue striped stockings.

The warm rays of a June sun shone full upon her, but she evidently enjoyed it, for there was a look of satisfaction on her pleasant, brown face as she soliloquized:

"I ain't gwine to stay in de house no mo'! Me an' Miss Carline ain't neither one uv us used to bein' shut up in de house mos' all de enjurin' year, it wan' natural to us down ole home, an we don' keer fur winter nohow, when de atmosphere uv de air is so cripsy an' cole dat yo' can't step out de do' no time bedout bein' weighed down wid all ye'winter close on, an' even den yo' is in danger uv disposin' uv boof yo' ears added to yo' nose. So now it is gittin' warm, I done tole Miss Carline dat I gwine move out in de sunshine. I has brought out de cheirs an' da table wid all my mixin' impliments an' yether things ready to my han' an' I is convenient to de garden on one side an' de house on de yether."

She smiled as she glanced around at the articles mentioned arranged in some confusion, but concealed from publicity by surrounding trees and shrubs.

A light laugh disturbed her meditations as a young girl from a neighboring house emerged from a side path.

"You here, Mammy!" she exclaimed, looking somewhat mystified by the uncommon scene before her. "I thought it was ironing day, and I came over to have you redeem your promise to tell me something about your old home down South, and the war, and—but you are too busy, I suppose?"

Mammy stepped out the door, and stood looking down as if trying to recall something forgotten, then she spoke thoughtfully:

"Dis is Chuesday sure 'nough," she said, "but I don' go by no exclusive rule, when I has anything partic'lar to do I jes pushes one day along an' calls it another. Neither is I busy. I has been movin' out fur de summer an' done all I gwine do to-day. It ain't time to git de vegitations yit kaze we done turn de day upside down like everybody else an' don' have dinner till night, so de day don' have no middle stop which makes it mighty hard to fine 'nough to do; howsomever, I ain't makin' no complaint, I wuz jes bringin' out de las' things an' den I wuz gwine to set down an' res'. I thought fus yo' wuz some uv of de little neighbor's chillun who is allers comin' 'roun' pesterin' me fur stories 'bout down ole home, an' da knows I done tole um I don' 'low nobody to brake in on me sudden like when I is busy, as I mostly allers is. Yo' ken take dat cheir dah under de big highstranger scrub, while I bustle 'roun' an' cultivate my mine till I fine out what I gwine say."

Mammy watched her picking her way through the labyrinth of utensils, then dropping the basket she deposited the bucket on the table as she said,

"Yo' see de big gourd floatin' on dis bucket uv water? I fetched it from down ole home; dyah wuz hundreds uv um growin' wile in de garden, mixin' up wid de sweet 'tater an' punkin'

vines, an' when I looks at it I thinks how much dem things is like people, gittin' lonesome by da selves an' seekin' company, an' da is a heap mo' social wid one another dan some people is. When me an' Miss Carline fus come up north it didn't 'pear like we wuz ever gwine git real 'quainted wid nobody, de people wuz so snug wid da selves an' it didn't seem like da had time to stop to make da selves favorable towards yo' an' laugh an' hold conferance wid one another but jes pass yo' wid nuthin' but a nod. Down ole home every body is ready to wait fur yo' an' hole out dyah han's to yo'!"

Mammy hesitated and looked askance at the young girl, who reassured her by smiling as she said:

"You need not fear of offending me, Mammy; I suppose we are rather cold."

"Yes, an' dat added to de winter made it mighty hard fur me an' Miss Carline. It takes a long time to git used to yuther things sides de people, even de kitchen is attached to de house an' looks mos' like de parlor, wid de stove shinin' like a lookin' glass, an' every thing set back, mixin' bowls turned down, spoons hangin' up, nuthin' goin' on, an' de cook herself settin' dyah dressed like she gwine to church an' call herself de 'Ladies Help,' I certainly was 'mazed. An' when I hyrd de ladies tellin' Miss Carline dat Mrs. So-an'So had two girls an' somebody else had three, I ax,

"Fur goodness sake, Miss Carline, is everybody up heah destitute uv boys an' ain't got nuthin' but girls in de family? Den she laugh an' tell me da mean dah servants. Now, what ye think uv dat? Miss Carline passes dese things over easy, like she does everything, an' says to me, 'Yo' gwine fine it so everywhere, Mammy, dat people is tirely indiferent frum one anothers.' I tole her dat I knowd dat wuz so an' dat dyah wuz a right an' a wrong side to everybody, an' I 'spose it is allers bes' to look on de yether side fo' yo' 'nounces de word ag'inst um. My ole miss never 'lowed me to scandalize nobody, an' I never did 'scusin' de overseer, who wan' nobody, nohow, but jes low down white trash, an' when he come to de house to eat his dinner by hisself in de little back entry an' called me to wait on him, he got rageing mad kaze I tole him dat I wan' no hackey coach fur nobody, an' dat I had never waited on nobody but de quality an' cert'ny wan' gwine put myself way down yonder below zero to wait on him. Dat man ac' jes' like a roarin' wile beas' an' he would have tored me limb by limb if de chillun hadn't uv made a hedge uv protection. I knowd he darsent come beyond de chillun an' I continued to sass him an' he to rage till ole miss come in an' brought silence wid her, but he couldn't tame hisself long an' tole her if she didn't 'low him to whip me he gwine leave right off. Den she jes pint to de do'. We wuz all glad when he wuz gone kaze he wan de equals uv nobody, neither white nor colored. Dem days is all over now, but I don' forget like Miss Carline does, an' sometimes I 'gin to think dat she is gittin' new notions in her hade which is liable to upset de pas'. Dis mornin' she come out heah when I wuz movin' an' looked 'roun' an' sade, 'Mammy, don' yo' think yo' better pick dese things up an' make it look a little mo' orderly? an' bime-by I is comin' back to see how yo' is gittin' on.' Now, I is actually sorry fur Miss Carline, but I 'scuses her kaze I knows she wan' raised to do nuthin' herself, so I says easy like, 'Miss Carline, honey, don' yo' know dat can't nobody do nuthin' bedout da is got things to work wid? an' when all yo' utensils is set back how yo' gwine do it? Yo' knows yo'self, I argufied, 'dat dyah ain't nobody 'roun' heah dat ken cook like I ken, an' everybody dat comes to see us allurs ax, Mammy, give us some uv yo' southern cookin'.

"'I knows it,' Miss Carline answers, 'but—'

"Dah ain't no buts about it, I tell her, I is got suthin' laid up in my mine now, dat I is goin' to make when I comes out uv de garden bime-by loaded down. I knows what I is 'bout, so yo' go 'long in de house an' ease yo' mine."

Mammy sat down and looked from the interested girl to her own little kingdom, "Me an' Miss Carline," she went on, "as I done said befo', don' keer fur winter, nor bein' conceiled in de house, an' I moves out heah quick as I ken. Mos' uv de things yo' sees 'roun' yo' heah, waffle irons, pone pans, an' sich things, comed from down ole home, da seems to me jes' like intimittent frens, an' when I sets down to res' an' looks at um wid my eyes shet, I mos' b'lieves I is back down dyah in de ole days; I ken heah de horn blowin' fur de people to come frum work, an' I see um plain as day comin' over de hill, some ridin' de plough horses, some walkin' but all singin', singin' while me an' Tilly an' de white chillun is settin' under de simmon tree eatin' simmons, an' black haws, an' paw paws. An' when de moon is shinin' an' we is playin' wid de shaders under de big trees in de yard we heahs um down at de cabins singin' ag'in. Sometimes we would creep up to de windows uv de mansion house an' watch de dancers, young men swingin' dyah partners, all uv um dressed in velvich an' lace, an' den we mos' laugh out an' s'pose ourselves, when we see Uncle Jerry an' Uncle Pete roustin' on a table in de corner tryin' to outdo one anothers in drawin' de fiddle bow. Sometimes we wuz mos' cotched when some ladies an' genmen come ridin' 'roun' de corner followed by de grooms takin' a moonlight ride. I tell yo' dem wuz happy times; de very thoughts uv it makes me sorry fur de little chillun up heah dat don' never have no chance to go back to dyah wileness, but all de time dressed up an' dragged 'roun' by nusses. Me an' Miss Carline ain't never gwine let our chillun suffer like dat, an' when I tells um 'bout all dem times down ole home da mos' goes crazy an' says, 'Oh Mammy! can't we take off our shoes an' stockin's an' run in de garden?' 'Deed yo' ken,' I answers, an' some days when dyah father is retained on business, an' Miss Carline gone off to one uv dem 'Merican Evolution meetin's, I jes sets de table out heah an' hangs de pot on a tree, an' makes a smudge fire to ros' taters in, an' we has such a gran' time dat Miss Carline 'clare de chillun is allurs axin' her when she gwine 'way again. I tells Miss Carline dat her notions don' suit de childen like mine does, da don' wan' to be conceiled in de house all starched an' ironed up til da grows stiff frum keepin' still. Miss Carline takes in de significence an' lets de reins go loose. When her mine leads her back to de pas' when she wuz little down ole home, I know she gits lonesome an' I does, too. Sometimes I goes way back yonder behin' de war, an' forgits myself, an' mos' thinks it is jes de same as it were befo'. Den de time comes when everybody wuz strugglin' together in de darkness. I ken see jes' as plain as I is lookin' at yo' now, de fus day dat my ole marster started fur de war, an' when time went on an' we didn't have no intermission uv him, ole miss give out dat she were gwine, too; she sade dat all de neighbors testified dat da wuz gwine to follow dyah husbands an' sons an' all dyah yuther uncles an' cousins to de battle fiel' so dat when ever any uv um was shot or killed, da would be nigh enough to nus um an' take keer uv um til da get well again. So she give de command to Uncle Abram to git out de big kerrige, an' put on de mounted harness an' dres' hisself up. Den she had dat vehicle filled wid bundles uv bandages, an' cotton, an' bottles uv lindament, an' sich things. She sade she wan' gwine take none uv de chillun wid her scusin' me an' de baby, which at dat time wuz little Miss Carline, kaze she wan' grow'd up den an' likewise she wuz named after her mother. We started off in gran' style, I settin' inside wid ole miss an' de bundles, an' little Miss Carline in my lap, an' Uncle Abram outside wid his tall hat on, an' Westly up behin' ready to jump down an' open de do' an' let down de steps which wuz allurs attached to kerriges in dem days, fur people to go up an' down on, kaze it wan' low'd um to step high like da does now, an' de horses wuz standin' on dyah hine feet pawin' an' prancin'. All de res' uv de family wuz

out on de porch to see us off, callin' out 'Good bye! good bye! When yo' comin' home?' Den ole miss answer, 'In a day or two.' Yo' see didn't nobody think in dem days dat de war wuz gwine lass mo' dan a week or so."

Mammy paused to shake her head significantly.

"How old were you then, Mammy?" inquired the interested listener.

"How ole wuz I?" Mammy repeated, "I can't tell yo' zackly, kaze I had been a nuss right along ever since I wuz took frum de quarter, but I reckon I wuz jes turnin' 'roun' de corner somewhare kaze little Miss Carline had jes been excessful in cuttin' her las' tooth. Dat chile certainly had a hard time subjugatin' dem great mole teeth, an' de las' big grinder had jes submurged frum de gum when we started fur de war.

"It was sich a hot, sulky day, an' we wuz so long gittin' dyah dat de sun wuz sinkin' in de fermament, when a loud noise 'woke me an' little Miss Carline, an' I seed dat we had done stopped, an' ole Miss wuz leanin' out de winder talkin' to a solger, an' dayh wan' nuthin' but solgers everywhere. Some wuz racin' dyah horses up an' down, yethers wuz runnin' an' hollowin' an' some wuz on de grown'.

"I hyrd dem tell Uncle Abram dat he couldn't go no further kaze we wuz already on de overskirts uv de battle fiel' an' da tole miss dat ole marster wuz way off yonder somewhere. Den ole miss got out de kerrige an' tole Uncle Abram dat she wuz gwine look fur him, an' fur him to stay dyah till she got back."

"When me an' little Miss Carline got tired uv sittin' still we got out. I wuz standin' dyah holdin' dat chile, when I hyrd somebody callin', an' a little way off I seed a solger on de groun', settin' half up an' half down, an' he wuz beckonin' to me. When I went to him he sade, 'Help me up an' gim me my rifle.' I put little Miss Carline down, an' wuz gwine lif' him up when he fell back, an' I saw wildness in his eyes. Jes den a pack uv solgers come by runnin' 'long side uv a wagon an' shoutin', 'Clear de way! Clear de way!' An' da picked him up an' put him in wid de yethers, an' da ax me what I wuz doin' dyah an' when I sade I wuz watin' fur de battle to decease, one called out dat de battle wuz over.

"I wuz awful skeered kaze de way wuz blocked up an' I couldn't see no kerrige, an' when I tried to git back da mos' run over me an' sade, 'Git out de way, 'oman! What yo' doin' heah?' Den I went way out on de edge an' sot down on a log. It wuz gittin' dusky an' little Miss Carline gin to cry kaze she wuz hongry. I thanked de Lord dat he had put it in my mine to tuck a biscuit in my pocket 'fo' I got out de kerrige, an' she munched on dat till she went to sleep. I wuz feared to put her down kaze I sade to myself, yo' done los' everything else an' yo' better hole on to de chile. So I laid her 'cross my lap, an' wuz jes' goin' off in a snatch sleep myself when I hyrd a moan, like somebody wuz in trouble. When it kept continuin', I got up an' followed de soun', pickin' my way by de dade bodies till I foun' a man on de groun' moanin' an' axin' fur water. I ain't got none, I tole him, but may be I ken fine some. I searched de canteens layin' 'roun' an' foun' one an' fotched it to him. Presently he whispered, 'I is better now, an' I must go.' And he tried to git up. I seed dat his strength wuz mos' gone, an' I tole him dat he wuz too weak to move an' mus' keep still, but he kept sayin' he mus' git up or de battle would be los'. I tole him dis battle is over, an' de battle uv life is mos' over, too, an' yo' ain't got much time 'lowed yo' now to make yo' peace wid yo' Maker, yo' mus' qualify yo' mine to pray, an' I gwine pray wid yo'. He wouldn't heah nothin' I had to say, an' got mad, an' sade, 'Help me up, don' yo, know I is on my way to de front?' Yo' is on yo' way to heaven, I tole him, pray dat yo' may enter in at de strait gate. He didn't 'pear to listen, but tried to git up, an' reached 'roun' wid his han's to fine suthin', but he couldn't do nuthin', an' fell back heavy. When I looked

at him ag'in I seed dat he done pass over Jurdon.

"All dis time another one wuz moanin' an axin' fur water, too, an' when I lifted him up to give him some I saw de light uv heaven in his face, fur de moon wuz shinin' jes' like day. He tried to speak, but he couldn't. I laid little Miss Carline down on de groun' an' smoothed de hair frum his wet forehead, an' rubbed his han's an' tried to 'courage him, kaze he wan' nuthin' but a boy. Den I sade to him, Yo' is gwine home, honey, yo' is mos' dyah an' de angels is beckenin' yo' to come. Dyah ain't nuthin' to be feared uv fur de great Shepherd is allurs watchin' over de lambs, an' yo' po' chile ain't nuthin' but a lamb. Dis kine Shepherd is gwine to take yo' in his arms an' bear yo' safe into de promised lan'. At fus' he looked frightened, but when I continued to talk an' pray he got qualified. He didn't try to talk no mo', but lay still while I wuz singin':—

"'Swing low sweet chariot
An' carry me home.'

"I didn't heah nuthin' till suthin' shook me hard, an' ax, 'Who is dis?' It's me, I answer de man, an' dis is little Miss Carline.

"'What yo' doin' heah, 'oman? Yo' ain't no charity sister.'

"I don't keer if I ain't, I answer. I'm a sister in Christ an' I been helpin' dese po' souls to fine de heavenly road. Dis heah one done jes' pass through de golden gate. I mos' hyrd de angels singin' when da seed him comin'.

"'Yo better git out de way,' he 'clare, 'de ambulance is comin', an' we is in a hurry.'

"I took up little Miss Carline an' comed away. I climbed up a long hill to some trees an' laid her down. When I looked down on de battle field I saw dat it wuz all dark, de moon had gone in mournin' under a dense black cloud, jes' like it were a human creater.

"Den I sade to myself, De Lord is our light in darkness, he ain't neither slumberin' nor sleepin', but jes' watchin', yes, he is watchin' over dis sufferin' camp to-night, an' he is gwine to watch over me an' little Miss Carline too, bless his holy name. Den I laid down. When I woke up de sun wuz shinin' an' little Miss Carline wuz cryin'. De reason wuz dat she were hongry, an' I didn't have a mouffull to give her to eat. I wuz hongry too, kaze I didn't have no supper. I tried to qualify de chile as I toted her down de hill. Done yo' cry, honey, I tole her, don' yo cry no' mo, kaze Mammy gwine git yo' suthin' to eat right away but I didn't see nuthin', things wuz all heaped about, an' dyah wan' nuthin' roun' but silence. I walked on an' on, over broken swords an' guns an' hats an' coats an' all sorts uv things, till I got to a clear place. Den I put little Miss Carline down an let her walk kaze she wuz very heavy fur a small light chile, an' we went on' an on, keepin' to de overskirts uv de field. When de chile cried ag'in I took her up an' kep' sayin', Yo' gwine have suthin' to eat soon, honey, deed yo' is; but I didn't know what to do 'ceptin' to keep on prayin' to de Lord to help me.

"By dis time I noticed dat we wuz followin' cart tracks an' dat my prayer wuz answered, fur right dyah befo' me on de groun' wuz a piece uv brade. I made little Miss Carline kneel down wid me an' give thanks to the great Giver, an' we bof ate some an' I put some in my pocket fur de chile in case we didn't git nowhere nor fine no mo'.

"Bime-by we comed to a real road, an' den I gived right out an' set down wid de chile sleep on my lap. I knowd dat de Lord had fetched me heah an' dat He wan' one uv dem kine dat gits tired uv helpin' yo', an' passes over on de yether side, an' I wuz still trustin' in Him when my hade got so heavy dat it wouldn't stan' up no mo' but fell down on my ches'! I don't know how long it were when I hyrd a big rumbling noise, an' dyah come a man drivin' a wagon. I axed him to stop an' tole him 'bout me an' little Miss Carline gittin' los'. He wuz a kine man an' sade he could take us mos' to our do', kaze he knowd where it were, but dat all dat part uv de country had

been 'bolished. De reason why wuz dat when de battle wuz ceased, de vanquished enemy sliped 'round' de corner when wan' nobody noticin', an' got intermixed behin', an' in dat way strayed mos' everywhere stealin' an' 'stroyin'. I wuz so upset 'bout gittin' home dat I didn't take in de significence uv what he sade. When he tole us we wuz dyah an' put us out de wagon I couldn't help sayin' to de chile, though she wuz 'sleep: 'What yo' 'spose dat triflin' no count man done lef all we heah fur? Dat house I see ain't my home wid one chimbly an' piece uv de roof gone, an' de fence all layin' low wid jes' two big marble posses standin', an' where is all dem lovely flowers an scrubs gone?'

"While I wuz standin' dyah cultivatin' my mine to fine out where I actually were, Miss 'Lizabeth come a runnin' out de house an' snatched little Miss Carline frum me an' run back callin' to me to come, too. When I got in de house da wuz all 'joicing over little Miss Carline an' holdin' a salutation as to what wuz bes' to be done, kaze da sade dat ole miss had hardly got back home an' in de house when a bom shell struck de house an' de whole place wuz run over by de palitia, an' though da didn't tech nuthin' in de house ner hurt nobody, ole miss wuz so overcome by it an' likewise by de losin' uv me an' little Miss Carline dat she wuz ragin' in her bade an' didn't know herself nor nobody else. At las' da 'cided dat it might instigate her mine if da took me an' little Miss Carline in to see her, but she didn't recognize dat innocent chile nor me no mo' den if we had been angels frum heaven."

Here Mammy paused to yawn. She was evidently getting tired, for when she spoke again she said,

"Now I mus' drap de subjec' right heah; I done promise Miss Carline dat I wan' gwine drag dem dark days to de light no mo' an' I done stop thinkin' 'bout it 'cusin' when it will ooze up in my mine an' I 'members how dat pallace uv a place down ole home wuz reduced till dyah wan' nuthin' much lef' but de bare house, kaze de bullets come down upon it same as hail frum a thunder storm, an' added to dat when we digged up de boxes uv lace curtains an' velvich hangin's an' all de bes' close, dyah wan' nuthin' dyah but a heap uv mildew an' rus', even de chillun's dolls an' yether playthings all had vanquished into suthin' else."

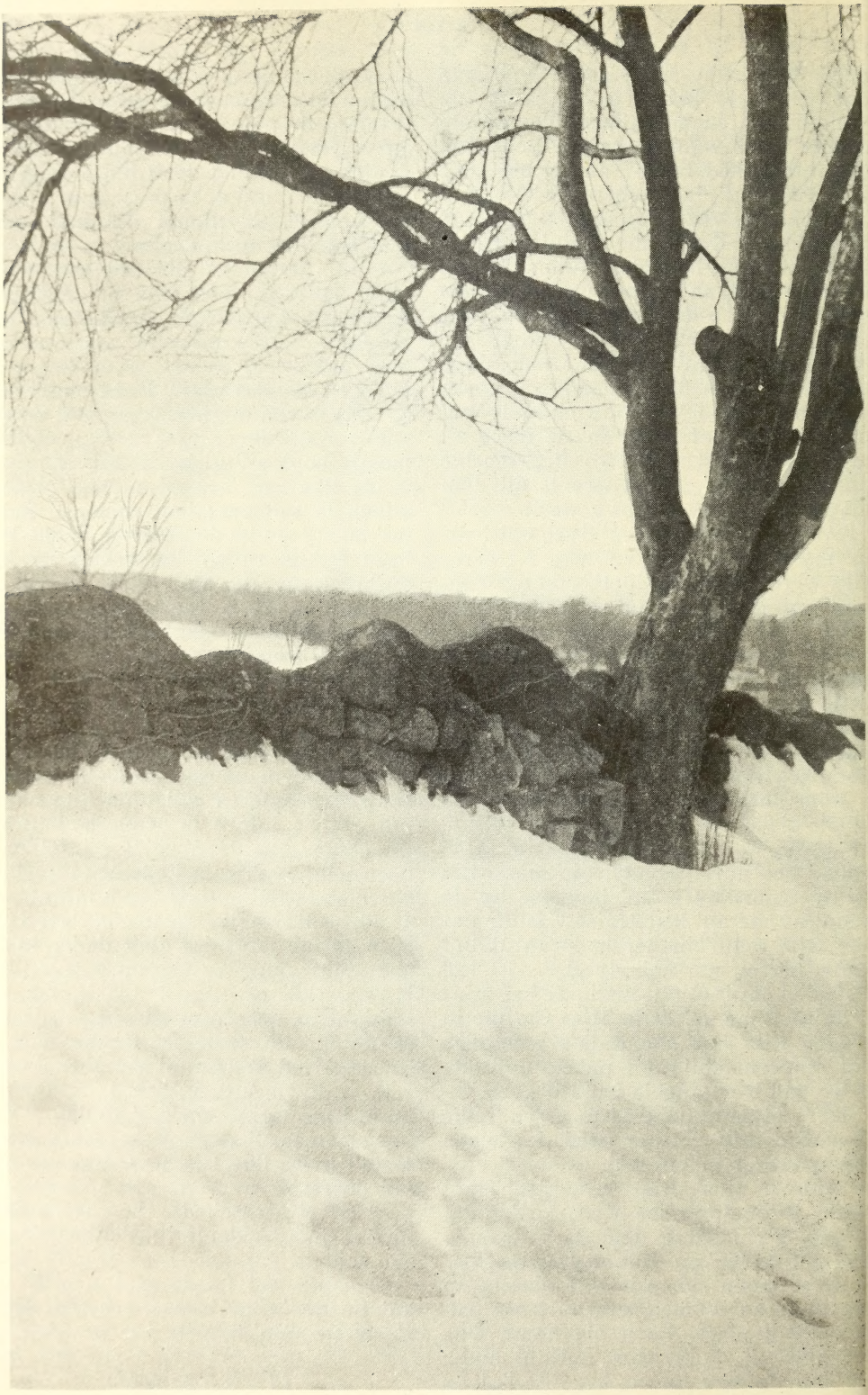
"But, Mammy," pleaded the interested listener, who was not satisfied with such an abrupt conclusion, "tell me first, did ole miss die? and was she very old?"

"My ole miss ole? Deed she wan', but she wuz a mighty sagacious 'oman, she raised 'leven growed-up chillun mostly boys an' girls an' Miss Carline is jes' like her, 'scusin' our las' chillun which is twinzes; howsomever, da is jes' de same like de yether. What I is been talkin' to yo' 'bout wuz de fus outbreak uv de war, an' we lived through many a ragin' battle 'fo' it wuz subdued. I wan' ole den, not till I turned 'roun' de corner, neither wuz ole miss, but we wuz bleged to give her dat epitaph kaze dah wuz so many yethers both sons an' daughters, likewise ole marster, who had to be signified. In dem days it wan' 'lowed no colored people to call no white chile, not even a infunt in arms, bedout an attachment to dyah names, jes like I been tellin' yo' 'bout little Miss Carline when she wan' nuthin' but a infunt, an' she has been miss up to dis day. No indeed! my ole miss ain't dade, an' if she ain't young as she once wuz, she is standin' up down ole home as straight as an arrow wid her hade up in de air de same as if she wuz a queen, 'deed she is, an' she ain't gwine take it down nuther; but de time ain't 'lowed me to say no mo' to-day. Yo' is welcome, an' some yether time when I ain't busy, like I is now, I gwine tell yo' de res'."

Mammy watched the retreating figure, then suddenly roused herself, as she said:

"Dyah, now! I sade so; I mus' git up an' bustle 'round' kaze I heahs Miss Carline comin' now."

(To be continued)



A SOLITARY TREE AGAINST A STORMY SKY

Outdoors with a Camera in Winter

By L. W. BROWNELL

WHY is it, I wonder, that so many amateur photographers lay aside their cameras with the advent of cold weather and never take them up again until the winter season has passed. Is it that they fear the cold or that they really think that there is nothing out of doors, in the winter time, worth the trouble of photographing? If the latter is the reason, then are they most wofully mistaken in their ideas and must be devoid of all sense of the beautiful in nature, for really the winter season offers better opportunities for truly beautiful landscape photographs than does the summer time, and this is particularly true when the snow is lying deepest upon the ground.

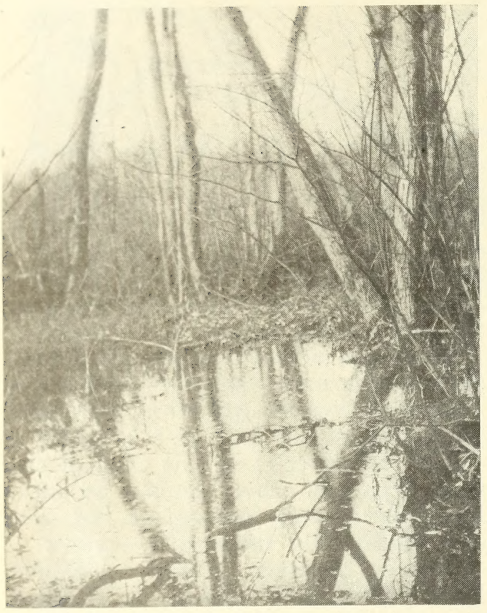
Unfortunately our cameras cannot be made to photograph the winter winds that sough drearily through the pines or whistle about the eaves of our country houses. Those winds that are a part of winter, that seem to penetrate even the stoutest overcoat and cause our ears and fingers to tingle, making us glad of the opportunity of sitting close to an open fireplace and equally disgusted when necessity calls us out of doors. They can, however, be made to reproduce the conditions of a wintry landscape so faithfully that we can, with the aid of but a very little imagination, almost feel the cold and desolateness when we look at the picture.

But all winter scenes are not dreary or desolate, by any means, although those that contain a note of unresponsive coldness and cheerlessness are the ones that show us most truly the spirit of winter and, to me, those pictures that sound this note the strongest are the ones that appeal most, as, on the other hand, do those summer scenes that accentuate the cheerful warmth of that season.

Winter is not altogether the dreary season that many suppose, and those who wish for an opportunity to take photographs can find just as great a wealth of material at this time of the year as at any other, but not by staying indoors and looking at the outside world only through a window.

Winter, however, is hardly the time for experimenting afield, for numbed fingers and ice-cold feet are hardly conducive to artistic feeling. I, therefore, should advise anyone who wishes to attempt winter photography to know the picture he wishes to take and just where and how he is going to obtain it before starting out. It will save many wasted plates and much wear and tear on one's patience. Do not go out on an exploring expedition with your camera, when the mercury is ranging around the freezing point, in the hopes of finding some scene worthy of being immortalized. If you do you will, in all probability, return with just as many unexposed plates as you started out with, or if, in desperation, you make some exposures, the resulting negatives will, doubtless, prove practically worthless. Much better to be always on the lookout for promising material and when such is found it is an easy matter to return to it when the conditions are such as to give the best results.

Remember that there are many things that go to make an artistic production. Composition alone does not make it, but the masses of light and shade and the atmospheric conditions must all be taken into consideration. The snow and the sun are two



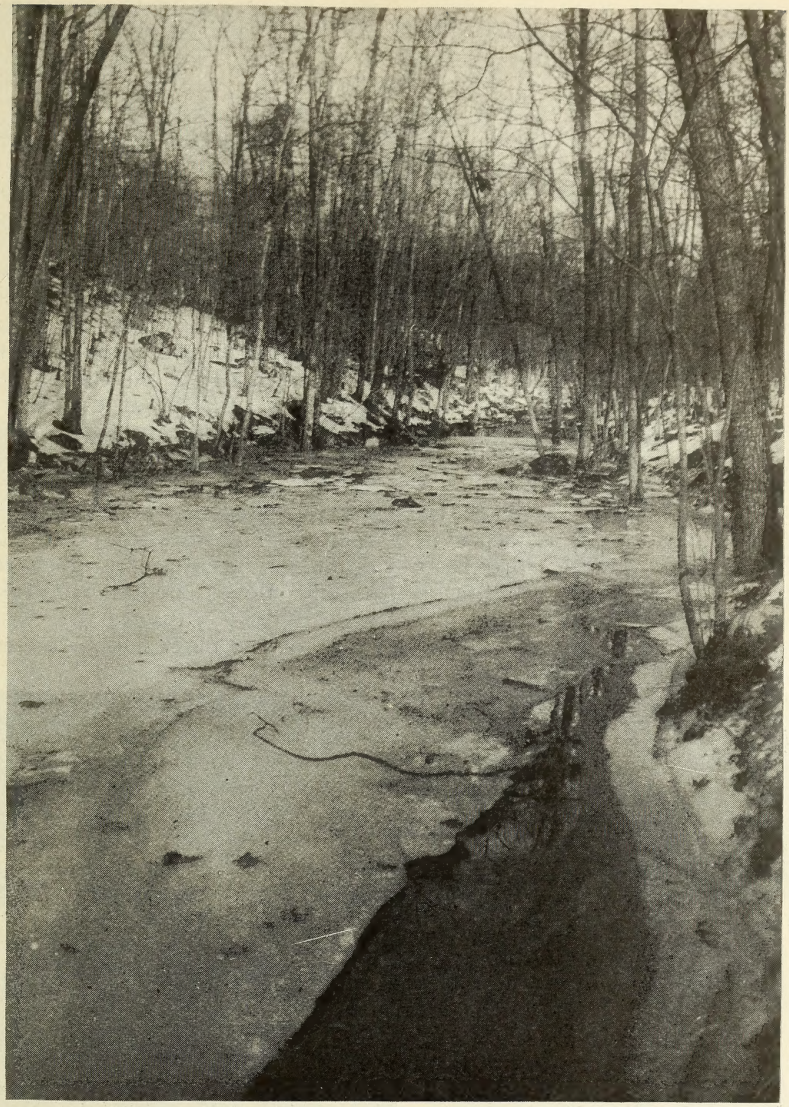
THE SWAMP IN WINTER

mighty transformers of a landscape, and one that in the summer would make a most ordinary picture may make one or rare beauty when the snow is on the ground. It is also true that that scene which we would pass by on one day without so much as giving it a second glance, may upon the day following, under different conditions of light and atmospheric effect, show us a picture that we will hasten to catch upon our sensitive plate. So it is that we must always be upon the lookout if we would get things that are really good and even then, when we think that we have found them, it is not well to be in too much of a hurry to make the exposure, but we should study the scene from different points of view and under different conditions of light, until we discover just the proper place and time that will give the best effects.

Owing to the fact that the winter season, at its best, is not conducive to entire comfort in outdoor work, it is well that the apparatus should be as simple as possible, so that after the subject is chosen the process of taking the picture will occupy but little time. The ordinary hand camera of a fixed focus may be used to advantage in this class of work by one who is perfectly familiar with its possibilities and knows its limitations. The films he should develop himself, however, if he wishes to get the best quality of negatives from them. The stock dealer, who does developing, more often works with the end in view of turning out the work as quickly as possible rather than of turning out the best negatives possible and, by using too strong developers, his finished negatives almost invariably are too contrasty, causing the snow in the finished print to appear too white and all shadows and dark objects too black. This, of course, is fatal to all delicacy, which is one of the chief beauties of a snow picture.

If a stand camera is used, as it must be if large pictures are desired, I should advise the ordinary view camera as being less bulky to carry and more easily and quickly manipulated than any other style. It is truly remarkable how quickly fingers that were perfectly warm become painfully cold and numb when manipulating the thumb-screws of a camera even though they be protected by gloves, and so it is advisable to use a camera that needs as little of this manipulating as possible.

The lens used is immaterial and the more expensive, rapid ones give no advantage over those that are slower and less costly, for, owing to the fact that the reflection from the snow intensifies the light, even the slowest lens is fast enough for an instantaneous exposure. The ordinary rectilinear lens will be found to answer every purpose and even prove superior to the more modern anastigmat, for the fact that the outlines in the picture are not absolutely sharp and well-defined enhances rather than detracts from the artistic qualities of the production. A convertible lens, of course, gives the advantage of two lenses in one and the rear combination used alone will often give what it will be found impossible to obtain with the complete lens.



THE WINTER DRESS OF A WOODS BROOK

The shutter should be of the simplest design, for, owing to the fact that the cold contracts the metal parts, the more complicated ones often get out of order in the winter and cause serious inconvenience. From the same cause all shutters invariably work considerably slower in the cold weather than in the warm and this must be taken into consideration when judging of the length of exposure to be given.

As to the proper plate to use the very best results are obtained on a non-halation, orthochromatic plate of medium speed. Also the use of the ray filter, or color screen, is advisable in a good many cases, although not by any means indispensable.

In case all my readers should not know the properties of a color screen I will say that it tends to preserve the proper relation of tone values when

used in conjunction with the orthochromatic plate. We all know that a photograph taken on an ordinary plate reproduces the sky as a clear, glaring white and we all, also, know that this is not true to nature. Blue is much darker in tone than white, but not enough to make any difference on an ordinary plate. It does, however, make a difference on an orthochromatic plate when the color screen is used. Snow is not pure white, although under the dazzling light of the sun it appears so to the naked eye, but when looked at in the shadows or through the medium of a camera it will be seen that there are strong blue reflections in it. This fact I find most people loath to accept, for it rather knocks to pieces the old idea that snow must be the criterion of whiteness. It is, however, undeniable, as any one can prove for themselves. The camera with the ordinary plate still sticks by the old idea and even sometimes refuses to show any differences in the shadows. This fault is corrected by the use of the ray filter.

Outdoor winter photography can properly be divided into two classes: Landscape without snow and landscape with snow. The last class to most will probably be the most interesting as offering the greater possibilities in the way of artistic results. Do not be overzealous in your work, however, and snap any and everywhere. Choose your subjects with care and consideration and remember that half a dozen really good things are worth hundreds of poor or ordinary ones.

The early morning or late afternoon are the best times for snow pictures, as then the shadows are lying longest, making pleasing masses of light and shade. The foreground is often the point of greatest interest and this should never be an unbroken and meaningless expanse of white. In some of the most successful and beau-



THE DAM IN WINTER

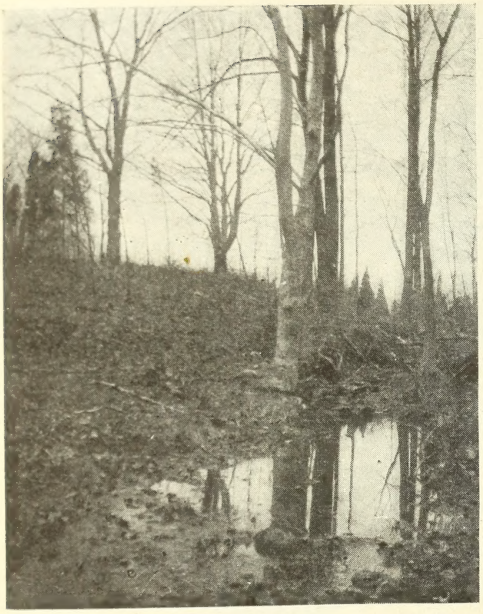


JUST A WINTER SUGGESTION

tifu snow pictures the shadows and gra tions of tone on the snow furnish most of the interest.

In recent monograph written upon snow hotography, the writer gives some ry excellent advice as to compositi and choice of subject which I can no better than to quote. He says, in art, that probably in no other kind of ndscape is there such an opportuni for variety of composition and arr ement, but it should be remember that simplicity gives strength d character to a picture. Amid su a profusion of material selection st play an important part. Stretches foreground broken by the shadows o ees, stone walls or fences partly cov d by snow or ice; the rounded or rving banks of a brook; the snow-laden branch of an evergreen; a shoveled pathway to a gate or door, all or any of these will often furnish for themselves material for a picture or give the needed touch to the composition. In all outdoor work simplicity must be the keynote.

Never try to crowd too much into one picture and be sure that what is included is harmonious. Try what may be done with such simple material as a few dead, seed laden stalks of goldenrod projecting above the snow, or an expanse of snow with one solitary tree against a stormy sky. Newly fallen snow often requires to be broken up in some way for pictorial effect and the practice of walking once or twice across the foreground is often resorted to. One should determine



NOVEMBER WOODS

carefully before doing this just where the tracks should be to give the desired lines in the picture, for after they are once made it is impossible to obliterate them. A small bush transplanted and stuck in the snow at some point may break up helpfully a too monotonous expanse of white, and any number of such little dodges will occur to one in actual experience and can be utilized ofttimes to great advantage.

A fallacy to which most beginners in photography are apt to become victims is that the camera cannot be pointed toward the sun and a good result obtained. Take your camera out some day, fearlessly point it toward the sun and make an exposure, go home, develop the plate, and see what result you have. Often most beautiful effects are thus obtained. There is only one thing to bear in mind in doing this and that is that the direct rays of the sun's light must not enter the lens. By careful shading of the lens, however, it is possible to work almost directly against the sun and long and effective shadows may be had in this way. This is the manner in which nearly all so-called moonlight scenes are made.

If the trunks of trees or other dark objects form part of the composition and true pictorial effect is desired they should be rendered in their proper tone and appear in the picture in their correct relative values and not as perfectly black objects. By working when the light is somewhat weak, as it is in the early morning or late afternoon, and giving sufficient exposure and careful development, but little trouble should be experienced in keeping the extremes of tones within the limits of an agreeable contrast.

The exposure necessary for a winter landscape, when the sun is shining, is, of course, much less than would be required for the same landscape in the summer, for, although the rays of the sun are weaker, the light is so greatly intensified by reflection from the snow that it is considerably stronger. This must be taken into consideration when making a picture, but a full exposure is necessary in order to get the full tone values correct. However, what is about the correct time is more easily learned from experience than by all the rules that were ever laid down.

Some of the most beautiful winter effects are obtained during a snow storm, but this style of work should only be attempted when the snow is falling slowly and in large flakes, as it is necessary to have some dark object in the background, such as trees, buildings, etc., in order that the flakes of snow may stand out more clearly than they otherwise would and be distinct enough to be seen and understood. The camera should never be held or placed directly in the storm without any protection. This is not only bad for the camera but also for the picture, as it usually results in blurred streaks appearing on the picture caused by snow falling too close to the lens. This can be avoided by placing the camera under some covering such as an awning, porch or shed, even by holding an umbrella over so that there is some considerable clear space between the lens and the falling snow.



ACROSS THE SNOW COVERED FIELDS

A rapid plate should be used without the ray filter and an exposure ranging from 1-10 to 1-50 of a second given according to the light. The lens should be focused upon some object in the foreground thus throwing distant objects somewhat out of focus, which tends to add general effectiveness to the picture, making it appear as if the distant objects were obscured by the falling snow.

Most beautiful, genuine moonlight scenes can be taken when the snow is on the ground, the exposure ranging from about five minutes, in the case of an open landscape when the moonlight is very bright, to half an hour when the light is not so intense and the picture includes a large number of dark objects, such as evergreen trees, houses, etc., in its makeup.

The External Feminine

By JANE ORTH

QUITE by accident, I was permitted to attend a fitting session in the rooms of a very exclusive Boston dressmaker. The patron who granted me the blessed privilege was having fitted a panne velvet costume. The color was that of newly dug clay with braid trimmings of grass green. A one-piece frock it was, with a long line coat of self material with the same shade of green braid trimming and very yellow brass buttons. Yellow kid gloves and a hat of clay-colored velvet with orange aigrettes were to complete this toilette.

Then, too, an exquisitely lovely gown of azure blue crepe de chene was slipped upon the snowy shoulders of my acquaintance. The model was semi-empire and the edge of the square, low neck was filled in with gold net, glittering with gold embroidery. The sleeves were short and easy fitting. Butterflies of the gold net and embroidery waylaid the swirling folds that fell from the shoulders of the gown.

I was told that folds of flannel were encased in the hem of this garment to hold it down—so much more satisfactory than shot or weights.

When the fittings were at an end the modiste led us to another room, and after a swish and swirl of tissue paper, we were allowed a glimpse of a white satin and net robe. The drapery was high at the corsage and fell in graceful abandon to the feet. The sleeves were of white tulle caught here and there with tiny crystal ornaments. Another gown about to be sent home was shown us. It was a black net over a coral silk slip. The sleeves were short and banded with lines of black velvet ribbon. The top of the rounded corsage was finished with the same width of ribbon. A cluster of carnations was destined to complete the creation.

A very handsome velvet carriage robe was shown us, trimmed with huge crystal buttons. Velvet seems to have the right of way at present. Saw a velvet costume yesterday. It was trimmed with brown fur of some sort. The skirt was very long and edged with the fur. A small velvet turban, bordered with the fur, was worn with this costume. Another velvet costume worthy of mention is an afternoon model with a long, sweeping skirt and loose coat with wide revers. The top of coat open sufficiently to show a fluffing of yellow chiffon.

A crystal evening gown was shown to me by the Boylston modiste. It was made over a slip of ivory taffeta. The crystal trimming was running perpendicularly from corsage to hem. Between the robe and slip, below the knees, was draped a wide fold of yellow chiffon. The sleeves were short and bound with the crystal trimming.

Another evening gown of queer blue silk cashmere, draped and draped and finished with gilt trimming, with a fold of sage green velvet between the material and the gilt trimming. The sleeves of this gown were short with full folds of the cashmere falling from the elbow.

An old rose broacloth gown, square neck and trimmed with dainty, gold stuffbraid, and with a general Russian blouse effect, bids fair to be copied by those who can have seen it. The sleeves are very full and restrained with wide, turnover cuffs of the broadcloth, heavily stitched.

For morning wear, black cloth prin-

cess robes are in favor. One side of the back overlaps the other from neck to hem in a slanting line, the overlapping edge is finished with a narrow band of broadtail. Small hats with drooping feathers seem to be the accepted headgear with which to complete this attractive toilette.

Blue serge holds its own firmly this season. Many walking costumes are made of it.

One-piece robes with very long coats and the coats are finished around the bottom with narrow bands of skunks' fur. The coats are semi-fitting, with slashed sides with the fur running up the openings. These garments open on the left side and are closed with large loops and some sort of frog edged with skunk fur.

Velvet, velvet everywhere. The Russian skating costume, a modified version in black, blue, green, and brown velvet are worn for street wear. The skirt is short and bordered with martin fur. The coat is fairly long and trimmed generously with the fur. Fur turbans with huge muffs are worn with this sort of costume.

Black velvet is worn for evening wear, principally in princess fashion, severely so. The only relief being a wide bertha of real lace.

Long fur coats are to-day a universal necessity. The society woman and the wage-earner alike are enveloped to the throat in a long, fur or fur-lined coat. Priceless or at least very priceful pelts and the cheapest made fur are everywhere in demand.

Of course there are a multitude of other top coats for fashionable wear. The panne velvet ones trimmed with moleskin and other furs, comfortably lined with soft satin and having huge inside pockets. Others of moire, made full length and having fur on the collar, cuffs and down the front.

A very effective morning costume, Drecoll model, is of dark blue broadcloth. The overskirt is short in front and falls cascade like to the hem in the back. The folds are kept in place by weights. The waist has an Eton effect in front and a frill of Persian net



falls from the neck to the bust line. There is a narrow yoke of self-colored net and the sleeves are cloth to the elbows and net down to the wrists.

Suede Gloves in Fashion

Suede is the correct thing in gloves this season. The street glove is heavy with wide stitching. Those for evening wear are lighter in texture and the popular color is a sharp yellow.

Fabrics for Spring Wear

Smooth gray mixtures will be worn this spring. Many of the weaves will have faint green, blue and lavender stripes. Others have mere flecks of color introduced through some whimsical method in the weaving. There is also a solid gray, loosely woven in rough patterns, which will be made up in the strictly mannish street costume. Then, too, there are tones of solid gray that are very soft and rich; these will be used for the more dressy costumes.

Black and white combinations, checks and stripes, chiefly stripes, will be worn in the early spring. Even in the silks and voiles, panama, gingham and lawn, the checks and stripes in black and white prevail.

Whipcords are on their way for the spring season. It will be used for separate coats and suits and riding habits. It is an extremely rugged material, standing no end of harsh wear.

Voiles in black and plenty of grays have their place in the sartorial schedule.

The voile line includes many novelties, such as diagonal effects obtained by sheer lacy stripes woven in the goods so that the diagonal lines are more transparent than the rest of the material.

Among the new silks the Jacquard designs are most prominent in the foulard and pongee and in many of the silk and cotton weaves.

Cotton fabrics, the new ones, appear in rough and coarse weaves, such as rajah effects, pongee, ramie and Shantung. The cottons are very progressive and appear in excellent imitation of the silk and linen novelties for summer wear. We hear of cotton taffeta, cotton voile, cotton suitings, all of which are pleasingly deceptive.

A fabric that promises to be again fashionable is the ramie linen of last year. It is a coarse and crash-like material; a cotton material of the same nature is also being brought out in soft colorings. This fabric it is said will not crease easily.

Cotton voile in pinchecks of soft colors will be worn this summer. Many of these will be made up over slips of light weight taffeta.

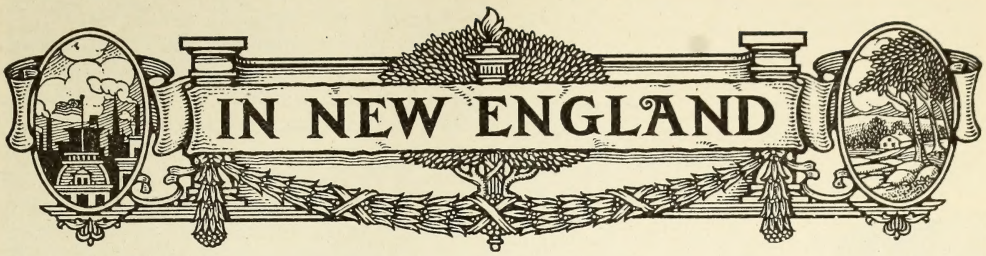
For lining use, silk is still the favored fabric. I heard a very fashionable dressmaker declare to her patron, a day or two ago: "Do not ask me to use any more lawn linings, I cannot do justice to myself or to you with the flimsy stuff. You must allow me to make your linings of silk."

For petticoats, too, silk holds its own. No matter how many times the treacherous taffeta will play us false, we try again.

WINTER

By ANNE PARTLAN

Fall softly, Snow,
Where leaves lay dead,
By sportive winds were tost.
Fall softly, Snow,
And shield the soul of Summer
From the frost.



THE BOSTON MAYORALTY SITUATION

The NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE is pleased to be able to give space to Mr. Hibbard's own story of his position as a candidate for the Mayoralty of Boston.

As present Mayor, Mr. Hibbard has a right to a fair and patient hearing. He has a right to insist that every voter accord him an opportunity to explain his position and defend his administration.

It is quite probable that he has been unfairly dealt with by party leaders, including men in high official positions. We have no desire to defend these men or their methods, even though it is true that politics is a cold game and some men manage to get hold of the chilly end of it.

Still, admitting that there has been a good deal of personal unfairness to Mr. Hibbard, the Mayoralty of Boston is not a personal matter.

The present situation is acute. The adoption of new and radical methods of nomination have left the shrewdest politicians guessing as to the outcome.

The whole question of good government for Boston for the next few years would seem to be at stake. Good government depends not only on the man at the head of the administration, but, to a very important extent, on the forces that are behind him.

As was anticipated, the situation is suffering from a plethora of candidates of the personally endorsable class. The danger is that the good government vote will be so divided between them that the candidacy which to the minds of the business community stands for all that was bad in the old regime will triumph.

A somewhat amusing feature of the situation is that each of the other nominees attempts to prove that he is the logical anti-Fitzgerald candidate!

All this goes to show that the plain voters must watch the situation as it develops during the final days of the campaign and unite on that one of the reform candidates who seems to have the strongest backing and the highest chance of winning. The interests of good government in Boston appear to demand this usually somewhat equivocal attitude.

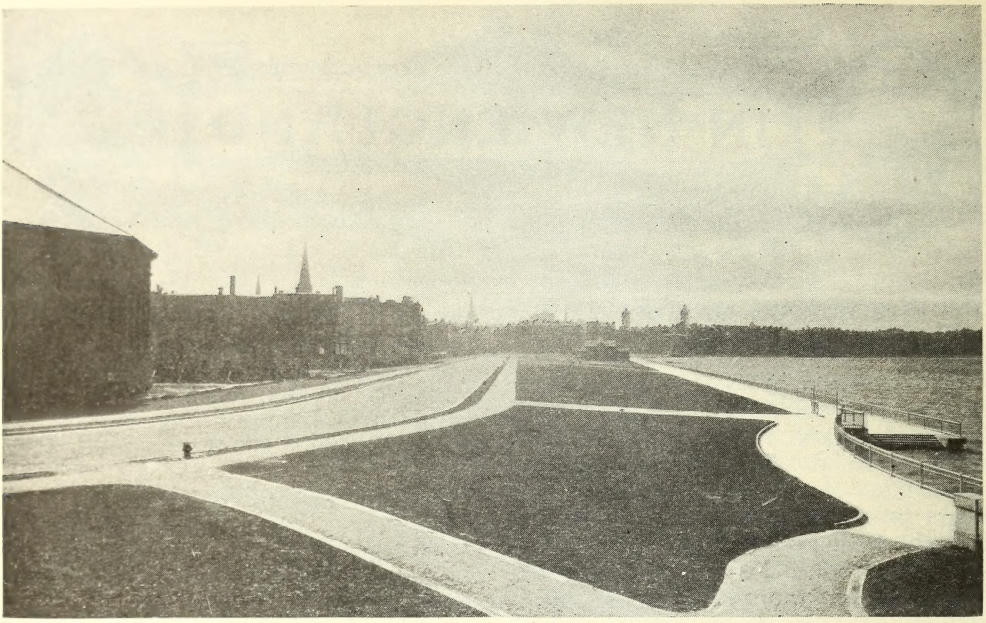
BOSTON AND THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC

The Boston of to-day is a great city —a huge modern metropolis, with all which that signifies of congestion, poverty, social unrest, tropical artificiality, and the terrible struggle for the survival of the fittest.

But the Boston of the average Bostonian's mental conception is the quiet old town of a quarter of a century ago. Many of our laws are suited only to conditions already antique.

This is notably the case with regard to the laws for protection against social vice. They were enacted twenty-five years ago and the conditions which they were framed to meet have ceased to exist. Other and more terrible conditions are upon us, and the demand for new and more drastic legislation is one that our law-makers must no longer ignore.

Not only so, but the moral sense of the community has undergone consid-



VIEW OF THE CHARLES RIVER BANK FROM THE NEW BRIDGE

erable enlightenment in the last decade on this subject.

The old claim that social vice and places of evil resort are a "necessity," no longer holds. Misstatements as to supposed physical necessities, which every decent man always knew to be a lie, are not only denied but denounced by the educated element in the medical profession.

Boston is behind the times in its legislation on this subject. Beacon Hill must give us a suitable law without delay and our honorable excise board and police commissioners must understand that the law is to be enforced.

THE CHARLES RIVER BASIN AND BOSTON EMBANKMENT

We are showing with this a photograph of a nearly completed section of the Boston Embankment of the Charles River Basin. It conveys a forcible impression of the beauty of the completed work, but it can give no idea of the enormous improvement effected, for the former condition is already a fading memory.

Planned primarily to save to the city the landscape possibilities of our beautiful river, the commercial value of the improvement is beginning to assume astonishing proportions.

It always pays to do a good thing and to do it thoroughly.

Not the least pleasing feature of that portion of the improvement which we have chosen to represent, is that it is wrought on the border not of an aristocratic residence district, but of what is rapidly becoming the most congested district of the city. This gives it added civic significance and constitutes it the first step in a long series of steps that Boston must take for the long-neglected poorer sections of the city.

YALE COLLEGE IN CHINA

The Yale Club of Boston turned out in large numbers a month ago to listen to Walter Camp, Yale's well-known athletic coach. But their enthusiasm on that occasion was not greater than when they assembled, considerably over one hundred of them, at the City Club last week to hear the story of

what Yale men are doing in China. D. Brewer Eddy ('98) of the American Board described the beginnings of the movement to plant a Yale in the Chinese Empire; William H. Sallmon ('94) told of what he had seen of educational work by American college men now in China; and John G. Magee ('05) gave some account of the students, now in Yale under appointment, preparing to go to that country. Pictures were thrown on the screen of the buildings of the Chinese Yale at Changsha, the capital of the great province of Hunan, with a population of twenty-two millions, and of college buildings at Tientsin, Pekin and other cities where foreign educators are working. There were pictures of students' rooms and playgrounds, of hospitals where scores of patients are treated daily, and of athletic teams wearing on their breasts the letters "Y. C." in blue. The story of the forty-eight boys of the Chinese "Yali" who won the greatest number of points in an athletic contest in which they took part with 1400 students of the Government universities, roused the same enthusiasm in the club as the stories of successful operations on patients in the hospitals and of patient and triumphant organizations of schools of higher learning with unpromising materials.—"The Congregationalist."

DIFFICULTY IN REGULATING RAGSHOPS

The increase of ragshops in Chelsea is causing apprehension among citizens who believe the conflagration last year was caused by the inflammable character of the sixty or more such establishments in the city. Notwithstanding regulations regarding ragshops adopted by the Board of Control soon after the fire, subsequent events have nullified practically all these rules and the city to-day is applying no restrictions to the establishment of shops. The Board of Control's ordinance required ragshops to be licensed by the chief of the fire department. The Supreme Court decided the ordinance unconstitutional, and Chairman McClintock announced that the Board of Control would at once draft a new ordinance to protect the city from the menace. This proposed new ordinance, however, has not been forthcoming. Meanwhile the rag dealers are taking advantage of the inactivity of the Board of Control in the matter. There are now in Chelsea about forty ragshops, or within twenty of the number that were there at the time of the conflagration.

LYNN CHARTER PREPARED

A voluntary association of citizens has framed a charter for Lynn, patterned after those of Haverhill and Gloucester, which will be presented to the Legislature. The Mayor is to be Commissioner of Safety, and as such will have control of the following departments: Police, fire, electrical, health, poor, legal, claims, weights and measures, city messenger and license commission.

NEW ENGLAND AND THE HETCH-HETCHY VALLEY

Congressional "log-rolling," like most ill-savored things, verges on the good. The golden-rule of doing unto others, etc., is not far away.

Particularly in such a matter as the saving of the Hetch-Hetchy Valley in California, can the congressmen of New England render assistance to their brethern of the Pacific Coast, remembering that it may not be long before they will need similar assistance from other parts of the country in efforts for the preservation of our own beautiful White Mountain District.

FORE-FATHERS' DAY IN NEW YORK CITY

Four hundred members of the New England Society of New York City gathered recently at the new Academy of Music in Brooklyn to celebrate Forefathers' Day. Elijah R. Kennedy, president of the society, was the toastmaster. Among the speakers was Judge Wendell Phillips Stafford of the supreme court of the District of Columbia.



A YEAR OF PROGRESS IN PHOTOGRAPHY

To many, perhaps to the majority, the application of the word "Art" to Photography smacks of shop-keeping commercialism and the selling of "high art specialties" on "our colossal bargain-counter offerings." And it must be admitted that most photographic work deserves such a classification.

The same was said of the early days of engraving on copper, wood, and steel. Plates that are now the prized possessions of the connoisseur were denounced as a vulgar cheapening of art. And we are still in the early days of photography. Each year perfects and simplifies the mechanism and brings the workman nearer to his work.

The sun is a great painter, the sensitive plate the most subtile of all mediums. Our work, thus far, with these delicate forces is as clumsy as if we undertook to engrave a copper plate with a mallet and chisel.

It is easy to admit that we have not left the mechanical stage, but what is the use of forever talking about a thing so obvious? The really important and consideration is that there are occasional gleams of something else.

The NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE has published photographs that we believe to be works of art. That is to say, the mere taking of the picture has been but a means to an end, and that end the expression of a subjective impression.

The year that has passed has, from that standpoint, been a productive one for photography. The very fact that there have been so few new developments in the *science* of photography has left a fruitful quiet. So-called "color photography" and all the fads have been somewhat in abeyance.

At the same time, the demand for creative work in photography is growing daily larger and more insistent. It is a demand that will certainly bring forth a supply.

Our reason for writing this editorial is that a prominent photographic journal recently published a statement to the effect that the year had been an unsatisfactory one. That, of course, was from the standpoint of new inventions.

It is just for that reason that from our standpoint it has been so satisfactory. So long as photographers are mere dabblers and putterers with the latest toys, there is no room for better things. We believe that the lull has been beneficial. We have found more men who were working seriously to produce not "artistic effects" but works of art by photography during the past year than ever before.



SERGEI RACHMANINOFF AT SYMPHONY HALL

It is an unusual thing to experience in the presence of a great Russian,—be he philosopher, diplomat, or musician,—nothing of the vehement "reactionary." It is even more unusual to be in the presence of a musician whose art is as subtly imaginative as it is profoundly serious and who can control your mental and emotional processes past the consciousness that it is music or a musician that you are concerned with, but rather that your sincerest mentality is summoned, that you are realizing emotion which is being intimately, but always sacredly, vitalized and a vivid and ever-changing imagery transports you hither and thither in retrospection and fancy.

Sergei Rachmaninoff, in his appearance with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in Symphony Hall on Dec. 18, conducted the orchestra in its performance of his Symphonic Poem for full orchestra, "The Island of the Dead," suggested by the picture by Arnold Bocklin. Excepting the Chicago per-

formance, this was the first time this work has been heard in America. Mr. Rachmaninoff also played his Second Concerto for Pianoforte with orchestra (also first time in Boston). His achievement was most convincingly expressive thought musically expressed; his means, repression—repression as to the manner of himself, —repression in the art—expression. There was not a moment of flamboyancy or sensationalism. He is not a radical Russian—there is naught of the aggressive. Rather, you are with a great soul whose life-experiences petition your own for sympathetic thought companionship. By all of this he becomes a unique personality and apart from the galaxy of exotic musical orchids, who represent so many egos raised to the nth power. He controlled the orchestra without a demonstrative effort, his playing was intensely masterful and never insolently virtuosic. The piano was his companion who played with him, for a time, in a wonderful experience and he had no desire to slap its face,

In the "Island of the Dead" there is a descending figure which is ever present throughout the first section of two hundred measures, and again in the final section. This may be the lap of the waves of a still-born sea against the brown rocks, and there is a chromatic swish of air through the tall cypresses and now and then there is a wail. But Rachmaninoff does not believe in program music. Look at the picture long enough and it creates an un-shapen imagery and mood, and Rachmaninoff has merely redone the thing in tone. It is all there—you must feel it and not re-shape it. Böcklin said, "It must produce such an effect of stillness that any one would be frightened to hear a knock on the door."

In the Symphonic Poem, as in the Concerto, the form of expression is never enigmatic and ever interesting. In his music, as in his face and himself, there is profound straightforward sincerity and a deep-souled humanism and he stands by his traditions. He wants none of the Oriental mysticism of his countryman, Balakirew, nor of the impressionism of the Neo-French. It is safe to say that no other composer, conductor, and pianist alive today is more deserving of profound respect.

The remaining numbers of the program were Brahms' "Tragic Overture" and Wagner's Prelude to "The Meistersingers," with Mr. Fielder conducting. The Prelude received a noticeably more flexible and buoyant rendition than two years ago.

Sometime in the near future the orchestra will revive Richard Strauss' "Don Quixote," which has not been heard here since Mr. Gericke's performance of it in 1902. Mr. Fielder is also endeavoring to obtain the manuscript of Strauss' very newest thing, "A Suite for Wood Winds." The Faust Symphony, using the choral number, as has not been done for fifteen years, will also appear this season.



AN UNUSUAL PLAY

Porter Browne's play, "A Fool There Was," which was put on at the Hollis Street Theatre, with Robert Hilliard in the principal role, is in many respects a unique production. It is classed as a "strong" play. That means that it deals with heavy passions and handles them in a tragic mood. It is not free from crudities and sudden drops from real tragedy to stage tragedy of the clap-trap order. The plot is the old triangle of husband, wife and other woman worked out with startling directness. A certain note of sincerity is a strong redeeming element which the play is fortunate in possessing.

It's presentation again demonstrates the well-known fact that the sympathies of the audience are pretty sure to follow the more likable character,



JOHN DREW WHO APPEARS AT THE HOLLIS STREET THEATRE

even though it be cast as a subordinate part. The friend in "A Fool There Was," had the hearts of the audience in spite of the general admiration of Mr. Hilliard's really wonderful acting of a disagreeable part.

At the Tremont, Eva Tanguay, heralded as the "highest salaried comedienne in the world," brought back "The Follies," this time, "of 1909." It was full of song hits and effective sets, and is the gayest of the gay. The audience included "everybody," and everybody was pleased and said "the best yet."

JANUARY ATTRACTIONS

One of the strong January attractions will be Margaret Anglin at the Colonial in a new play of the dramatized novel class. "The Awakening of Helena Richie," as a novel, was read with general interest, and as a play has had a successful run at the Savoy Theatre. There is little doubt of its success in Boston.

At the Hollis John Drew begins January 3rd an engagement in his greatest success, "Inconstant George," by the author of "Love Watches." This has been playing to large houses at the Empire Theatre, New York, and comes to Boston with the halo of success already achieved. Mr. Drew is one of our ablest actors, and always a prime favorite.

The "Man from Home" opens at the Park Theatre on the same date.

At the Boston Theatre "Bright Eyes" opens December 27th.



FIRESIDE FICTION

Here in New England at least Winter brings us a delightful fireside compulsion that not even the inheritance of a Puritan conscience can brand as an over-indulgence of the flesh. This gives us our easy-chair and our blazing hearth—but our fiction? Well, if conscience stiffens a little in the spine and takes on that expression which is supposed to characterize her here in New England, we are ready with our "Duty of Being Informed and Abreast of the Literature of the Day," with which reflection the moral spine relaxes and the eye softens.

For a blessed interval we may dip *ad libitum* into the enticing pages.

Perhaps it is H. G. Wells' "Ann Veronica," published by Harper and Brothers. This will be a good leader, for it justifies our defense, it is so very up-to-date, and deals with a problem—that unsolvable problem — the modern woman!

Of course everybody knows that the modern woman is a great issue. Ann is young, quite young, and wants to really live. The prudish father and the conventional aunt are obstacles. Why *will* fathers be prudish and aunts conventional? We quote:

"To think that is my father! Oh, my dear! He stood over me like a cliff; the thought of him nearly turned me aside from everything we have done. He was the social order; he was law and wisdom. And they come here, and they look at our furniture to see if it is good, and they are not glad, it does not stir them, that at last, at last we can dare to have children."

It is easy to smile at that; but do not smile too soon, for it is too often and too sadly true. Mr. Wells' book will be one of the "big" works of the day.

Here is another Harper publication—"Options," by O. Henry, which is announced as "practically an *edition de luxe* of O. Henry."

A bubbling humor and a fresh and vigorous characterization that puts every linguistic resource under contribution are O. Henry qualities that insure readability. A story to tell does the rest. The book is like a good stage comedy—a modern comedy that leans somewhat toward vaudeville. The book will increase the regular O. Henry audience—and it ought.

Cleverly and insistently egotistical, as a letter should be, are the "Letters of G. G.," which Henry Holt and Company bring out in a dainty little volume that is just right for holiday purposes and very good fireside company. Turn the backlog ever so little that we may have fuller enjoyment of its accumulated glow and we will browse a little.

"Don't talk to me about 'tears, idle tears!' Tears idle? Just listen here: If a child wants anything badly, what, from cradle up, does it do but cry for it? And doesn't it the better part of the time get it?" Feminine philosophy! "Does anyone but a Bohemian know the real pleasure of paying a bill?" But where, dear authoress, is the bill-paying Bohemian to be found?

"Like Diogenes, I have my little lantern—and I'm ransacking New York, not to find an honest man—I've found him, but what seems much more difficult, to spot out *where* are the happy people. Where do they hide themselves? Occasionally I see a woman who looks fairly contented—comfortable and fat; and sometimes a

man who has dined looks enormously entertained—but where are the people who are as happy as I am?"

Because you are happy, G. G., we will both read your letters and pass them on.

But here is something quite different: "The Ruinous Face," by Maurice Hewlett, after the antique in style and construction and Richard le Galliene modernity in spirit, and as to its material form, done into a decorative booklet with arabesque borders on each page and four photogravure reproductions of famous paintings. Of these various things, the affectation of the antique, the Galliene modernity, the illustrations and the borders, we like the last two. The book is published by Harper and Brothers.

Thackeraynian in dimensions, and in sound and in other ways, such as the fullness of the stage and the social breadth of view, is William De Morgan's "It Never Can Happen Again." The reading of it will last out more than one evening's hearth-glow. It is a story of English life, a story of to-day, a story with a plot and people and humor that smiles out everywhere.

"Lizarann Coupland did not know what her father's employment was; but she knew that every morning she saw him to the corner of Bladen Street, put his left hand on the palin's of number three, and left him to shift for himself. She was on honor not to watch him down Bladen Street, and she had a keen sense of honor." That is the opening sentence, and we will not intrude on the reader's enjoyment of what follows. But, by the way, what have the novelists of this season against fathers? But it is the fathers of pretty heroines that are shown up in all their heinousness, so that we need not complain. Our own are boys. And after all the father of a pretty young woman *is* a highly proper subject for anathema. "It Never Can Happen Again" is published by Henry Holt and Company.

On another evening you will be sure to pick up Thomas Nelson Page's "John Marvel, Assistant," which Scribners have saved from the desuetude of serialization. It is a story of to-day, a story of people up North and down South, which is the same as saying that it is in Thomas Nelson Page's best vein, and that is always very good indeed. The curtain rises on struggle and tragedy and falls on contentment and peace.

"The amassing of riches, not for use only, for display—vulgar beyond belief—the squandering of riches, not for good, but for evil, to gratify jaded appetites which never at their freshest craved anything but evil or folly, marks the lowest level of the shopkeeping intellect"—but you either have or will read the book.

From the Scribner list, also, we will be sure to select "Forty Minutes Late," by F. Hopkinson Smith. This, like "Options," is a collection of the typical productions of an eminent short-story writer — nine stories, punctuated by eight illustrations,—unusually good ones. According to established publishing etiquette, the title of the initial story is the title of the book.

Mr. Smith excells in the setting of his stories, or in making that setting vividly real. The art of which he is master is the art of the middle distance. He has a way of seeing good and lovable things, and presenting them with conscientious workmanship. We read without feeling either cheated or soiled. The fireside reader should save nine good evenings for these nine tales of to-day.

Moffat, Yard and Company present "The Trimming of Goosie," by James Hooper. "Goosie," it appears is Mr. Charles-Norton Sims, the matter to be trimmed are his incorrigible wings and the trimming is done by the cooing Mrs. Charles-Norton Sims.

Whether or not Goosie was worth the trimming, the process is lightly entertaining. We would label it, "To be read when very tired, or very much out of humor,"—and that is rather a useful kind of book to have around.



BOSTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

Editor NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

An important conference designed to follow up the work already accomplished by the Boston Chamber of Commerce for the still further improvement of the educational system in Massachusetts is to be held on the 13th of January, when prominent business men who are members of the Chamber will meet a number of the leading college presidents of Massachusetts. The design is to bring into close sympathy and co-operation the man of affairs and the professional educator, with the object of adapting more specifically to the modern needs of business the courses of study at our higher institutions of learning. The committee on education of the Boston Chamber of Commerce believes that an important movement already under way may be further aided by demonstrating the interest of business men in those institutions, and by stimulating an open-minded discussion of certain fundamental problems which have long caused anxiety to those men deeply interested in guaranteeing that the college graduate shall leave his alma mater as fully equipped as education can make him for the battle of life. It is not intended to commit those present to any binding action. By thus limiting the scope of the conference, and by insuring the privacy of the opinions to be expressed, it is hoped to bring out the freest possible exchange of views.

This conference follows naturally upon the luncheon which was given to President Lowell of Harvard at the time of his inauguration by the Chamber of Commerce at the Parker House on Friday, October 8. As was pointed out at the time that event was recognized as "an outward sign of the far-reaching fact that the colleges and the man of business have in the last few years, quite changed their mutual point of view. It is not so very long since a famous professor of higher mathematics thanked God that his students could learn nothing from him which they might make of the slightest use; to-day the chief measure of the efficiency of a college is the preparedness of its graduates for immediate and effective living. On the other hand, Greeley's famous characterization of college men as 'horned cattle' is now as obsolete as are the business methods of his day." In a word, the college nowadays has come to realize that the merchant or the manufacturer can contribute to the usefulness of a college curriculum something even more valuable than money, namely, advice; and more and more nowadays is that advice not only sought and welcomed but taken. One of the first proofs of this new point of view close at hand is the Graduate School of Business at Cambridge.

It is expected that the informal discussion arranged for will occupy most of the day in executive session. It will be followed by a dinner in the evening, open to all members of the Chamber of Commerce, at which several of the college presidents will deliver addresses upon matters closely related to education in Massachusetts.

The delegates to be invited include: President A. Lawrence Lowell, Harvard University; Dr, Richard C. Maclaurin, Massachusetts Institute of Technology; President L. B. R. Briggs, Radcliffe College; Rev. F. W. Hamilton, Tufts College; President Harry A. Garfield, Williams College; President George Harris, Amherst College; Dr. K. L. Butterfield, Amherst Agricultural College; President G. Stanley Hall, Clark University; Dr. E. A. Engler, Worcester Polytechnic Institute; Dr. L. Clarke Seelye, Smith College; Dr. Henry Lefavour, Simmons College; Rev. T. I. Gasson, S.J., Boston College; Dr. W. E. Huntington, Boston University; Rev. Thos. E. Murphy, S.J., Holy Cross College; Dr. Edmund C. Sanford, Clark College; Miss Mary E. Wooley, Mt. Holyoke College; and Miss Caroline Hazard, Wellesley College.

BOSTON—1915

Editor NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

The "1915" Boston Exposition, which occupied the old Art Museum throughout November, and, at the expiration of the four weeks for which it was originally announced to continue, was extended two weeks longer, was a striking success in more ways than one. It made the most complete display that ever has been made of the many agencies involved in the active life of a big community; it set forth the problems of a great city graphically, as they never before were set forth; it attracted more than 200,000 people, of whom 50,000 at least were school children, to the study of serious questions in education, philanthropy, civics, health, and beautification, which it generally has been taken for granted seemed so distant to the average man, woman and child as not to be entertaining or interesting to them; and, most unexpected of all, it made these same matters living and understandable to them, as results are already beginning to show.

One purpose of the Exposition was to teach the meaning of the Boston—1915 movement. It was managed by Boston—1915, in behalf of some 200 exhibiting organizations. And it showed not only the value of a centralizing organization like Boston—1915 in helping the great army of societies and associations at work on special lines to combine their forces, but, even more pointedly, the possibilities for accomplishing things for a city that lie in close, well-directed co-operation.

Now that it is better known and understood, Boston—1915 is proceeding to broaden its form of organization. In place of the smaller board which directed the movement in its earlier days, there is in process of development a Directorate composed of delegates from the different groups—civic, educational, charitable, and so on—into which the 2000 organizations, big and little, of Boston naturally divide themselves. Thus every field of effort in the city's advancement will be directly represented, and the efficiency of all the active working organizations will be largely increased, both in what they do in combination, and in what they do as individual bodies.

BURLINGTON

Editor NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

Dear Sir:—One of the most interesting industries of our city are the plant and products of the Lumiere Company, manufacturers and experimenters in all lines of advanced photography. Their factory is near the lake, a location selected after looking our country over for the best conditions for their business.

Recently they have achieved most attractive results in colored photography. In this, their usual quiet season, their plant is used to its fullest extent, and there is prospect of enlargement in the near future.

Prof. Larsen has lately organized a superior symphony orchestra of over thirty members. Their first concert gave entire satisfaction to all, and their proficiency was a general surprise.

Yours truly,

JOSEPH DANA BARTLEY.



THE OLD PUTNAM SHOE FACTORY, DANVERS, MASSACHUSETTS

THE SECRET OF THE SHOE

HOW IT HAS GROWN TO BE THE BEST BUSINESS ASSET OF NEW ENGLAND

By ELISHA S. MATHEWSON

WITHIN the span of life of many still active in business the way to make a shoe has been completely changed. In all the range of industry no revolution has been more far-reaching. It is as wonderful as the transformation of methods of transportation and transmission of intelligence. The automobile is no farther removed from the stage-coach or the telegraph and telephone from the slow-going post than is the shoe of to-day in its magic making removed from those ploddingly contrived by hand hardly a generation ago.

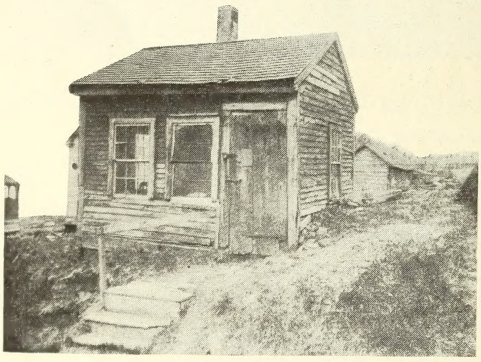
The least expensive ready-made shoe to-day is better fitting, better wearing, and more comfortable than the most costly custom-made shoe within the memory of those who are still young. The average man on the street has feet more neatly clad than the millionaire of yesterday. The marvelous progress which has signalized the industry dates only from the Civil War and its greatest strides have been made within the decade just coming to a close.

The preceding centuries disclose little except contented acceptance of methods which had prevailed since the time of the Pharaohs, for the ancient monuments of Thebes carry sculptures which show the cobbler, with his awl and hammer, not unlike the Lynn shoemaker of less than fifty years ago.

It is true that ingenuity had not been altogether dormant through all these

years, for the record of the century just before the Civil War is dotted with the names of men who had contributed their skill and energy to bettering the trade; but such improvements as had been made were chiefly in the line of systematized effort and intelligent organization. The first gleam of enterprise came with the advent into Lynn, a few years before the Revolutionary War, of John Adam Dagyr, the Welshman, sometimes called "the American St. Crispin," who had acquired a cleverness in his native country the secret of which he had the knack of imparting to others. He was the first of American shoemakers to look upon his occupation as an art as well as a trade, and from his day to ours Lynn shoes for women have carried the indefinable touch which constitutes "style."

But Dagyr's labors did not bring prosperity either to himself or to his calling. He died in the Lynn poorhouse and the industry languished, although from that time the fame of Lynn shoes spread through the colonies, and Massachusetts began to be regarded as a shoemaking community. It was not till the last decade of the eighteenth century, however, that the industry began to assume anything like system. It was then that business intelligence began to assert itself and through gradual and natural process there developed a combination of individual units of capital and energy, resulting in industrial efficiency and economy. Occasionally a lonely cobbler, stooping over his bench, reading and philosophizing, would think to gather a few of his fellows into a shop where four or five working together in a team with a slight division of labor could accomplish better results with a less expenditure of effort. Perhaps some member of the team, more ambitious or intelligent than his mates, would expand his activities until he had several teams working under him in a larger shop; cutting out uppers, sending them around to neighboring families to be bound by the women and bringing them back to the shop to have the thick soles sewn to the uppers. Thus developed gradually the shoe-shop in which every process was carried on by hand, a striking contrast to the mammoth factory of today, with its rushing torrent of machinery, and yet embodying the germ from which the factory has grown.



THE LITTLE "TEN-FOOTER"

In this sense the first shoe factory in the United States, or in the world, for that matter, was in Danvers, Massachusetts. There are two spots in the old town which lay claim to the distinction of being the site of the first shop, and, curiously enough, each of these rival sites was the home of a Revolutionary hero. One was the farm on which Israel Putnam was born and on which he worked as a boy. In a building now preserved as part of the Putnam farm there was established by Daniel Putnam soon after the Revolution a shop in which shoes were made for the wholesale trade. Daniel Putnam made shoes there as early as 1786. Just when he began making them on a scale large enough to justify the designation of his old shop as a factory is uncertain; but his business is mentioned in the census of 1798 and he continued in active control until 1835, when he turned the business over to his sons.

The other rival for the distinction of being the first factory was near the historic house in which Gen. Moses Porter, of Revolutionary fame, was born—likewise Commodore Porter and Gen. Porter, who won distinction in the War of 1812.

Zerubbabel Porter, some years after the Revolution, was a tanner by trade and figured out that he could combine shoemaking with tanning, thereby saving a middleman's profit. So he fitted up a shoe shop in the second story of the tannery, establishing there



IN AN OLD-TIME SHOE FACTORY—

a shop-crew which fitted shoes together for the wholesale trade; thus showing himself a pioneer in the gentle art of industrial combination.

Neither Putnam's shop nor Porter's would be called a factory in these days. Everything was done by hand, from shaping lasts and cutting patterns to binding uppers and sewing soles.

Putnam paid his workmen from 10 to 35 cents a pair, according to style and grade, but this did not measure the amount of their earnings, for he had a way of charging for some of their stock, and thread was hand-spun in those days and cost sometimes as high as $2.36 a pound. So that the earnings of a shoemaker averaged anywhere from $5 to $10 a week, while the work he turned out was crude and ungainly, hardly on a par with the brogans of to-day. These shoes were packed loosely in barrels for shipment—100 pair in a barrel—and thus taken by wagon to Boston, thence by sea in schooners to southern ports. The trip to Boston was no small feat in that time. It sometimes occupied a part of two days with the slow-moving carts and ox-teams, where now the journey can be made in half an hour.

All this time, however, the industry was at a disadvantage. Before the Revolution England had discouraged all kinds of manufacturing in the colonies, and after the Revolution the cheap products of French and English workers were dumped on the American market. It remained for another Lynn man, Ebenezer Breed, to put the industry on a firm foundation by inducing Congress to put a protective tariff on shoes. With this encouragement, the business began to thrive; although the same old methods of making the shoe continued to prevail. Shoes were shipped in gradually increasing quantities, with other merchandise, in sailing vessels bound for southern and West Indian ports, and in May, 1818, for the first time a full cargo of boots and shoes left Boston in the sloop "Delight," which sailed from Boston to New York.

Most shoes were sewed until about 1800, when copper nails were used to



—FROM WAR-TIME SCRIPT

some extent to fasten the soles to the uppers. A little later wooden pegs were introduced and for many years the great proportion of shoes made for commerce were pegged; the industry thus spreading gradually to many towns in eastern Massachusetts. One pair of shoes a day was all the average workman could turn out. Money was scarce, and as most people were farmers, the shoemaker exchanging his work for products of the farm, or for groceries or other family supplies at the country store.

The few who manufactured in a small way, employing one or more

workmen and apprentices—it was the custom then for an apprentice to bind himself for seven years—paid their help from 50 to 80 cents a day, according to skill and speed, while board was $1 to $1.25 per week.

Thus the industry of shoemaking continued slowly to advance, though there was no substantial progress in the art.

It is true that the rolling machine had to some extent displaced the lapstone and dies were used for patterns, but the style of shoe required simple patterns. The leather was cut in the shop, and sent out to the farmers roundabout to have the uppers sewn or "bound" by the women-folk, and then the uppers were brought back to the shop again to have the soles sewed or pegged by hand. In some instances the processes were reversed, the uppers being prepared in the shop and sent out to the farmers and others to be pegged in the little shops, known as ten-footers, adjoining the houses, by the farmers and their help on rainy and wintery days.

In 1852, seven years after the sewing machine had been invented by Elias Howe, it was found that with slight changes it could be adapted to the work, which women had formerly done by hand, in binding and sewing the uppers, but with this exception, prior to the Civil War, the improvements in the manner of making a shoe were little else than intelligent adaptations of methods in vogue for centuries. The building of the modern shoe did not begin until a machine was found to sew the upper to the sole; and every important advance in the art may be traced, either directly or indirectly, to the inspiration of that device. The growth of shoemaking as an industry until it ranks as the leading industry of New England is the triumph of the machine—one of the most marvelous manifestations of the age of cogs and wheels, which had its beginning in the middle of the nineteenth century.

Of all the products of American ingenuity there is none which is more distinctly the child of machinery than is the modern shoe. Textiles are woven and spun on looms or spindles of small variety, however numerous or costly they may be; the parts of watches are fashioned and assembled by machines as intricate and delicate as themselves, but no more delicate and intricate than those devised for fashioning the shoe, and with nothing like the infinite variety.

The wit of man has not conceived a more elaborate or perfect system of machines, almost human in their operation, and more than human in the accuracy and perfection, of their results—machines which in a flash have transformed the primitive methods of bygone times into the marvelous demonstrations of to-day.

This system has not sprung from chance or luck. The path of its development is strewn with lost fortunes and shattered hopes, and lighted by fine examples of business foresight and undaunted courage. It has been asserted by practical students of American industries that more inventive genius, greater executive capacity on the business side, and a larger number of separate operations are involved in the making of a shoe than in any other product of equal value. Only a little while ago, the old style shoemaker, bending over his bench, could with constant labor make a whole shoe in the course of a long day. By the use of the modern system of machinery a shoe was made recently in Lynn in twenty minutes, and 45 machines were brought into play in the operation, each one of which represented years of effort, thousands of dollars of capital invested and limitless patience and painstaking experiment before it became available for its work. It is one thing to invent a machine—quite another to make it go.

Lyman R. Blake devised his machine for sewing soles to uppers and took out his patents in 1858. It was four years later before it was put on the market in a practical form, and then



THE SHOE MACHINERY MUSEUM AT BEVERLY FACTORY OF THE UNITED SHOE MACHINERY COMPANY

only after many thousand dollars had been expended in improving it, in bringing it to the attention of the public by demonstrating that it really could accomplish what it purported to. If Blake had been left to his own resources after taking out his patents, he never could have gained the competence or the reputation which were his due. It was because Gordon McKay had the business acumen and daring to risk his own fortune and future in the enterprise, and because a second inventor, Robert Matthies, had the genius to design a supplementary device for sewing around the toe of the shoe as well as down the side, that Blake's appliance won its way. It has been truly said that while Blake invented the machine, McKay invented its success. The same truth holds of Auguste Destouy, who, in 1862, procured his patent for sewing boots and shoes with welts so far as possible to imitate shoes sewed by hand. When Charles Goodyear, with limited capital, but boundless courage, took hold of Destouy's invention in 1864, he entered on a twelve-year campaign, which was to exhaust his fortune and lay tribute on his life before he finally grappled with success, and even then Destouy's device would never have became commercially profitable had it not been for the improvements and auxiliaries conceived by Christian Dancel, a mechanical genius in Goodyear's employ. So with J. E. Matzeliger, who contrived the consolidated hand-method lasting machine, and who

would never have been able to bring it to the notice of the trade had it not been for the men of capital and energy who backed him. In fact, every-one of the 400 machines which are used to-day in the making of different grades of shoes has depended for its success not only on the genius of its inventor but upon the encouragement and financial risk of others who were willing to contribute their business experience and resources to supplement his work.

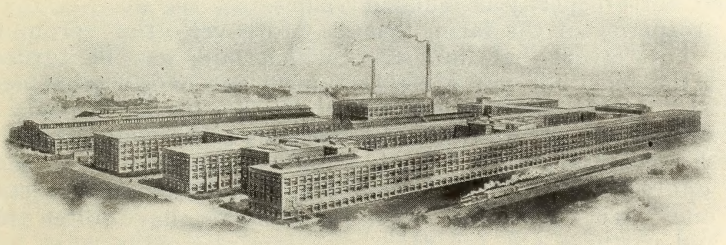
From the time of McKay and Blake until now the greatest incentive to the inventor of shoe machinery—in many instances the sole incentive—has come from the companies which have been organized to perfect and market his device. This was the case even in the days of industrial disorganization which preceded the combination of all the great companies in one. It is even more obvious now. The golden age for the American inventor of shoe machinery began ten years ago. In the decade just coming to an end a greater number of practical patents for new machines and for improvements have been taken out than during all the previous history of the art,—and with the encouragement constantly offered by the men in the lead of the industry, the end is not in sight.

The formation of the United Shoe Machinery Company in February, 1899, marks the beginning of the most prosperous era in the history of New England shoemaking—an era characterized by harmonious relations between employer and employed, between the manufacturer, the dealer and the public, and, finally, between the shoe manufacturer and the owners of machines on which the shoes are made. Prior to 1899 the industry was disorganized. Machinery was leased to factories by three principal companies of moderate capitalization—the Goodyear Shoe Machinery Company, which supplied the sewing and stitching machines for welt work with their auxiliaries; the Consolidated and McKay Lasting Machine Company, which supplied the consolidated hand-method lasting machine, and the McKay Shoe Machinery Company, which controlled the various devices for attaching soles and heels by metallic fastenings. Almost every manufacturer had to deal with all three companies in fitting out his factory, for in a general way they were not competitors, although in the progress of development, each company striving to perfect an independent system of its own, their activities occasionally overlapped. There was no fixity in price for machinery or for parts and supplies. Manufacturers in equipping a factory were frequently induced to buy outright some new and plausible machine which a short experience compelled them to consign to the scrap heap at a total loss. No manufacturer could figure with accuracy on the most economical investment in his tools of trade. The industry lacked stability. Unnecessary competition led to bitter rivalry and wage-cutting. Strikes were frequent, among the operatives of one machine or another, so that many factories were shut down for a portion of every year. With the consolidation of the machine companies in 1899, these conditions were completely changed. Stability supplanted disorganization; fixity of price replaced the cutting of rates, and saved the manufacturer even from the uncertainty caused by the ordinary fluctuations of the market so far as equipment was concerned. The smallest manufacturer found that he could lease his equipment on precisely the same terms as his more pretentious competitor, and that he could rest safe in the assurance that he would have an equal opportunity with everybody else to utilize the most advanced devices without having to figure whether he could afford to throw his discarded machines into the scrap heap. The shoe machinery company assumed all the expense and responsibility of experimentation, of replacing obsolete machines with up-to-date devices, of

keeping all machines in repair so that no time need be lost to the manufacturer through the idleness of any part of the system which he had installed; in short, of insuring to every manufacturer, large or small, a working equipment for his factory all the time. There is no more striking picture of the progress of the art of shoemaking than that shown in the museum of the company's factory at Beverly, where are to be seen hundreds of discarded machines, no two alike, representing devices which have seen their day or failed to pass the test of practical experience, and which have been supplanted in factories by up-to-date devices, not at the expense of the manufacturer, as would be the case had the manufacturer owned the machines, but at the expense of the shoe machinery company, which must shoulder all the loss because it puts its machinery out on lease.

It is not too much to say that the greatest single factor in the wonderful development of the industry of shoemaking in the past forty years has been the system of royalties which was inaugurated by Col. McKay when he first put the McKay sewing machine on the market, and which has been adopted by every successful maker of shoe machinery since his day. It is in use now not only in the United States, but also throughout Europe wherever the United Shoe Machinery Company has a market for its wares. It has become an axiom of the trade that when a machine is placed in a factory on royalty, the interest of its manufacturer and owner begins only with its installation and continues till the termination of the lease. If a machine is bought outright the interest of its maker ends with the payment of its purchase price. Had it not been for the royalty system scores of manufacturers who are now contributing to the success of the great New England industry would never have been able to install the equipment essential in the starting of their business.

With the adoption of the Ideal clicking machine for cutting uppers, the round of invention might seem to be complete, for there is now no process in shoemaking for which a machine has not been perfected; but it is safe to say that American ingenuity has yet to contrive devices which in time will render obsolete the existing equipment of the most up-to-date factory and which will contribute to the maintenance of the prestige of Massachusetts and New England as the shoe manufacturing centre of the world. That prestige has been won by the enterprise of New England manufacturers in keeping a little ahead of all others in the adoption of improved methods and devices and will be held in the same way. There will continue to be harmony between the maker of shoes and the maker of machines, for their prosperity is interwoven, and the success of each is dependent upon the success of the other.



MANUFACTURING PLANT OF THE UNITED SHOE MACHINERY COMPANY AT BEVERLY, MASS.



A Great New England Industry

By JOHN HALE



WHILE we would no-wise belittle the achievements or the importance of our great textile industries, or of our shoe and leather trades, or of any branch of manufacturing in which the people of New England engage, we retain so deep a love for the farm and so firm a belief that our prosperity is founded upon the prosperity of the farm, that we cannot but favor that industry which does the most for our agricultural interests. Here, moreover, we are building soundly on a great natural resource. For, contrary to commonly expressed opinion, New England has at least one great resource. Her meadows and pastures are, for dairying purposes, the finest anywhere to be found.

Few persons who have been brought into direct contact with the facts realize the process of rejuvenation which the New England farms are now undergoing through the development of this industry. The investment of the farmer's capital in herds and fields put it where it may take advantage of the natural increment arising from the growth of his herds and the increasing value of his land. At the same time the grazing of his cattle tends greatly to the enrichment of the soil, redeeming the barrenness of our rugged hillsides.

Moreover, the promptness with which milk can be turned into cash meets one of the great needs of farm life and adds enormously to the purchasing power and comfort of the farming population. Here, indeed, is the ideal condition, such as statesmen and economists have often pictured but seldom realized.

We have already spoken of milk as a perfect food, by nature pure, and of the practicability of maintaining its

purity. And we have also discussed the farm as the natural place for the production of milk under ideal conditions, and of the forces that are at work for their development. It remains to consider the problems which arise out of the changes incident to the growth of our great centres of population. The solution of these rests with the large dealer who gathers the milk from the small farms and systematizes its distribution. Where several agencies intervene betwen the farm and the consumer, it is difficult to control results and the need of the large, responsible distributor becomes more apparent. Hauling to the depot, holding at the shipping point, transportation on the cars and handling in the city milk plants are steps in the process of supplying a city that need constant, intelligent and conscientious care.

Perhaps the greatest of these problems is transportation. As the population in the neighborhood of the large cities grows more dense, the distances from which the milk supply must be drawn increases and the transportation problem becomes more acute. Only the large dealer can possibly meet this situation.

The milk trains in the early morning hours are among the most picturesque and interesting features of our industrial life. On the innumerable roads that checker the map of rural New England, daily, before the first streak of dawn, the care-taker on the milk train gathers up his load of shining tins and stores them in especially prepared refrigerator cars in which they are whirled to the city at express speed. In this way, milk from the evening's and morning's milkings in



THE HEAD OF THE HERD, HOOD FARM, DERRY, NEW HAMPSHIRE

the fragrant uplands of New England can actually be delivered to the householder in the Greater Boston district in as short a time as if brought in on slow-moving, country farm-wagons from the immediate neighborhood of the city.

All that has been said about cleanliness of surroundings and care in handling milk on the farm applies to the city depots where milk is received and from which it is distributed to the consumer. Says a report of the United States Department of Agriculture, "So far as insanitary surroundings are concerned, it is usually the smaller dealers who are the greatest offenders. They usually lack the facilities for scalding or sterilizing bottles and utensils and depend too much on the help of the family, often children, to wash bottles and utensils and do much of the work of the dairy."

At the Hood Depots the milk will have been tested, analyzed and will have passed through the special cooling apparatus into tanks of clear glass, where it is stirred by great silver arms and put up in bottles that have been thoroughly cleansed and covered by a patented cover which effectually excludes all possibility of contamination —a really beautiful sight. In this form, before it has the slightest chance to lose its cool freshness, the milk reaches the consumer, ready for the baby's bottle, or his big brother's bowl, or the morning cup of coffee.

By the intelligent appreciation of these facts and patronage directed in accordance with them, the public will be able to assist in the true upbuilding of our farming lands. It is this complete unity of interest and the co-operation resulting from it to the mutual good of all that prompts us to speak of our dairy interests as one of the greatest of our New England industries.

"If I had a cow that gave good milk,
I'd dress her in the finest of silk,
I'd feed her on the best of hay,
And milk her twenty-four times a day."



A NEW ENGLAND CORN-FIELD, HOOD FARM, DERRY, NEW HAMPSHIRE



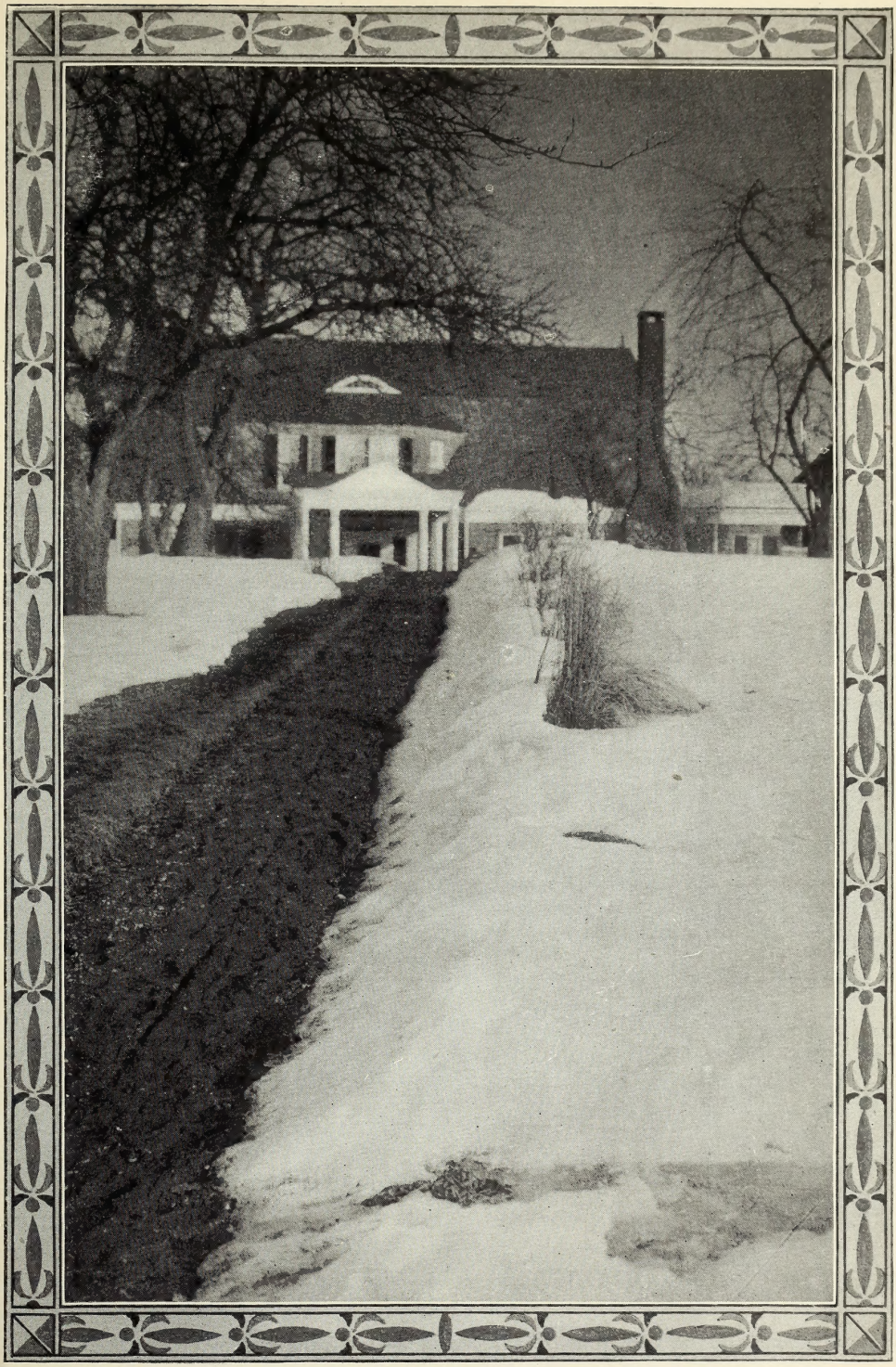
Beautiful New England





Photograph by T. E. Marr

BOSTON COMMON AT NIGHT



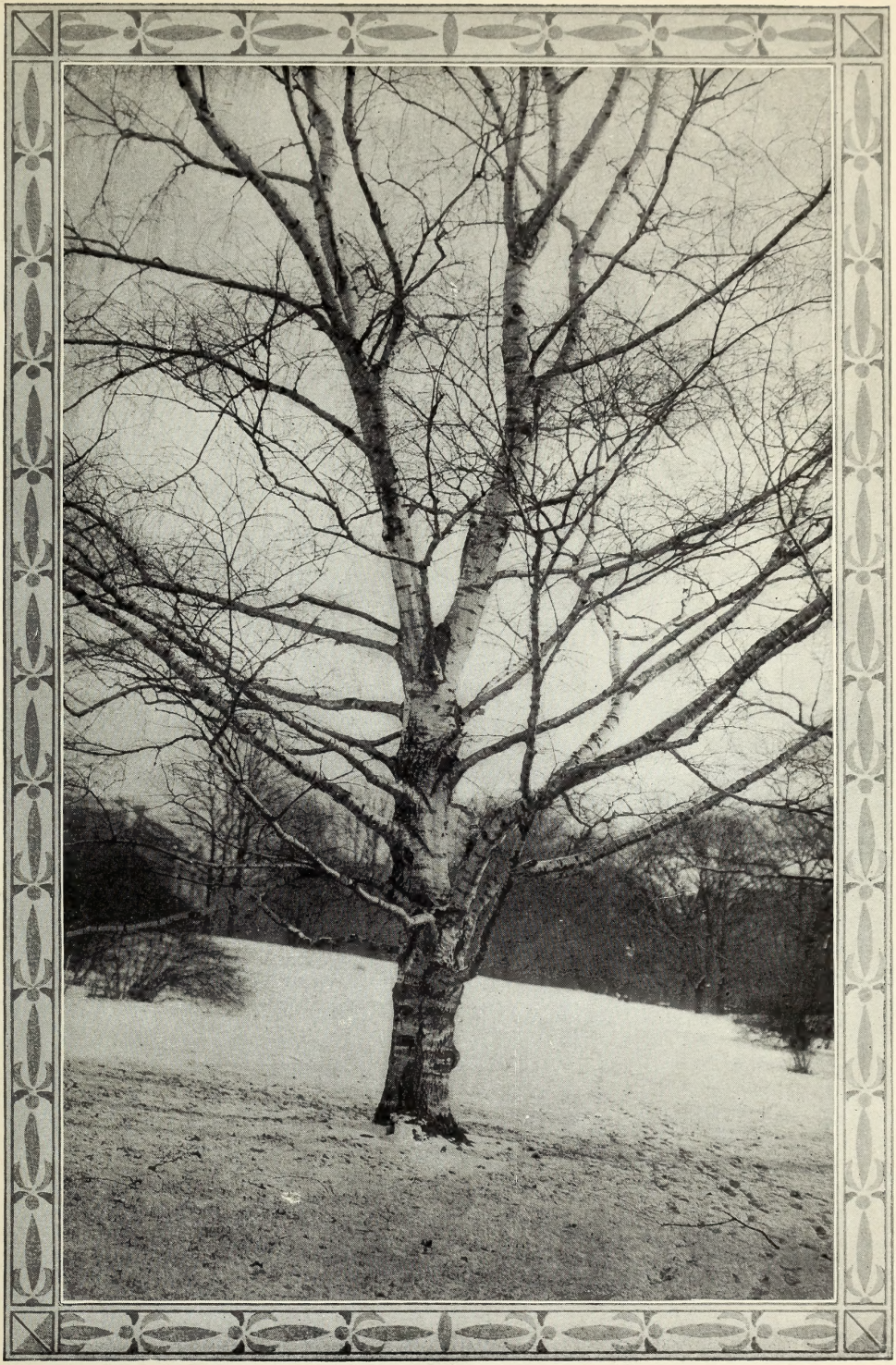
Photograph by L. W. Brownell

WINTER IN THE SUBURBS



Photograph by H. H. Langill

THE VILLAGE STREET



Photograph by H. H. Langill

AN OLD BIRCH TREE



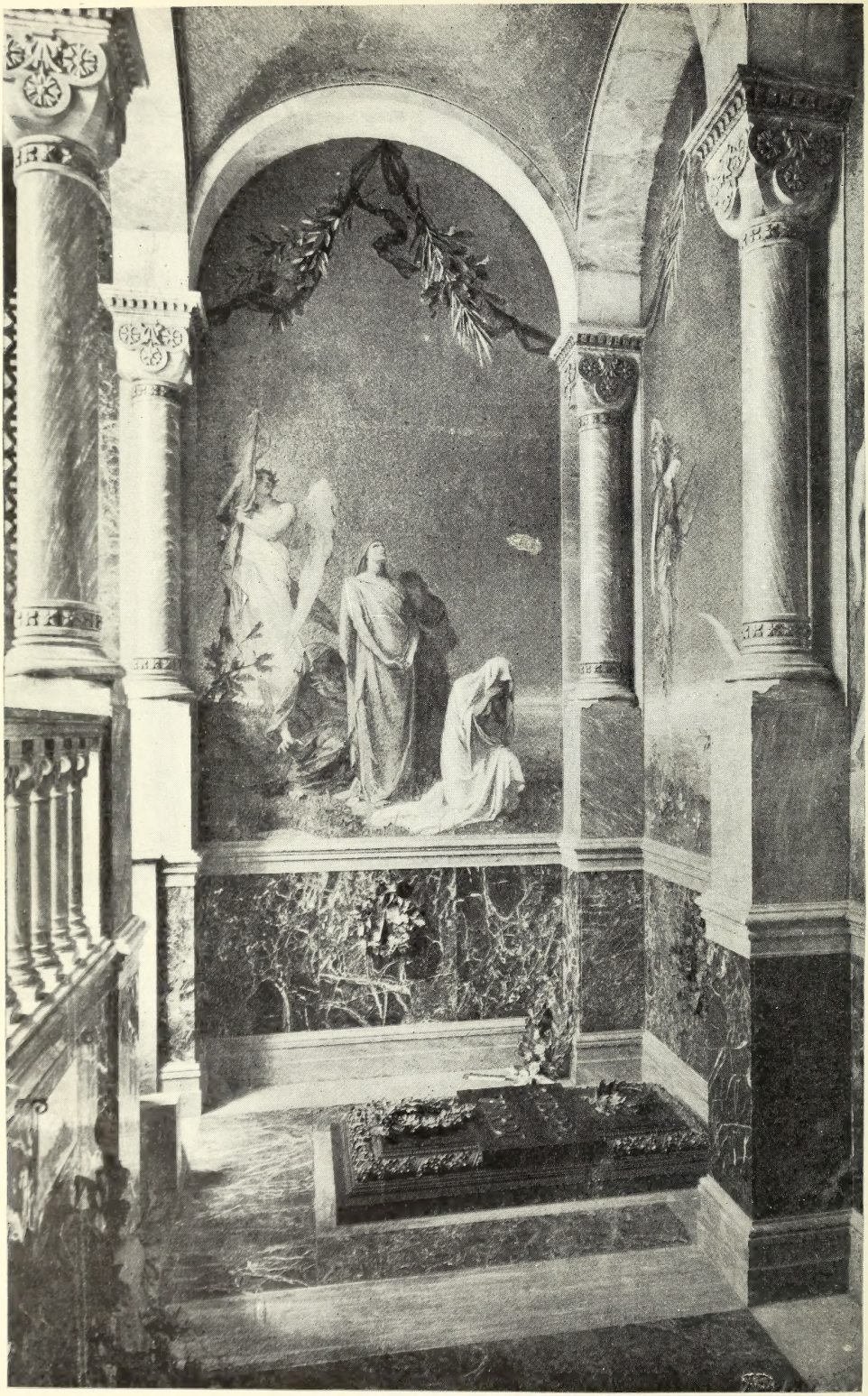
Photograph by H. H. Langill

THE FOREST



[Photograph by H. H. Langill

THE RIVER



TOMB OF GIUSEPPE VERDI AND PAINTINGS BY POGLIAGHI REPRESENTING ITALY AS NOW THE LAND OF LIBERTY MOURNING THE DEATH OF THE GREAT COMPOSER WHOSE MUSIC HELPED TO DELIVER A DISHEARTENED PEOPLE FROM OPPRESSION

NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

VOL. XLI. FEBRUARY, 1910 NUMBER 6

GIUSEPPE VERDI AND HIS MILAN HAUNTS

By FLORENCE AMELIA CUMMINGS

GIUSEPPE VERDI, whose rare musical talent is unprecedented by any Italian composer of this century, was a man who may justly be called the antithesis of musicians moulded in the shape with which we are all so familiar. Lacking the necessary qualifications of a true Bohemian, he preferred the simple life of the common people. A child of the contadini, he became, by the sheer force of his genius, not only the composer of thirty operas, but an Italian Senator, "musical politician," philanthropist and three times over a millionaire. Honored and respected by the civilized world, his countrymen ever looked to him as a deliverer from their national oppression and many times this modest, retiring man held within his grasp the power of a king. Placing the tumult of his soul into each note of pathos, Verdi may justly be credited with having drawn politics into his music. Rossini styled him, "the musician with a helmet," and probably no composer has so well deserved this distinction.

But aside from his musical ability, Verdi held and still holds that magic power and personal charm which death itself cannot efface. Strange as it may seem, no complete English biography has yet appeared to do homage to the memory of this octogenarian composer. His love of seclusion and unaffected horror of posing as an idol of the people long barred the more intimate facts of his personal life from the public. Since his decease each successive year has but strengthened the ardor and admiration we have for this creator of Italian song. Realizing the force of such a personality, it is impossible for the average person to visit Verdi's native haunts,—especially the city of Milan,—without feeling that his spirit has permeated every cobble-stone of the ancient Lombard town with that indescribable beauty of soul which one pursues, yet never overtakes.

It is difficult to imagine Verdi, with his innate shrewdness and practicability as being the composer of operas; yet the creator of Il Trovatore has sounded an harmonious chord in the heart of all nations. Lovers of Italian opera will long remember Milan as once the musical centre of the world. Your Baedeker will tell you that the chief attractions are the Gothic Cathedral with its two thousand statues and Leonardo da Vinci's famous painting, "The Last Supper." But this intelligence appears quite forgotten by the musical enthusiast, as he walks the streets of the city, casting benign glances at each native, dark-haired Manrico, who softly hums in his sweet, rhythmical language, the familiar refrain of the Miserere.

Giuseppe Verdi first came to Milan when nineteen years of age. He had

already felt the humility of poverty and want. Born in the desolate village of Roncole, a small settlement at the foot of the Apennines, the child passed his youth in a modest country inn, kept by his parents. Soon after his birth, when but a babe in his mother's arms, this lonely town became the scene of pillage and bloodshed.

It was in 1814, about a year after Verdi's birth, that the Austrians and Russians sacked the peaceful village of Roncole, scattering terror and death throughout the land. The women and children, thinking to be safer near the shrine of the Virgin, took refuge in the church. But the allies soon forced their way into the sacred edifice, ruthlessly slaying both women and children, until the floor was covered with the blood of their innocent victims.

One of the women, wiser than the rest, amid mingled screams and entreaties for mercy, fled to the narrow staircase, leading to the belfry. Groping along in this narrow passageway, she crouched in the farthest corner of her somber fortress, the helpless babe still clasped to her breast. Here the terror-stricken woman remained until the last sound of the enemy had died away. The woman was Louisa Utini Verdi, mother of the infant Giuseppe. It is pleasing,—not only to Italians, but to all nations,—to believe that, by some magic power of the gods, the life of this child was spared, that he might glorify his country and, through his master-genius, help to lift the oppression which a disheartened people had long endured.

Self-denial and the closest economy were daily practiced by Verdi's parents, whose income seemed hardly adequate to supply their frugal needs. Although the family was never reduced to abject poverty, yet the child Giuseppe was not surrounded with an atmosphere to inspire the poetic or the beautiful. Notwithstanding all this, Verdi seems to have enjoyed a perfectly natural childhood, with no visible sign to indicate his coming fame and glory. His musical aptitude was first shown whenever a street-organ was heard in the village of Roncole. His favorite musician in these early days was a tottering violinist, who often appeared before his father's homestead. These events gave little Verdi the wildest delight and he immediately became an attentive auditor. Whenever a strolling artist of this type invaded the town, Verdi would eagerly follow from door to door, never dreaming that, some day, he would furnish sparkling melodies for like instruments of torture and need an Act of Parliament to regulate their use!

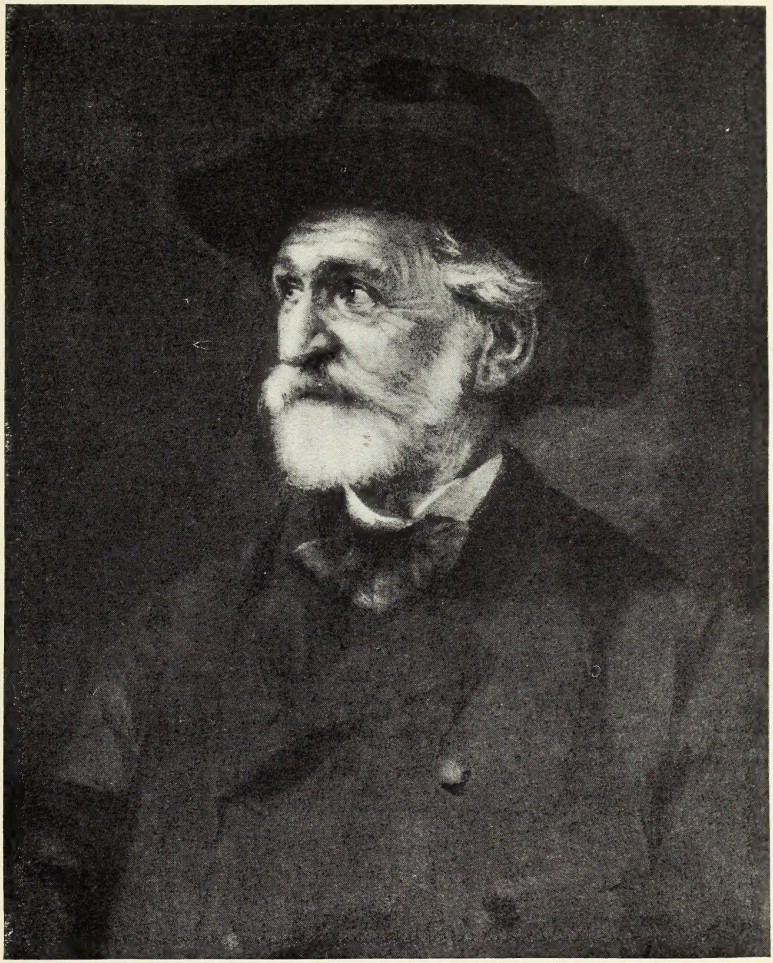
Verdi senior soon recognized the musical possibilities of his son and determined, in spite of poverty, to secure a spinet for the child's use. The itinerant violinist, whose melodies first inspired Verdi, urged the innkeeper to make a musician of his son. This proposition seems to have met with hearty approval. Already Giuseppe had shown an aptitude for the profession, his time being absorbed in discovering chords and harmonies on his spinet.

At eight years of age we find him at Bussanto, a small town about three miles from his birthplace. Here, for the munificent sum of about six cents per day, the youth entered an academic school, where he remained two years, pursuing those branches of study which the son of a locandiere deems sufficient for his station in life.

Three years after the installation of the spinet into the house of the innkeeper, young Verdi became parish organist at Roncole, with a salary of thirty-six lire per annum,—or less than sixty cents per month! This meagre sum naturally proved insufficient to supply the necessities of a student; and, besides, his first maestro, one Baistrocchi, had already confessed his inability to longer guide the young aspirant in his favorite study.

It was now apparent that some means must be found whereby the youthful Verdi could add his mite to the family coffer and, at the same time, continue his study of music. Even a musician must have food and raiment, and in order to provide these requisites,

the youth secured a position as office boy in the employ of Antonio Barezzi, a well-to-do shopkeeper and liquor manufacturer of Bussanto and a man of the highest integrity, who was destined to become closely associated with the composer. This genial merchant was a musician of no inferior order, and wishing to encourage his apprentice, made him a member of his household. To the assistance of this loyal-hearted friend did the composer owe the possibility of becoming great.



GIUSEPPE VERDI

This gentle and unaffected child of the contadini soon gained the respect and love of all who knew him. Giovanni Provesi, then organist at Bussanto and composer of considerable note, took an intense interest in Verdi's progress, offering to instruct the boy without remuneration. In those days, Verdi's chief delight was to arrange orchestral scores for the Philharmonic Society of the town. Advancing years soon made it necessary for the venerable Provesi to resign his position as director of this august society, and his precious pupil was selected as his successor.

But all this glory did not satisfy the ambitious youth. He ever dreamed of some day becoming a successful



ARRIGO BOITO, COMPOSER OF "MEFISTOFELE" AND LIBRETTIST FOR "OTELLO" AND "FALSTAFF"

composer of operas. In order to accomplish his purpose he must enter a musical school and obtain the instruction which would properly fit him for his chosen profession. The only drawback to this end was lack of funds. Accordingly, with a small scholarship, received from a Bussanto institution (Monte di Pieta), together with the liberal assistance of his benefactor, Barezzi, Verdi was able to carry out his plans, that of going to Milan and entering the Italian Conservatorio di Musica.

On Verdi's first entrance into Milan we find him established in the home of Giuseppe Seletti, a personal friend of Barezzi and a professor at the Gymnase. This comfortable apartment in Via. Santa Maria, No. 19, is situated in the heart of the city. A son of the hospitable professor still occupies the house and takes pride in preserving the room which was the composer's first home in Milan.

It is an indisputable fact that Verdi, after successfully passing an examination at the Conservatorio, was refused admittance on the ground that he showed no special talent for music! The grim building stands as a forcible reminder of the inability of Verdi's countrymen to recognize the latent genius in this boy who, in spite of their predictions, was destined to fulfill the desire and hope of his country. Whether the refusal was based on the ground of a seeming lack of ability, or upon purely personal motives, has always been a conjecture. Suffice it to say that the rebuff cost Verdi the first real sorrow of his youth, leaving a scar which was not effaced to the day of his death.

Realizing this decision of the Conservatorio faculty to be final, Verdi was advised to choose Signor Vincenzo Lavigna as his instructor, a pupil of the Conservatorio at Naples and a successful composer and director at La Scala Theatre. With the guidance of this sagacious Italian and with music all around him Verdi toiled incessantly until a municipal contract, made previous to his departure to Milan, forced him to return to Bussanto and fill the vacancy of parish organist, caused by the venerable Provesi's death. This event marked another episode in Verdi's life.

Returning to the scenes of his early years, the young man now entered the household of his benefactor, Barezzi, who regarded Verdi as his own son. It soon became apparent that the merchant's eldest daughter had also become closely attached to her father's protege. Although Verdi mourned the fate which forced him to leave Milan, yet he seems to have exercised an astonishing amount of fortitude respecting the situation. By some unspeakable magic, the composer found perfect consolation in the society of his foster-father's daughter, whose personal charm and musical ability he openly acknowledged. During this period he wooed and wed the beauti-

ful Margherita Barezzi. It is not surprising that the union was looked upon with disapproval by many, owing to the difference in fortunes of the two families; but it is quite evident that the contracting parties were well pleased, including the genial wine merchant. These young people seemed particularly adapted to each other. Margherita Barezzi possessed, in an uncommon degree, the charm of seduction. The unconscious loveliness of her nature brought courage and hope to the man who, from childhood, possessed, to an alarming degree, a timid and serious temperament. Margherita, alone, seems to have held the power to lift Verdi out of himself and spur him on to the goal of his desire. Three years of conjugal bliss were passed in the quiet little town of Bussanto, during which time a son and daughter were born to them.

Having fulfilled his contract with the municipality. Verdi now returned to Milan, taking with him his family, which he installed in a modest apartment near the Porta Ticinese. At this period Verdi's sole asset was the libretto of his first opera, "Oberto di San Bonifacio," which he had completed during his three years' absence. The family income did not admit of luxuries. But at last, after many misgivings and repeated disappointments, Signor Merelli, manager at La Scala, decided to present Oberto for half the proceeds from the sale of the score, should the opera meet with success. This was a bit of good fortune, for, in those days, it was the duty of the impresarii to offer large sums of money for such a privilege.



La Scala Theatre, showing the monument to Leonardo da Vinci

In anticipation of this event, Verdi assumed the duties of director at La Scala, where he managed every detail of the rehearsals. In this famous theatre the composer's first opera was

given to the world, November 17, 1839. Following this triumph, Verdi was engaged to produce three other operas,—one every eight months,—the first of which, was to be a comedy, and for which the composer was to receive 4000 Austrian lire, or about $700.

Verdi's future now seemed practically assured. Prosperity and fame were evidently close at hand; but all this was soon to be obliterated by a terrible tragedy, which was rapidly approaching. Scarcely had the Italian maestro begun his work when his little daughter died. Then followed the death of his infant son, and before June of the same year the young wife had also passed away, making the third death in Verdi's family in less than three months and leaving him—alone!

Prostrated with grief and, at the same time, financially embarrassed, he endeavored to keep his contract with the manager at La Scala and complete the comic opera! This work was given in Milan during September following the composer's bereavement and, needless to state, proved a failure. Overcome with disappointment, Verdi now broke all contracts with Signor Merelli and retired to a quiet apartment near Corsia de' Servi, declaring that his musical career was ended. Then followed weeks of complete dejection, when all former interests were apparently forgotten. But even sorrow like Verdi's could not long suppress the genius of such a man.

One winter's evening, when coming out of the De Cristoforis Gallery,—that grand arcade of Milan,—Verdi suddenly encountered Signor Merelli. In spite of the snow, then falling in great flakes, the crafty manager urged the maestro to accompany him on his way to La Scala, saying that he wished to chat about a new libretto. When reaching the office, Merelli begged his companion to enter, adding that he would like to show him the latest production from the pen of the Italian poet, Solera. With great reluctance, Verdi hastily glanced over the manuscript, after which he returned it to Signor Merelli.

"It will not harm you," cried the indignant manager; "take it home,—read it—and then bring it back to me!"

The following day Verdi returned with the libretto, having decided, after careful consideration, that he could not set the words to music, not even for Merelli. Disappointed and not a little vexed with the composer, the manager demanded:

"What's the matter? Is the poem not beautiful?"

To this Verdi replied:

"Yes, it is very beautiful!"

"Then set it to music," shouted the irate Merelli; and without waiting for a reply, he thrust the libretto into Verdi's coat-pocket, and, seizing the unyielding maestro by the shoulder, pushed him from the room, actually locking the door in his face, thus leaving no chance for a second refusal. In this manner Verdi again took up his life-work and the score of Nabucco, produced in 1842, was the result of Merelli's persistent efforts.

La Scala Theatre, the birthplace of eight Verdi Operas, is known throughout the musical world. Erected in 1778, it is the largest, save one, in Italy. Everything about the place speaks of the gentle, yet masterful hand, which gave to us an Aida, an Otello and a Falstaff. Standing in the auditorium, one can almost hear the chorus from I Lombardi, as it chants the words:

"O signora del tetto natio,"

that glorious refrain which, when sung in the streets of Milan and Venice, finally resulted in tearing the hated yoke of Austria from this modern Etruria. In the dark shadows of La Scala's walls seem ever lingering the ghosts of an insolent Otello or fair Desdemona, awaiting the return of the great composer whose interpretations brought honor, even to a Shakespeare.

Nowhere but in Italy could such a scene take place as was witnessed on the memorial first night of Otello, when Verdi gave to the musical world that brilliant gem of lyric drama which is yet unsurpassed by any of his

countrymen. Signor Arrigo Boito, the distinguished poet and composer, furnished the libretto for this occasion and seems to have found favor in the eyes of Verdi, who declared him to be an ideal librettist. How the cobble-stones of the Piazza della Scala must have groaned beneath the weight of an expectant, excited mass of humanity, representing all nations, eager to hear this long-deferred work which the composer produced in the seventy-fourth year of his age!

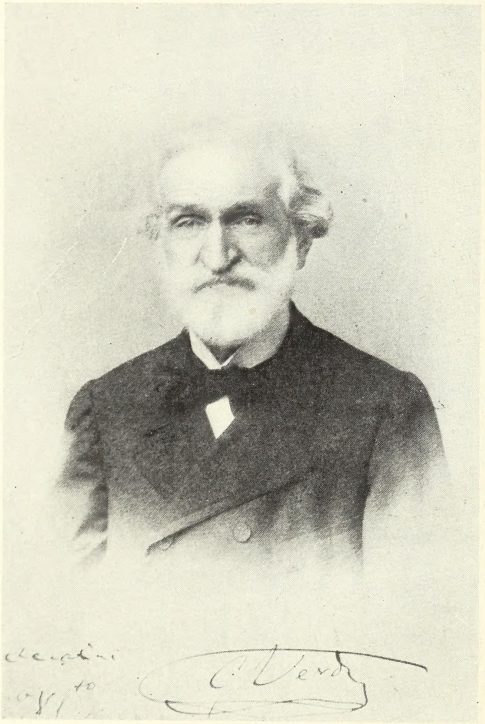
Yet once again did this wizard of the muse add another shining jewel to his diadem,—that of Falstaff, the brightest of them all—a lyric comedy which the world's greatest critics pronounce his best work. Again did Signor Boito furnish the libretto, which has been accorded the poet's best production. What youthfulness and unstudied gaiety in every note of this opera! After a lifetime devoted to tragedy, Verdi suddenly brought forth, at the age of four-score years, a comedy which proclaimed him to be the greatest living Italian composer. Surely, the day of miracles belongs not wholly to the ancient Nazarenes!

What unfeigned enthusiasm was born for all true artists under the gigantic roof of La Scala! Italy still leads the world in operatic music, yet its idealistic worship of poetry and song is slowly but steadily becoming a thing of the past. In Verdi's youth art was worshiped for Art's sake and Mammon was, for the time, forgotten. Milan is still powerful and prosperous; but modern industries are fast crowding out that child-like adoration of the beautiful for which all Italy was once so famous.



VERDI HOUSE OF REST, MILAN, ITALY

In the first days of Verdi's prosperity he purchased an estate about ten miles from the scenes of his childhood, and when not occupying the Palazzo Doria, at Genoa, spent much of his time at Sant' Agata, his country retreat situated in this solitary, isolated land. But during his active life in Milan, when conducting at La Scala, it was his custom to remain from four to six months yearly at the Grand Hotel de Milan. Under this hospitable roof the composer was a guest for thirty-four consecutive years, and here, amid the scenes of his triumphs, he passed from life on January 27, 1901. The building around which hovers so many fond memories of the maestro faces a beautiful avenue, called by the Italians Via. Alessandro Manzoni, in remembrance of their patriot, novelist and poet whom the Milanese worshiped and for whom Verdi wrote the Requiem Mass.



FROM A RARE PORTRAIT OF VERDI IN ADVANCED YEARS

Ascending a short stairway in the Grand Hotel de Milan, you enter a large corner room, known for half a century as the Verdi Salon. The door is carefully locked and every precaution taken lest the precious mementos prove an overpowering temptation to the souvenir collector. Above the door hangs a life-size painting of the composer and you are told that everything remains as it did during his lifetime, save the grand piano, which was removed by the family. Luxurious furniture, soft carpets, silken draperies, large mirrors and gems of art give a grandeur to this room which was so long occupied by the man who was not only a composer of operas, but a member of the Italian Senate, honored with the title of Marquis and adored by the civilized world.

The bed-chamber, which opens out of the salon, contains many personal belongings of Verdi. Lying upon the writing desk is a pen, ink-stand and blotter he used to the last. In the blotter may be plainly seen the impression of his trembling hand. Playing cards, which he always carried with him, are resting in a golden case. A mahogany cabinet contains wine-glasses with the initials "G. V." His favorite dressing gown and many of his undergarments have been preserved; but even an enthusiast feels that is carrying their ardor too far!

In this sunny, cheerful salon Verdi received such men as Carducci, Rossi, Boito, Manzoni and many other noted men of his time. What an inspiration to have listened to the words of wisdom, sagacity and repartee uttered by these men who have moved the world these men who have moved the world with their genius. What hours of uncertainty and doubt Verdi passed in this retreat,—and then, what triumph and what victory! Fancy the confusion which reigned,—both from within and without on those unprecedented "first nights" at La Scala!

As you leave the hotel and pass out

into the bright sunlight of an Italian morning, your thoughts unconsciously wander to the childhood of this great man; to his student life, fraught with petty jealousies and tribulations; to his early manhood, filled to overflowing with sorrow and disappointment. Your sympathy has gone out to the man, and you have quite forgotten the great composer

The municipality has placed a marble slab on the facade of the Grand Hotel de Milan, just beneath the Verdi Suite. Translated it reads: "Giuseppe Verdi has made memorial, for all time, this house in which he was an ever-welcome guest and where he expired on January 27, 1901. On the anniversary of such a death the Commune, by unanimous consent of the people, place this tablet, as a token of perpetual honor to the great man who revived, in Italian hearts, with his heavenly harmonies, the desire and hope of a country."

About a mile from La Scala, facing the Piazza Michael Angelo, stands a magnificent building of brick and stone, covering an acre in extent. It is the Verdi Casa di Repose, or Home of Rest, erected during the last days of the composer's life at a cost of half a million of money. The donor also provided for the perpetual maintenance of the institution in a proper manner. Signor Camillo Boito, brother of the poet and composer, was the architect for this unique building, so simple yet substantial in design. It somewhat resembles mediaeval art, with a large courtyard in the centre, where bloom the choicest flowers in all Italy.

The Home contains a chapel, library, infirmary, museum and large concert hall. There are spacious reception rooms and attractive dormitories, which are provided with all modern conveniences. Musicals are given weekly in the concert hall and on these occasions the best artists are none too choice for the inmates. One hundred people—sixty men and forty women—are sheltered beneath this hospitable roof and every comfort and pleasure seems to have been provided for those who are less fortunate than the donor.

Near the entrance of the Verdi Museum hangs a picture of her, who in youth was Signora Giuseppina Strepponi, a famous opera singer of her time and who finally became the second wife of Verdi. This picture was doubtless painted during the height of her popularity at La Scala, where the singer did much to further the success of the composer's first operas. It is a very beautiful face which looks down upon you,—a face which you cannot easily forget. Not only was this gifted woman the companion of Verdi's home, but his advisor and friend. Being thoroughly versed in all subjects pertaining to music, she often assisted him in his work and their married life seems to have proved ideal.

Perhaps the most interesting mementos found in the museum are the musical instruments used by Verdi at different periods of his life. The spinet, sold to his father by a priest of Roncole, and used by the composer during his early childhood, reminds us of the lad who shed "fruitful tears of troubled youth" while seeking to find his favorite harmonies on this precious relic.

The second instrument used by the composer,—a piano which the magnanimous Barezzi loaned his protege and which finally became the property of the latter,—has also been preserved. This piano was in Verdi's possession when he first entered Milan as a member of Signor Seletti's household. It bears the name of "Fritz," Vienna, and from its keys echoed the airs of the maestro's early operas.

Resting in a remote corner of the museum stands a grand Erard piano, taken from the Palazzo Doria, Genoa, the composer's winter home. Facing this instrument,—which was used during the composing of Aida, Otello and Falstaff,—stands a bronze bust of Verdi, executed by Vincenzo Gemito. So lifelike is this work of art that one feels the maestro to be patiently awaiting the coming of one of his countrymen who can fill the place at the grand piano, now vacant for nine years.

In the concert hall of the home are inscribed the names of eight master-musicians of Italy; but, previous to his death, Verdi refused to have his appear in the list. Since his decease, however, his name has been enrolled with those of his illustrious countrymen and every possible honor paid the venerable old man who, in his eighty-third year, planned and superintended the construction of a building which will long stand as a reminder of his generosity and benevolence.

Near the chapel entrance and just within the walls of the courtyard is a small and unpretentious crypt, protected by an iron gateway. The surrounding walls are beautifully decorated with paintings by Pogliaghi, and a bas-relief by Lomazzi. Within this crypt lie the remains of Giuseppe Verdi, the best representative of the grand art of his country. Beside him rests his second wife, who died a few months prior to his decease. In accordance with his wish, no imposing monument was to mark the place of his burial. One feels that, like Sir Christopher Wren, "his monument is around him."

Nobles and all the illustrious citizens of Milan followed, with bared heads, this great man to his grave. It was the earnest wish of the Italian Senate that Verdi be interred beside the honored city fathers; but the maestro chose the shadow of his little chapel for his final resting-place. As you stand beside the iron gate and reverently read the simple inscription, the familiar words: "Ah, che la morte ognora," instantly come to your mind and you seem to feel something of the pathos in the composer's life when he wrote the music for Cammarano's tragic and well-known libretto, Il Trovatore. More than half a century has elapsed since this work was given to the world; yet, notwithstanding the severe censorship of the critics, it still stands the hearty approval of the public and is more successful in filling the coffers of theatre managers than any opera of modern times.

To find a composer equal to Verdi we must go back to Palestrina, Lotti, Corelli, and Scarlattis. Even the brilliant productions of Rossini suffer when comparing them with Verdi's captivating melodies. It is doubtful if Italy or, indeed, the world ever produces another Verdi, so unassuming, yet so powerful, whose manly and noble traits of character were united with such masterly genius.

SONNET

By FLORENCE KIPER.

Often when life about me flushes red;
When youth is strident with glad rioting;
When love and light and laughter have their fling,
Softly I muse: "How fares it with the dead!
Have they pale comfort in their narrow bed?
Lie they too still to stir at call of spring?
Or do their spirits still rejoice in sting
Of high endeavor urging heart and head?"

But this I know: If action be the law;
If the good warfare wages there as now;
If shock and clamor be on battle-field;
Then are thou there, a sword, a flame, a shield,
A perfect knight, unsullied, without flaw,
With high resolve still glowing on thy brow.

Again Friends

By HERBERT SAAKE.

MONEY was beginning to tighten. The wiseacres at Washington had been meddling with the tariff, and the stock men were running up against the wall in all directions. The bankers and financial men of Kansas were put to their wits' ends to keep their heads above the financial deluge which threatened to sweep over the entire country.

Willman Glasen had been compelled to foreclose a mortgage which threw upon his hands one thousand acres of Missouri land, and he had cared to own land across the state line. All the way home he dwelt upon it, and only when he lifted the latch on his gate did he dimly remember that Bertha had been "nagging" him about something. He paused a moment before his deep-shaded white house, flecked, in the moonlight, with the shadows of the trees, then gave it up hopelessly.

Bertha, for a motherless girl, he admitted, had managed to care for her home well; so well, in fact, that he came and went like a boarder, free from all responsibility. Of course, she was the pride of his heart, but he never found time to tell her so; there was no time for anything but business.

When he became aware that his feet were upon his side veranda, the sitting-room door flew open, and Bertha warmly welcomed him to his easy chair beside the softly shaded lamp; then settled again to some frippery she was sewing upon. Just so, she had welcomed since a mere child, save the months she was away to school, but her father looked at her vacantly through the one thousand acres of Missouri land, pulled the Kansas City paper from his pocket, unlaced his shoes and thrust his tired feet into his waiting slippers. The hall clock ticked away the evening pleasantly; the warm glow of the lamplight fell over the books that Bertha had gathered about her, or that he himself had purchased blindly and wrathfully, to get rid of obnoxious book agents who took up his valuable time. The cool, southern wind, laden with the heavy odor of petunias, blew the lace-edged curtains in from the open window.

Bertha had watched her father for some little time; he was busy, as she could see, looking over his day's business. She had for some days past wanted to ask him something, but undecided as to how she was to begin if she did get him alone, she sat half-glancing at the book and looking over her father as if to figure him; to be sure she was right before she should say what she had for some little time wanted to say. As he sat glancing over the paper, Bertha came up to him and placed her hand on her father's shoulder and said:

"You will let me go, father, won't you?"

When he had thrashed his paper in and out she felt sure he was through with the stock market.

"Huh," he exclaimed, settling his eyeglasses afresh and burying his Roman nose in the coming campaign.

The hall clock still ticked and the cry of the whippoorwill came in on the cool wind.

"Gertrude will never forgive me if I disappoint her in being her bridesmaid, and I would like to start Wednesday," Bertha persisted, when she thought he was quite ready to turn the pages.

He dropped his newspaper and absently twiddled his thumbs.

"Who is this 'Gertrude' you want to visit?" he inquired, after studying the wall for some moments.

"Why, father," exclaimed Bertha, impatiently, "the girl you liked so well, who spent most of the summer with us; my room-mate at Hopkins."

"Oh, um."

Again the financial famine and the Missouri land got in the foreground, and Bertha and her affairs retired to the vanishing point on a dim horizon line. What was he going to do with thousands of sheep on his hands, if all the stockmen went into bankruptcy? he'd like to know. Wished he'd never loaned a dollar on sheep, and he'd no use for those politicians in Washington; and, as for loading himself down with Missouri land, he'd get rid of it as——"

"Father," said Bertha, interrupting his train of thought and fixing anxious, blue eyes upon his face, "you're willing I should start Wednesday, are you not?"

"Eh? Oh, who is this young man Gertrude is going to marry?" he inquired, bringing himself back with a jerk of impatience.

He was not listening the next instant when she gave the bridegroom's name, nor when she glowingly described the wedding plans. It was only after some moments that a name caught his ear which brought him abruptly out of his absorption.

"Frank Concannon. Who is this fellow?" he inquired, his eyes focused strangely upon his daughter's face.

"Son of ex-Governor Concannon of St. Joseph, Missouri," replied Bertha, a trifle proudly, but lowering her eyes as a faint color arose in her cheeks.

He dropped his eyeglasses, sat up straight in his chair and crumbled his newspaper until the all-important stock market fell into the arms of the newest shirtwaist design on the woman's page.

"Where in the devil did you meet him?" he demanded.

"At Gertrude's, a year ago. He is the groomsman," uneasily answered the girl as she watched the cloud gathering on his face.

"He must be the son of Bert Concannon—the old rascal! So this is the fellow you're going to parade with at a wedding?" he answered roughly and beginning to pace the floor. "Why, I haven't seen or saw old Bert Concannon in fifteen years. Many's the night I've paced the crown of that hill yonder with my Sharp's rifle, watching the country over that state line for that old scamp."

"But it's all over long ago, and we surely ought to let bygones be bygones," pleaded Bertha when her father paused to look at the floor.

"Bygones be bygones," he vociferated, apoplectically, "with a bullet scar on my shoulder which the old hound put there the night we met the Missourians over at Benton? Why, he led the band that came over here and stuffed our ballot boxes, and the night they burned our mill I just missed his head by a fraction with a whole barrel of cold lead."

"I'm glad you missed him," said Bertha, demurely, a mischievous twinkle under her downcast lashes.

"Eh?" he questioned, bringing her in front of him.

At the moment it occurred to the "old stock market horse" that possibly he might some day have a son-in-law, and as he noticed the hot color creeping up to the edge of the girl's wavy hair the truth was forced upon his unwilling, business-laden mind. A son-in-law! Some dapper young man who would take his daughter away from him without a thought of the void he left behind. The full horror of the situation dawned upon his face. Was the man going to be the son of his arch enemy of the days when he was just starting to heap up his vast fortune, in the early days, and whom he hadn't seen these twenty years?

"Because he is a very pleasant man to meet," continued Bertha, bravely.

"Do you mean to say that you have met old Bert himself?" roared her

father over his double chin and ample contour.

"Yes, father; at Gertrude's," returned the girl, pleasantly.

"Gertrude be hanged!" exploded her father, pacing the floor rapidly.

"No, you're not going; not one step; and you can write this friend Gertrude to that effect!"

"Guess I'll nip that in the bud right now," he muttered, mopping his damp forehead energetically and tramping heavily across the room.

A tear fell slowly down the girl's rounded cheek, but the line of her lips set firmly. The clock ticked with the pace of the uneasy man, whose mind, roving through the trials of pioneer days and the new menace to his domestic peace, presently settled once more upon business and the burden of Missouri land.

"I forgot to tell you that I must catch the 3 o'clock train in the morning over at Springdale, so as to be in Kansas City by eight. You'll get me up as usual?" he questioned, looking at the drooping figure with an uncomfortable expression in his keen, gray eyes, as he suddenly stopped short in his march, faced about and looked at his watch.

He barely waited for the nod which answered him before, kicking off his slippers to join his shoes, he started pell-mell for bed, sowing his garments along his track like a Kansas cyclone. A coat landed on a sofa, a vest on a chair, a collar button, point-end up, dropped neatly to the floor, which would be easily stepped on in the morning rush.

Next morning, after a drive of seven miles across the country to the Gulf train, he was much annoyed to find that half the population, it seemed, of southern Kansas, Missouri, with a large delegation from Arkansas and the Oklahoma country, had also decided to catch that early train. It was then that he remembered the Priests of Pallas parade advertised so extensively for months past. Seats, being favors, were gallantly allowed only to the ladies. Mr. Glasen, being recognized as a prominent citizen, was tendered the luxurious enthronement of the coal box. Here he discoursed with chance acquaintances so vigorously upon the rash tariff meddling at Washington that business worries, his daughter's affairs and the Missouri land faded for a while from his mind.

"Put me up on the best you've got left," he said that evening, throwing his satchel down upon the desk of the hotel, after an encouraging day among the banks and business houses.

The tired clerk eyed, doubtfully for a moment, his prosperous, country magnate personality, and. sizing him up to the fitting title he never failed to bestow upon the patrons of his house, said with accuracy: "Sorry, colonel, but every bloomin' thing is gone."

Just then a fine-looking old man, in a Prince Albert coat, wearing a wide hat, advanced pompously down the hall.

He stopped beside Colonel Glasen, holding in one hand a satchel and in the other a gold-headed cane, which the colonel eyed critically.

The clerk carefully diagnosed the white hair and fine-cut face, with its goatee and mustache. The white vest and gold-headed cane indicated Washington and some variety of a congressman. If it had been a silk hat, the clerk would have felt sure he was no less than a senator.

"Mighty sorry, governor," he ventured, "but there's nothing left."

"Same at the Dale; same at the Palace; same all ovah the city, suh," returned the stranger, while the clerk smiled complacently as the accents convinced him of his faultless selection of address.

"Nevah saw such a crowd in my life," declared the newcomer, turning to Colonel Glasen.

"We're in for it," laughed back that worthy, good-naturedly.

"Put you up on the floor, gentlemen," suggested the clerk; "parlor floor at that, with a good pillow and blanket."

"All right; it's a go," agreed the colonel.

"Yo' can count me in on that deal, too, suh," said the other.

"We might take in a show or two," suggested the colonel, for, despite the frivolity of the gold-headed cane, he had conceived an instantaneous liking for the stranger. "Minstrel show only two blocks down."

"Capital idea, suh. It will lessen the time we'll spend on the parlor floor. I was used to roughing it in army life, but that was in my younger days," said the stranger, who was equally attracted by the colonel's frank eyes and jovial manner.

"Which side?" inquired the colonel, ordering cigars for both.

"The lost cause, suh," returned the stranger, sadly.

"But we're all one now," comforted the other, heartily, holding out a cordial hand, which the southerner warmly grasped.

The two men disappeared down the hall in a cloud of cigar smoke.

Carefully they picked their way by the dim light of a gas jet over the crowd of sleepers, and, finding a large, thick rug not yet appropriated, they joyfully removed it to a choice site by a front window.

"Better than it was in the army," declared the stranger, softly.

"You're blamed right," returned the colonel, *sotto voce*.

This recalled a comic story of camp life, and they paused in their disrobing to laugh to the point of explosion, to which came a vehement protest from some cowboy encamped far across the room. He remarked, in choice cowboy vernacular, that he regretted from the bottom of his heart that he was within the bounds of civilization and could not deal with them as the occasion justified.

At this outburst, met with grunts of approval from all over the room, they tried to quiet down; placed their pillows socially side by side, and rolled themselves in their blankets on the soft, thick rug. Each thought in the meantime what a jolly good fellow the other was, and how much each had missed in not knowing the other before.

It had all been arranged. The colonel was to look at the flats in the morning; the other knew quite well the Missouri land; the deal, if minor matters could be disposed of, was to be consummated the next day. The room had grown quiet; the roar of the cable cars less frequent. The snores of the sleepers had resolved themselves into a Wagnerian chorus which kept them awake, and excitedly their minds rushed over the points of the trade.

"Oh, by the way, Conkle," began the colonel in a cautious whisper, as he was reminded of some important point of the trade.

"Yo' haven't got my name right," whispered the southerner, a trifle annoyed. "It's Concannon—C-o-n-c-a-n-n-o-n."

"Eh?" ejaculated the colonel aloud, as he suddenly rolled over.

"Concannon, suh; Bert Concannon of St. Joseph."

"Concannon? Old Bert Concannon?" vociferated the jayhawker, aghast, as he rose to a sitting position. "Old Governor Bert Concannon?"

"Yes, Bert Concannon, governor of my state two terms," exclaimed that worthy, with insulted dignity, as he also rose to a sitting position.

"What in h—— is the matter with you blankety blank, blank idiots now?" howled the cowboy, digging energetically under his pillow, presumably for the omnipresent six-shooter, while on all sides the snores had ended in one magnificent chord, and the irate sleepers began an indignant chorus of protest.

Colonel Glasen was bracing himself against the window-sill, his iron-gray hair dishevelled and erect, his portly form silhouetted by the glare of the electric lights.

"What did I understand your name to be?" loudly demanded the insulted Missourian, fortifying himself against his satchel and the back of the next hotel guest, oblivious of all surroundings.

"William Glasen, sir; Colonel Wil-

liam Glasen of Osawatomie Home guards, Kansas Sixth," roared the pioneer of the border war days.

"And who in the deuce is he?" inquired a Chicago drummer from a far-distant corner.

"Say, ef you fellers want to fight, why 'n Sam Hill don't you go out in the road?" complained a Medicine Lodge ranchman from choice quarters under the grand piano.

"It's my opinion they've both got a jag on," volunteered a voice from the vicinity of the steam radiator, while the other disturbed cocoons began to threaten violent measures toward restoring peace.

The insulted ex-governor sat only a moment more upon the parlor floor, facing his antagonist of twenty years before. His blanket fell away from his stately form like that of some Indian war chief as he rose to grasp his worldly belongings.

"I do remember yo', now that yo' mention it, Colonel Glasen," he said, bowing with all the grace of the southern gentleman, as to the now standing figure outlined plainly against the parlor curtains, "and I have the honor to bid yo' good evening," and, turning, he took up a dignified march over the recumbent figures upon the floor, dropping a shoe in the face of one, and stepping directly upon the cowboy's stomach, before he reached the haven of the hall door.

"Good evening, sir" shouted the irate jayhawker after him, as he also began plowing his way toward another door, distributing his collar, vest and watch with his usual generosity. When his raiment and shoes had been shot after him, with epithets to match, by his outraged bed-fellows, he tramped up the hall and spent the remainder of the night on the elevator seat.

Here his daughter's soft eyes and drooping, disappointed face came to remind him of her motherless girlhood; of the young wife sleeping away the years in the village cemetery which might have been spent at his side but for the frights and exposures incidental to the early border wars. Soon not only he, but the white-haired ex-governor would also sleep, and death would end all feuds and bitterness. If through these sad reflections there percolated any regrets that the Missouri land was upon his hands, be it remembered that the colonel was ever a business man.

By morning his wrath had cooled considerably, and two good cups of coffee and hot waffles, with bogus Vermont maple syrup, put him in fine humor, despite his sleepless night. It was soon after breakfast that he unexpectedly confronted the ex-governor in the rotunda. Involuntarily both men dropped their eyes like two small boys after a fight, attempting to pass on in dignified silence.

"Governor, it is up to me to apologize," exclaimed the colonel with true western frankness, as he turned to hold out his hand.

"It's all right, all right, suh. Pray, don't mention it," returned the Missourian, who had meditated all night in the clerk's office chair, and he grasped the extended hand heartily.

"Yo' see, suh, I've met yo'r charming daughter, and my son——"

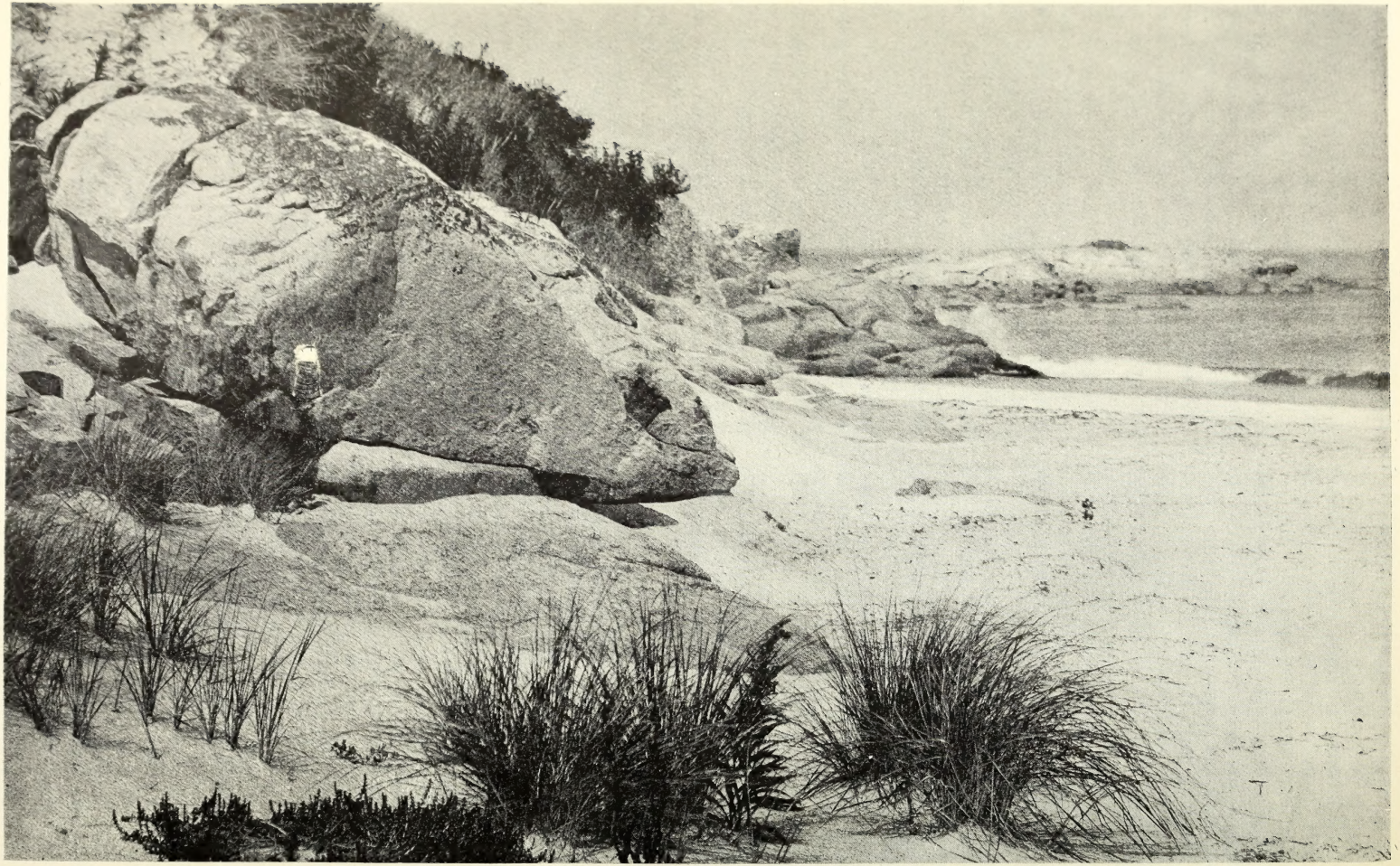
The ex-governor paused in embarrassment, for the colonel's face flamed up instantly.

"Eh? Oh," he sputtered, suddenly brought face to face with the final struggle that was to bury all animosity between them forever, while the Missourian watched him sympathetically.

"That reminds me," he continued, regaining his self-control, "I must telegraph Bertha permission to go somewhere. Now, where was it?" and the colonel scratched his head thoughtfully.

"Gertrude Flannery's wedding, was it not?" prompted the other, gently.

"And now to business, governor," said he, briskly, as the two men turned away from the telegraph desk.



THE CAPE COD SHORE



"DRUDGIN'"

[*This manuscript reached our office anonymously. We shall be pleased to render acknowledgement when informed as to its authorship.*]

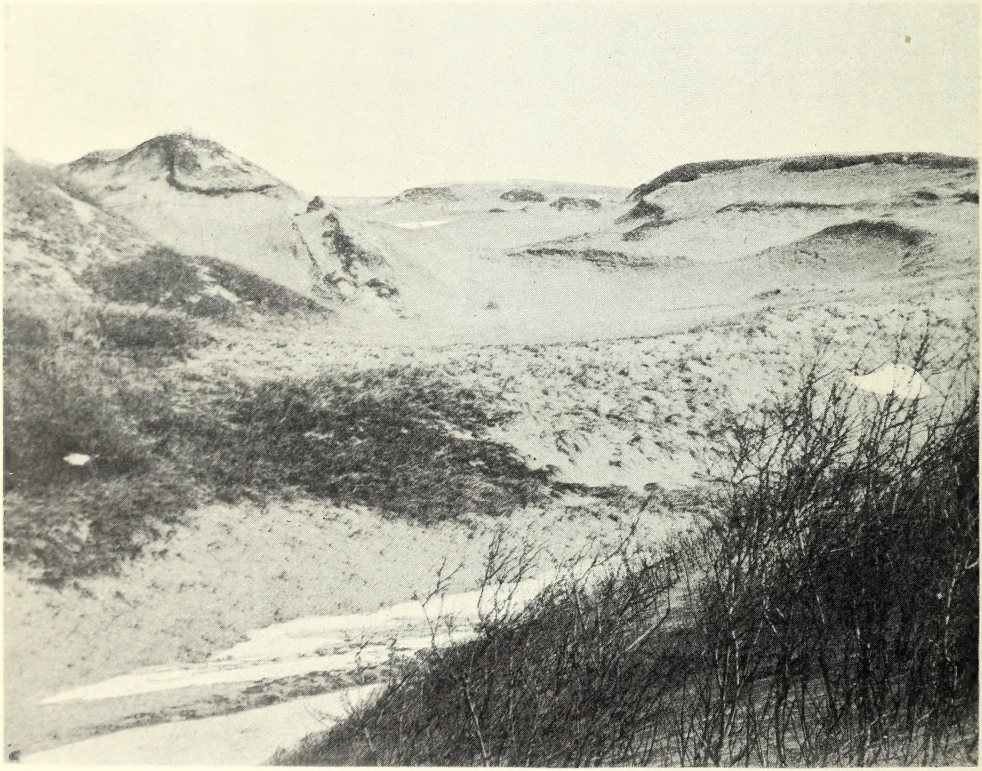
IF the cook hadn't forgotten to order bread I shouldn't have been sent to the bakeshop, and if the bakeshop hadn't been closed I shouldn't have dropped in to gossip in Captain Jim's yard, and, to this day, I should have been ignorant of the pleasures of "drudgin'," as the winter dredging of flounders is called.

Of course, the bakeshop was closed, all shops are closed when you want to buy anything in Provincetown, but across the street Captain Jim was daydreaming on a dilapidated settle before his door. The Captain is a man of deeds and not of words, and conversation with him is apt to be one-sided. He has an aversion to being pumped, and a supreme contempt for summer boarders. The best way to enjoy the Captain is to drop into the vacant seat beside him, light a pipe, and let Nature take its course. Then occasionally one is rewarded with a running fire of observations and anecdotes. Usually our conversation consisted of my monosyllabic accompaniment to the Captain's bass solo, only interrupted by his hearty "Set daown! Set daown!" every time I started to leave.

On this day Captain Jim was more communicative than usual. "There goes a school of them New York atists," he rumbled, pointing to a sloop

far out on the horizon. "I suppose Lew Boggs likes goin' pleasurin', Gofrey! Ye ship a dack load of them wimmen atists en they're all sick fore ever ye kin round Long Point. They hain't nawthin' to ketch but a mess of pollock en whitin' sence them Portegees started setting trawl lines. Gofrey, I've seen when ye could beach a dory on House Point en fill her plumb full o' clams fore ever the tide come back. But now if ever a clam sticks enough fer me in winter an' spring, an' goin' out to the traps in the summer. Gofrey, I don't want to watch no atist woman heavin' up her everlastin' boot heels, en squallin' like one of these here ma'k'rel gulls every time she gits her line kadged to a dog fish. Wimmen's all right in their place, but their place ain't aboard no ma'k'rel catcher."

Remembering the bread at this instant, I started to leave, and escaped, followed by Captain Jim's order to



"HERE AND THERE PATCHES OF SNOW LODGED IN SHELTERED PLACES"

his head out to breathe every Portegee in town knows it, an' here they come, in their dories; from the east'ard, and from the west'ard; from the north'ard, and from the south'ard; two by two,—two by two—tell they hain't a clam on the flats nor a fish in the bay. An' then look at all the fuss an' bother of makin' a chowder. I don't keer nawthin' fer this pleasurin'. Ma'krelin' an' sand eelin' an drudgin's good

"Set daown!" but his talk of winter dredging had started an idea, which was later put into effect; and after several letters back and forth, I packed my bag, and, dressed in my oldest and warmest clothes, I took the train to the end of the Cape for a winter fishing trip with Captain Jim, and his crew of two; Manuel, the big, jolly, red-faced Portegee, and Ben, the little leather-skinned Truro man, who had walked

his own quarter-deck in the old whaling days, and who had a speaking acquaintance with every fish in the bay.

An accident to the dredge I found would delay the trip for a day or two and gave an opportunity to experience winter conditions on the dunes. The day was beautiful and the sunshine bright, but the air had a tingle and bite that nipped the ears, nose and cheeks and froze the damp sand of the dunes until their surface was as hard and smooth as an asphalt pavement. Heretofore, I had only known the dunes in their summer aspect, but found the pleasure of plodding through the soft sand in summer was not to be compared with the possibilities of tramping in winter. Here and there patches of snow lodged in sheltered places, and the brown of bayberry and beach grass broke the expanse of hard, yellow sand, which dipped here and there, giving vistas of distant ocean. The glorious sense of freedom and the bracing, tingling air gave one the feeling of being able to tramp tirelessly for uncounted miles. Never had a summer tramp afforded such pleasure nor such an appetite as that which I brought back to Captain Jim's table and its fare of codfish, potatoes, soda biscuits and peach plum preserves.

Not only had the dunes changed with the passing of summer, but the whole aspect of the town. The summer population of "atists" and other "summer complaints," as Captain Jim described them, had disappeared and the gala appearance the town wears in the summer had given way to the more serious business of the winter. The thrifty proprietor of an ice cream parlor had moved his tables into a back room and was dispensing a line of fishermen's supplies. The old, gray horses that



"HAULING IN THE DREDGE"



IN PROVINCETOWN HARBOR

had made the trip every day in summer drawing an accommodation loaded with happy young folks to Highland Light, were now hitched singly to tip carts and were busy hauling fish.

Three old friends who had not scorned to wear blue uniforms and go "pleasurin'" in the summer were busily engaged in "sand eeling." The sand eels, which are silvery little creatures about six inches long, are highly prized for bait. They are netted in large quantities in the harbor in the winter time and bring as high as ten dollars a barrel. When the sand eels strike in, everybody who owns a dory gets into the sport, which is profitable and highly exciting while it lasts. The end of the wharves, gay in summer with bunting and white sailed sloops, were now occupied by business-like trawlers and mackerel catchers, while the harbor, once filled with pleasure craft of every description, was now given over entirely to staunch "fresh fishermen" and bankers, lying at anchor and waiting for bait or supplies. Every available spot on wharf and shore was filled with drying racks, or flakes, for the curing of codfish, while across the harbor could be seen two or three vile smelling wier boats nearly buried in their clouds of soft coal smoke, and rolling across the harbor with the load of fish just taken from the traps.

There was only time to get a glimpse of all the winter activities before Captain Jim announced that next morning we should make an early start and go "drudgin'." Accordingly, after an early supper and a dreamless sleep, I was awakened by Captain Jim at three o'clock in the morning. It was as dark as pitch and cold as Greenland, but I piled into all the clothes I had in my bag, including two sweaters, a suit of oil skins, and a pair of heavy woolen mittens. Oil skins are much warmer than an overcoat and are a wonderful protection against the wind.

Bundled up like a mummy and by lamplight we went down to Captain Jim's kitchen where an enormous breakfast of coffee, boiled beef, fried eggs, fried pork, pie and soda buscuits awaited us. Knowing the warmth a good breakfast would give in the cold hours ahead, I devoured an incredible amount, only to be criticized by Mrs. Jim for "jest pickin' at my vittles."

In total darkness we reached our dory and pushed forth into space. Manuel at the oars tugged the dory along with the short, jerky fisherman's stroke that seems so futile but which is really so effective. In the stern Captain Jim and Captain Ben, the Truro man, crouched. I knew they were there, though I couldn't see them. In fact, I couldn't see Manuel's back, two feet before me. As I perched in the bow on a bailer and a dory anchor and drifted out into the vast blackness I hoped Manuel knew where he was going, though it seemed entirely a matter of faith.

The wind blew from the north with a bitter coldness that was intensified by the salty dampness. Just as I was certain that Manuel had lost his way, and that we were all doomed to perish of exposure, the bow of the dory nosed up alongside Captain Jim's sloop, exactly as a calf rubs up against its mother's side. Manuel was aboard and had made the painter fast in an instant, and in another minute we were all on deck.

Before the sails were up I had forgotten the piercing cold of the wind and by the time the anchor finally decided to break out and come aboard I felt as though my arms had been pulled

from their sockets and was in a reek of perspiration. With everything clear we swung off in our first tack and like the admiral on Pinafore I went below "to seek the seclusion that the cabin grants," and 'wakened from my nap on a coil of rope and mildewed sail in the forecastle in time to find ourselves far out in the bay and with the rays of Highland Light as it swung in its ceaseless circle becoming dimmer and dimmer as the dawn became brighter.

On deck was the dredge, a twenty-foot pole shod with a stout iron hoop at each end to keep it from fouling on bottom. To this pole was attached the net. As soon as it was light enough to see, the dredge was put overboard and we sailed along, slowly, dragging it along the bottom behind us. The business of the day had begun. I filled and lighted my pipe, Manuel quickly produced a cigarette paper and I tossed the rubber self-closing pouch to him. He examined it curiously and turned it over and over. "By Gar," he finally exclaimed. "How you get at hemm!" I showed him and he amused himself opening and shutting the pouch several times, incidentally spilling half its contents on the wet deck. Then he helped himself to a pinch of tobacco and rolled a cigarette with one hand. "Them dum Portegees ain't got no sense," drawled Ben, who noted the waste of good tobacco and resented it. "They kain't run a wheelbarrow. Good fishermen they be, but—Gofrey—let 'em git into a tight place en they leggo everythin' en start prayin'. I've ben in tight places once or twict en I felt like prayin', too, but I didn't leggo nawthin', you bet ye! 'Member the winter of the big gale I was out in my dory plaicin'. Come along 'bout 'leven she begun to breezin' up; she kept breezin' up tell she was blowin' real brisk. Long 'bout the time she



"A MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION OF FLOUNDERS, PLAICE, GOOSE-FISH"

begun to brisken up I started fer home en before I got in,—man she wuz blowin' half a gale."

"How much is half a gale, Ben?" I asked as I puffed my pipe in the lee of the deck house.

"Well," said Ben, "when I tried to go up the wharf I couldn't stand up, hed to go up on my hands en knees. That's how hard it was blowin'."

Captain Jim at the wheel, his eye cocked on the peak, takes small part in the conversation, but his eye twinkles and he misses none of the stories.

Now it is time to pull the dredge, which is pursed up to prevent its contents from escaping. Then the pole is hauled inboard and the pursed net, hitched to a tackle, is hauled up and swung overside. The rope that holds the bottom of the net is cast off, and out upon the deck slide a miscellaneous collection of flounders, plaice, skates, goose-fish, sculpin and crabs. The net is quickly made ready and thrown over again, and as we sail the work of sorting goes on. The flounders and the plaice are kept; the latter to be served as chicken halibut, turbot or some other equally tempting delicacy in the city market—the rest of the collection are heaved over the side or kept for lobster bait. So the morning goes. Again and again the dredge is hauled, always with a freight of fish, as we sail lazily back and forth over the course, and our fare of fish increases in weight. Finally we turned toward home in order to get our catch iced and on the train for Boston.



"Weighing in the catch"

As we bowl along toward the harbor under full sail, and with a quartering breeze, we realize that we are hungry, more hungry, even, than tired; which, in my own case at least, is saying a great deal. "I'd like," said Ben, the

Truro man, "to set down to a great big dish of ham en eggs." "Me," said Manuel, "me lika ma'k'rel. Hima fine. Hameneg no good. Maka me seek. Me like catcher de ma'k'rel, eater de ma'k'rel. Hima go great! Ma'k'rel-she-alla-right." Then I suggested that for my part a thick brown steak as large as the bottom of a trawl tub, and two inches thick, with all the fixings, would just about suit me. For almost the first time during the trip Captain Jim broke in. "Boys," he drawled, "yer all wrong. Now yer talking eatin', I jest wanter say thet when it comes to high livin' there aint nawthin' makes sech a swell meal as four cups of coffee en a blueberry pie."

Mrs. Jim took our ravenous appetites as a matter of course, and I left for the city the next day fully agreeing with Captain Jim that "women atists en dudes in kaki pants aint all there is to Provincetown, not by a dumb sight."



UNCONQUERED

By ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

Deep lay the battle's branding on his face,
As from the ranks I saw him led away,
While eagerly the foe fought for his place
Who heard the victor bugles cheerily play.

I knew that he had failed in that last fight,
That pride and strength were now an empty thing;
But, ah! I knew whence that strange, holy light—
From out the battle walked he forth a king!



PHILLIPS HALL

BARTLET CHAPEL BEFORE 1878

BARTLET HALL

Andover in Cambridge

By WILLIAM H. RYDER

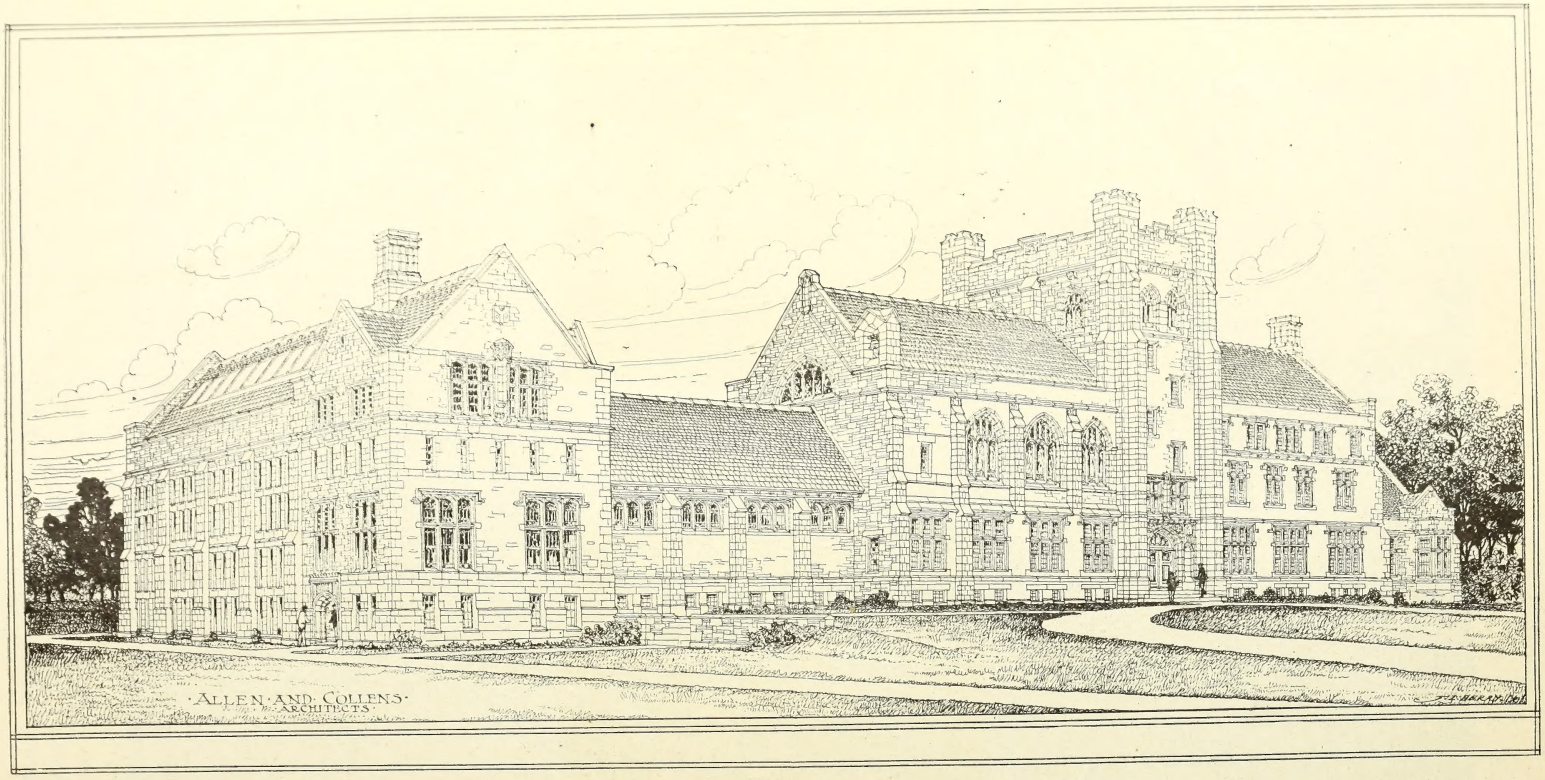
THE story of Andover Theological Seminary is familiar to all who are acquainted with the ecclesiastical history of New England. It was founded at a time of intense interest in theological doctrine, and of much controversy and anxiety. There had, as yet, been no recognized division between the Calvinist and Trinitarian clergy and churches, and those that were regarded, or acknowledged themselves to be, Arminians and Unitarians; but the election of Rev. Henry Ware to the Hollis professorship of divinity in Harvard College, and the subsequent resignation of Professor Eliphalet Pearson from the faculty, led the orthodox party to feel that they must have a school under their own control, in which they might train men for the ministry in their churches. But the orthodox were themselves divided into different parties, which, if not hostile, were suspicious of one another. The main divisions were known as the Moderate Calvinists and the Consistent Calvinists, or Hopkinsians. Each of these parties was preparing to establish its own theological school. The Moderates proposed to put into the hands of the trustees of Phillips Academy in Andover such endowments as would make it possible for this board to provide for the adequate training of men for the ministry, and the Hopkinsians were contemplating the establishment of a theological institute at Newbury. After protracted negotiations the two parties united, locating their school in Andover and placing it under the care of the trustees of the academy. They provided for it, however, a board of visitors, who should have power to guard their endowments and reject or remove from their chairs professors whose beliefs and teachings did not, in their opinion, agree with the views of the founders, as expressed in a somewhat elaborate creed.

The seminary was opened for instruction on the twenty-eighth day of September, 1808, and continued its illustrious and influential life on Andover Hill for a century.

During the latter part of this period, however, the question of the separation of the seminary from the academy, and the removal of the former to some other location, was often discussed. After careful and protracted consideration the trustees came to the conclusion that the interests of both schools would be best conserved by such reorganization as would permit the division of the two trusts, and the committal of one to one board of trustees and the other to another board. On their petition, therefore, the Legislature, in the spring of 1907, reincorporated the board of trustees of Phillips Academy as the board of trustees of Andover Theological Seminary. This permitted the members of either board to resign one part of their trust, and authorized those who remained in each division to fill vacancies until there should be two boards of thirteen members each.

Soon after the board of trustees of Andover Seminary was organized, negotiations were opened with the authorities of Harvard University, contemplating the removal of the seminary to Cambridge and its affiliation with the university. As a result of these negotiations and of further action by the board of trustees, the professors began to give instruction in Cambridge in the autumn of 1908:

Vacancies in the faculty have been filled; a beautiful lot of land of about



Drawing by Allen and Collens, Architects

DESIGN FOR ANDOVER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY BUILDINGS, CAMBRIDGE

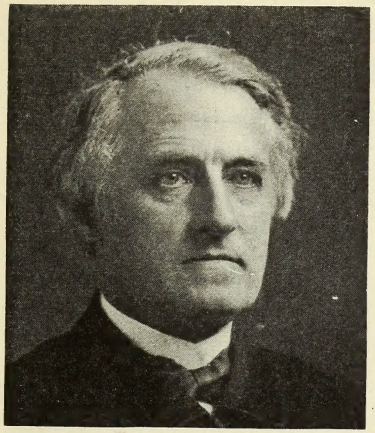
THIS STRUCTURE IS TO BE ERECTED ON AN EXTENSIVE AND BEAUTIFULLY LOCATED TRACT OF LAND, A PORTION OF THE CHARLES ELIOT NORTON ESTATE, RECENTLY PURCHASED FOR THE SEMINARY

five acres, adjoining the lands of Harvard Divinity School, has been purchased, and, as soon as a building can be erected, the library will be removed from Andover and the seminary will possess commodious quarters for all departments of its work and for the accommodiation of its students.

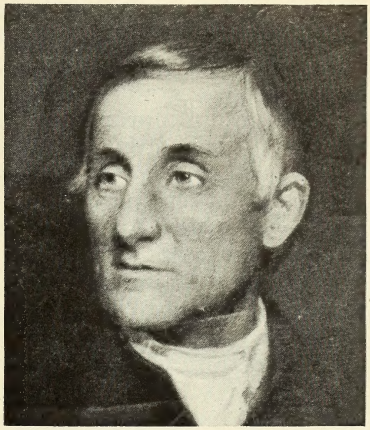
But this bare statement of facts requires a fuller statement of the reasons which led to this change of location and relations, the conditions upon which the change was made, and the impressions which a year and a half of teaching in Cambridge has made upon the minds of the Andover instructors.

The decisive reason for removing from Andover was the decline in the number of students, and the conviction on the part of the trustees and the faculty that there was slight prospect of attracting to a country village any considerable number of candidates for the ministry who had already received a collegiate education. The reasons for this decline were, doubtless, various; and different persons who were interested in the seminary laid the chief emphasis upon different ways for accounting for it. It is true that the theological controversies had centred about the seminary which had alarmed and alienated some of its alumni and former friends, and some students were, doubtless, disinclined to connect themselves with a school thus under suspicion and criticism. It is impossible to tell how many young men were adversely influenced by this consideration. It is not probable that the number was large, for the serious decline did not appear until the controversies were substantially ended.

A more potent cause was the increase in number and in equipment of other seminaries. When Andover was founded it was the only seminary for theological instruction in New England; indeed, with perhaps one exception, the only one in America. Its success led to the establishment of others in every branch of the church, and some of these were more favorably located than Andover, and some were better supported and equipped. Andover was founded to serve the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches especially. There are now seven other Congregational seminaries, three of which are in New England, and a number of seminaries which are under the care of the Presbyterian Church. At the same time, the number of college graduates who enter the Congregational seminaries of New England has considerably declined. There are fewer students of this kind enrolled in the four New England seminaries now than there were in Andover alone in its most flourishing days.



AUSTIN PHELPS



MOSES STUART

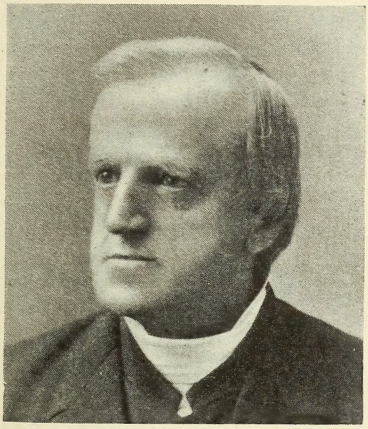
Another potent cause for the decrease in numbers was in the conviction, which many college graduates hold, that a theological seminary should offer to its students a greater variety of courses than Andover could provide. The elective system in the colleges has fostered the desire for elective courses in the professional schools; and, by reason of the elective system many college graduates have been deficient in those disciplines which are essential to a well-trained ministry. Some know little or no Greek; some have taken no courses in ethics of philosophy; others do not know enough of general history to gain satisfactory results from courses in ecclesiastical history; others are too ignorant of logic and rhetoric and literature to gain what they should from their homiletical instruction. Moreover, the science of sociology and kindred sciences are becoming more important to the minister. The services rendered by a minister in his church and community are much more varied than they were in earlier days, and some candidates for the ministry desire to specialize in certain lines of study. A school in a country village, twenty miles from a university, cannot meet these demands, and there is reason to believe that these demands will increase with the passing years. Even if young men are inclined to overestimate the advantages of such enlargement of their theological courses, they cannot be drawn to a seminary which does not offer them those real or supposed advantages.

It should be observed that, while the most serious and depressing decline in numbers was from 1891 to 1907, it began much earlier. The highest enrollment was in 1834, when one hundred and sixty-four names appear in the catalogue. There were one hundred or more in every year from 1818 to 1842, and again from 1852 to 1862. After that no catalogues show one hundred names except those of 1866 and 1867, when young men whose studies had been interrupted by the war were added to the ordinary body of recent college graduates. The decline thus began and continued under very able and famous instructors, and the long period during which the tide had been ebbing forbade a reasonable hope that it would turn.

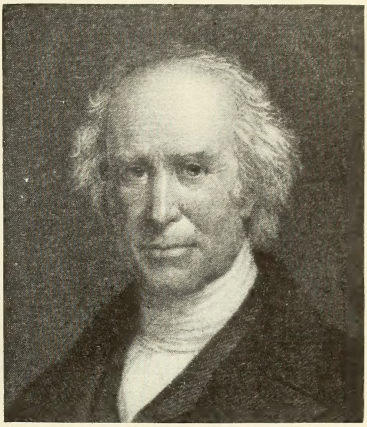
But the decrease in numbers and the immediate causes for it were not the only reasons for the change of location and connection. It was becoming more and more difficult to persuade suitable men to enter the faculty of the seminary and to continue in that service. Such men felt, as the students felt, that they could live a fuller life and render a larger service somewhere else than in this beautiful and attractive, but somewhat isolated, village.

When the Theological Seminary was established in Andover, there was no consciousness of serious incongruity in thus combining a preparatory school for boys and a professional school for mature young men. When the academy was founded, in 1778, it was anticipated that "many of the students" would "be devoted to the sacred work of the gospel ministry," and it was made "the duty of the master" "to inculcate upon them the great and important scripture doctrines," which are then mentioned in detail, and which include nearly all the doctrines in a course in dogmatic theology. Without doubt, this duty was faithfully and literally discharged by Master Eliphalet Pearson and his immediate successors. Moreover, in 1795, the academy received a legacy from the Hon. John Phillips of Exeter to aid students "who are designed to be employed in the great and good work of the gospel ministry," that they may receive instruction "in the study of divinity . . . under the direction of some eminent Calvinistic minister of the gospel, until such time as an able, pious and orthodox instructor . . . shall . . . be supported . . . as a professor of divinity." From that date until the seminary was opened in 1808, eighteen students, all of them college graduates, received instruction upon this foundation, from the Rev. Jonathan French, pastor of the

South Church in Andover. Thus, when the seminary was founded, the academy was already maintaining a kind of embryonic theological school. And, further, the board of trustees consisted at that time, and for many years thereafter, of clergymen and of laymen who were especially interested in theology and in the preparation of men for the gospel ministry. The board was, therefore, profoundly interested in the welfare of the seminary, and its members were eminently fitted to guide and control such a school. Indeed, if either school suffered any real or seeming neglect during the period in which the seminary was most flourishing, it was the academy rather than the seminary. Certainly, the chief interest centred in the latter.



EDWARDS A. PARK



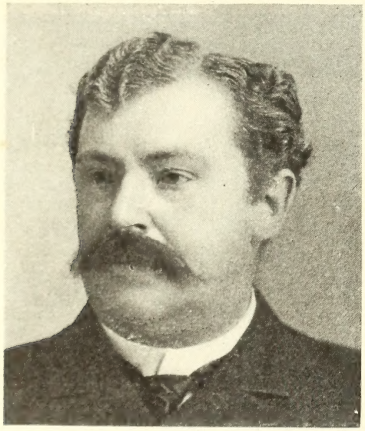
LEONARD WOODS

But as the seminary declined and the academy increased in numbers and importance, and as a smaller number of the academy students were expecting to enter the ministry, and the teaching necessarily became less theological, it was inevitable that the time and interest of the trustees should be more absorbed in the case of the academy, and that some of them should feel themselves but imperfectly equipped to conduct the affairs of such a professional school as a theological seminary. The trustees decided, therefore, that the best interests of each school demanded the division of the board of control, and this division was made, as has already been stated. But this seemed to involve the necessity of the removal of the seminary, not only for reasons already stated, but also because two boards could not expect to secure the best results in conducting two distinct schools, of such a different character, in such close proximity, whose interests in the past had been so closely interwoven. The buildings and land could be used by the academy to much better advantage than by the seminary, and the trustees of the academy were ready to pay a fair price for all this property. The seminary was not asked to sacrifice its own interests to the interests of the academy, but it was proper that the good of the academy should be considered in this change. It is now a source of much consolation to those who felt the deepest regret in the removal of the seminary from its beautiful location, with all the joyful and sacred memories which cluster about it, to see its grounds and buildings swarming with youth who are preparing themselves for good service in their country and the world, and in the kingdom of God.

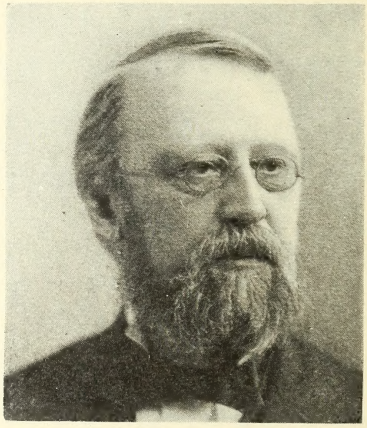
The conditions upon which the seminary entered, in Cambridge, upon the second century of its life seem to the trustees and faculty, and to many of

the alumni and friends of the institution, as exceedingly favorable for its usefulness and wide influence. The terms agreed upon by the Andover trustees and the Harvard Corporation preserve the "autonomy and independence" of the seminary. They affirm that "the organization of the seminary shall be maintained without change, all its trusts being executed as at present." The trustees affirm, in their final action in removing the seminary, taken on the twelfth day of March, 1908: "The terms of alliance involve no change in the charter, constitution, organization or independent status of the seminary." As from the first, the professors are elected by the board of trustees and confirmed or rejected by the board of visitors, and Harvard University has no part in their nomination or election to the Andover faculty. The seminary will own land and buildings in Cambridge, and will have ample accommodations for all its work. The faculty controls the studies of all Andover students, and every candidate for its degree must take at least one course under each Andover professor, and his choice of other courses must be approved by the Andover faculty.

At the same time, the affiliation with Harvard University is quite complete. Andover professors, when approved by the Harvard Corporation and overseers, may receive into their classes students in the Divinity School and post-graduate department; and in some cases undergraduates; and courses thus taken may be counted for Harvard degrees. On the other hand, Andover students may, with the approval of their faculty, take courses under the professors in the Divinity School and in the Department of Arts and Sciences. This gives both unity and diversity to their theological discipline, and provides excellent instruction in every department which any man preparing for the ministry may feel that he needs. Besides this, the great libraries and other facilities of the university are open to Andover teachers and students, upon the same terms upon which they are offered to those connected with the university. They enjoy also all the educational and social privileges and the opportunities for Christian culture and service which close contact with the varied and inspiring life of a university town and the centre of a great population offers.



JOHN WESLEY CHURCHILL



EGBERT C. SMYTH

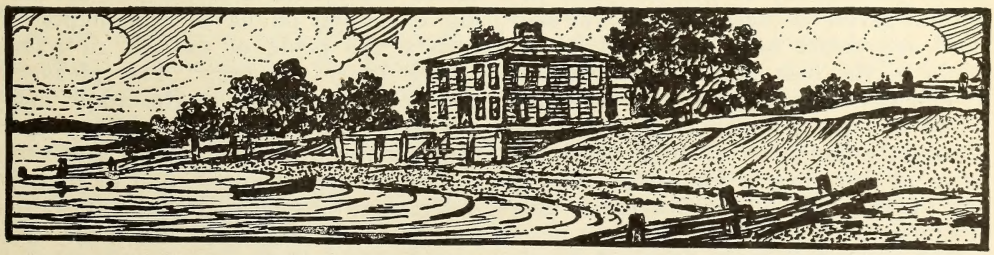
Nearly a year and a half have passed since the professors of Andover Seminary began to give instruction under these conditions in Cambridge—a period long enough to make somewhat definite impressions, and to provide some data for forming opinions con-

cerning the probable outcome of this experiment. It may be profitable to put certain facts and impressions on record.

The reception which has been given to the Andover men by those connected with the Harvard Divinity School, and by all officers of the university with whom they have had to do, has been most cordial and gratifying. They have been treated, not as strangers, nor even as guests, but as members of one household, working together for one common end. There has been no evidence of anxiety or suspicion, and no suggestion that any theological instructor should feel the least limitation or embarrassment in teaching his own views in his own way. They have been made to feel that they share fully in all the religious and intellectual opportunities of the university. During this period, in which the seminary has had no building of its own, the Divinity School has opened its lecture rooms to their classes, and provided rooms for Andover students in its dormitory.

During the first year, as was anticipated, the number of students registered as Andover students was small—but five names appear in the catalogue. But the Andover professors gave instruction to twenty-four men, a larger number than has appeared in their classes since the year 1900. This year eleven are enrolled, and from thirty to forty are receiving instruction. The majority of these expect to enter the ministry. Others, post-graduate and undergraduate students in the university, will enter other professions and callings. The seminary is certainly fulfilling the hope of its founders if it trains such men to become intelligent leaders and members of the Christian churches, and quickens in them the passion for Christian service.

Sixteen months of actual experience may not demonstrate the wisdom of this change, or prove that Andover in Cambridge is to render so large a service in the future as it has rendered in its illustrious past. But this brief experience has quieted fears and kindled hopes in the minds and hearts of all who have shared in it. When the new building is done and occupied; when the library is removed and the work of the seminary thoroughly organized; when the friends of the seminary have learned where to find it, and the seminary can make abundant provision for their reception and entertainment, there is reason to anticipate a large increase in its influence and usefulness. It is the confident hope of those connected with it that it may not only instruct a goodly number of young men to become, as its pious founders hoped, "learned and able defenders of the gospel of Christ," but will also be a centre from which inspiration and instruction shall go forth to the churches and to men already in the ministry. It is expected that its library will attract scholars, and will continue to render increasing service to the pastors of New England churches, and that much may be done in the way of seminary extension to increase the knowledge and stimulate and guide the labors of ministers and other Christian workers.



A Memorial Hospital for Infants

as a Centre of Education for the Study of Early Life

By THOMAS MORGAN ROTCH, M. D.

In connection with a national movement directed especially to child labor, which has been growing in strength throughout the country for the past few years, a number of questions of an allied nature have arisen and have come into prominence. In order to understand these questions as a whole, and to see clearly to what they are gradually leading, we should study the entire field covered by child life. We should then take up each factor of the child problem, and thus prepare the way for arriving at the desired goal, which is manifestly vital, not only for the rights of the child itself, but for the performance of our duties toward the world in general, by wisely training young human beings to be physically and mentally good citizens.

There is no question but that thousands of children throughout our land have, for many years, been treated shamefully, and that this is still going on at the present time. If we intelligently look at the different stages of a child's life, from the time when it is born until it has become an adult, we cannot but be struck with the almost brutal inadequacy of the time and attention given to these stages. We also shall appreciate how neglected is the study of the best methods to protect, by efficient research and the wise adaptation of such research, a being, who, absolutely helpless at birth and always at our mercy for good or evil, has by the laws of nature come into our power.

It is extraordinary, and, in fact, almost incredible, that the wonderful discoveries in matters scientific and the almost miraculous application of such discoveries for the use, comfort and good of developed human beings have for centuries been carried on with ever-increasing impetus, while so little brain work has been applied to developing the very hands that must take charge of all these discoveries in the future.

The world is more ignorant today of the beginning of its own living kind than it was of inanimate nature a century ago. Millions of dollars are expended on inventing and developing a complicated piece of machinery which in cotton mills or steel plants will bring comfort and luxury, work and profit to developed men and women. Brains and money without limit are expended on scientific observations of the heavens to gratify, sometimes perhaps practically, the curiosity of developed man.

Money without stint and ingenious brains are being devoted to explorations of the air, of extreme interest and satisfaction to individual scientists and pleasure-seekers, but of questionable world utility. Millions, again, are being expended on naval armaments to satisfy the pride of nations in overawing other nations. The pleasure and self-satisfaction of the adult man are well supplied with money and thought for the development and protection of art, of music, and of luxurious transit on land and water. Finally, millions are expended all over the world for founding and expensively

supporting hospitals for the care and cure of disabled adults.

A remarkable anomaly in the world's record, however, is shown if we compute how much of the world's money and brains have been expended on that intricate marvel, the human infant, without which the world would have in it little of comparative value.

Is it not, then, inconceivable that the inventive genius and wealth of adults are not directed to the preservation of young human beings, heirs to the world's discoveries and final arbiters of the world's progress?

Very little extended study and real research work on early life has been done in the world in comparison with such study and research work in almost every branch of utilitarian investigation. The infant at birth is so frail, is so easily affected to its detriment by new external influences and dies so easily, that we would suppose that every means would be employed for protecting its life in the wisest way for our own future use and our own personal ambitions.

There is no question but that the real scientific study of young human beings, as to their anatomy, physiology, vitality, resisting power, vulnerability to disease, recuperative power and reaction to treatment, has been neglected to a great degree in the past. It certainly has not to any degree kept pace with the exhaustive research work and careful analytical study which have been, and are being to-day, carried out on adults. Fully equipped adult hospitals are continually being supplied with funds to cover the expense of their free beds, and endowments are continually forthcoming to allow of the most costly operating theatres and research laboratories.

On the other hand, very little money has been forthcoming for the building and endowment of hospitals devoted to the young, or to special libraries devoted to all that pertains to early life.

The feeding and nutrition of infants, the study of which has so much to do with the very high proportionate mortality of young human beings, have been neglected to a marked degree.

From a humanitarian point of view this is to be wondered at. From a utilitarian standpoint it would seem that the world must be infant blind. We can never know that a sick baby, however feeble or immature, is not one who may become, if its life be preserved, one of the greatest scientists or practical benefactors of future generations.

To train and wisely guide young human beings through the different periods of their lives, from birth to completed development, would surely each year save the world millions of expenditure. Weaklings, by their lack of resisting power, are a tax on the community in which they live. Even if they happen to have been born with normal tissues, they have had those tissues so injured by ill-advised systems of feeding and education that they become easily vulnerable to disease. As citizens they are handicapped and prevented from aiding and protecting their fellow-men by that abnormal metabolism of brain and body which can destroy the usefulness of the best mental capacity.

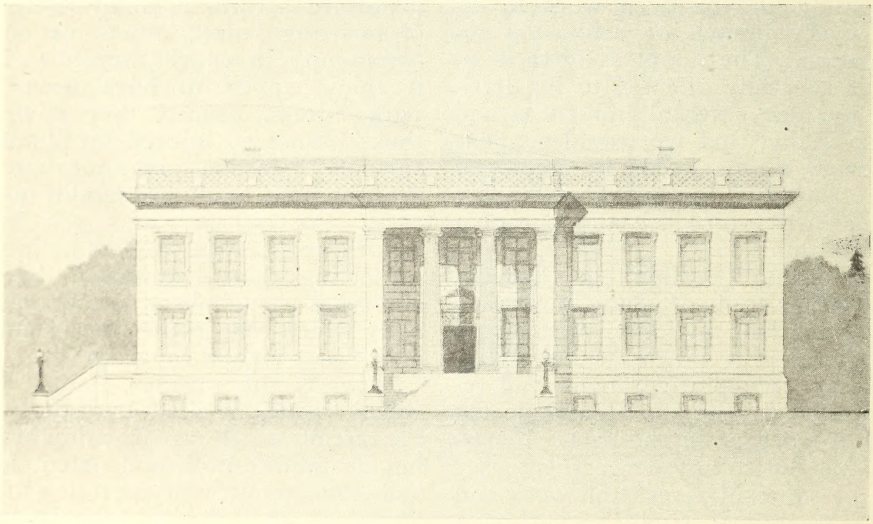
Witness the ravages of the hookworm among the children of the South, the terrible death rate from infant feeding on impure milk and patent foods, and the opening of portals to tuberculosis in factories, schools, mines and other improper surroundings.

In no other philanthropic work is there such a self-evident need of a greater knowledge of all the factors of the problem as in the protection of early life. Following the general rule that the real research work and study of early life for its eventual good has for centuries been neglected, the humanitarian, educator and philanthropist seek to govern the child's life, each in his own way.

So long as physicians continue to take the responsibility of feeding infants without understanding what immense strides have been made in the modern research work connected with

the adaptation of foodstuffs to early life, just so long will the death rate of infancy remain alarmingly and unnecessarily high. So long as women and men, who are not fitted by long years of especial training, attempt to deal with questions relating to the mental and physical welfare of early life, just so long will the rules in the schools and laws for the restraint of child labor be inadequate, insufficient, unsatisfactory and plainly wrong. When each class of child guardians realizes that others should be consulted in their own lines or research, and that all must then combine in one common cause, *the intelligent protection of early life*, then probably not be successful in accomplishing the desired end, namely, *a proper protection and governing of early life as preparatory to later usefulness.*

As physicians well know, from their especial research work in development, children in different parts of our country are subject to different conditions, and it is the wise adaptation of the conditions to the individual which will do the most good for the especial child. The whole curriculum for governing a human being in its progress from infancy to adult life, whether as to food, kindergarten, school, physical training, in and out door occupation, technical school, college or terminal vocation,



PROPOSED NEW HOSPITAL

may we hope to control and finally eradicate the various systems of education and work which are now undermining the health of children.

If the people in general understood the situation of the child question in all of its details, as has been stated in this short exposition of a very large subject, there would probably not be much difficulty in doing away with existing wrongs.

General national laws emanating from those who are not trained scientifically to cope with humane questions which they have at heart will should be adapted to the individual, and a universal curriculum for children in general should not be countenanced as it is to-day.

In this sense a state should wisely arrange its laws to suit the conditions which exist within its own borders. Otherwise much time will be wasted by the individual child, surrounded by certain conditions, and forced to subscribe to rules made wise by an entirely different environment.

To the end that great reforms should be made in the management of child life, capitalists should give the re-

quired financial aid, philanthropists and humanitarians should give their time and influence to exposing the wrongs which are being done to children, and pediatricians should be asked to give their practical knowledge to the work of determining what food, studies and modes of living are best adapted to the individual child.

It is the especial development of the individual human being which demands rules of government and training adapted to individual mental and physical development. The educators can then apply their knowledge, from an educational point of view, to the developmental conditions pointed out by the pediatricians. The lawyers can frame laws which will enforce these conditions, and the legislators can then with reason be asked to make general national laws which will allow each state to be benefited according to the conditions which exist within its borders.

The Children's Federal Bureau, now under consideration as a part of one of the national departments, will be needed to wisely apportion the laws according to the conditions extant in different parts of the country. The question, however, at once arises where shall this bureau obtain the most advanced knowledge of questions relating to children. It is manifest that philanthropists should expose crime and should show the need of reform. It is also manifest that the government should have pediatric research centres available for information, just as it has scientific research laboratories for other subjects which require legislation. At present there are no such laboratories devoted to early life, though they exist in the hospitals maintained for investigations on adults.

To fulfil this need of obtaining rational advanced ideas and a practical knowledge of early life, it would seem that educational centres, devoted to the especial study and investigation of early life, should be endowed and established in different parts of the country. Thus the queries of a federal bureau or the especial requests for advice from different states, as to their state laws for safeguarding children, could be answered intelligently, as questions on all other scientific problems, industrial or otherwise, are answered.

These educational centres should have no political affiliations, and should be under the control of no especial organizations or associations. They should be absolutely independent research laboratories for all questions connected with early life, and their mission should be simply to supply advanced knowledge on every subject connected with human beings, from birth to the completion of their physical and corresponding normal mental development. They should be recognized centres, ready to give advice, but leaving to the philanthropists, capitalists, educators, lawyers and legislators to carry out reforms of training and of guarding early life. Most of all, however, these centres should place on a scientific basis the truths emanating from modern investigations connected with physical and mental development, and should teach how to render the young tissues less vulnerable to disease, and how to restore the tissues to a normal condition when infection has occurred.

The means for establishing and endowing such educational centres should probably most wisely come from private individuals, in order to avoid complications which might handicap unbiased work. The workers in these educational laboratories would thus be absolutely independent, and could carry on their investigations as is done, for instance, in a chemical laboratory, and their results would thus most likely be accepted as authoritative by the public, by the state and by the nation.

With such an educational centre in mind the writer has for the past eight years been studying in Europe, as well as in this country, the problem of how to construct a building which, while representing the most perfect model for the preservation of life and the

restoration to health of young human beings during the period of infancy, should also provide a means for research work in the whole field of development in early life. This problem has been solved and a building has been carefully planned to carry out these ideas. A board of trustees has already obtained an ideal site for such a building, and holds sufficient funds to erect and completely finish its exterior.

The funds for this purpose were given by friends who wished to establish a memorial building for infants. The space for beds is sufficient to accommodate fifty infants. This number has been carefully calculated to supply sufficient material for advanced research work, and at the same time is a small enough number to insure the most perfect care of each baby as an individual.

The accompanying illustration represents the building as it will stand, on a high piece of land, apart from the city thoroughfares and adjacent to the beautiful marble laboratories of the Harvard Medical School.

When the trustees obtain sufficient funds, the entire interior of the building is to be equipped with the best and most modern apparatus known for the determination of normal development, and for the study of conditions relating to childhood and adolescence. After all this is accomplished there is no doubt but that the patients in this hospital will receive most excellent modern treatment.

This memorial building, with its simple marble exterior, will represent not only an ideal place of refuge for sick infants, but also a centre for the study of early life, which, so far as the writer knows, has never before existed.

A novel condition, therefore, is presented to the public who are interested in child life, and the trustees who hold the funds given for this building have concluded that it is their duty to appeal to the public for the remaining funds necessary for finishing the interior of the building. The completed building will mean, at least, a starting centre for the advanced educational work in connection with early life, which has been described in this article as being necessary for the wise supervision of the child life of our country, and, in a broad sense, of the world.

The study of what eventually is to be represented in the interior of the building is an interesting one, and can be described in units arranged for different purposes, so that the donors can choose the especial unit to which they may wish their gift to be applied.

The library is to be free to all who wish to study anything in connection with early life, and in this sense will be the only one of its kind in the world. As a knowledge of the use of the various foodstuffs for infant feeding and the method of their administration is the keynote to the successful rearing of infants, there will be a fully equipped and modern milk laboratory. This laboratory will be used not only for treating the patients in the wards, but will also be a valuable means for instructing girls who, in their last year at the various schools, may choose to take such a course as an elective. In connection with this course the care of healthy infants in a model nursery, the technique of rational feeding, ventilation and general hygiene will be practically taught.

As the milk for the model milk laboratory will be supplied from a model farm, and as the owner of this farm will always be in close touch with the laboratory in educational work, students may be taught any of the farm routine which is of importance to the infant's and the child's well-being.

One of the specialties of this educational plant will be to train nursery maids and to supply them to the public. A need has long been felt in many communities for a place where maids should be trained, not only for their nursery duties, but also to have an appreciation of their relations to the graduate nurse who is called into the family when the child is sick. This will be accomplished by having a course for both graduate nurses and nursery maids in the same building.

In the wards each infant will have supplied to it not only the food, but also the temperature of the surrounding air modified according to its own especial need, and especial studies of these conditions will form an important part of the research work.

A room especially designed for premature infants will aid in carrying out forms of treating this class of patients, which will probably save many lives and form an attractive part of the general work.

There will be in close proximity to the wards a model lecture room, equipped with all the most modern apparatus for teaching and investigation. Here any mother may receive instruction, and here research work in the development of early life will be carried on by means of the Roentgen ray.

In this age of preventive medicine it is very evident that what is needed for the protection of the children of the nation is a pediatric laboratory devoted to research work in all that pertains to early life. Such an opportunity for general and special study will be provided in the Memorial Hospital through its library, its various research laboratories and its wards; so that if the public is interested in promoting the safeguarding of early life, it would seem that it should be only too glad to contribute toward placing such an institution on a sound financial basis.

[*Editor's Note.—Any persons desirous of further information as regards this hospital are invited to communicate with Mr. William B. Wheelwright, 95 Milk Street, Boston.*]

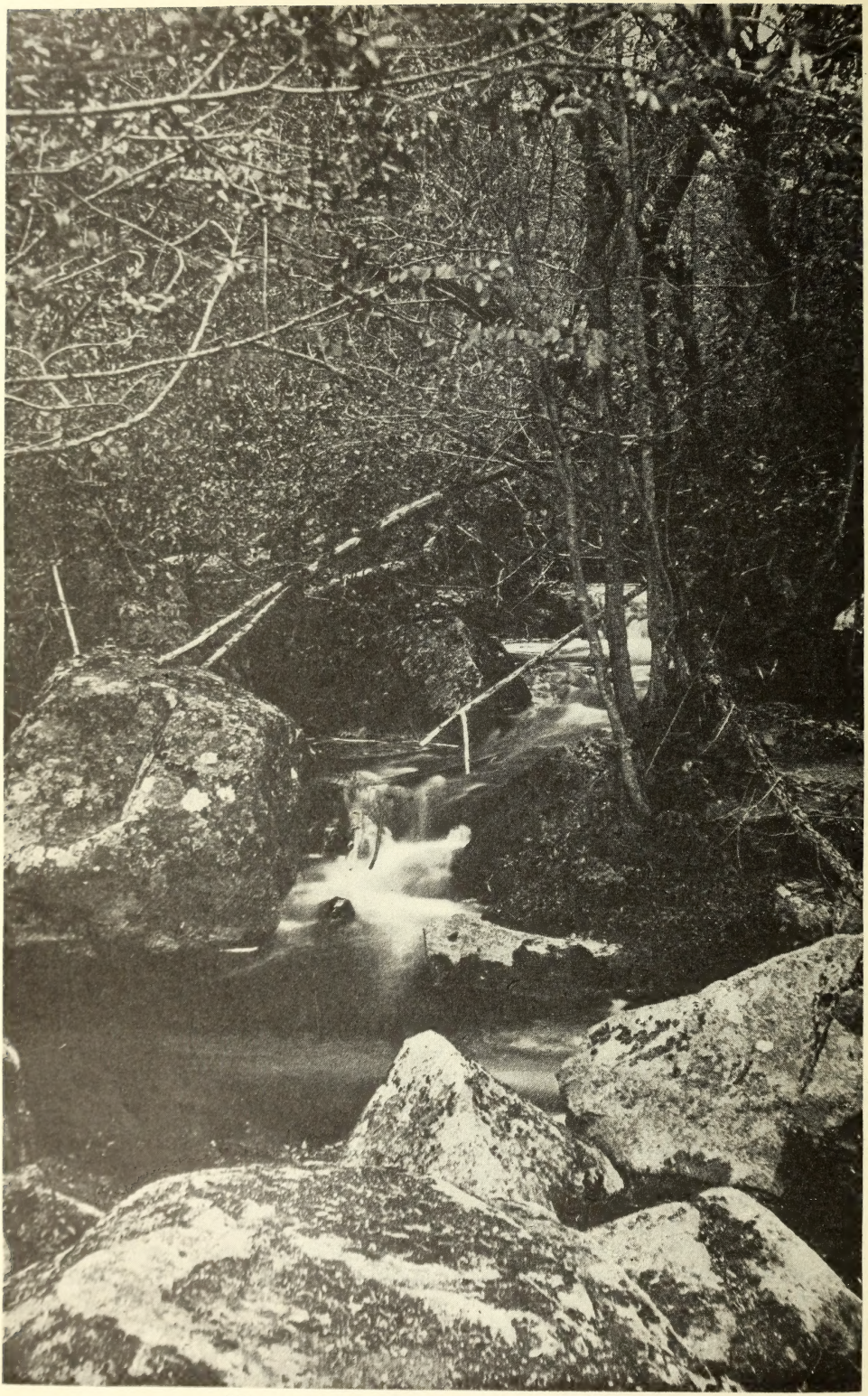
THE SHELL

By ALOYSIUS COLL

I listened to a shell,
And heard it tell
A simple tale of childhood, clear and well.

Alas! I did but hear
My listening ear,
Bereft of youth and glee for many a year!

I cast away the shell;
Lo, where it fell
Was Age or Childhood singing—who can tell?



"Vale of Avoca" Little river, Exeter

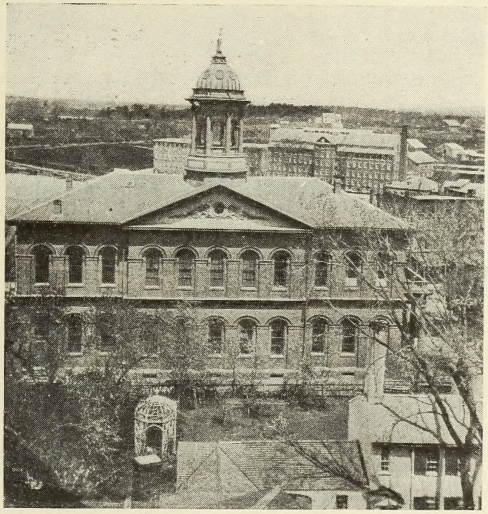
EXETER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

A TYPICAL MODERN INSTANCE OF NEW ENGLAND ENTERPRISE AND GROWTH

By JOHN PHILLIPS

A journey among our New England towns is like a walk abroad in the spring, with the murmur of hidden streams under foot and the air full of the sounds of renewed life, while even the withered, old stems that have stood out the winter are edged with green.

Just such a rejuvenation is the impulse toward broader and better things everywhere manifest throughout New England today. It is not a stream of prosperity and population flowing in upon us and from without. Rather, it is an awakening from within; a new realization of our advantages and opportunities. Old institutions are putting on renewed life, gaining confidence and sense of power, adding to their resources and extending their influence. It is not so much a process of change as it is one of preservation and betterment, so that, with all this growth and newness, it is still New England—thrifty, idealistic, zealous.



EXETER TOWN HALL

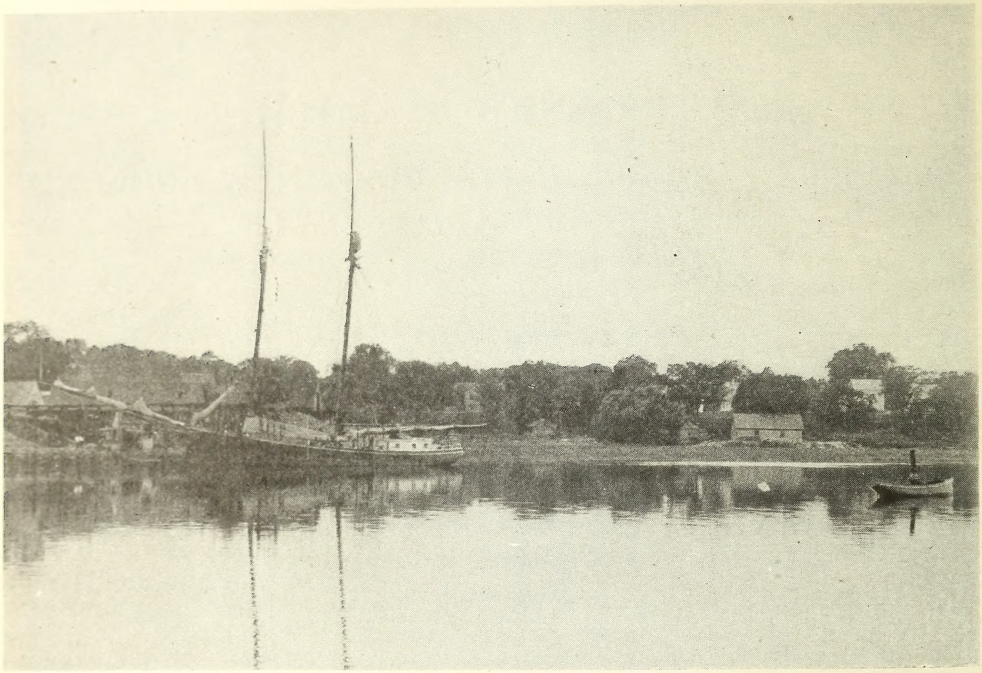
I know of none of our communities that this diagnosis fits more perfectly than old Exeter, where a process of *unification for progress* is going on that is most instructive and intensely interesting.

The county seat of Rockingham County; home of a famous old academy that is a national institution; situated within the great summer colonizing belt, and the centre of many thriving industries, Exeter is discovering that these forces which in so many communities are so unhappily antagonistic, have, in reality, a common interest, and can work powerfully for the common good.

One of the most effective, if not the most effective, means to this end is the Board of Trade, which has recently undergone a process of revitalization that promises great things.

Here is a news item, and we will do well to note its significance: On January fourteenth the Exeter Board of Trade met as the guests of the Exeter & Hampton Electric Company at a banquet served at the Squamscott Hotel. At the conclusion of a very able address, Allen Hollis, Esq., of Concord, N. H., president of the Electric Company, said:

"The true relations of such corporations to the public should be that of an agent entrusted with important business, for the successful management of which it is entitled to fair play. The corporation should do all that it can



SHIPPING ON SQUAMSCOTT RIVER

in connection with its own business, and other business as well, to build up the community for the general good."

At the opening of the meeting Mr. Dana W. Baker, secretary of the Board of Trade, said:

"The purpose and scope of the board can be expressed in no better words than those of the preamble to its constitution: 'Whereas, in union there is strength, and the combined efforts of many produce results not obtained by the individual; therefore, we unite in forming a Board of Trade for the following purposes: First, for the cultivation of a fraternal feeling among us; second, to assist in carrying forward to completion any project that may be attempted for the material advancement of our town, and the peace and prosperity and happiness of our people.'"

We must congratulate the Exeter & Hampton Electric Company—Mr. Hollis, its president, and Mr. C. W. Rogers, its resident manager—upon the wisdom and the broad, progressive spirit that prompted this getting together and evoked these and other similar expressions. Nothing could be more happily indicative of the large possibilities of the Exeter of to-morrow than such a union of its citizenship and the corporate interests that are resident among them.

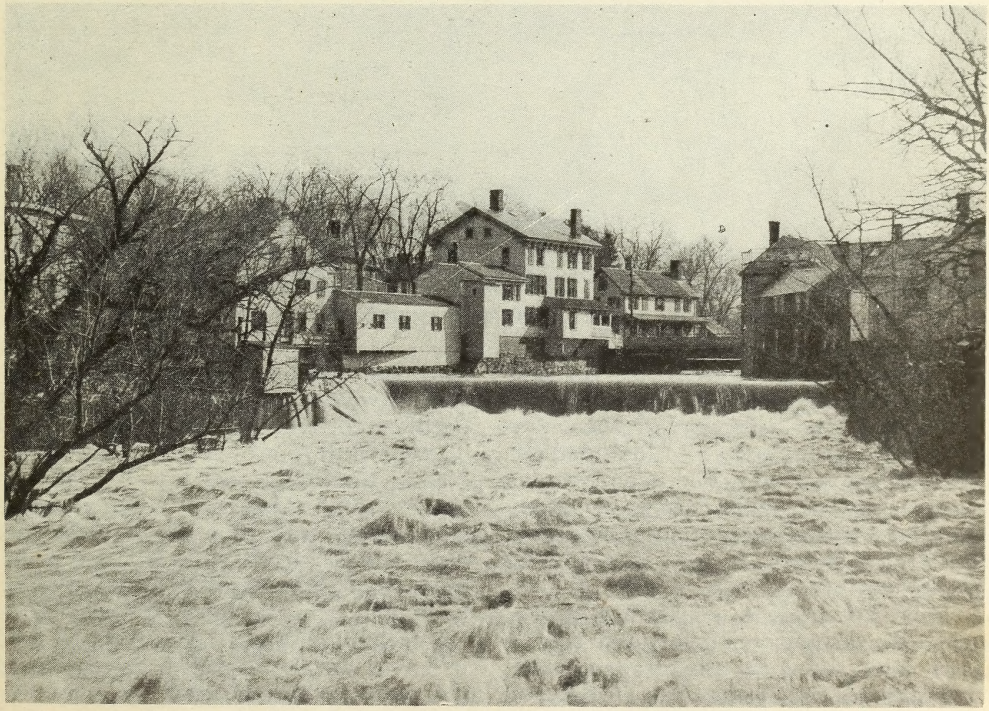
Drop six thousand Yankees into the heart of the great Sahara desert, with no means of egress, and the Sahara problem will be solved; for those Yankees will find or make a way of rendering that spot habitable. What, then, may six thousand Yankees accomplish with such a garden spot as Exeter, already enriched as she is with institutions that are a delight and the envy of the nation, and industries, enterprising and firmly established?

There are a good many things about Exeter that everybody knows, although not as much as they should, and as we intend that they shall. Some other things that are less well-known are also important, and it is to these that we wish to give particular prominence.

And, first, let it be remembered that

Exeter is on tide-water and only twenty-eight miles from sea. The Squamscott River admits schooners carrying from two hundred and fifty to three hundred tons of coal to the very heart of the town. This fact locates Exeter in that great system of coastwise waterways that is just beginning to attract the attenion of the nation, and which is destined in the no distant future to undergo prodigious development. Again, it locates Exeter within that district so favored by the increasing tides of summer immigration, for tourists from all over the world are rapidly making the New England coast the most popular of all summer resorts, and pouring more wealth into the purses of her people than all the silver mines of the west produce. This little river is certainly one of Exeter's leading assets. Taken together with the railroad facilities (but fifty miles from Boston and ten trains each way daily), the district offers unrivalled advantages for manufacturing, while its beauty lures the vacationist and tourist and affords rare opportunities to the fortunate resident of the locality. On the upper river there is a still undeveloped residuum of water power—a source of wealth that an industrial nation is learning to prize as the Indian prized his wampum. Practically unlimited electric power is available for manufacturing purposes, and is controlled by the same management, which, by its liberal policy, has done so much for the granite industries of Concord, completes the availability of the location for manufacturing purposes.

From the river the land rises healthfully in undulations more gentle than are usual to New England's rugged landscapes. The country side is quite well wooded, although one of the earliest settled portions of New England, and there are some very fine growths of pine still standing. It is a very good dairying section, and one particularly well adapted to intensive farming, there being many level tracts, surmounted by little hills, where reser-

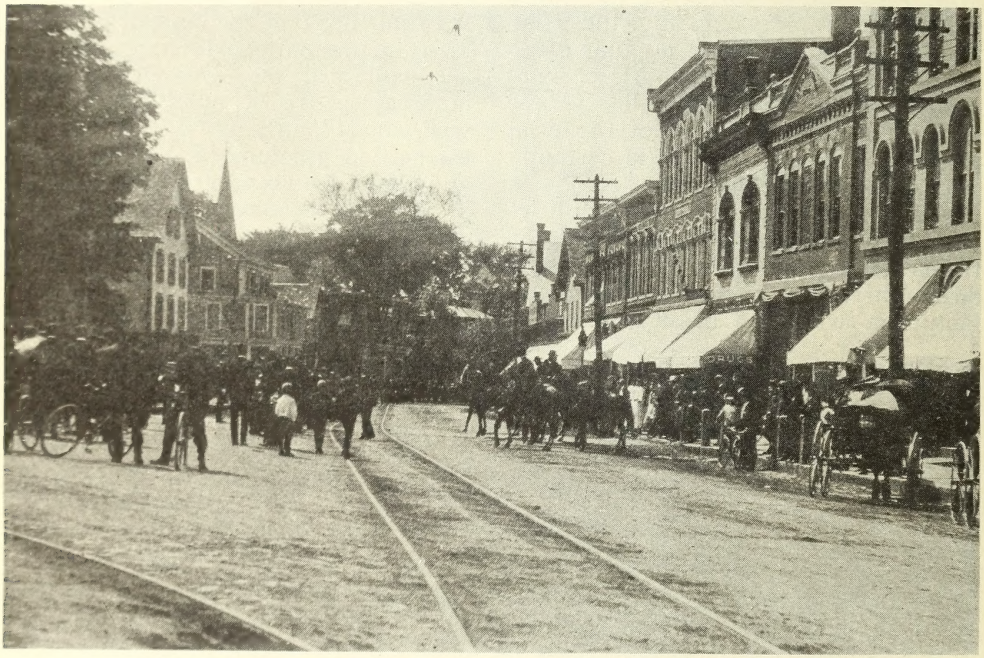


SQUAMSCOTT FALLS AND WATER POWER

voirs may be constructed, while water supply is both abundant and available, and a big, hungry city only fifty miles away. How such opportunities would make some of our western farmers open their eyes! But what would they say of their lying idle and unimproved? However, let them come over a few years from now and we shall see what we shall see!

During our visit to Exeter a meeting of the New Hampshire Dairymen's Association was in progress, and a more earnest, ready-to-learn body of men do not often come together out of any calling or in any section. The program was under the direction of the State Board of Agriculture, and included addresses by distinguished scientists, as well as by working dairymen. New England agriculture is not a thing of yesterday, as so many say, but a thing of tomorrow.

It is an ancient, somewhat quaint and very attractive little town that is built upon this most advantageous site. It boasts all the modern improvements. Electric lights as well as local traction service and electric power for manufacturing are furnished by the Exeter & Hampton Electric Company, and the service is excellent and the rates satisfactory. Water is furnished by the Exeter Water Company, and that arrangement also is satisfactory. The rates are low, the town is saved the expense of the investment, and the service is up to modern requirements. As the population increases the town will, doubtless, desire to own its own water plant, but that eventuality does not press, nor is it likely to, so long as the town is as well served as at the present.



VIEW OF WATER STREET, THE MERCANTILE CENTER OF EXETER

Highways and town streets are in a highly-improved state, a noble, old Town Hall and several creditable county buildings occupy the central square, and there are colonial mansions, too, and fine, overshadowing elms and beautiful churches and good, modern schools—and all this is the inheritance, the work of the wealth of the fathers. What a grand, open field it leaves for the forward movement of the younger generation!

Under the shadows of those elms

and about those ancient mansions what stories linger; what a history, what a tradition is theirs! Four-square they stand, with sabbatic disdain of worldly fripperies; but the old sabbatic spirit?—only a by-product of it remains, a touch of that sweet idealism which is the keynote of all that is distinctive in New England thought.

Of strong personalities, with personal convictions and idiosyncrasies equally unbending, mingled with quaint humor and the pathos of starved imaginations, enough stories remain to furnish the stock in trade of a whole school of romanticists.

Rich and tempting as is this historic material, we cannot turn so far from our purpose as to include even a summary of it in this story of Exeter as a latter-day opportunity.

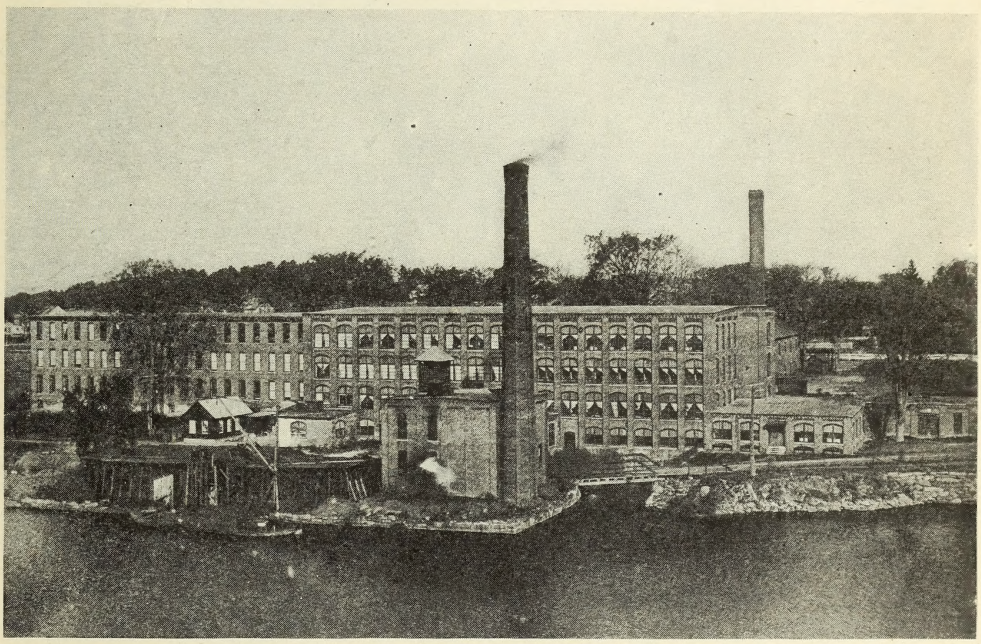
Sometimes, however, personal convictions blossom into institutions as unique and full of individual character as their founders. Of some such we may speak, for they constitute a part of Exeter's opportunity.

Robinson Seminary introduces into the public school system of Exeter a feature that is, we believe, without a parallel in the United States.

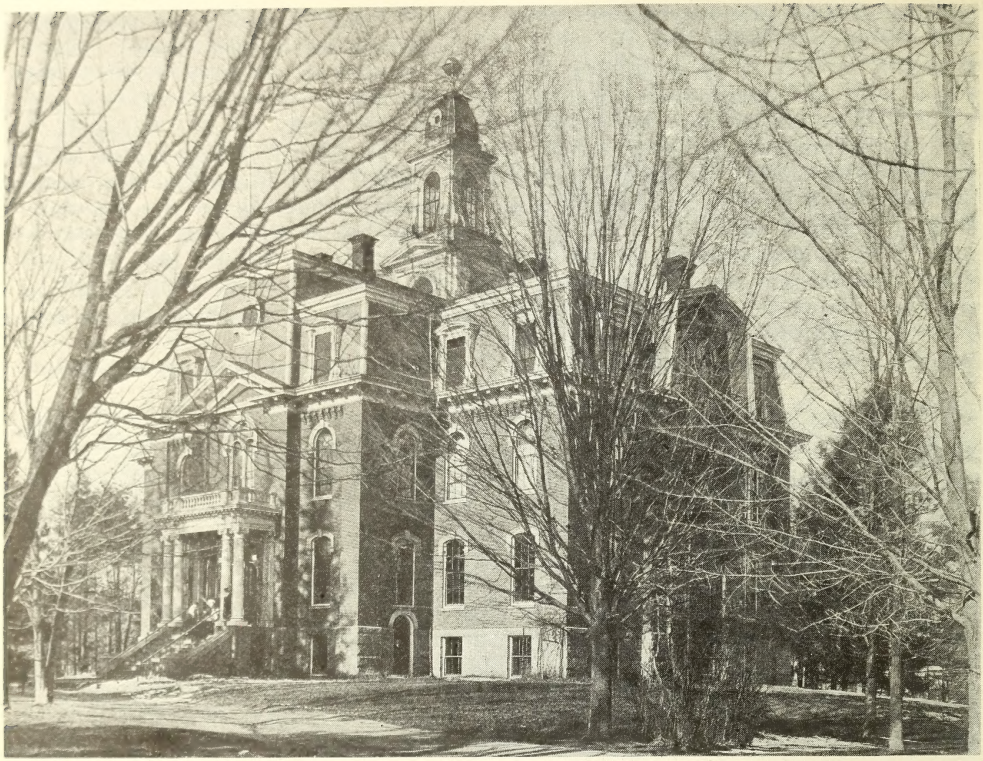
Founded in 1867 by William Robinson, Esq., a native of Exeter and a graduate of its former academy for boys, the school undertakes to furnish an academic education for young women. Trustees for the foundation are elected at the town meeting, and girls living in Exeter are instructed without tuition fees, while others may be received on the payment of $40 a year.

The result of this arrangement is that the girls of the town are supplied with an endowed high school, while for the boys a separate high school is maintained after the usual manner. As children are admitted to the seminary at the beginning of the sixth grade of the grammar school system, the result is a complete segregation of the sexes in public school education after what may fairly be called the primary grades. The working out of this system is a thing to be watched with the keenest interest by all students of our public school system.

Advantages afforded by the endow-



PLANT OF THE EXETER MANUFACTURING COMPANY



ROBINSON FEMALE SEMINARY

ment which the seminary enjoys are a greater independence of method and discipline, and a certain strong *esprit de corps* and resulting team work among the teachers that is most commendable.

Mr. Harlan Melville Bisbee, A. M., the present principal, is an earnest, enthusiastic educator of advanced ideas. The lessons of the great revolution wrought in primary education in the past decade have not been lost upon him, and he is successfully introducing similar methods into the teaching of the higher branches. Especially in language study Mr. Bisbee has worked out most successfully a system of class study and of immediate speaking acquaintance with the language that is producing excellent results. As principal of a young girls' school, he is keenly alive to the dangers to the health of the student that undoubtedly inhere in modern high-pressure education. Preparation of lessons in the recitation room under the teacher's leadership, in place of the usual home study and class rote recitation, is one of the methods by which he saves precious hours of open air and sunshine for his young charges. Cases of severe discipline in the school are almost unknown. Altogether, the institution has about it an air of intelligent, earnest modernity that is most engaging, and that commends it to the hearty and enthusiastic support of its alumni and of the town.

As to the segregation of the sexes, Mr. Bisbee does not find it an insistent issue. He would be pleased to see the children kept together at least two years longer in the grammar schools; and, although he believes that there is a distinct gain in their separation in the class-room, he does not particularly feel a like advantage in the separation of the sexes in the more social sides of school life. The question, however, is one that is worthy of the

closest study, and Exeter, through the gift of a man of strong, individual ideas, finds itself to-day on the very skirmish line of educational progress. By all means, let the endowment of this school be ample and the experiment work out.

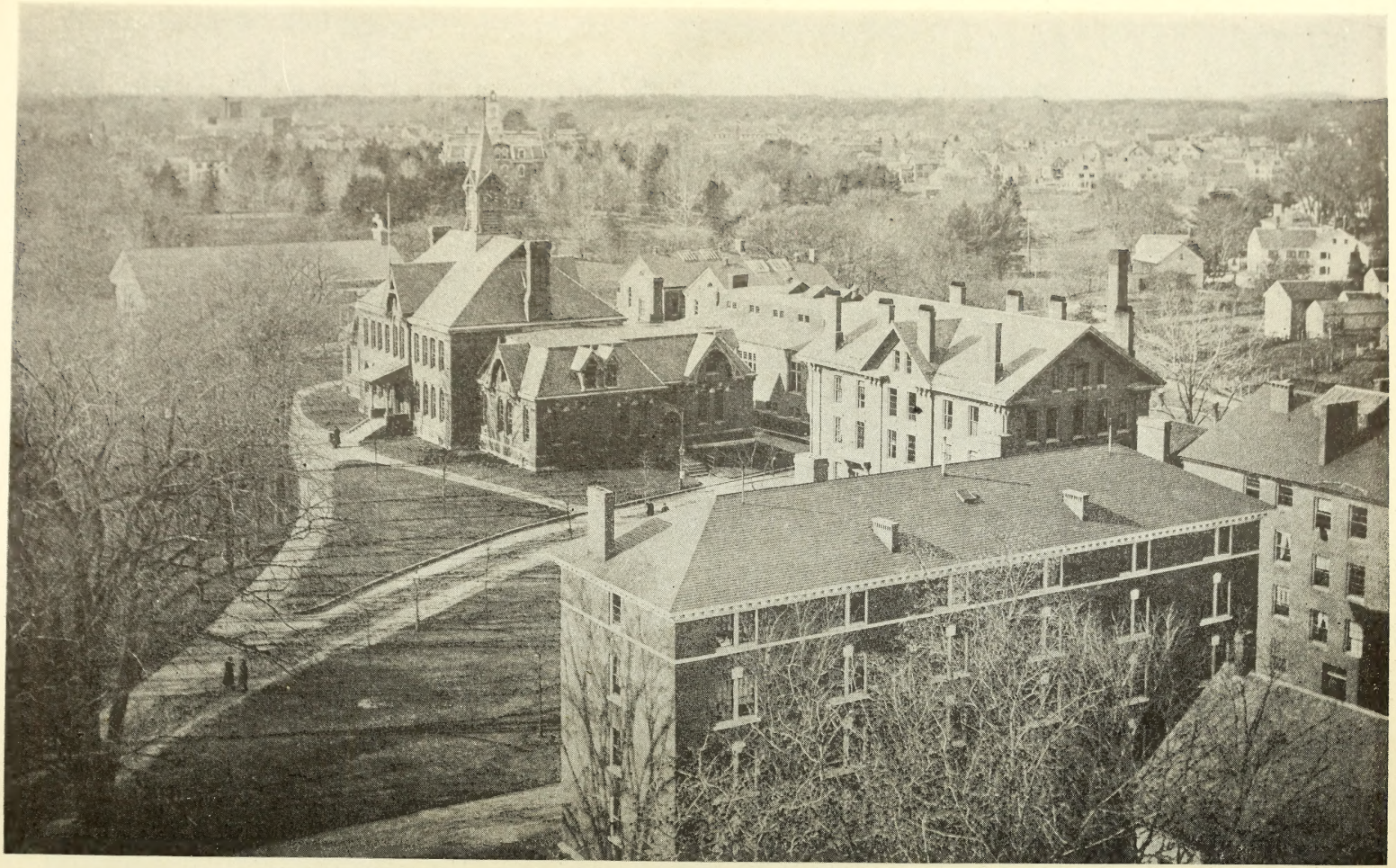
The Phillips Exeter Academy aims distinctively to do college preparatory work. It sends to college each year from 125 to 150 students. The present graduating class numbers 137. Ninety per cent. of each graduating class and some members of the upper middle class enter college of some higher institution of learning.

Founded by Dr. John Phillips, whose gifts for the purpose during his lifetime and by his will aggregated about $60,000—a most generous gift for the days in which he lived—Phillips Exeter has developed into a great national school for boys. By its very foundation, removed from local control and upon equal terms to students from any part of the globe, the school quickly differentiated itself from the usual local New England academy. That, it not only is not to-day, but never was. Neither was the school ever under church domination. Though founded in 1781, its first session was not opened till 1783. It was among the first great free schools in the country, and from the beginning drew its students from the most distant parts, even from the West Indies, so that historically, as well as educationally, to-day Phillips Exeter Academy is a national possession.

After a brief preliminary preceptorship under William Woodbridge, the academy was successively in charge of two men, both of whom were great instructors of youth. As the result of their united administrations of nearly a century, a type and standard of instruction and discipline were established which won immediate and hearty recognition.



PHILLIPS CHURCH



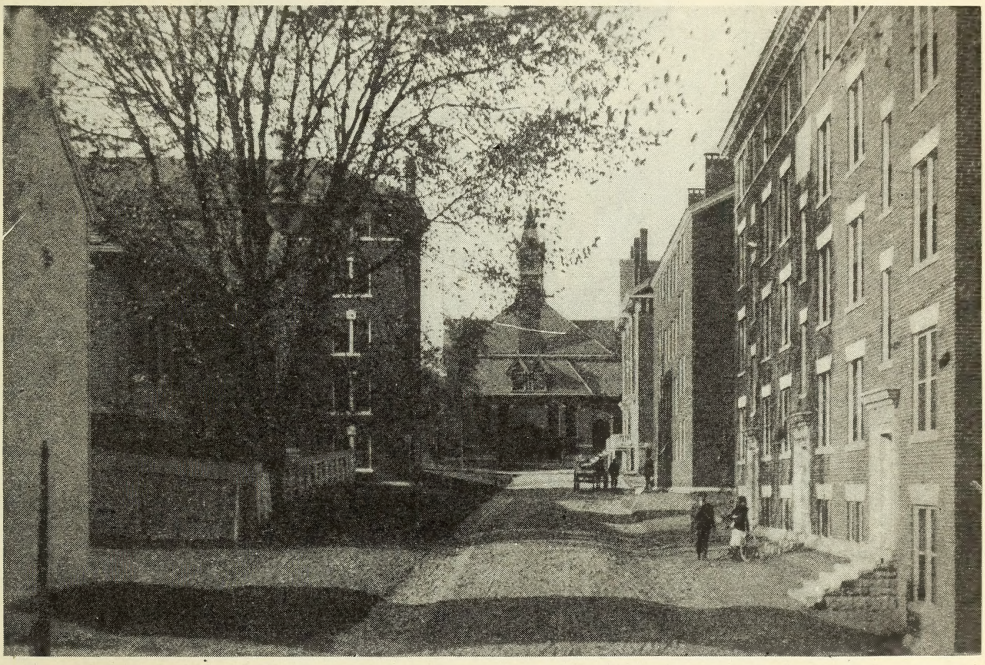
VIEW OF EXETER AND EXETER ACADEMY FROM THE TOWER OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH

Benjamin Abbot succeeded William Woodbridge in the principalship of the school in 1783, and retained the position until 1838, when he was succeeded by Gideon L. Soule, who served the school until 1883—that is, down to the beginning of the modern era.

Together with the strongly individual character of the deed of gift, the methods employed by these two remarkable men have left an indelible impression and conferred upon Phillips Exeter education a distinctive quality.

The spirit of the school is as complex an entity as the personality of an individual, and as difficult of adequate presentation, to those not acquainted with it by actual contact.

Harvard University insists on its own democracy. So, also, with even stronger emphasis, does Yale, while Dartmouth men explain that *their* democracy is of a still more pronounced type. And these great institutions are democratic, deeply and broadly so, uninformed aspersions to the contrary notwithstanding. Phillips Exeter is not a university, but a boys' school of the preparatory rank. It receives students at a younger and more impressionable time of life than does the university or college. At an age when the association of the average boy is with his fellows of a single community, and his social life almost exclusively with those of his own social standing (or that of his parents), Phillips Exeter receives him into intimate companionship with boys from all parts of the country and all classes. And as the intimacy of the dormitory and school life is much closer than that of the public high school, and the variety and representative character of the boys much broader and more marked, by so much is Phillips Exeter, not less, but more, democratic than any local public school can possibly be. To this is added the very important element of a school tradition and spirit that makes this democracy a reality. The ablest professional and business men of the country, many of them of unusual eminence, have always cheerfully served on its Board of Trustees. It is hardly too



THE ACADEMY, LOOKING WEST FROM SPRING STREET



"Crossing the Brook"

The famous painting presented to the town of Exeter by Mme. Bougereau, the artist

much to say that such a school is the most formatively democratic institution in the country. While there are more differences than resemblances, the comparison of the school with Eton, Harrow or Rugby is inevitable and justifiable.

There is a distinctive quality also to Exeter instruction and discipline. Perhaps it might be described as very earnest and intensive — a somewhat limited curricula, very thoroughly inculcated, an exaction of discipline broadly, humanely, sympathetically administered.

Another point. Self-dependence is taught at Exeter as it cannot be at the local high school, with its intense methodicity and close and constant paternalism.

The boys at Exeter are painstakingly, conscientiously, even tenderly,

cared for—but they do not know it! To the best of their ability to see, they are left very much under suggestive guidance to work out their own salvation; nor is the working out devoid of fear and trembling. There is no long coaxing or molly-coddling. Failure to maintain the standards of the school, either in scholarship or conduct, is, after a full and fair trial, met with dismissal. There is a careful attention to athletics, with ample ground and equipment for the purpose, and jubilant air of victory hovering over them. One of the most highly prized of the rewards of merit which the school has to offer is the "Yale cup," given for the highest combined excellence in scholarship and athletics. The school is unusually well provided with scholarship funds. Boys of very limited means, if especially meritorious, may find ample financial assistance. A fair percentage of the students are of the working-their-own-way type. The many scholarships and prizes in the school attract boys of good ability; they vary in amounts from $100 to $400. From $15,000 to $16,000 are thus distributed annually.

As to its material prosperity, Phillips Exeter has had its struggles. About twenty years ago it passed through a really critical period. Out of this time of stress and trouble, however, it was safely guided by the principal, Mr. Harlan P. Amen, a man of great executive ability, sound judgment and a born leader of boys. Before coming to Phillips Exeter he had already made a brilliant record at the Riverview Military Academy at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. The Phillips Exeter Academy of to-day, as it appears with its well-equipped school buildings and dormitories, and its five hundred boys gathered from all over the country, from San Francisco to New York and from New Orleans to St. Paul, is very largely indebted to his efforts. The achievement that at present stands most closely linked with his administration is, perhaps, the de-



DUNBAR HALL



PEABODY HALL

velopment of the dormitory system, which, almost entirely, takes the boys out of the town boarding house, to their no small advantage, and brings them together about a common centre. At least a beginning has been made in that system of class dormitories which has been recently advocated by the president of Harvard University. The younger boys are provided with a very fine dormitory, Dunbar Hall, an ideal school building, exquisitely kept by the matron in charge. There are library, recreation and dining rooms on the first floor, with every provision for comfort and homelike atmosphere.

But this achievement of Mr. Amen's bids fair to be overwhelmed by the importance of the work in which he and the academy trustees are at present engaged — that, namely, of providing the school with adequate endowment.

Fairly well equipped with its twenty-five buildings and its unique playing field, Phillips Exeter needs more productive endowment for the administrative expenses of the school, and especially for the proper payment of its well-trained, devoted teachers.

To forward this end a concerted effort is being made to raise an additional endowment fund of $350,000. And the effort will succeed because it ought to succeed. In the last ten years the faculty has grown from thirteen to twenty-six teachers, and the salary list from $23,000 to $55,000. An increased salary fund is imperative. Since 1896 the value of buildings and grounds has increased from $180,000 to $600,000. The present endowment is approximately $500,000, which should be at least doubled. This is a fair indication of the rapid growth of the school and of its resulting necessities. Phillips Exeter Academy has grown because the nation needs it. It meets one of the most vital demands of our democracy. That her loyal alumni (and no school can show a prouder list of sons)

or our men of wealth will allow this need to remain long unsupplied is unthinkable.

The development of these unique educational institutions has by no means absorbed the energies of Exeter. Her industrial achievements are also considerable, and her place in politics and literature an enviable one.

Beside the Exeter Manufacturing Company, one of the largest industries in the town is that of the Gale Brothers' Shoe Company. This concern makes a specialty of the manufacture of women's shoes.

Other industries of the town are the Exeter Brass Works, the machine shop of the Lane Brothers and the Exeter Machine Works. The latter plant is an extensive one and the business done is large, all sorts of boilers and steam-heating apparatus, etc., being turned out and sent to points near and far.

Then there is a large box factory, a rubber step factory, the gas lighting company and the water works, which are controlled by a private corporation. Pottery is also numbered among the industries of the place, that branch of manufacture having been carried on in the town for more than a century.

There are two banking concerns in town—the Exeter Banking Company and the Union Five Cents Savings Bank. These are strong institutions, conservatively and yet progressively managed.

An institution of which Exeter should feel proud is its widely-known local paper, the Exeter News Letter. Established in 1831, this paper has successfully maintained the older and more dignified traditions of earlier days, and for that reason finds itself to-day at the forefront, as the demand of our own time for a more worthy type of journalism increases.

A force too numerous to mention individually, as they deserve to be, are the merchants who conduct the trade of Exeter's busy Water street, and a bright and busy street it is.

These men, in a very important sense, *are* Exeter. They constitute the Board of Trade. Politically, as well as commercially, they determine the town's activities. Their interests are most vitally at stake in every move that is made, and upon their breadth, public spirit and watchfulness the prosperity of the community rests.

It is usual for local pride to escort visiting strangers to the "big sights," fine residence streets, public buildings, works of art, etc., but anyone "showing off" Exeter should by no means omit to afford his guest an opportunity to visit the retail district, for it is one of the attractive things about the town. And in this we would include the old Squamscott Hotel, now taking on new prosperity and attractiveness under its new management.

It was in the broad office of this old house that we met Judge Henry A. Shute, whose "Real Diary of a Real Boy" has made Exeter old home territory to tens of thousands of readers who have not forgotten that they were boys.

There are many towns in which land can be purchased and railroad sidings constructed, but, as places of residence, few have what Exeter supplies.

Let us summarize briefly: Exeter is on tidewater; Exeter has water power and electric power, in addition to facilities for bringing coal in unbroken cargoes to her own wharves.

Exeter has an intelligent and contented laboring population, and her factories have never been forced to close down for a single day by labor troubles.

Exeter is situated on the Western division of the Boston & Maine Railroad, fifty miles from Boston, and with ten trains daily each way, and with an express service that fairly reduces the time to suburban practicability.

Exeter is in the heart of the beautiful New England coast summer resort district, and has attractions that have led many people of wealth and taste to erect summer homes.

Exeter is one of the important educational centers of the country, and offers a home and social life that makes it, not a mere place where one may exist, but a place in which to *live*.

TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED MILES WITH "FITZ"

By JOHN F. O'CONNELL

IT wasn't what John F. Fitzgerald said during his 2500-mile tour of Boston, which consumed about five weeks of nightly speed flights against time, but it was the way he said it. "Fitz" didn't say a thing during the entire campaign that amounted to much, and nobody knows it better than himself; but whenever he entered a crowded hall, where he had to fight his way to the platform through a howling throng of men who admired the indomitable spirit of the little fighter, he just started in to talk, trusting to his remarkably quick brain to make it sound all right. It depended upon the kind of gathering whether the candidate was to appear as "Honey Fitz," "The Little General," the "product of the dear old North End," or "the Hon. John F. Fitzgerald"; but in any guise he said what the crowd wanted him to say, and he left them howling as madly as when he entered.

Sometimes fifty miles a night the scrappy aspirant for the Mayor's chair travelled, speaking anywhere the machine happened to stop. He didn't care. He never knew most of the time what route had been planned, because that had all been left to the managers of his campaign; but no matter whether his chauffeur whirled him up to the well-ordered environs where an outlying improvement association awaited in dignified, and most times antagonistic, manner to hear the oft-accused one speak, or whether he was landed at the narrow entrance to a rough-and-ready gang of ward hangers-on, he made the most alluring kind of a speech, replete with words, but hazy as to actual meaning. To the improvement association it was garbage removal, transit improvements or anti-race suicide, with a rapid reference to the "six at home." To the gang in the ward room, after the panhandlers had been brushed aside or discreetly cared for by members of the candidate's party, he eloquently decried the apparently growing habit of moneyed men to "debauch the electorate and try to secure office by misleading the weak voter by the power of gold. But no, no—a thousand times no; for I can trust this intelligent audience to stand by the friend of the people—one of your own kind, to repudiate this grasping factor in the present election. Can't I, boys?" The answer of the boys left no room for doubt.

It has been asked many times since the recent Boston election what caused Storrow's defeat. Some say "George did it," and there are unproven stories to the effect that the Hibbard forces were delighted with the result because Storrow had gone down; but the remarkable campaign of thirteen weeks, as Fitzgerald preferred to call it, because he considers his participation in the state and county election as part of his battle for vindication, must be taken into consideration. Fitzgerald addressed anywhere from from five to thirty-five gatherings every evening for six weeks during the municipal campaign, and went 2500 miles in an automobile, according to the figures of Rocket, the genius who guided the car through good, bad and indifferent weather.

Never did Fitzgerald neglect an opportunity to show himself and speak, no matter how small the crowd. He didn't care whether it was men, women or children that he addressed. They

all meant votes to him. The opposition didn't believe this, and the more dignified candidates decreed that the voters must be educated to Fitzgeraldism, and made to realize the significance of the finance commission investigation and reports; but not so with Fitz. The opposition daily hurled pointed questions at him and dared him to answer that very day. In those early days of personalities in the advertisements the chaps from the "purchased press," who stuck to Fitz like leeches and refused to miss a word he said, used to expect that the accused would answer, and it would mean great copy; but not for a minute. Fitzgerald ignored these charges as if they were being made against the great hunter in Africa and were matters with which a Boston candidate was not concerned, until somebody in the camp of the enemy made a silly mistake and accused Fitzgerald in a public advertisement of a grafting deal which occurred in the administration previous to 1906-07, when Fitz was mayor of Boston. Then he decided to notice the mean things.

"Need I answer such charges as those," he naively asked, his whole being suffused with the forgiving and patient air of injured innocence, "when my desperate opponents resort to such methods? I am accused of permitting coal to be purchased by the city of Boston which was inferior in grade and under weight, when those things occurred in the time of Mayor Patrick Collins, whom no man dared charge with dishonesty." And this was the truth. The blunderers were forced to take back the things they said in that advertisement and Fitz made the most of it. Just how much that one incident figured in the defeat of Storrow will never be known, but it was a factor.

With entire propriety the opposition did present much more serious charges, some of them along the same lines and all secured through the investigations of the finance commission during the Fitzgerald administration; but for a long time they made no impression on Fitz. Night after night, when these additional counts were appearing in the press of the city and the public wanted to hear some kind of an answer, the doughty and resourceful accused contented himself, and apparently most of his audiences, by wailing against the men who could say such untruthful things as were described in that mistaken and revoked accusation about the coal. With all the remarkable cunning he possessed as a natural leader of a certain class who never fail to get to the polls, no matter what the weather, the "Little General" played on the innate sense of fair play in every man's bosom, and the real question of honesty or dishonesty never occurred to them when Fitz was crying out in his injured innocence.

There are few men in Boston who can talk faster than John F. Fitzgerald, although, undoubtedly, there are many who can say more in fewer words, and on this remarkable ability his campaign managers relied to take him through the most exhausting whirlwind speechmaking tours night after night. The night's work always started from Young's Hotel, in the heart of the down-town district. While taking supper the tireless campaigner would dictate a speech to be sent to the newspapers, and it was this matter he was supposed to deliver during his slap-bang round of the night. It usually dealt with the number of corporations with which the principal opposing candidate was affiliated, and deplored the selection of a mayoralty aspirant who found it necessary to expend vast sums for his publicity work. With this plaint, of course, went the cry of the accused one's own poverty and inability to cope with a man of the opponent's type "if money were to be the deciding factor." In those few words Fitzgerald summarized his entire campaign. Night after night the newspapermen who accompanied him heard nothing but that one cry—the vague charges that his opponent was a very wealthy man, and had the usual failings of the big financier in manipulating great interests, mentioning one

or two specific instances which were never seriously considered by anybody that heard them. The only claim upon which Fitzgerald based his claim to election was that he refused to discharge the city laborers in the dead of winter, and this the opposition denied by saying the Central Labor Union practically determined the mayor's action in this instance.

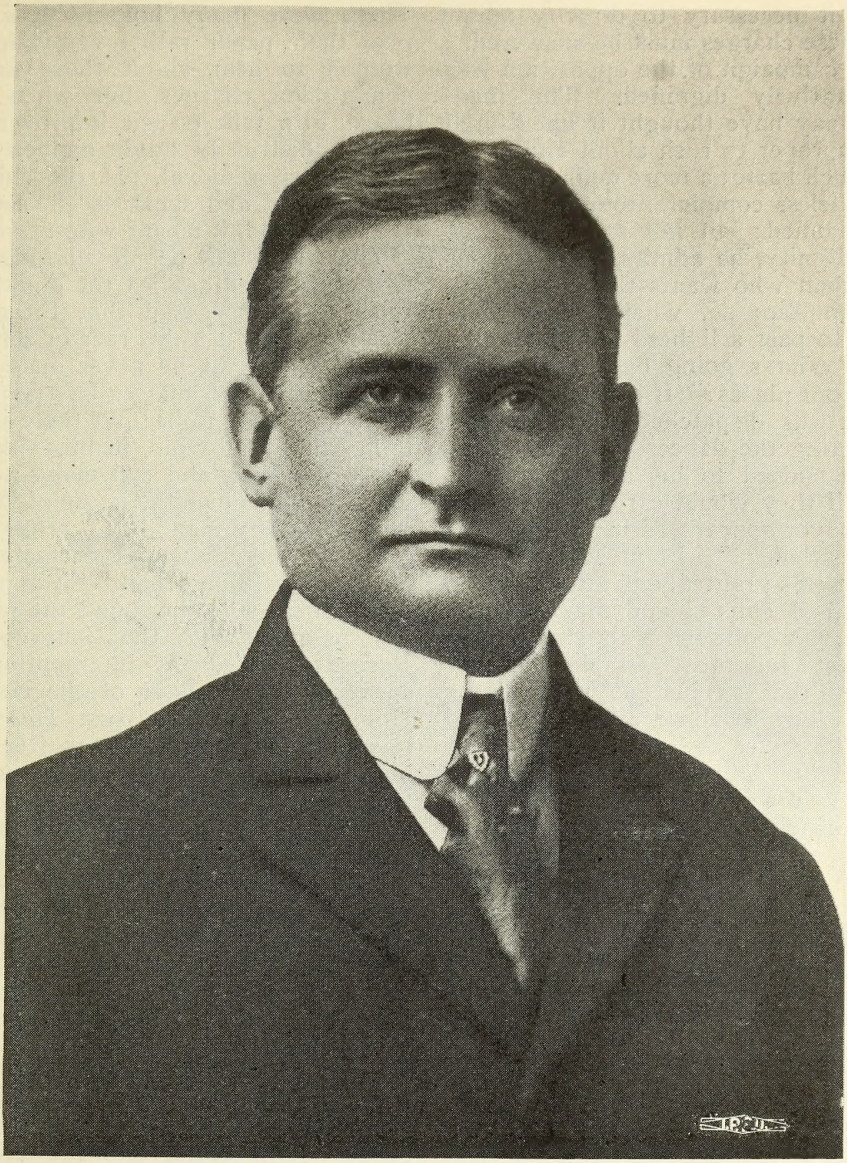
It is almost impossible for type to describe the antics of the gatherings Fitzgerald addressed when he cried out his interest in the laborer. "See what the Hibbard administration did," he bawled before 600 men in an outlying hall just about New Year's. "You remember the New Year's present those men got. Getting $2.25 per day, and if they were thrown out in the middle of winter, their entire yearly pay reached the munificent sum of $25 per year. And they had six or eight in the family. They were fired by the Hibbard administration. That is what the finance commission blamed me for not doing. Discharge these men in the dead of winter. Would I? No; I'd lose my right arm first."

Fitzgerald verbally amputated that arm 500 times if he did it once during that 2500-mile ride. And when the amputation was discussed it brought the crowd to their feet with shrieks of delight. It was thrilling, and he had cornered every vote in that room when he uttered that statement. That was the way the city labor question was handled in some audiences. But, of course, that wouldn't go every place, and nobody knew it better than John F. Fitzgerald, who could intuitively size up his audience the moment he entered the room. He adopted entirely different tactics in other places. He said:

"The finance commission criticises me for hiring labor that was incompetent and not being able to get for the city 100 cents for every dollar expended. Do you know the way I was compelled to hire these men? The civil service commission had to be consulted. If I wanted ten men, they would be requisitioned and a list of twenty would be sent to me. Could I select the youngest and the most able-bodied? No. The man with sixteen in his family got first choice—that was the law—the man with fifteen got second choice, the man with twelve, ten, nine and so on was chosen according to the size of his family, and I had nothing to do whatever with the matter of their selection. And then I am criticised for not getting the same returns for the city as the private contractor, who can get the maximum of service from foreign labor with a minimum of expense."

Such claims as those sounded plausible, and they went out in Dorchester and Brighton, where the improvement society fad has taken a strong hold on the people. And if it wasn't this plausible line of defense, then it was something equally nice-sounding, and, of course, showed Fitz to be innocent. And relative to that it may be said for a certainty that Fitz never once said that he was wrong. He was perfectly confident from the first that he had been mistreated by the combined forces of the reformers, finance commission and Good Government Association, and would refuse to admit that his administration had not been conducted properly. And he never made a statement for which he might be sorry. The ordinary person going about at this mile-a-minute pace and reeling off minute speeches might say something in an audience which would "put him in bad," but not so with Fitz. Of course, there were instances when he skidded onto dangerous ground and started a sentence which began to make everybody feel uncomfortable; but before the period had been reached his intuitive mind had seen the danger, and the grease had been applied so generously before the phrase was finished that everybody was feeling comfortable again and the Fitz tact had again triumphed.

Fitz had the "great unterrified" with him, without doubt. In that environment lay his strength, and so certain was he that this element would vote right that it was hardly necessary for



JOHN F. FITZGERALD, MAYOR-ELECT OF BOSTON

him to waste his time appearing before them; but there were other sections and groups where explanation was vitally necessary for his election and he knew it; so, as the campaign drew near, his managers decided that something must be done about answering those charges which the newspapers were spreading every day on the political pages. So the usual type of Fitzgerald explanation was made in a noon rally at Faneuil Hall, where it was impossible to get even a standing place ten minutes before Fitzgerald appeared to read his statement. It was cleverly put together and carried some weight, and this was the only time of the whole campaign where Fitzgerald

found it necessary to directly admit that these charges must be answered.

The campaign of the opposition was comparatively dignified. The managers may have thought it uncultured and improper to rush about and speak with such haste; a more deliberate, but nevertheless complete, tour of the city was planned; but not so with Fitzy. Such dignity, he admits, is dangerous for a man who wants the vote of the great public; so, whenever he happened to pass a lighted hall, he would say: "What's going on there? Is it one of our places?" If it wasn't, a messenger was dispatched to the people conducting the dance or social, as the case happened to be, and they were asked if they would care to have "the next mayor appear and meet the ladies and gentlemen." In most cases this request was granted, and after the candidate had entered and made a brief speech, non-political in its character if his best judgment so decided, he counted that as just so many more votes added to those already assured him. That was the way he went night after night. Any sort of a gathering—and there are many and diverse in Boston during a winter—from a smoke talk to a drawing-room festival—was not too small to be honored by a visit from Fitz; and in this way, by sheer force of personality, he gained a foothold that must be reckoned with in explaining the cause of his recent election.

Then those house parties: He decided to make an early start in his campaign, and, as it was too long a time to keep up the interest in rallies, he hit upon the idea of going from house to house and meeting gatherings of men who had been notified the night before of the fact that the candidate was coming. Every evening a list of seven or eight would be arranged, and here Fitzgerald met from thirty to sixty men and many women. In this way he also added to his strength. There were many householders who read their paper rather carefully and wanted to hear about those finance commission charges, but when they heard Fitz talk transit improvements for any district he might happen to be in, garbage removal, pat the children on the head and speak to the lady of the household, it meant votes.

There are some people who may say that they voted against the dictates of their conscience, and that Fitzgerald was not a credit to his race or religion, and to his credit he never once mentioned either, no matter how safe the place happened to be; but there is this to be said even by his enemies—that he is an able man and can make a good mayor. He knows the needs of Boston as well as any man; has a remarkable grasp of the municipal subjects, and his resourcefulness has been a matter of comment since he found the way to get his name into the Congressional Record by frequent interruptions of speakers on the floor of the national House of Representatives. He wants to see the city prosper, no matter what his other motives may be; he has been tried, found wanting, and had publicly said that he is just going to show that the judgment was hasty and unjust. He has almost wept in his anger in the presence of newspaper friends because of the grief of his family felt when the sensational newspapers pictured him with the word "grafter" across his forehead, and his intimates say that the charges, if not untrue, were exaggerated. Since his election a hostile press wheeled about instantly, and with the warmest words of encouragement promised to stand by him. The speaker of the House of Representatives guaranteed the sympathetic support of that body; civic organizations are standing by to help him on, and if John F. Fitzgerald does not vindicate himself after that 2500-mile plea for just one more chance, then he himself is to blame.

"A Door Out"

By MARY A. P. STANSBURY

THERE died not many months ago, in an old country-house in Kentucky, attended only by an aged, black body-servant, a veteran of the Civil War, whose name—a proud one in the annals of the Blue-grass state—shall be here disguised under the pseudonym of Thomas Fairmont.

His case was one which, forty-five years ago, attracted widespread attention, on account of his distinguished ancestory, his own remarkable record as a soldier and the grotesquely terrible fate which condemned him to draw out a helpless existence of more than two-score years. But with the silent lapse of time, both his gallantry and his sufferings had been well nigh forgotten, and the announcement of his death revived their memory only in the hearts of a few surviving comrades.

In the beginning of the great struggle which rent his native state from center to circumference, arraying friend against friend and brother against brother, and bursting asunder social, business, and family ties, Tom Fairmont, true to the traditions of a line reaching back to Revolutionary times, espoused with sorrowful, but unflinching, determination the cause of the Union.

He was then twenty-four years old, a magnificent specimen of physical manhood, standing six feet two, with handsome, high-bred features, and muscles developed by athletic exercises and the practice of daring horsemanship. His mind was well worthy so noble a housing. He was just completing a brilliant course at the college of laws, in preparation for a profession to which his family had given many an eloquent advocate and profound jurist.

Relinquishing all the bright prospects of peaceful life, he enlisted as a private in the — Regiment of Union Volunteers. He did not, however, remain long in the ranks, but rose rapidly through successive positions to the command of the regiment.

It was in this capacity that he participated July 2, 1863—the second day of the memorable battle of Gettysburg—in the fierce hand-to-hand struggle by which the Confederates were repelled from the rocky ridge known as "Little Round Top," and the decisive victory of the following day was rendered possible.

Fighting with almost incredible valor, the young leader fell frightfully wounded. After the retreat of the enemy he was taken up for dead, but a close examination discovering a faint movement of the heart, he was tenderly carried to the hospital, where he suffered the amputation of both legs and his left hand. For many days he lay barely alive and totally unconscious of his surroundings. Then, as if by a miracle, his wonderful vitality asserted itself and he began slowly to recover.

At length, a mere fragment of a man—in the words of one of his nurses, "barely enough of him to hold one of the bravest souls which God ever breathed,"—he was taken by careful stages back to the home which had been desolated during his brief absence by the death of both his parents.

He had been the only son of an only son, and was absolutely without any near kindred. Some of his boyhood friends had been alienated by the war, others were fighting in the ranks or filling soldiers' graves. Rarely had one found himself more

alone than did this maimed and broken man.

One humble friend remained whose faithful devotion was as that of the Moabite maiden who followed the shattered fortunes of the stricken Naomi.

The family slaves had been manumitted, some years previously, by the elder Fairmont, but some had refused to leave the home which represented to them only kindness and protection. Among these was Joe, to whom, at the birth of the heir of the house, had been assigned his special attendance. Joe was but a few years older than his charge, and the two boys, the fair and the dark, grew up in the intimate relation of master and servant which can only be understood by those familiar with the best aspects of the old slaveholding regime. They played, rode, hunted, and fished together. Joe would have vindicated his loyalty at need by the shedding of the last drop of his blood, and, on the other hand, any act of cruelty or injustice directed against his dusky retainer aroused in Tom one of the rare rages which recalled to the old "uncles" or "aunties" awe-stricken memories of his grandfather, "ole Marse."

Smitten to the very core of his proud and sensitive nature, and feeling himself a mere object of curious pity, Fairmont's instinct was toward complete isolation from his kind. Visitors, one after another, were by his order courteously denied.

"I can't be stared at like a freak in a museum!" he bitterly declared.

One day, not long after his return, a reluctant exception was made in favor of the rector of the village parish. The old minister who had christened Fairmont in infancy, from whose hand he had received his first communion, and who had buried his father and mother,—was recently dead. Fairmont had recalled with a rush of yearning affection, the old man's benignant face and kindly voice, and the sharp contrast between that memory and the visible personality of the new incumbent, affected him, at the latter's entrance, with distinct disappointment. Moreover, with perhaps abnormal sensitiveness, he fancied that he detected a slight element of repugnance blended with the expression of pity which he had taught himself to expect.

The Rev. Mr. Clay was still a young man, professional from the crown of his smooth head to the extremity of his shapely foot,—self-assured with the callow certainty of inexperience in the midst of the eternal verities before which older and wiser men hesitate and tremble.

"I trust, Colonel Fairmont," said the rector, after the first ceremonious greetings, "that you fully realize your immense obligation of thankfulness to God, who, blessing the beneficent skill of surgery, has preserved to you your life."

Poor Joe, waiting humbly in the background, was struck with apprehension at sight of a deep flush slowly mounting to his master's cheeks and brow—the signal-flag, as he well knew, of some tremendous storm of feeling.

When Fairmont replied, however, it was with a cold self-restraint.

"Pardon me, sir," said he, "but I venture to believe that God had little to do with my case. I offered my life to my country, to my God. It was the best gift I had, and He accepted it at my hand. I was dying decently, with all my members on me, when I was caught back and imprisoned—I, a man, as you are, with a man's blood and brain and soul—in this maimed hulk of a body! You may call it 'the beneficent skill'—I call it, sir, the devilish cunning of surgery!"

The Rev. Mr. Clay actually gasped. One word escaped his well-trained lips.

"Blasphemy!"

"Joe," said Fairmont, when the door had closed behind his outraged visitor, "put me to bed. I am even a worse wreck than I knew—and a brute besides! There isn't room enough in me to keep my temper!"

Joe lifted him gently from the wheeled easy-chair to his couch. Fairmont turned upon his face and the

pillows shook with a man's terrible sobs.

Joe fell on his knees beside his master.

"O Marse Tom, don't, don't!" he wailed. "Don't yo' go for to mind dat umptious somebody! I gib yo' my feet, my han's, eberyting! I'd cut 'em off for yo' if 't would do any good. O my Marse Tom!"

"I know it, my poor fellow! After this, keep everybody away from me. It's you and I, Joe, till the end!"

A period of profound dejection followed this outburst. For days Fairmont refused to leave his bed. He read nothing, his food was almost untouched, and all Joe's unremitting attentions elicited scarcely a response.

The crisis came, one afternoon, when Joe, entering the room softly in the hope that his master might be sleeping, saw him, with his uninjured hand, shove something furtively into the drawer of the small table standing at his elbow. In a moment, the servile instinct of generations was overpowered, and the manhood under the black skin leaped to mastery of the emergency.

"Marse Tom," said Joe, in a strange voice, unlike his own, "yo' needn't go for to hide dat 'ar pistol f'om me! I sha'n't take it away f'om yo.' If yo' want to use it, yo' kin—I sha'n't hender. But I've got dis to say, though the words mos' break my heart. Marse Tom, I'se been wid yo' eber since yo' was bawn. I seed yo' when yo' wa'n't yit turned o' five year, snatchin' your white kitten out'n the jaws of ole Sam Warner's bull-dog. Ag'in I seed yo' jump into the creek wid all your close on an' bring out yellow Sal's li'l Dick. I seed yo' wallop big young Marse Oliver dat time he cut me wid his whip. I'se watched yo' tame de wild hosses dat nobody else dast to tech. I'se been wid yo' on de ma'ch an' in de field. I was by when de bullets cotched yo' dar on de mountain. I helped to nuss yo' fru your misery in de horspital. An' I ain't neber seed yo' a coward! An', please God, Marse Tom,"—his voice rang like a trumpet —"I ain't lookin' to see yo' a coward now!"

A strange silence fell in the room, through which the tall clock ticked the ponderous seconds.

"Joe," said Fairmont at last, in a broken voice, "come here!" He reached out his one strong, beautiful hand and clasped the hard fingers. "I thank you. You are the best—the kindest—friend a man ever had. Don't worry about the revolver—it will never tempt me again!"

On that same day, by a strange coincidence, there came to Fairmont the first of a series of letters, the story of which was untold during his long life-time.

* * * * *

More than forty years afterwards, Mrs. Vavasour, the "wise woman," confidant, and childless mother of the country-side, was called to her reception room at the request of an old, white-haired colored man.

"How are you, Joe?" she asked kindly. "I have thought of you very often in the last few days."

"T'ank yo' kin'ly, Miss Julie, ma'am, I'se tol'able."

He looked at her wistfully.

"You have lost a good master, Joe."

"Yes, Miss Julie, I has. Nobody but me knows how good."

"But surely the rest of us know something of his goodness. Hardly a poor or afflicted person in the whole neighborhood but has some proof of it. I have often wondered how he could know other people's needs so well, and do so much for them."

"Dat's so, Miss Julie, ma'am, I don't mean no disreverence, but it sometimes 'peared to me as Marse Tom was something like de Lawd,—nobody seed him an' yet he seed everybody."

"He saw through your eyes, my good old Joe," said Mrs. Vavasour, in a soft aside. Then, as she noted the pain in the old man's face, she said, "Do not mourn him too much. Try to remember how glad he must have been to go."

"I ain't mou'nin', Miss Julie, 'deed I ain't."



The tears rolling down his furrowed cheeks and falling unheeded upon his neatly brushed waistcoat, denied his words.

"I'se done minded all he tole me. 'Don't let anybody tech me but you, Joe,' he says 'an' have me a coffin long enough for a man!' He's layin' alongside o' Marse Henry an' ole Marse, an' his grave ain't no shorter than their'n.

"I come to ask your 'vice about somethin', Miss Julie."

The old man drew from beneath his coat a small manuscript—book of letters and a little velvet covered box.

"I was projeckin' to burn these along wid de oders Marse Tom tole me about, but dis here"—he opened the little box and disclosed a curl of faded golden hair—"dis here kind o' wound itself around my finger like as if it was alive, an'—I jes' couldn't!

"Miss Julie, dese letters are f'om a lil' gal somewheres up in de norf. Marse Tom, he used to read 'em to me. Yo' see"—in humble self-depreciation—"he had to have somebody, an' dere was only me. You'll understan' 'em, Miss Julie, a heap better'n I can tell yo' about 'em.

"De fust one come on de mos'est turrible day my pore Marse Tom eber had, Miss Julie, ma'am,"—his voice sank to a whisper—"*I was e'en a most afraid he was goin' to shoot hisse'f!* I neber fo'get how he read it two, three times over befo' he spoke at all. Den a light come in his face an' he smiled for de fust time in weeks, an' he says right soft, 'Joe, here's a li'l' gal as has found a door out!'

"An' I members de las' one, too. Dere was a paper come with it tellin' as she had died. Marse Tom smiled den, too, but his smile make de tears run down your face.

"'Dere won't be any more letters, Joe,' says he. 'De li'l' gal has gone out of the door for good.'

"Miss Julie, what does yo' fink I orter do wid the letters?"

"Let me read them, Joe, and come again to-morrow."

When the old man had gone away comforted, Mrs. Vavasour sat long turning the yellowing leaves of the little book. The heart of a woman-child matured by suffering lay open before her, yet she was conscious of no spirit of intrusiveness. Was it not—like some clear lake mirroring the sunlight, rippling winds, tremulous reeds, and flitting wings—open, too, for all hearts in need?

There were not many of the letters—little more than a score in all, covering a period of two years, for the child had died at fourteen. They were dated from a point of land on the Maine coast, quiet then, but since become a populous summer resort. Mrs. Vavasour read them all, but we may follow her with extracts gathered here and there almost at random.

"Dear Colonel Fairmont:—

"I asked mother if it would be right for me to send you a letter, and she said that it would be right for a little girl who could never run and play any more, to do almost anything else that she wanted to and could.

"You see, though you do not know anything about me, I know all about you. That is because Janet Greyson's brother Charlie—Janet is my best friend—was in the 20th Maine Regiment in the battle where you were hurt so dreadfully. Charlie was wounded himself and had to come home. He used to tell Janet and me about the fight, and how brave the men were, but he always ended by saying, 'But there was nobody like Colonel Fairmont. I shall never forget how he looked cheering on his men the moment before he was shot down.'

"But that is not why I am writing to you. There is another reason,—*I can't walk either!*

"It happened almost two summers ago—I am twelve now—when I was riding my pony over the hill. Poor Penny! It wasn't his fault, for he slipped on a rolling stone and, trying to catch himself, threw me over his head against a rock. It did something to my back—I don't know just

what—but I have never been able to use my legs since and I shall never be— They didn't mean me to know that, but I overheard father and mother talking one day. But it's a great deal better to know things, don't you think?—for then you are not all the time disappointed.

"The pain was dreadful at first. I had to take things to help me to bear it. But now it isn't often that I have a very had day and, on my better ones, I can be bolstered up with cushions, and read or write a little, or look away through my window out over the ocean.

"We used to come here only in summer time, but now the doctor says it is best for me to stay here all the year, and when father and mother have to go to town, I have my dear old nurse, Nannie, the same who took care of me when I was a baby.

"But I have left my strongest reason for writing till the last. I am almost afraid to tell it to you. It seems so silly that a little girl like me should think she had found out something that such a great, brave man as you might not have thought of.

"You see, I had always been out of doors so much, and I loved it in a way that I could not explain to anybody, and when I knew that I should never go about again, it seemed as if I couldn't possibly bear it. I felt as if I were shut up in some dreadful prison and couldn't break through. Sometimes I would cry until I was almost too weak to breathe, and frighten mother and Nannie dreadfully.

"One day, Janet and her brother Bob came in to see me on their way to High Rocks. It was a lovely day, and they had a lunch basket and a book of fairy-tales to read.

"After they were gone I lay looking at my feet—you see, I couldn't *feel* them at all—and thinking what good-for-nothing things they were. Then, all at once it came into my head as if somebody had spoken that all feet are *ever* good for is just to *show the way!* Mine, before I was hurt, had shown me the way to such a lot of places that I knew so well now that I could see them with my eyes shut. Then I said out loud.

"'What is to hinder my going to the picnic with Janet and Bob?'

"I can't tell you how strange it seemed to me when I first *thought* myself out of the door on the east porch, but, after a few minutes, it was all quite natural. I took the path through the field past the cottage with the old boat in front filled with sweet peas and nasturtiums, and—you may laugh, dear Colonel Fairmont—but *I really smelled the wild strawberries in the fence corners!* I made myself go very slowly, over the stepping-stones through the hollow, past the old grove of spruces, into the main road, and then up the path that winds to the top of the cliff. There was the old thicket of bayberry bushes and blackberry vines, the juniper with the little, new, light-green tassels at the ends of the twigs, but I didn't need to be careful any more about the poison ivy! And oh! the wild roses! Whole fields of them all fluttering with bees and butterflies!

"I knew just where the children would be in the hollow of the rocks over the spouting cave. It was half-tide and I could hear the water booming and see the white spray with the rainbow in it.

"There they were, Janet and Bob, with their pillow spread on the rock and their lunch basket open, and I thought—just *thought*—that I heard Janet say, 'If only Alice were here.' That was the hard part of it, that I could see them so plainly and they couldn't see me at all.

"The sea and the sky were both so blue that one could hardly tell where one stopped and the other began. There were two or three white sails in the offing, the gulls were dipping and diving, and I could just make out the black head of a seal swimming about in the water.

"When the children had finished their luncheon, Janet began to read aloud—I made believe the story was 'The Sleeping Beauty,' because I know that by heart.

"After a while I was tired and knew it was time to think myself home again! This time I came around the path by the chapel, and through the pasture where the bad cow feeds. She couldn't chase me!

"There I was again on my bed—what do you think?—I fell asleep and never waked until Bob and Janet came tip-toeing in at the door.

"'If only you had been there,' said Janet.

"'I was,' said I.

"The children stared at me, but I only laughed. One can never explain such things to people who have feet!

"Dear Colonel Fairmont, I am frightened to have written you such a long letter, but—your feet must have shown you the way to so many more places than mine!

"Your little friend,
"ALICE ROMAINE.

"I could never tell you how I love your letter. Only to think that you should care to write so long and beautifully to a little stranger-girl like me! And that you should say I had taught you something!

"And your plan is such a lovely one that 'we should take each other along when we go out thinking.' Only you know so many wonderful places, and I so few and quiet ones.

"But I do believe you would like me to take you to the 'Old Garden' to-day. One must choose a morning like this, bright and cool, because it is a long way down the beach.

"We are going over the hill now. On our left is the bay, with the bare sands blue as steel, and fringed with thousands of gulls at their breakfast. Hark! do you hear the little sand-peep cheeping to her roly-poly chickens?

"Over on the other side of the point, you see the sparkle of the open sea, with nothing, as father says, 'between us and Spain.'

"Now we are coming to the surf beach. Hear the bathers laughing and shrieking as the waves break over them!

"Out there are the 'Seal Rocks.' A boy I know caught a young seal there and brought it home in his boat. He petted and fed it for a few days, and then carried it back again. But it wouldn't stay. It swam ashore and then pulled itself by its awkward little flippers all the way to the boy's house, because it loved him!

"Now we are on the hard sand, with the great rollers racing in and breaking with a splendid boom. Let us fly—faster—faster!

"The path to the garden leads us from the shore and runs along between willows—nobody knows how old—bent, and twisted as if by wicked elves of the storm. But under the willows it is all cool and sweet, with the loveliest wild flowers, daisies and columbine, and blue and yellow violets, and ferns curling like soft, green feathers.

"Hark! do you hear the water tinkling? The garden is planted in an oval-shaped ground with a tiny moat all around it, where a little stream of clear, cold water runs, and turns a baby water-wheel. I don't know what the moat is for, unless to keep the fairies inside. No fairy can cross running water you remember. Poor little green-coated people! One wonders if they look wistfully over into the big world. For a prison is a prison, even when it is a garden!

"Here we are among the poppies, all yellow and white, and splendid scarlet, pulling at their stems like tied-up butterflies. There are none but old-fashioned flowers in the garden. Here are the pansies—little faces of princesses in velvet hoods and ruffs, no two alike. The 'black-eyed Susans' make us laugh,—they are so pert and saucy. Where does this spicy smell come from as if it were the poor shut-in fairies' bake-day? The clove-pinks, to be sure, all rosy and fringy, like little country women dressed for Sunday! Here are the petunias—silly things that wear their furs in summer, and 'sweet williams,' and stiff, blue spikes of monks-hood, portulaca carpeting the ground in a little star-pat-

tern, forget-me-nots blue as sky-sweepings, honeysuckles with humming-birds' bills at their hearts, climbing morning-glories, and roses, roses —big and little—blush roses and moss-buds, and yellow and white buttons, and climbing ramblers, lovely but not sweet! And the hollyhocks, surely you love them, dear Colonel, for they are soldiers, marching, row on row, tall and stately and solemn, with bumble-bees for drummers. I used to catch bees in the blossoms and hold the petals fast to hear them buzz and fume. But I would never do it now. What are wings for if not for the air and the sky?"

"I am so glad of the photograph. Before, when we went thinking together, I could not see your face. Now I seem always to have known it. Do you know—but you can't—how kind your eyes are?

"It is Sunday afternoon, dear Colonel-brother, and we are going to church in the 'Cathedral' wood. The path leads between tall brakes and ferns, and see!—there is a Jack-in-the-pulpit, so big that you can almost hear him preaching!

"Now we are among the spruces. They are tall and straight like pillars. The branches begin high up, arching into a green roof, where the wind makes a lovely breathing noise like a great organ playing softly in the dark. That high, square rock is the pulpit. and these are the low, moss-cushioned seats. The birds are the choir. Hear what the song-sparrow sings:

"'Praise, praise, praise
The Lord, joyfully, joyfully!'

Another answers him, and a robin and a vireo flute together, and, behind it all, sounds the lap, lap of the sea.

"Dear Colonel-brother, it is such a place to pray in!

"There was a dreadful storm last night, and a great schooner went ashore on the Sargent rocks and broke in pieces. They say it was her first voyage, and she had never made any port at all. What a strange, sad thing to happen!

"We are wading through the long meadow-grass, and there are acres and acres of daisies and buttercups, and, down there in the salt marshes, the red samphire is creeping like a flame. I do not like the first golden-rod, because it means that fall is coming, and winter. But, if there were no winter, where would be the sweetness of spring? Just as one never knows what comfort is without pain.

"The sun is going down behind a fog, and there is a silver sunset,—not one bit of color in the sky, or on the water or the sands, but a wonderful white shining that seems to come from everywhere and nowhere.

"I am showing you the 'Log'—a great timber on the shore thrust under tons and tons of rock. It has been there for a hundred and fifty years, and maybe longer. Perhaps it was the mast of some wrecked ship. And the drowned people, and those who loved them, and watched and waited at home, have all been dead so long—so long!

"There was such a thick fog this morning that I could not see a yard beyond my window. Then—all at once—the sun came out and a wind rose out of the sea, and lifted the fog and tore it all in pieces and sent them scudding like ragged ghosts back over the meadows. And there was the slope, the spruces, and, far off, the blue sparkle of the sea! Perhaps lovely things are covered up sometimes so that they sha'n't seem too common. And maybe we shall find out that Heaven is just natural and what we best love here.

"There is a little, old, family burying-ground here at the top of the knoll. They say that the first who was buried here, was an old man who chose the place because, he said, 'he should want to get up of nights and look around.' One of the stones is marked for a little girl, 'Alice'—my name—and she has been sleeping there a hundred years.

"If one must always be quiet, one

has so much time to think of other people who have trouble, and to be sorry for them.

"Skipper Wiggins is eighty years old. He has rheumatism so that he must sit in his chair all day long, and he cannot work any more. He has only a little bit of money, but he says he is rich. 'Haven't I got a book of the Lord's coupon-bonds?' he says. 'When I need anything I just cut off a promise.'

"We are on the beach and the moon makes a broad path across the water. A little boat is rocking among the sparkles, and the people in it are singing. Listen!

"'When I am far, my love,
Give to the breeze thine ear,
For all the airs that rove
Shall tell thee thou art dear.

"'The lark within the blue
Shall sing it sweet and clear,
The ripples whisper true,
If thou wilt lend an ear.

"'But, if the zephyr die,
If the bird brood apart,
Or waves in slumber lie,—
O listen with thy heart!'

"Dear Colonel-brother, I have your lovely present. In all my life I never saw so beautiful a picture. The deep wood and the light between the tree-trunks, the wonderful green pool, so still that the silence folds me like soft arms, the ferns and flowers that nod and beckon, and the deer—the pretty, graceful creature—drinking at the edge of the water! I will tell you why the picture makes me so very, very glad, though the reason is a secret from all but you.

"I am sometimes so tired lately that I can hardly go out thinking even with you, dear Colonel-brother. And when these tired times come, I can just creep into the picture and lie on the moss, and feel the sunshine trickle through the leaves, and be so very still that the deer will not be afraid of me. Do you understand? But you always understand, dear Colonel-brother.

"I keep all your letters under my pillow. What wonderful places you have shown me! Don't you believe that Heaven will be something like this—that thinking will mean *going?*

"I have something to tell you, but you must not let it make you sorry, because I am not. I sha'n't be here much longer!

"I can't write much because the pencil shakes so.

"I have asked mother to cut off a lock of my hair for you. It will be a little bit of me to keep.

"Dear Colonel-brother, we are sitting in the picture—by the pool—you and I. From somewhere—not from the sun—there is light. Perhaps it is what the verse means: 'The nations of them that are saved, shall *walk*'—think of that!—'shall *walk* in the light of it.'"

* * * * *

When the old negro appeared next day, Mrs. Vavasour was waiting for him.

"I do not think your Marse Tom would wish us to burn the letters, Joe," said she, laying her hand gently on his arm.

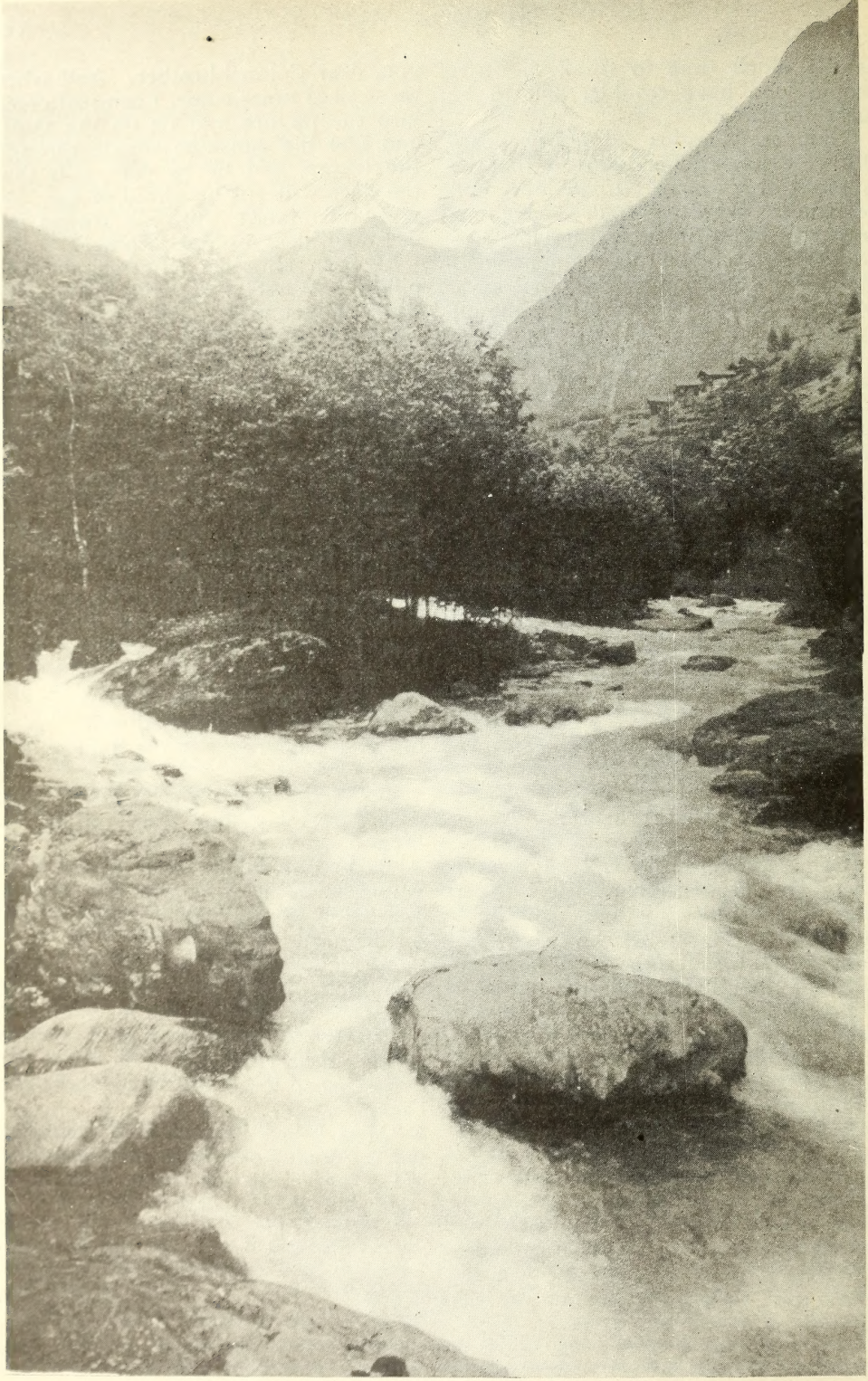
"Will you trust me to keep them?"

A look of grateful relief smoothed the tense wrinkles of the black face.

"T'ank yo' kin'ly, Miss Julie. I says to myself as you'd know de bes'."

He turned to go, hesitated, and came back.

"Miss Julie," he said, in a trembling voice, "don't yo' fink as mabbe de li'l' gal was a-waitin' for Marse Tom on de oder side of de door?"



"NOW AN ISLAND MIGHT BE SEEN IN MID-STREAM"

THE VALLEY OF STREAMS

A GLIMPSE OF A REMOTE ITALIAN VILLAGE

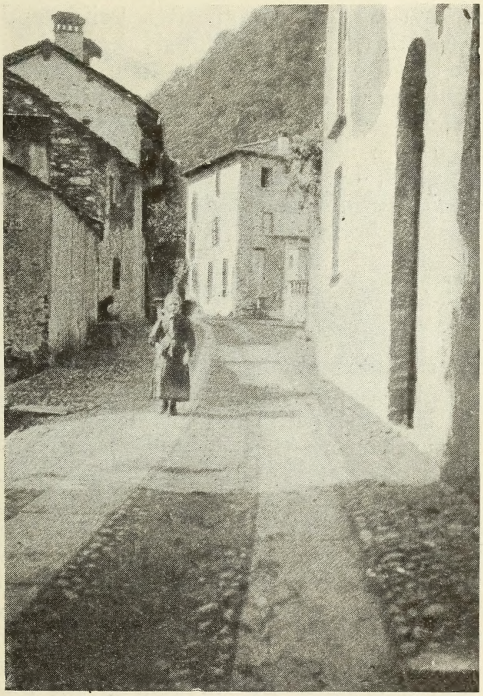
By LYDIA J. DALE

With Photographs by the Author

UP the valley of streams, where the music of running waters is ever in our ears; where the river is now blue as the sky, now white with foam. Up the valley, where the gray hill sides are tree-shaded, and the sunny meadows are bright with flowers; where the brooks run swiftly through the tall grass, or plunge recklessly over the rocks on the mountain side. This is where I would show you the way.

But first, it may not be amiss to give some little idea of the geography of the country through which we are to journey.

Opening from the mountain chain, of which Monte Rosa is the chief, stretch lateral spurs of lesser chains, between which are hidden smaller valleys. The valley of the Sesia winds close to the river which flows down from the great mountain itself. Parallel with it for some distance runs the Val Sermenza, named from its river fed by the melting snows and rains of the chain of mountains dividing the two valleys, and joining the larger river at Balmuccia, five miles above Varallo. The upper part of this second valley separates into two smaller defiles, called the Val d'Egua and the Val Piccola. Still nearer Varallo, across another mountain chain parallel to the Val Sermenza, is the Val Mastalone, again with its river rushing through the rocky gorge and joining the Sesia just without the town and beside the Sacro Monte. All these valleys, large and small, are dotted with many a little village and tiny hamlet of but a dozen houses, perched high on the mountain side, or lying on the grassy meadows beside the stream. Some of these communities are the German colonies, previously alluded to, notably Rima and Rimella in the Val Piccola and the Val Mastalone, where the German tongue is still spoken, though somewhat corrupt from intercourse with the neighboring hamlets, and where the orderly and thrifty habits of the Fatherland are still pre-



IN ISOBELLA

served. It is suggested that one reason for the success of these Teutonic settlers is that their own colder climate rendered them more at home in the high altitude of their new dwelling places than the sun-loving Italians, who came up to the high valleys from the level of the plains of Lombardy, and were not so well fitted for the struggle with cold and snow and the less fruitful soil. Like all highlanders, the inhabitants of these mountain glens have grown strong and hardy, inured to work in the face of difficulties, and with the kindred virtues of industry, honesty, and hospitality, simply and freely offered.

With this slight preface to acquaint us somewhat with the country and its inhabitants, let us start on our journey from Varallo, on the way to Alagna.

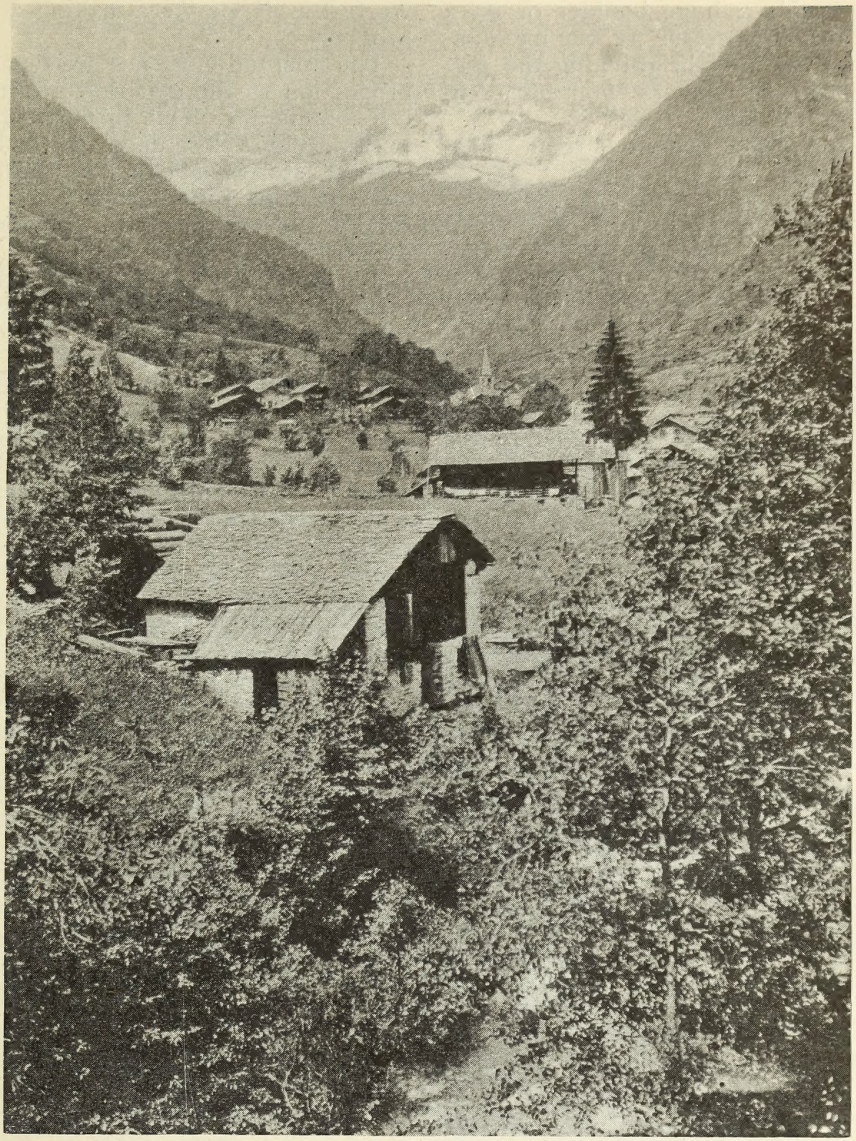
We drive slowly along the excellent road, following the course of the Sesia, crossing, just outside the town, the stream of the Mastalone as it comes swiftly down from the heights past the Sacred Mount. It foams and rushes over the rocky bed, or flows more quietly beside the green meadow, but we will not follow its beckoning to-day. We must keep to our chosen path in the larger valley, as it winds and turns among the hills.

A beautiful river is the Sesia, sparkling in the sunlight, rushing along white with foam bubbles broken on the boulders in the rapid current, or in more tranquil moments reflecting the blue of the sky. Beside our way are broad meadows, gay with flowers, emerald with stretches of waving hemp. In the fields the peasant women are mowing or tossing the hay. Women are the workers here in Italy; rarely do we see men, they have gone to the cities or perhaps to far-off America, leaving their wives and daughters to look after the farm and till the soil. Soon we reach Balmuccia, where the Sermenza emerges from its valley to join the larger river, and where the Val Sesia opens more widely.

Many a great curve do the waters make; we see the stream coming to meet us as it hurries 'round a bend in the shore, or where the current is deeper it runs swiftly and silently by the grassy edge. Through Scopa with its blossoming orchards and fragrant meadows, we come to Scopello, on higher ground, and halt for our noonday meal. The village does not boast a modern hotel, but at a little inn, set half across the road, we are met with a kindly welcome from our brown-eyed hostess, and soon an excellent omelette is smoking on the table. No matter how small the house of entertainment, the traveler can almost invariably be sure of a good omelette, though the bread may be hard and uninviting and the cheese somewhat dry and strong. The house dog came to make acquaintance, and scenting the odor from the kitchen attached himself closely to us, and when, our own appetites being appeased, we surreptitiously handed him a delectable dish, he told us quite plainly that we were the very nicest strangers he had ever encountered.

Luncheon over, I strolled about the little place, camera in hand, followed closely by the grateful dog, evidently with a hopeful sense of favors to come. The wooden houses seemed set down at random, with short digressions to right and left where I could see a picturesque old barn, the fresh hay piled up behind the bars in the open upper story, or an ancient house, mellowed by rain and sunshine to a delicious brown, leaning over the courtyard, where children and hens scattered at my approach. As I turned to take a photograph of the stone fountain with its slender stream of water trickling into the basin, one of the young girls, who had been watching my progress with interest, promptly took her stand in front of it, and a second village maiden stood deep in the grass she was mowing while I transferred her to paper. Behind some stone houses lay an open meadow, alder-fringed, past which the boisterous river swept in a wide bend, crossed by a slender bridge, jagged peaks rising in the background.

Soon, however, we had to leave

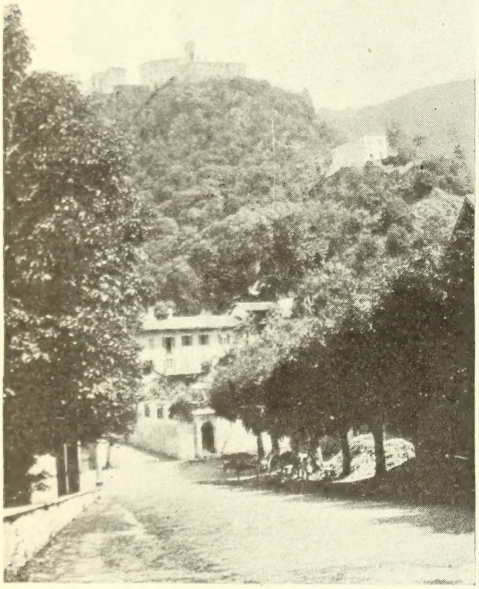


ALAGNA

charming little Scopello and our carriage bore us swiftly along the excellent road, bordered still by flower-filled meadows, where the Sesia opened out into broad reaches and quiet pools, deep blue amid the tall grass and graceful hemp. Beech woods clothed the hill sides, tall Spanish chestnuts stood above the green, smooth turf, then the valley grew more wild and desolate, with steep mountain sides, cleft by deep ravines. High on the gray rocks, laburnums had found a foothold, and flung their golden treasure lavishly abroad. The pure, rich color shone against the dark background, great sprays of green and gold hung over a little stream as it fell from the height, a single graceful tree, with its drooping yellow clusters,

stood beside a huge boulder or on a patch of green grass. It was like sunlight on the hills, brightening the way like glistening banners embroidered in precious threads.

Little villages lie on our road, some-



"WHITE, LIKE A DREAM CITY"

times taking possession of both sides of the river, with arched stone bridges crossing high above the swift current, for now the ground rises rapidly and the stream rushes down hurriedly. At one spot the channel narrows into a rocky gorge, spanned by a slender, wooden bridge, beneath which the water plunges down the steep wall of stone, flashing like jewels in the sunlight, and then running sedately through the verdant fields.

We rattle through the single, narrow street of each hamlet, with barely room for our horses, passing the small hostelries and wine shops where the buxom women greet us with a friendly "Buon giorno," and smile as we respond. Evidently the "forestiere" excite their interest, for windows and doorways are full of smiling faces and we feel as if we were making a royal progress.

The fine, old churches are out of all proportion to the apparent poverty of the community. One in particular, at Mollia, stands close upon the road with several stories above our heads, a stone balcony running along the front, carved and ornamented. It would be delightful to explore them all. Between the villages the broad Government road is well made and kept in excellent repair, each little settlement doing its share. Frequently a stone coping protects the side towards the river as it runs now on a level with us, now far below. Here and there a "torrente," as it is called, comes down from the mountain side across our way, a veritable torrent, undoubtedly, in time of heavy rain or melting snow, but at other seasons a dry bed, full of rounded stones brought down from above by the water and smoothed and polished in the journey. These occasional streams are not furnished with bridges, only a coping on the upper side to guide the flood into a definite channel, so that passers-by are left to their own devices. Our driver recounted with evident enjoyment his experience of two days previous, when a family of Germans on their way to Alagna insisted on starting from Varallo just after a twelve-hour thunder storm, and while the rain was still falling. We had watched the party set forth from the courtyard of our inn, an unfortunate maid on the seat with the driver, father, mother, and children packed inside the landau, and had prognosticated a wet journey for them. The driver told us gleefully how they screamed at every jolt and turn, and how, when this especial "torrente" was reached, "full, very full and deep, Signora! but perfectly safe with a good driver," straightening himself proudly, their alarm knew no bounds. The stream was forded to an accompaniment of cries and protestations while the horses slipped on the loose, wet pebbles, and the water even came into the carriage. "Such people should stay at home," he declared. "A

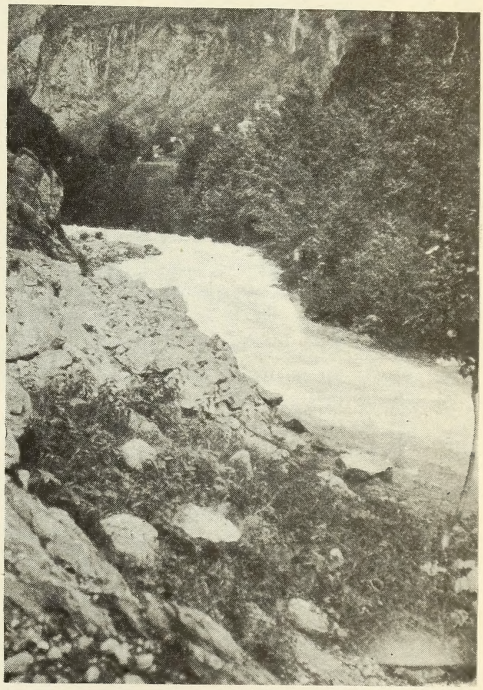
German is no mountaineer; he is not like the English," doubtless having, as he thought, discovered our nationality.

Suddenly there hung before us in mid air a vision of snow fields and white peaks, and we had our first near glimpse of the glittering summits of Monte Rosa. Often concealed by a turn in the road, it would flash out again in beauty and beckon us onward. We passed a stream leaping down a wooded cleft in the hill side, crossed the river on a stout bridge, from which we could see far up the blue water, shining as it rushed swiftly along, skirted a height and came to the village of Riva Valdobbia, with the frescoed portals on the church overhanging the narrow street where stood the wooden houses. All our way the Sesia had kept us company, now close by our side with a merry song, now retreating behind a green field, where we could only catch a glimmer of the wavelets. Here it was farther away, but its place was filled by a lesser stream running by alder-fringed banks with a most enticing murmur. Past gardens and cultivated fields, past hill sides set with beech and chestnut and golden laburnum shining amid the green, past the copper mines of olden times, still worked in primitive fashion, we toiled up a long hill and then with much shouting and cracking of the whip, the horses galloped through the high-sounding Via Margherita and Corso Reale, the carriage swung round the projecting apse of the church and was drawn up before the Albergo di Monte Rosa. We had reached Alagna.

First Impressions

My first walk at Alagna was late on the afternoon of our arrival, when the sun was still high enough to peer above the mountain tops as we started out, and the air was warm and balmy, not always the case at an altitude of nearly four thousand feet. Turning abruptly by the corner of the inn, we picked our way past several little houses set almost athwart the path, and presently heard the roar of water. A boisterous mountain brook came leaping down the hill side, evidently over a rocky bed, for it was all white and foaming as one sees a brook in springtime. This stream was always frothing and tumbling under the little bridge. It lay directly across my path every time I walked up the valley and I always stood still to watch the white water, to listen to its exultant song of joy in life and motion.

Leaving the noisy stream behind us, we kept beside the river for a short distance, then crossed it on a primitive bridge which swayed beneath us, and took our way up a steep path. Here was another small village, consisting of but few houses scattered on the slope. Each little group of houses up and down the mountain side is an independent community, or "paese," as



"THE STREAM CURVES AND BENDS"

it is called, it has its own church and priest, its own local government, its own rules of conduct, although to the stranger it seems only an extension of the last hamlet he has passed.

A cheerful streamlet came running

down to meet us, the dark, clear water offering a contrast to the brook we had just left, with a more familiar, homely tinkle 'round the stones. Turning aside from the path beside it which led to the alp, as a high mountain pasture is called, we went on through the fields deep in grass and flowers, scarlet poppies, swaying bluebells, a host of gay blossoms whose names and faces were new to us. We passed a farm house where an old woman sat in the doorway and the chickens were crowding for their supper, and sauntered on through the gathering dusk, full of fragrant odors and hum of insects. Below us was the Sesia, ready to receive tribute from the frequent brooks running across our way, for the mountain side, on which the snow still lingered, gave birth to many a rivulet and clear, little rill.

A sharp descent brought us to the broad river itself, spanned by another rustic bridge. Here we stopped to lean over the wooden rail and listen to the melody of the running water.

It may sound all alike on paper, as I endeavor to picture to you these brooks and rivers which we meet on the hill sides or follow closely in our valley, but in reality how widely one brook differs from its neighbor, how full of music is each voice and yet the



"OUT OF THE PIAZZA LEADS THIS SACRED WAY"

song is ever new. The stream curves and bends, it leaps gaily from above, or runs straight and swift in its channel; the alders and willows droop over its bosom, the forest trees are reflected in its placid waters, the ferns grow on its very brim. Now it runs where the walls of rock shut it in, and shadows lie on the pools, or dividing its strength, it holds an island in its embrace. The swirling eddies are white around a boulder, the rapids run swiftly over the stones with their little backward curl, and again the meadows are broad and full of sunshine and the flowers stoop graciously to whisper to the little waves as they ripple softly by.

A river is always beautiful, but peculiarly so, I think, when it comes down from the high places, pure and undefiled, broken into a thousand gleams of light by the obstacles in its way; ever happy, ever eager to reach its appointed end, full of joy in life that springs from difficulties overcome, always remembering its birth out of stainlessness and solitude. The clouds and the sunlight, the ice and snow on the great mountain summits are its nurse and foster mother, the blue sky and the winds are its companions, and even though its waters come down to the dwellings of men, it can never quite forget its childhood and youth in the far-off, lonely, beautiful places. It tells us of these as we listen; it is one of the never-ceasing voices of Nature, whose melodies are infinite.

Our way home lay through the shady road overhung with trees, full and green and leafy; on the rocky wall beside us grew delicate ferns and Alpine blossoms exquisitely tinted. Sprays of the white spirea trembled above our heads like the foam on the river, great mountain buttercups opened their golden chalices, and clusters of the bright mountain pink, rosy red, blushed among the green. Directly on our path, where a tiny rill dripped into a mossy basin, stood one laburnum tree. I had seen them in abundance, earlier, on the far slopes of the hills; now this grew close at hand. Equally beautiful whether near or far, the full, shining clusters hung amid the graceful foliage; the gold was living. For many days I watched its radiant loveliness, it was a landmark on my walk, the glorious color deepened and glowed when the sun kissed the flowers at noonday. Gradually the blossoms fell to the ground and floated on the surface of the mossy basin, but even then there was nothing unsightly in its fading, only the beauty was lessened.

Always following the Sesia where it ran beneath the trees or beat with its waves against a huge boulder half barring the way, on whose gray rock nestled beds of fern, soft cushions set close with bright flowers, and where a bush of glowing Alpenrosen stirred in the breeze, we came back to Alagna while the twilight fell softly. The white brook was still hurrying down to the river as we turned into the little, open square.

From My Window

As I looked out of my window day by day, the most conspicuous object was the rough, square stone-tower of the church, gray and weatherworn, surmounted by a tapering spire. On the parapet, from which rose the latter, a young, vigorous birch tree had grown, and the leaves fluttered continually in the breeze that drew through the valley. It was a pretty sight to see its fresh daintiness and grace springing out of the gray stone, like the child of its old age.

About the tower the swallows wheeled and circled, at dusk they flew hither and thither in aimless turns and sudden dartings, like children at play.

It was interesting to watch the village folk gathering for Mass in the early morning, the elder women enjoying a bit of gossip as they waited in the porch, the girls smoothing their aprons and casting demure glances at the sheepish young fellows. One day there was a funeral procession, the cortege coming from one of the remoter houses, headed by the priests in

embroidered vestments, the Host borne under a silken canopy, followed by a number of banners proudly carried by the men, and by a company of women walking, bareheaded, two by two.

Looking beyond and beside the tower, I could see the winding street till it turned and disappeared, the children playing in the sun. On the green hill side opposite were picturesque chalets set low on the earth, as if springing from the soil. Below me stretched broad fields, from which was wafted the delicious scent of the new-mown hay, and beyond was a range of mountains on either hand, shutting in the valley. Their flanks were thickly wooded up to the very tops, although they could boast a height of eight thousand feet or more. Very different these from the Swiss Alps, just across the border, with their bare, rocky peaks; here Italy showed her warmth and fertility in the green, luxuriant forests which clothed the heights, not merely a belt of evergreens, but beeches and maples and chestunt woods.

There was one especial spot on the mountain side facing my window which I loved to watch as the rays of the morning sun fell upon it. It was an open, grassy glade with huge boulders in its midst, and surrounded by tall trees. When the sun climbed above the barrier on the other side of the valley, and the light touched the greensward, every detail flashed into sight like a revelation. I could keep pace with the illumination as it moved slowly across the grass, rested for an instant on the great stones and lingered on the tree tops; it was like a morning walk.

Then at evening, as the sun sank below the horizon, a soft, mellow light bathed the green slopes, the shadows climbed higher, creeping slowly upward till all was dark save the topmost ridge. There, too, the shadows encroached reluctantly, but the afterglow came, spreading over bare rock and dark tree top, a rosy, purple flame lighted the whole once more, tinging the clouds and sky with a delicate pink.

On an evening when the moon was at the full, it rose directly in the opening between the two lines of mountains, the great disc, golden at first, then turning to silver, poured a flood of light over the whole scene, while the Queen of Night sailed majestically through the clouds. A marvelous picture, almost unearthly in its beauty.

By the River

The walk beside the Sesia soon grew familiar as day after day I turned my footsteps up the valley of streams. There was no other road. From Varallo a carriage could reach Alagna only by the highway over which I myself had come, all else was shut out by the high mountain walls. Beyond Alagna, farther up the valley, ran the same road, but shortly that dwindled to a narrow way, to be followed only on foot. Innumerable paths led up to the pastures where the peasants drove their cattle and sheep and goats, certain high passes wound between the mountains on either side, but our village was strung like a final bead on this one thread, there was no other road up or down.

A beautiful walk it was, charming enough to beckon me on, no matter what might be the path. Past the foaming brook at our door, past fields where flowers grew amidst the grass, turning by the enormous boulder, gaily decked with ferns and blossoming Alpenrosen, round which the river swung in its course over the rapids, pausing to admire my laburnum, with its wealth of gold, or to gaze at the snowy peaks of Monte Rosa as they flashed out suddenly, far up in the heavens, I kept by the side of the running water, listening to its varied song. Now an island might be seen in midstream, here a brook hurried across the path where the tree-shadows lay deepest and only a white thread shone out in the dim recesses of the wood, or a second streamlet bounded down over the mossy stones and under the prostrate logs to fall with a melodious splash into a hollow, brown with leaves. Under a grove of beeches some kindly soul had set a wooden



"IT COMES DOWN FROM THE HIGH PLACES PURE AND UNDEFILED"

bench on a mound, and from this coign of vantage the wayfarer might trace the windings of the broader stream. Over that wooden fence, in a patch of meadow land, grew stalks of tall, nodding lilies, the plum-colored petals turned far back on the stem, like a rolling turban, and indeed the showy flowers were called Turk's Cap lilies.

Farther on the meadow spread wide and level for a long distance, and beside it the river flowed tranquilly, with no hint of the rapids before it in its course, or of the tumult out of which it had come. At a spot marked by a little, wayside chapel, with frescoed walls, perched high on a grassy bank, the road ascended and the mountain side drew closer, the rocky channel

narrowed to a deep gorge. The water boiled and raged in its imprisonment, seething in whirlpools, foaming white over rocky, jagged points, rushing madly past the perpendicular walls of stone far below the road. In a more quiet spot it ran swiftly beneath a stone bridge with a single arch, grass-grown and picturesque; behind it the tree-covered slope of the mountain, a distant waterfall shining against the dark background; below it ferns and bushes blown hither and thither restlessly by the air above the rapid current.

Higher in the valley was a scene of desolation. Some winter avalanche had hurled great fragments of rock from the heights, the boulders were strewn on the plain in confusion, splintered and rent by the fall, but on their rough sides the beneficent healing power of Nature manifested itself. Vegetation had sprung up, in the crevices and seams grew tiny, blossoming plants; delicate, yellow violets; wild, purple pansies, while clumps of the crimson Alpine rose flourished on the gray ledges. It was indeed a valley of rocks, but softened and beautified by the touch of life, for the flowers bloomed, the shrubs grew green and luxuriant and the sun poured his beams over it all.

Just above the rock-strewn glen were the buildings of the gold mines, the precious metal having been found high on a neighboring peak and the ore brought down to be worked. Beyond this point the way grew more rough and difficult, hardly more than a track among the scattered rocks and round the base of the projecting cliffs, the river running far below the steep slope.

Turning a sharp corner in the narrow defile, I came upon a rude foot-bridge, with a long log barring the farther end. A flock of sheep were nibbling the scanty grass on the hill side, and, inquisitive as usual about the intruder, they crowded to the barrier and stood watching me, bleating incessantly, while a tame goat, with a tinkling bell about its neck, ran up and down in excitement. The herd-boy, with his dog, came down to see what was happening, his wooden shoes clattering over the rocks, and with native courtesy he dragged away the log so that the Signora might pass. He was a handsome lad of sixteen years, dark-eyed and rosy cheeked, and we interchanged a few friendly words while he told me the names of the different peaks, and that a double waterfall, dashing from a great height to join the river, was the Aqua Bianca or White Water; a pretty name for the snowy cascade which leaped madly from the rocks above.

One sunny day, after a long, pouring rain, transformed on the heights to sparkling snow, I ventured forth in the clear, crisp air. It was delicious to drink in the pure freshness, to feel the breath of new-fallen snow on my cheek like a winter day at home, it was exhilarating and inspiring to be out of doors. I wandered far up the valley road, stopping at last where I could catch sight of the Aqua Bianca as it fell over the rocks in increased volume, for the lower snow wreaths were melting fast in the July sun, though the air was cool and almost sharp as it blew over the snow-covered peaks. Standing in one spot, I could count a dozen waterfalls on all sides, leaping straight from the summits, pouring down over the rocks, here plunging through a narrow cleft, there running full and strong through a well-worn and familiar channel. The mountain sides seemed honeycombed with streams, they apparently gushed out of the bare rock, new-born torrents. By afternoon, doubtless, some of these cascades would have disappeared, luckily I had caught them at the full, and watched long to see the downward rush, too far away to hear the sound of the falling water which was lost in the roar of the river beside me. The eye was quicker than the ear when distance became a factor.

The New England Heroine in Contemporary Fiction

By MRS. T. W. WHITE

IT is an occasional practice with Mr. Henry James to include in subtle studies of modern life a New England woman. This character infrequently is assigned more than a minor role, but that she enacts in entire accord with the conventional idea of what a New England woman most characteristically is. Mr. James seems to see a fine appropriateness in the contrast that is offered between so definite and accepted a type of woman and those more nebulous and complex beings that enact the real romance of his fictions. Just why the New England heroine should seem to Mr. James so fixed a type when all humanity elsewhere is a fluid medium to his hand, it would be interesting to know. He may indeed proceed from those lucid rhetorical precepts with which, in pursuit of the expression of our ideas, we are at any early age equipped—to pass from the known to the unknown; from the concrete to the abstract. But whatever his reason may be, his characterization of the New England woman as he sees her for purposes of fiction, is essentially harmonious with the many characterizations that have been made by novelists more directly devoted to depicting the local life of New England.

In "The Wings of the Dove," Mr. James discloses a situation that, related as it was to the culture of that pathetic and not easily classified young lady, Milly Theale, partook of the nature of a revelation. It was in fact that she, "the potential heiress of all the ages, should never have seen anyone like a mere typical subscriber, after all, to the 'Transcript.'" This was a part of the claim upon her that brought Susan Stringham into contact with what she felt to be the real romance. And as Mrs. Stringham was to be the response to the cultural needs of this accentuated young lady, Mr. James has in his endowment of her generously provided all the traits that are traditionally supposed to invest the New England woman of intellectual preoccupation.

"Mrs. Stringham was from Burlington, Vermont, which she boldly upheld as the real heart of New England, Boston being too far south. She, too, had had her discipline, but it had not made her striking; it had been prosaically usual, though doubtless a decent dose; and had only made her usual to match it—usual, that is, as Boston went. She had lost first her husband, and then her mother, with whom, on her husband's death, she had lived again; so that now, childless, she was but more sharply single than before. But she sat rather coldly light, having, as she called it, enough to live on—so far, that is, if she lived by bread alone."

Even more suggestive is the description that portrays Mrs. Stringham's methodical habit of life.

"It was for the surrender of everything else that she was, however, quite prepared, and while she went about her usual Boston business with her usual Boston probity, she was really all the while holding herself. She wore her 'handsome' felt hat, so Tyrolese, yet somehow, though feathered from the eagle's wing, so truly domestic, with the same straightness and security; she attached her fur boa with the same honest precaution; she preserved her balance on the ice-slopes with the same practiced skill; she opened each

evening her 'Transcript' with the same interfusion of suspense and resignation; she attended her almost daily concert with the same expenditure of patience and the same economy of passion; she flitted in and out of the Public Library with the air of conscientiously returning or bravely carrying off in her pocket the key of knowledge itself."

This staunch allegiance to the discipline of habit, stern holding to the traditions of a respected society in the midst of distracting desires, mark Susan Stringham indelibly. She is one of the sisterhood made up of "small, neat memories and ingenuities, little industries and ambitions," family traditions and local pride all mixed with something profoundly moral, that pervade the pages of the record of modern life. Had Mr. James set himself the task to make a formula for the reproduction of the New England heroine, it would have included all that he has found vital in Mrs. Stringham's personality, all that he has found characteristic in her daily round of duties. Her counterpart is studied in various surroundings and undergoing various disciplines, but within a certain range of intensity, the result is another embodiment of the same conventional ideas.

It will be recalled that Susan Stringham had "her note"—"the art of showing New England life without showing it wholly in the kitchen." The provincial type of her character would not lead one to expect her to sound so bold, so iconoclastic a note in art. It is certainly a unique literary trust that Mr. James inherits from Susan, and should he ever give the results to the world, it would doubtless prove subversive of our traditional standards. Particularly would this be the effect upon the heroines of our literature. If there is any truth in the many faithful portrayals that have been made of the New England woman, the truth of her environment is the most completely manifest. The kitchen and its slightly removed adjunct, the front room, have been with historic propriety the real arena of her battle with life. There, in the comforting presence of her familiar domesticity—her cat, her tea-pot, her red geranium, and her awful cleanliness—the triumphs and the defeats of her mimic life have been enacted. Limiting as this environment is, and Susan Stringham showed cosmopolitan discernment in discovering just how circumscribing it is, there seems to be no getting away into a broader field of activity whilst still preserving what seems to be most characteristically determining in a New England heroine's career. To live in drawing rooms all the time, to be unaware of the number of cans of preserved fruit still left in the cold closet, or to be indifferent to spring and fall cleaning, would seem to make a hybrid kind of character, plainly showing the indelible influence of the New York finishing school and foreign travel.

Judge Robert Grant has almost alone of New England novelists wished to present, not by any means exclusively, a plutocratic society. His experiments have been somewhat tentatively devoted to the safe middle West. It is only in later novels that he has boldly studied the idle rich in a North Shore and Back Bay environment. His failure to make any convincing picture of life from either a local or an universal point of view, is perhaps sufficient proof that after all to be "kitchen colonel" has been our indigenous attitude. Then by all means, if New England women have led their austere, sacrificial lives in the charming kitchens of their own making, let us see them there in their artistic representation. "We were all moving toward the kitchen as if by common instinct," says the guest on that memorable occasion when with Mrs Todd she visited Green Island. And in that simple expression lies much racial truth. Truly "we were all moving toward the kitchen as if by common instinct."

"There are," writes Mr. James in description of a Bostonian, "women who are unmarried by accident, and others who are unmarried by option; but she

was unmarried by every implication of her being. She was a spinster as Shelley was a lyric poet, or as the month of August is sultry." Mr. James gallantly makes this an individual description, but he must have had an amused idea of its general application to the New England heroine. No convention of the novelist has been more widely involved in the development of our stories of local life. Many even of the women who have lovers and husbands are still pictured with the austerity of spinsterhood. Of that large maternity that so essentially belongs to Mrs. Deland's heroines, there is slight trace. Motherhood is a fierce, unnatural emotion of possession that finds its typical expression in the character of Jane Field. Poor Jane Field! Her tragedy does not lie in the abnormal assumption of her sister's name and station—but in the usurpation of maternity, a state for which she had no genius. She had all the anxieties of motherhood, but none of its tenderness; all of its passion, but none of its friendliness; all of its sacrificial fire, but none of its regenerating grace. Her daughter is more incongruous than her crime. In their natural alienation is the real tragedy.

As if in relief of the tragic spinsterhood of Jane Field, Miss Wilkins has offered that exquisite comedy sketch of The New England Nun whose delicate sensibilities were shocked at the thought of the rude changes that would be wrought in her carefully ordered life by the entrance thereto of Joe Daggett. Their love had had long to wait, and Louisa, under the spell of that cloistered period, had become fixed in the practice of indigenous single blessedness. Her renunciation of her lover rippled the stream of her life for a moment and then she sat down with that peaceful assurance in her heart that henceforth she "could sew linen seams, and distil roses, and fold away in lavender, as long as she listed. That afternoon she sat with her needle-work at the window, and felt fairly steeped in peace."

The vivid, dramatic quality inherent in such character has appealed with particular force to all novelists who depict New England life. Its constant republication has gone far to produce the impression among alien readers that the "uncloistered nun" and the "sharply single" state are alone typical of New England women. But from the point of view of the story merely, the study of this type of character has the effect of exclusion of male personages. It follows, therefore, that the masculine element in any vital degree is singularly lacking in stories of New England life. When a hero is essential to the unfolding of the plot, he seems quite an unreal being—a bit of movable stage equipment that may be married or mourned as the exigencies of the situation demand. He is at his best when he is only a retrospective hero—a cherished memory or a dim hope. A memory can neither clutter the kitchen nor make violent appeals to affection, it can live in the calm mind to be thought about at decent intervals when there is nothing else that needs to be done. In the work of both Miss Wilkins and Miss Brown the most convincing characterizations are those in which the demands of the story leave the heroine quite naturally to the repressed subjectivity of her emotions. Whenever the objective cause of passion is present in the story the artificiality of the situation is immediately apparent. Miss Jewett's heroines, in her slightest sketches even, are more harmoniously developed than those of Miss Wilkins and Miss Brown; but she, too, makes vivid use of the spinster element in New England life. Her stories are of women rather than men, and to her we go for the most perfect expression of the hero who has become a memory. It is found in Mrs. Todd's moment of confidence: "No, dear, him I speak of could never think of me," she said. "When we was young together his mother didn't favor the match, an' done everything she could to part us; and folks thought we both married well, but 'twant what either one of us wanted most; and we're left alone again, an' might have

had each other all the time. He was above bein' a sea-farin' man, an' prospered more than most; he was of a high family, an' my lot was plain an' hard workin'. I ain't seen him for some years; he's forgot our youthful feelin's, I expect, but a woman's heart is different; their feelin's comes back when you think you've done with 'em, as sure as spring comes with the year. An' I've always had ways of hearin' about him." In simplicity and intensity this story within a story, is not incomparable to the immortal love stories of the world. In it Mrs. Todd seems indeed to be the "renewal of some historic soul."

Mr. Howells' novels of New England life preserve a nicer balance between hero and heroine. It is to his books we must turn for the vivid portrayal of the men who play so marked a part in our social individuation,—men who are in leather, in law, in aristocratic possession of three generations of leisure, or, like Dan Mannering, merely in love. All these Mr. Howells has most vividly written down and so many more. The Bellingham's, the Corey's, the Lapham's, the Hubbard's, the Langbirth's, the suburbanite, the provincial, the man in the city, and the man in the study, are all a part of that picture of life in which we are, perhaps, rather too deeply involved to be its competent judges. The enviable variety of Mr. Howells' heroes has not excluded the heroine, nor has he forborne to follow the conventional type we are considering. Annie Kilburn is perhaps the most subtle study of spinsterhood we possess; and although Mr. Howells in a grimly gay mood surrounded the Lady of the Aroostook with a galaxy of potential admirers, he yet maintained in admirable contrast to her situation, the illusion that she, too, was a spinster even as "the month of August is sultry."

Basil Ransom, the Southern hero of "The Bostonians," had arrived at a useful generalization "to the effect that the simplest division it is possible to make of the human race is into the people who take things hard and the people who take things easily." In allowing Miss Chancellor to be placed precipitately in the former class, Mr. James is only humoring for a little the young man's lack of discrimination. Merely to take things hard is a clumsy differentiation and the subtle essence of character lies much to the rear of that. But novelists differ and so Mr. Basil Ransom's generalization is perhaps more useful than Mr. James' subtlety to any extensive consideration of New England heroines. Indeed Mr. James has to an appreciable extent fallen under this dominating New England tendency in permitting Olive Chancellor to be primarily an individual who takes things hard. He gives her that endowment. That he also gives her a tropical intensity in suffering that almost amounts to an excess of joyousness is a part of that genial artist's inability to consent to any character being merely simple. But it is neither a crystallized density nor an apathetic endurance that characterizes Olive Chancellor. She goes forth like a knight of old to fight for her ideals. And what a conflict of wills it is,—that subjective, silent battle for the final possession of a mystical young person who is equally complacent to be "the great apostle of the emancipation of woman," or an obscure young lawyer's bride. And through it all the compelling power is seen to be just that in Miss Chancellor which causes her to take things hard. It saves her ideas from being ridiculous, her methods from being contemptuous, and gives to her final failure the dignity of tragedy. To an easier nature no shred of probability could have been attached. But there is something very real, very compelling in our last look at Olive Chancellor, "upright in her desolation," receiving Mrs. Farrinder's final taunt, "Well, Miss Chancellor, if this is the way you're going to reinstate our sex!" Had Basil Ransom been then observing her, he would have seen again as in that earlier time "that no one could help her; that was what made her tragic."

It is this attitude of mind that is em-

phasized over and over again by our New England novelists. They do not analyze it to see why it is typical, but seem to accept it as a racial mystery.

"I wa'n't never one of the kind that lop," Jane Amesbury used to say with a backward lift of her head so forcible that it seemed as if her neck muscles were made of steel and one listened for the click, "and I ain't thought much of them women that do lop." The ease that Jane Amesbury denied her body she also denied her spirit. She stood alone without support except from the soil under her feet and the sky over her head. Her isolation of spirit was no more marked than her rigid exclusion of any expectancy of pleasure. Jane Amesbury finds her counterpart in the mental and spiritual attitude of many of Miss Wilkins' heroines. Self-indulgence, sympathy with weakness, love of beauty, gayety, even falling in love buoyantly, these are characteristics of humanity that get scant sympathy from them. They just naturally take things hard. That in itself is a story ready made. The charm of those dubious qualities is perhaps never so apparent as when we make acquaintance with people who are without them. It is then that all the humaneness or weakness—or is it softness, or is it adaptability?—call it the gentlest name we may, will come to seem to be the chief virtue of life. And so Jane Amesbury reaches at a sublime moment the apotheosis of womanhood, and Miss Wilkins finds for her heroine in a touch of consummate right feeling, "the pot of gold," the touch of nature that makes of homely, harsh, prosaic Jane Amesbury a real heroine for all time. Jonas has just announced no less by means of his words than by his joyous, pretty face, "all pink and glowing," that Jane, he guesses, will have a daughter one of these days. "After he had gone up stairs Jane went out into the kitchen to mix bread. 'I guess I'll have some riz biscuit for breakfast,' she said to Elvira. 'He didn't eat none of them others, but I s'pose he'll eat these fast 'nough. It beats me, but I s'pose it's—*love*.' She tried to say 'love' as if it were a clod of mud, but in spite of herself she said it as if it were a jewel."

From the use that Miss Wilkins makes of this New England endowment of strenuous morbidity there is, it would seem, in it something more sharply pictorial, more specifically local than in any other trait of character she may have observed. To create a vivid single impression, the intention at least of every writer of the short story, is very often to create a sharper outline than the author intended. Miss Wilkins is a writer of short stories, some of them indeed have been very long, but her method has not changed with the length of her tale. But rendering due account for the possible hardness inherent in her chosen art form, there would still seem to be a modicum of exaggeration in the rigid, dumb, unlovely, lean personages of her imagination.

Ann Millet, who had had no folks of her own since she could remember, had worked hard all her life and had nothing to love, at last lavished her concentrated affections upon a cat. Her neighbors could not understand how any human being with an immortal soul could set so much by one. So when the crisis came, and Willy, the cat, was lost, Ann Millet refused the offices of the church, threw her hoard of golden squashes away and sturdily denied herself the consolation of her friends and the solace of another cat. "She had," observed Miss Wilkins, "a nature which could rally an enormous amount of strength for persistency."

"Thar's Mis' Bliss's pieces in the brown kaliker bag, an' thar's Mis' Bennet's pieces in the bed-tickin' bag," said Martha Patch, surveying complacently the two bags leaning against her kitchen wall. "I'll get a dollar for both of them quilts, an thar'll be two dollars. I've got a dollar an' sixty-three cents on hand now, an thar's plenty of meal an' merlasses, an' some salt fish an' pertaters in the house. I'll get along middlin' well, I reckon. Thar ain't no call fer me to worry. I'll red

up the house a leetle now an' then I'll begin on Mis' Bliss's pieces." And every one remembers how the pink-rose calico was pieced into the supposedly wrong quilt, then painfully picked out and sewed again only to discover after all that weary labor, the pink-rose calico had belonged where she first placed it. Then the slow rectification began again. "The poor soul sat at the window," the window that so symbolically was not a "front window to set to," bending over the quilt until dusk, "and she sat there, bending over the quilt until dusk, many a day after." Until at last the quilts were done. "Thar they air now, all right," said she; "the pink roses is in Mis' Bennet's, an' I ain't cheated nobody out on their caliker, an' I've airned my money. I'll take 'em hum in the mornin' an' then I'll buy somethin' to eat. I begin to feel a dreadful sinkin' at my stummick." As Miss Wilkins concludes, "It is a hard question to decide, whether there were any real merit in such finely strained honesty, or whether it were merely a case of morbid conscientiousness."

In that memorable chapter in "The Country of the Pointed Firs," where a visit is shown to be a fine art, Mrs. Todd and Mrs. Fosdick tell again the story of poor Joanna. The relation of it passes from one to the other as incident is followed by reflection and finally Mrs. Todd comes to tell of her visit to Joanna, that visit made in company with the land locked minister who so nearly lost Mrs. Todd her life. After describing the house and Joanna's neat appearance, Mrs. Todd adds, "Joanna's mother had the *grim* streak and never knew what 'twas to be happy. The first minute my eyes fell upon Joanna's face that day, I saw how she had grown to look like Mis' Todd. 'Twas the mother right over again." "Oh dear me!" said Mrs. Fosdick.

When we reflect upon the preponderance of women in New England fiction who also have the grim streak, do we not, too, like Mrs. Fosdick, ejaculate, "Oh dear me!" It is the natural outcry of distress because the special and abnormal in life has been made so general and natural in our literature.

The other extreme of Basil Ransom's generalization, "the people that take things easily," is not without its exemplification in New England fiction. From a cursory review of the characters belonging to that group it would seem to be largely made up of inconsequent masculine beings. The Sam Waller type of careless joy in a life devoted to fishing, to whittling, to interminable lounging and gossiping, is a favorite. He offers undoubted aesthetic relief to incidents otherwise rather strenuous and duty-doing. Miss Alice Brown's delightful stories occasionally furnish the contrast of a heroine who is conspicuously devoted to taking things easily. Such a heroine gleams out from the pages of her otherwise rather sombre tales like a scarlet tanager in the midst of a flock of English sparrows. Such is Delilah Joyce who "was sitting on her front doorstone with a fine disregard of the fact that her little clock had struck eight of the morning, while her bed was still unmade." The call of Bacchus to unholy revelry could be no more dedicatory than this disregard of matutinal observance in a New England community. It sets Dilly quite apart, marks her as lawless, uncanny, joyous, an easy-going mortal; and she, accepting her position, takes her whole life as one long festival of May.

"Dilly 'll get the better on't. She al'ays doos." It is not only the feather bed in question that she masters, but her joyous philosophy of taking pleasures first and leaving the duties for that convenient season, opened many delights to her. "She could take her luncheon in her pocket, and go threading through the woods behind the hill. She could walk over to Pine Hollow, to see how the cones were coming on, and perchance scrape together a basket of pine needles, to add to her winter's kindling; or she might, if the world and the desires thereof assailed her, visit Sudleigh Fair. Better still, she need account to nobody if she chose to sit there on the doorstone,

and let the hours go unregretted by." Dilly, too, like Letty, is "an artist in life," sharing that "ineffable delight in being," speaking in another key from the " 'other folks' who did not know that joy is not altogether joy, but three-quarters pain." "She had been," says Miss Brown, "born into such willing harmony with natural laws, that love in itself seemed to belong to her life." But to the people about her, for her love story was a dim memory to the oldest neighbor, her nomadic ways, her domestic inconsequences, her leisurely and generous scheme of life, and that mystical knowledge that had come to her in her quiet musings and shrewd observation of nature's ways, could be interpreted in only one way. Dilly was a witch. And as the taste for hanging witches no longer prevailed in her part of the world, Dilly was as willing to be a witch as a Christian if she could be free to be happy in her own way. Many of Miss Brown's grimly humorous studies of grimly pathetic lives fade from our memory and leave no trace. The inconsequence has become a commonplace, but Delilah Joyce remains a fragrant memory. And that picture of Letty when at "about ten o'clock she took her way down to the long pasture; she was a very happy woman, and she could hold her happiness before her face regarding it frankly and with a full delight;" it is a picture to hold to, to turn back to whenever our feeling for the New England heroine becomes cankered with care. Any sojourning in the realm of New England fiction leads into a state of mind that recalls Miss Susan's gentle philosophizing that night before Christmas when she and the schoolmaster told tales of "Honey and Myrrh" before the blazing logs:

"When it gets along toward eight o'clock an' the room's all simmerin', an' the moon lays out on the snow, it does seem as if we made a poor spec' out of life, we don't seem to have any color in it. Why don't you remember Solomon in all his glory? I guess t'wouldn't ha' been put in jest that way if there wa'n't somethin' in it." Miss Brown, too, believes with Miss Susan that there was something in the blaze of Solomon's glory. Our anxiety is that she withholds her hand from that glory so patently within her grasp, and lets the convention of grimness desolate her pages.

Mr. Macaulay has in that keenly discriminating and fully definitive passage in his essay on Madame D'Arblay furnished all future critics with a measure by which to determine the relative merits of character-building or "character-mongering" on the part of our writers of fiction. His final sentence will recall the tenor of the whole passage: "Seeing that such humors exist, we cannot deny that they are proper subjects for the imitations of art. But we conceive that the imitation of such humors, however skillful and amusing, is not an achievement of the highest order; and as such humors are rare in real life, they ought, we conceive, to be sparingly introduced into works which profess to be pictures of real life."

We, as readers, can have no quarrel with the many "skillful and amusing" pictures of New England humors with which we have been so lavishly entertained. Nor need their authors be concerned if in the practice of their art, they have achieved position beside the charming Miss Burney. The Jane Austin's of literature are not born every day. Nevertheless, there is a slight uneasiness caused by the parochial aspect of our art and the question surges to our lips, Are we indeed so provincial that no picture of our life can be an achievement of the highest order, no character more than a developed humor? We have a humiliating recollection that we thought Miss Burney rather queer, and that it was the oddity of her narrative, the quaintness of her fashions that detained us not too long in her pages.

But whatever degree of despair the particular temperament may indulge toward the didactic conventions that have determined the New England heroine, whose story is, in so large a measure, the whole content of our con-

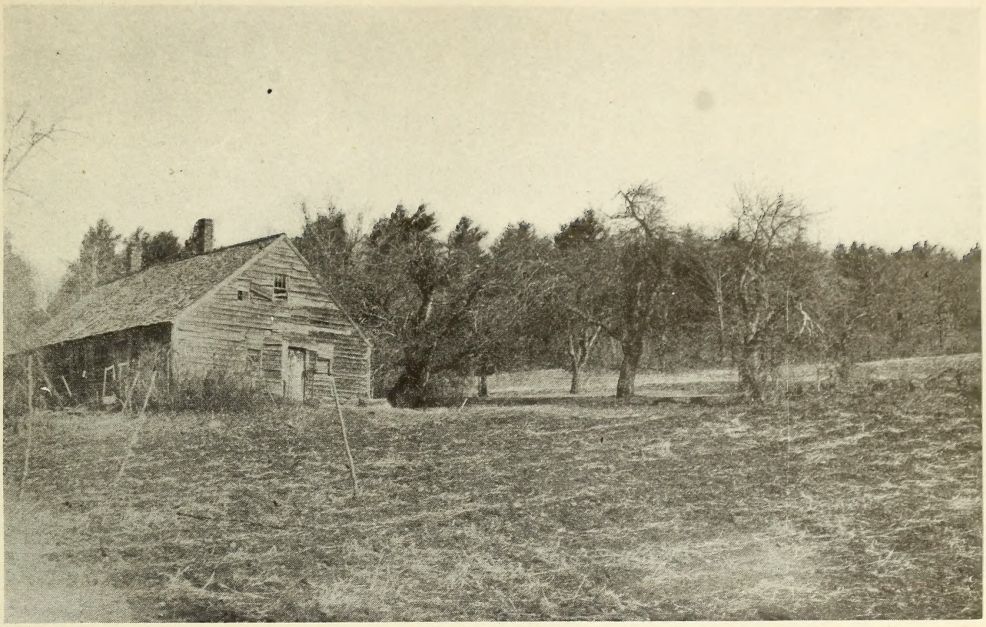
temporary fiction, there must always emerge from its gloom one altogether beautiful vision of perfection. Happy indeed is that reader whose sympathies bring him to say with the sadly departing visitor, "I," too, "could see Green Island, small and darkly wooded at that distance; below me were the houses of the village with their apple-trees and bits of garden ground. Presently, as I looked at the pastures beyond, I caught a last glimpse of Mrs. Todd herself, walking slowly in the foot-path that led along, following the shore toward the Port. At such distances one can feel the large, positive qualities that control a character. Close at hand, Mrs. Todd seemed able and warm-hearted and quite absorbed in her bustling industries, but her distant figure looked mateless and appealing, with something about it that was strangely self-possessed and mysterious. Now and then she stooped to pick something—it might have been her favorite pennyroyal—and at last I lost sight of her as she slowly crossed an open space on one of the higher points of the land, and disappeared again behind a dark clump of juniper and the pointed firs."

Mrs. Todd had particular regard for one of two sca'ce herbs "that grow better on Green Island than elsewhere." It is not merely that Mrs. Todd, herself, is the valued sca'ce herb in the fruitful field of New England heroines that we leave her "like Antigone alone on the Theban plain." But Mrs. Todd "is the right pattern of the plant." She includes all those carefully matured traits of Susan Stringham, but to see the two growing side by side is to realize that Susan is but an imitation. Mrs. Todd belongs to the sisterhood made up of "small, neat memories and ingenuities, little industries and ambitions." None more truly. But unlike Susan Stringham she might also, like an idyl of Thocritus, belong to any age.

FAME

By ALOYSIUS COLL

I would not trim my smouldering lamp to-night,
And burn the wick to ash, and drain the oil,
Were it not true that what of ease and toil
Is wrong to-day to-morrow may be right.
Many a fool has burst his tomb to light
The torches buried with him, and recoil
From Death to claim the glory and the spoil
Of king and wizard, bard and anchorite.
When time has tangled all, what hand shall mark
This hour a victory, and that defeat?
What eye, turned back into the utter dark,
Shall venture whether love was sour or sweet,
And, digging in the common dust, shall say:
"This was a golden vessel—that was clay?"



Plant Life of Old Homesteads

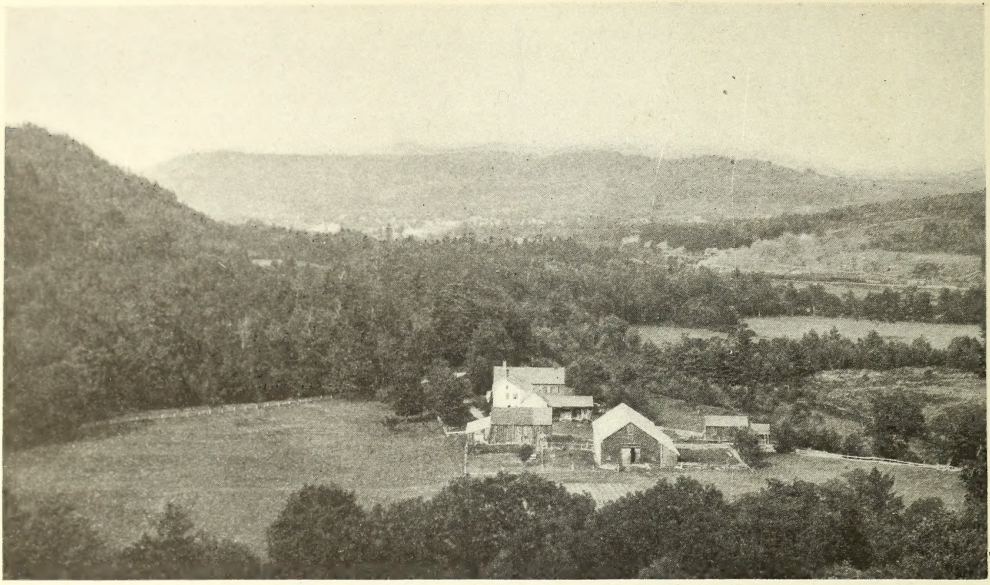
By WILLIAM WHITMAN BAILEY

CERTAIN cultivated plants appear to have a special attachment to man. Thus, wherever our race spreads there is seen chickweed, shepherd's purse, chickory, knowel, groundsel, Mayweed, and pepper-grass. To these should be added common plantain, which the Indians, seeing it spring up in our pathways and around our houses, especially where we tread, aptly styled "the white man's goat."

We note the cypress, spurge, and the periwinkle, misnamed myrtle, clinging to us even in death. To be sure, loth and moneywort were originally planted in graveyards, but there they abide and thrive for generations after the planter is in dust and his name bleared by lichens and moss.

Still more pathetic are the plants that linger around abandoned homesteads. Long ago the families dispersed; the place that knew them shall know them no more forever. The old house is in ruins; a cellar, maybe, only marks its site. A big sill-stone shows where busy feet once went in and out. A dry and choked-up well indicates where once glowed living water. Perhaps here the village Hampden sat and mused. The nearest neighbors are now miles away, and know not the names of their former residents, perhaps their own relations. The Italian and Portugese immigrants have their eyes on these old places, so even their racial origin may be lost. Rumors of richer lands farther west caused the Lares and Penates to move on towards the setting sun. The god Terminus has never had worshipers in New England.

Often in our wanderings we have come upon these old ruins, and always have they excited the "hyterica pas-



AN OLD NEW ENGLAND FARMSTEAD

siva"—Lear's "climbing sorrow." It is touching in May to see the old lilac putting forth its wealth of bloom, or the blush or damask rose wafting its sweetness on the air. The cellar is half full of tawny lilies, and the crab-apple, gnarled and lichen-crusted, still decks itself out in pink and white.

Later in the season one may find an apple with what Thoreau called a "tasy," an original, uncompromising, puritanic glow, protestant to all things lovely. Many a time have we sat like Caius Marina among these ruins, dreaming strange dreams. Where are the builders now, or where their children? Was this ever the nest of some young couple, full of life's hope and promise? What was the impulse that led to this place? What the determining influence which impelled a flitting?

Now comes an alien race and starts a new home. What will be its history? Will some other world movement cause these newer citizens to abandon their homes as did their predecessors? Or have they some abiding quality which will lead them to redeem and hold the land? One can feel quite certain that in this matter of settlement there is a sort of survival, perhaps not of the fittest, but of the most enduring.

FRIEND OR FOE

By CLARENCE H. URNER

To me his friendship proved a bane;
It gave so much, exacting naught,
Till all my life with self was fraught,
And love for fellowman was slain.

Another's malice charged with guile
Wrought me no harm, in that it gave
The knowledge I to self was slave
And other things were worth my while.

RESTITUTION

By ETHEL F. HORNER

I.

"SHIFTLESS JOE" stretched his arms and legs wearily after being released from the big oak to which he had been chained for the night by order of Mayor Roberts, who had taken this manner of ridding La Salle county of tramps. He, with several others who had wandered to Bennettville, had been thus disposed of in a large clump of trees at the edge of the town, and as the daylight had filtered through the thick leaves, it had been a strange sight to "Joe" to look around him and see each man bound to a tree, and sitting, lying, or leaning against the trunks while they awaited release to strike off down the road from Bennettville; and each one, hopeless, worthless, and despised.

"Shiftless Joe" stood a few moments after the officer of the law had set him free looking down the sunflecked road, reflecting in an aimless manner—now his habit—and with a smile more near a sneer contorting his bearded lips, watched his companions in misery lope off in all directions, some few taking a partner to whom, on the weary stretch, they could tell their troubles, and say hard things about the Mayor. But on this point, "Shiftless Joe" did not agree with them, as he finally got started, intending to branch off from the country's refuse at the first bend in the road. He heaved an unsatisfying sigh as he thought that had he been the Mayor, he would have followed out the same plan. "Something *must* be done with them!" he said half aloud, forgetful in his broader scope of the problem that he was one of "them."

It had been a new experience to Joe, and he calculated to the others, too,—this being chained to a tree. It was a unique way, he admitted it at once, to rid the prospering citizens of Bennettville of tramps. It spared the county the expense of feeding, and caring for them in a jail; it at once swept the streets clean of loitering "Willies," and it gave the tramps themselves something to think about—a fresher view of the situation apart from the familiar one of the jails. He wasn't sure but what he had gained something in the previous night's unusual vigil—for he had not slept—at least he had gone over, in one unbroken reflection, his life from boyhood until now, an experience which up to the few hours previous, he had utterly refused to undergo, save in piecemeal. But he frankly admitted to himself as far as the future went, the episode had not advanced him one step. If beneath the influence of the clear stars, he had seen many tones and varying shades of life, now in the cloudless sunlight, as he strolled along the dusty highway, he saw again but the dull gray of his present existence; a gray which Fate seemed to intend that he should wear, accept, and about which he must ask no questions. "Shiftless Joe" had almost begun to think that Fate knew—almost, but not quite! Once in a while there arose from the deep sleep of what "had been" new determinations as to what "should be," and on this morning as he quickened his steps from Bennettville, his jaws set some closer together, and his eyes flashed omniously. The brand of the humiliation of having been chained to a tree had left a scar which still burned and ached. It had given him his first poignant realization that he was a tramp.

The other released offenders had disappeared from view when "Shiftless

Joe" came to a bend in the road and turned sharply into it. A few rods further on he hove in sight of a small, brown house with a woman past the first youth vigorously sawing wood at the side of it. Joe stopped short, observed her a moment, and then walked down the driveway of the house and approached her. She did not look up till he spoke.

"You'd better let me do that, m'am!"

With a motion telling of the painful straightening of a weary back, she raised up and looked at him, and her hazel eyes were penetrating, if kind. "It won't hurt you, that's sure!" she agreed. "I've seen several tramps pass by, but I guess seeing me work chased them away!"

"Shiftless Joe" winced, and a slight, vexed color crept behind the rough beard on his cheeks. He took up the saw without speaking, putting it to the log and drawing it back with force. The woman, with hands on hips, watched him with interest.

"I suppose you want a cup of coffee and some food for this!"

Joe sawed savagely. "I don't want anything — but exercise!" he said, shortly.

She looked at his rough, brown head —his cap having fallen off with the vigor of his work—and pricked up her ears to his language, which was not exactly "trampish." "You want work, then?" she suggested, speaking loudly to make herself heard above the noise of the saw.

"If I can get it!" he said.

"What's your name?" The woman was interested, she had a weakness for bestowing charity. That was what had kept her poor, despite the fact that her dead parents had left her the little, brown house with a modest income to run it.

Joe twisted his mouth ironically. He hesitated a moment before answering. Then stopping his work with a motion of slapping the cheek of Fate, he threw back his head until his dark, melancholy eyes met her's. "Shiftless Joe,'" he said scornfully.

The heart of Miss Rebecca Luvall was immediately tapped, and down upon this lonely, needy man began to drop the sweet richness of her rare nature. "I wouldn't speak that—that way," she remarked comfortably, as she seated herself on a stump of a tree nearby. "Nick-names never hurt a man unless he lets them take root in him and sprout into something similar to the seed. You're discouraged, I guess!"

Swiftly Joe looked at her, surprise, and an expression not altogether of approval, lighting the darkness of his eyes. "Oh, no, a name don't matter!" he retorted, "until it becomes like the tin can on the end of a dog's tail; following him everywhere, and by it's outcry ruining his chances before he has time to forget it!"

"Why does the can *get* tied to the dog's tail?" asked the woman, her eyes narrowing as she watched him.

"Because there has been someone vicious enough to do it!"

There was silence after this for a moment, while Joe sawed steadily on. He was awkward at the work but determined, Miss Luvall observed both facts with increasing interest. "Would you like some work about my place?" she asked kindly as he took a fresh log.

"I'll like it until the spirit of wandering attacks me again," he said, slowly. "But you're mighy good!" he ended gratefully.

"Well, try it for a while;" her cheerful tone admitted of no refusal. "When you finish the wood, come to the back door for something to eat!" she said rising from the stump.

"Shiftless Joe" worked steadily on, and new feelings smarted in his breast. Here was a woman who wasn't going to be scared out of her God-given prerogative of helping the forlorn by any scruples of progression—for in the primitive state, he reflected, assistance to one in need had not been so uncommon. Well, he would stay and work for her—for a while, until the tin can attached to the dog's tail made itself too obnoxious, and then he would jog on!

The wood cut, he gathered it and carried it to a woodshed at the rear of the house, where he placed it in even, neat rows, stepping back to observe it with some pride. It had been many a day since he had felt that anyone could find any use for him.

Miss Luvall was ready and waiting when he knocked on the kitchen door, and opened it with a cup of smoking coffee in one hand. But though the smell of it stirred every famished sense to clamoring, another feeling choked him, and he shook his head, not glancing at the kind face before him.

"I don't want anything to eat, thank you! I wanted to ask if you have anything more for me to do."

Miss Rebecca studied him closely. She began to have a feeling that she would like to draw him into the kitchen, and make him unburden himself of his secret—for everything about the man made her positive he had one. His figure, even under the worn clothes, had none of the slouch of the tramp; instead, it was at times resisting, or hopeless. The features of his face were well formed, and had the cheeks been shaven, would have shown him to be far above what he appeared. Then his language! Quickly she put a leash on her struggling, straining curiosity.

"But you *must* have something to eat—Joe!" she hesitated just the merest trifle over the name. "I know you can have had no breakfast at this hour. Why, it's only seven o'clock!"

A faintness suddenly attacked him, he leaned against the doorsill, and feebly smiled at her. "I guess I'll take the coffee, please; that will be all."

There was something final in his partial acceptance, and she urged no more. Having finished it, sipping it slowly, and with an unmistakable air of good breeding, he handed back the cup with a brief "Thank you!" and started out of the shed.

"Oh Joe!" Miss Luvall called, craning her head out of the door after him. "Will you help me in my garden, a little later?"

A smile, sweet and grateful, rewarded her. "I'll be around in an hour or two!" he said cheerily, and off he sauntered down the road in the direction of a clump of trees.

Weary and stiff, it was all he could do to make it, but once in its deep seclusion, he lay down on the ground and pulling his battered hat over his eyes, tried to sleep. The long vigil was demanding its reward. But sleep did not come—like all respectable things it seemed to shun him—all save Miss Luvall, whose name he did not know. "God bless her!" he murmured from a throbbing heart, and never in his childhood had the name of the Creator passed his lips more devoutly. But what could he do for her? Oh, yes, he could stay around and do her chores for her and take her charity —for he had clearly seen that the pith of her existence lay in helping the outcasts. But ah! what he might have done! and "Shiftless Joe" ground his firm,white teeth together. Then he recalled that under these other circumstances, in all probability, he would never have run across her, and, certainly, never been given such a knowledge of her rarely beautiful soul. It began to seem like the first acceptable reason for fate treating him so scurvily. He had never before been able to get anything out of his misfortunes.

Lying there under the trees he watched the progress of the sun by means of its changing shadows—he had quite learned to do without a watch in these last two years of wanderings—so that he could return to the little, brown house within the two hours. "She'll think I've skipped, after that coffee!" he reflected aloud, with some anticipated pleasure in her satisfaction in his return. "Dear, good soul! I hope Will's daughter Nellie will be like her!" And here he fell to dreaming until at last sleep caught him unawares, and wrapped her close, sweet arms about him.

When he awoke the darkness confused him. He sat up rubbing his eyes, then leaped to his feet. For a moment he felt blindly for the chain which had bound him to a tree, and

finding himself free, his disordered thoughts gradually straightened themselves out. Then his heart sank with a poignant feeling of misery. Ah, fate again had dealt him a merciless blow! The kind woman who had taken him in would now be convinced of his worthlessness! He recalled everything—how he was to have helped her in her garden that morning—or was it twenty mornings ago! He felt old and stiff, like Rip Van Winkle, and, almost unconsciously, he felt his chin to see how long his beard had grown. Its stubby roughness reassured him; probably he had but slept the day! Wide awake now, he made his way out from the trees, the sky was ablaze with twinkling stars, and the night-sounds of nature fell on his ear. In the road he stood hesitating how to put in the night. To woo sleep again was impossible, he would go to the little, brown house and hold a grateful vigil, and so be on hand in the morning whatever hour she should come out.

When he came within a short distance of the brown house, he saw and smelt smoke, then a tongue of flame lapped the calm sky, and "Shiftless Joe" broke into a run.

The fire was not far advanced as he ran around the house and started towards the woodshed. Two disheveled figures tumbled out of the door, and Joe recognized them as two of his companions in misery of the night before.

"This is your fault!" he shouted at them. "Follow me, we'll put the fire out—there's a lady inside!"

He took command like a general, the two tramps speechless, falling in behind. With a superhuman effort, "Shiftless Joe" broke in the kitchen door, and finding pails ordered the men to fill them and throw the water on the fire. He, himself, went to find Miss Luvall.

He had no trouble reaching her door on the second floor, and several loud knocks brought her, trembling, to open it. She put out a head made so much more youthful by the long braids of hair that Joe scarcely recognized her.

"Come!" he said quickly. "It's 'Shiftless Joe;' the house is on fire; throw something about you and trust to me!"

Uttering no sound she obeyed. Joe was coughing from the smoke when she reappeared in the doorway. He flung an arm about her and turned towards the stairs—they were cut off!

Miss Luvall saw the situation, and neither fainted nor screamed. "I think, Joe," she said gently, "that we will have to let ourselves down by a sheet from the window!"

Acting on her suggestion, she reentered her bedroom, Joe following, and catching the sheets from the bed, tore them with a sure hand, while "Shiftless Joe" knotted them firmly together. The room was filled with smoke as they finished, and the hungry crackle of the flames was like the crunching of bones by a terrible beast creeping behind them. Joe flung wide the window, and groped for something to which to fasten the end of the sheet. Nothing offered. Winding it quickly about his waist, he felt through the dense smoke for Miss Luvall. "Quick, get out, and hold on to the sheet, and slide down, I have it fastened!"

She followed his instructions without a murmur. "Come right after me, Joe!"

He made her no answer, a moment after his body swayed with the weight of the woman on the sheet. He could no longer see, his lungs were like fire, still he stood still while the moments stretched into years, and the flames crouched near him and savagely caught at his face and hands. Then he felt the sheet come loose, and knew that she must be safe. One moment more left in which to leap—if he could muster strength to do it. He could not wait to unfasten the sheet about him, so pulled in the other end and, fainting, wound it about his waist, then with a gasp, he made the sill, heard the maddened roaring of the flames behind him—and leaped.

The first thing he saw was daylight, and dreaming, he roused, and seemed

to doze away again times without number. At last, between scarcely opened, painful lids, he saw her face and smiled—cool drops as of rain fell on his cheek.

"Ah Joe!" she cried, "you're saved!"

"*Saved!*" he murmured softly. "When did Will—" then in a vivid flash of memory, like lightning cleaving a black sky, he recalled it all. His eyes opened wider, and he saw he was lying on blankets on the grass in sight of the destroyed brown cottage.

"And you wound the sheet about yourself, and stayed there to let me down," tremulously whispered Miss Luvall pressing his hand lightly, but it made him wince, and looking down he saw both of them were bandaged.

"I don't remember when I lit!" said "Shiftless Joe," ruminatingly.

Miss Luvall shuddered. "Can you stand being moved to the neighbor's, Joe?"

"Anything you wish!" he said quietly. A few moments later he clinched his teeth together in a fierce effort to suppress a shriek as he felt himself borne slowly, but oh, so painfully! it seemed miles, as he lay with eyes tightly closed; and at last layed down while every bone in his body felt broken. That was the last he knew for some time.

II.

It was several weeks later when "Shiftless Joe," sufficiently recovered to sit up, was looking out the window of the neighbor's, Miss Luvall at his side—towards the ruins of the little, brown house. He saw for the first time that the neighbor's was, after all, but a few hundred feet distant.

Unceasing had been Miss Luvall these days in her ministrations, and ever and again she spoke to him about his having fastened the end of the sheet about himself to save her. "How good fate was to me, Joe," she said softly, "to bring you to my door that morning!" And "Shiftless Joe" so long discarded by mankind, turned his head abruptly away that she might not see the grateful moisture in his dark eyes at her precious tribute.

"You'll begin to make me feel as if I amounted to something, Miss Luvall," he said, half banteringly. "I almost forget when I'm with you that my name's '*Shiftless Joe*'!"

"*Don't!*" she said sharply, with pain in her voice. "I never want you to say that name again! You're Joe—Joe—"

"Rogers," he supplied quietly. "Yes, I'm Joe Rogers to you—a man without a past!"

Miss Luvall looked quickly at his white face. Clean shaven, with his dark hair smoothed, he was an unusually handsome man, and her heart had taken to unruly beating at sight of him.

"Why are you so bitter?" she asked impulsively.

His eyes met her's a moment then he glanced out of the window. "Have you forgotten the dog with a tin can tied to his tail?"

"Won't you tell me—something!" she said, appealingly.

"Something!" he repeated. "It's a motley collection of memories I have to draw from! I was a tramp when you first saw me."

"No!" her quick frown was commanding. He raised his brows at sight of it.

"No!" he repeated again. "Well, at any rate the Mayor of Bennettville had me chained to a tree with other offenders, at the outskirts of the town the night before I passed the little, brown house! And two of those tramps were responsible for your house burning. They had crept into the woodshed to sleep—had a stray cigar, I suppose!"

"But you weren't *one* of them!" she insisted.

"Shiftless Joe" seemed surprised at her intolerance. "I sha'n't ever be again!" he said, gently. "And yet," he continued, "a man who has lost his past can have no future! And any time you may regret harboring me! If I stay around here long enough, the law's long arm will gather

me in—it's what I've evaded for two years—by tramping!"

Miss Luvall listened, her sweet face white and pained. It was agony to hear such things from the lips of a man who in her eyes must ever remain a hero.

"What did you do to break the law?" she asked so low he scarcely caught her words.

A set look passed over his face, and the whole noble expression of the man changed to one dogged, sullen, and unforgiving. He made no immediate reply.

"At least," he said after a time, "I never misrepresented myself to you—you have seen me at the worst—at the very dregs of my existence, and you have found something in me to make you feel justified in helping me?" he asked, his melancholy eyes appealing of her's.

Miss Luvall swallowed hard, tears suddenly dimmed her eyes. "I wish, Joe, you wouldn't talk so, you make me feel as though I had seen the wreck of a fine ship! It *can* be raised, believe me!" she said, eagerly, laying her rather large, kind hand on his, still tender from the ravages of the flames.

"Perhaps!" he replied. "Perhaps."

"I have a position for you as soon as you're well!" she said, brightly. "Mr. Renny has promised to give you a place in his bank."

"Shiftless Joe" straightened suddenly. "Bank—oh, no! He just said that to please you! Did you tell him I was a tramp?"

Miss Luvall's sensitive face colored, "Why *won't* you forget that, Joe?"

"Because that's the foundation I've got to build on!" he said grimly, "if I don't state that fact, after I've built up a few blocks, perhaps someone will come along and pull out the first labelled 'Shiftless Joe' and down will come my work. Oh, I've tried it times without number—it's one of the ironies of fate!"

"But, Joe, aren't you going to try and make something of yourself, yet?" Miss Luvall asked desperately.

"Yes, when restitution comes—if it ever does!" he replied dreamily.

It was only a few days after this conversation, as Joe was able to move about, doing odd jobs for Mrs. Renny, the kind neighbor who had taken Miss Luvall and him in after the fire, when a stranger came to the house asking for Joe. Miss Luvall met him on the porch, as she thought, out of hearing of "Shiftless Joe."

The stranger was small, thin, and wiry, with a high, dome-like forehead, and little ferrety eyes.

"Can I see a man by the name of Joe—'Shiftless Joe'?"

Miss Luvall's voice filled with indignation. "I'm sure there's no one of *that* name here!"

The man's ferrety eyes laughed, his mouth pulled uselessly against the tough muscles of his hollow cheeks. "Oh!" said he, "he's gotten beyond that name! Well, we'll not argy—I'm willing to let bygones be bygones. I want Joe Rogers, then; is he here? They told me he was at the brown house next door, but 'pears like the party ownin' that ain't at home jest at present!" A dry chuckle vibrated in his throat.

"What do you want of Joe Rogers?" Miss Luvall asked, quickly. "He's not strong enough to see strangers yet. He was burned in that house next door while saving me!" and Miss Luvall's glance was intended to annihilate the stranger.

"Ah, I see, I see!" he observed, moistening his lips disagreeably. "He's been tryin' to make a hero of himself. Very creditable, I'm sure—*very* creditable for 'Shiftless Joe!' I beg your pardon, force of habit, you know. So I can't see him—well, it's rather important—guess I must! We've been hunting for him for two years, and I don't believe I can let him go now, Miss! You see the *Law* don't forgit, even if some time elapses, and the culprit gits away!"

"What has he done?" broke in Miss Luvall, her cheeks faded white as bleached cloth.

The man narrowly observed her a

moment. "I guess it ain't necessary to confide in you too much; you ain't married to him, be you?"

The color rushed back into Miss Rebecca's face with a sickening heart-throb. "No," she said, quickly. "But you're not going to take him now—you'll wait a few days, until he's stronger? Oh, he'll not try to get away from you—he's not that kind!" Miss Luvall's hazel eyes met those of the man before her challengingly.

Before he could answer, a step behind them, and a sudden appearance of Joe, white and narrow-eyed, startled them both. Miss Luvall gave a stifled exclamation, and involuntarily put out her hand to support him. Joe swayed slightly, but caught himself by the back of a porch-chair. One grateful, illuminating glance flamed from the depths of his dark eyes upon Miss Rebecca, then instantly died out.

"I'm ready!" he said, curtly. "But you'll have to get some sort of a rig to get me to the railroad station!"

He bade bood-bye quietly to Miss Luvall as she stood beside him on the steps as the rickety buggy drawn by a bony horse, and loaned by a neighbor, drove up. "I'm not sure that you will ever hear of me again," he said, "but I'm more grateful to you than I can tell you now! If anything had come in the way of restitution, it would have been through you!"

Miss Rebecca could not speak as she watched him go down the steps with moist, telling eyes. When the dust of the highway obscured the the buggy from her sight, she went into the house, and seeking the room she occupied, she bowed her head in grief as though for the death of some beautiful thing which should have lived.

III.

Joe took his capture quietly—the man who accompanied him to Bronxville would have said "gamely." He did no talking on the train, sitting white, and seemingly shrunken, with hands buried deep in his trousers pockets, and his old, battered hat pulled well down over his eyes.

It was but a half day's ride on the train to the town where he had once lived, and from which he had been cast adrift two years before. And he studied the streets with compressed lips as he was driven from the depot to the jail. His thoughts were an anomaly even to himself, uppermost, though, was the feeling that at last, like a plummet, he had certainly reached bottom. There was a crude satisfaction in knowing that he had established a kind of "quits" with fate.

The Deputy-Sheriff beside him had long since ceased in his attempt to talk to him, he scarcely even watched him, as he sat observing the scene with uninterested eyes, and thinking his own thoughts. Many years of dealing with offenders of the law had shown him that in the varying gauge of requirements made on him in conducting criminals to justice, this man beside him fitted into the brief description—"game, and stay patt."

The carriage pulled up with a jerk before the large, stone building labelled "County Jail." Joe stepped eagerly out, he was anxious to have it over. Perhaps if he made up his mind to take all Fate wanted to give him, his lot would grow easier—at any rate, he would try this last expedient.

In the office he was met by the Sheriff, a round, pleasant-faced man, who surprised him by holding out his hand. "Shiftless Joe" did not appear to see it.

"I am glad to tell you, Mr. Rogers, that this little matter of your's has been settled since the Deputy-Sheriff here went after you. I can congratulate you on being a free man!"

The last part of the sentence affected Joe the least. It was the first part which startled him, and held him fascinated with fear.

"*Settled!*" he repeated. "By whom?"

The Sheriff stood looking at him amazed, marveling at a man to whom liberty seemed to mean so little.

"That's a little matter I can't discuss

here, Mr. Rogers!" said he. "Any time when I can spare you a few moments alone, I shall be glad to talk to you! Deputy, show Mr. Rogers out!"

Slowly Joe turned and went towards the door, the Deputy at his elbow smiling. At the entrance, he held out his hand. "I can't say 'come again!' very well," said he with an attempt at wit, "but I must say I wish all offenders were as easily captured, and gave me as little trouble! If I'd 've been in your shoes I wouldn't have been! The trouble with me would have been—" But Joe didn't wait to hear the rest of the interesting history, and reaching the street, turned his steps slowly to the north corner. Here he soon obtained a car which took him to the outskirts of the town.

How familiar, and yet how far removed from him appeared the large, stone house to be seen from the car, and, getting off, he made his way wonderingly to the door. If the affair had been settled, there was but one man who could have settled it, and that was his brother Will, President of the La Salle Bank at Bronxville! He had now come to seek that brother and get an explanation.

Upon giving his name at the door, he was ushered at once by a stiff-necked butler—for William Rogers lived in the seat of luxury—to his master's bedroom. At the threshold, he bent his arrogant head and said in a whisper, "Mr. Rogers, sir, has been, and still is *very* ill. The doctors give us no hope."

Shocked, hushed through his whole being, Joe went in the opened door, and without a glance at the elegance of the room, went straight to the four-poster, mahogany bed.

He scarcely recognized the sunken face on the pillow, and quietly took the thin hand which was at once held eagerly out to him.

"Joe!"

"Will," he replied gently.

"I'm about done for, Joe,—and I've done what I could to effect restitution. Oh, you'll never forgive me, I know!" he wailed, turning restlessly on his pillows. "This bed has been one of the damned! Somewhere 'way down through the tough fibers of my being, Joe, I *had* a heart—and it's tormenting the life out of me, now—and yet *now*, I should be at peace!" he said, more quietly.

"Don't talk now, Will!" "Shiftless Joe" replied, passing a restraining hand down over his brother's trembling arm.

"But I *must*—for I haven't long, Joe!"

"I have forgiven you, Will!" the younger brother said gently, bending over the bed.

"Sit down here!" urged the sick man, patting the covers beside him. "Just like you used to do when we were boys. Joe!" he gasped, in a sudden burst of tears. "*She died!*—My little Nellie died—the one for whom I was the lion in lamb's skin; and for whom I shouldered my crime on you, and sent you wandering over a scornful earth! But, oh Joe! my lot's been harder than your's! To have all the wealth and outward esteem in the world, and *know* you're guilty—is an inferno nothing can equal! Now you've had—"

"The ignominy without the guilt!" supplied "Shiftless Joe" gravely. "And I wouldn't have written you that letter, Will, asking you to make me some reparation in the eyes of mankind—if I hadn't known that Nellie — was dead!" he said softly. "And that a woman had come into my life who had made me feel through her faith in me—'though she only saw me at the dregs—that my own soul required *something* of me, regardless of my love for you!"

"I know, Joe—you were right!" and the bank president closed his eyes for a moment. "Will, I have done it," he said at last, "I have owned my guilt to the directors, exonerated you, and paid up the amount! Strange, Joe," he said, somewhat dreamily, "that everything prospered for which I used that accursed money—except *you*, and *Nellie*, and *me!* fate evened up on that! The directors were kind, said they would tell the court that the

guilty one had been found, refunded the money—and died! And that you were exonerated before the world. You see, they saw, after I had called them here and told them—and they had heard the doctors' verdict—that I was as good as a dead man. But you know, Joe, the words of Billy Lang, who I have known all my days, and who has been my closest friend, when he turned to the others who sat grave-eyed and condemning before my bed —*was worse than lashes!* 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'we all have known Will Rogers, and loved him! If he has been guilty of a great offense, for which his brother has borne the punishment, he has repented, and asked our forgiveness. It is not necessary, now, that this thing should go any further—the money has been paid back, and Will is—sick! He desires that we show him this leniency after these years of prosperous association. It has been his only *slip* from the straight path,' he added, appealingly.

"*Oh God!* it was awful!" cried the miserable man, gazing at his brother with burning eyes. "I'd have rather worn the stripes, Joe! and if I hadn't been on my death-bed, I'd have told them so! Such a puling plea for a man—'*his first slip*'! Oh, you were free, Joe, compared to me! Free, if you did have to sneak about the country to evade the grip of the law! You could whistle, and say, 'It isn't my "slip"; I can outlive it!'"

"But I didn't say that, Will," observed Joe sadly. "The existence of a dog with a tin can tied to his tail—even if someone stronger than he, tied it on—is not enviable! The Mayor of Bennettville had me chained with other tramps to a tree, for a night, some weeks back!" he said reflectively. "*Me*—think of it—who had always been made fun of for my high ideals!"

"*Don't!*" cried the sick man with a half-sob. "My torture should be finished!" he breathed.

Joe bent remorsefully over him. "There, old fellow, forget it! It's done and over—*forever!*"

"Yes, forever!" faintly repeated his brother, "and so is everything else, Joe—good bye!"

And Joe gave a low, pierced cry as he bent swiftly over the still form.

IV.

The afternoon sun was quieting the activity of nature, and preparing her for that peace which man finds alone at her great heart.

Joe Rogers, neatly dressed, and with glance as of one lifted to the clouds, walked up to the door of Mrs. Renny's cottage and rang the bell.

Miss Rebecca Luvall answered the summons herself.

"*Joe!*" she gasped.

He smiled, and in his smile, was the expression of all things noble and kind. "Can I speak to you a moment, Miss Luvall? No, not here!" he objected, as she stood aside to let him pass. "Out in the open, somewhere! There's a comfortable log in the clump of trees yonder!"

Hatless, she followed him without comment. Her keen eyes had seen the neat suit and hat he wore, the clean-shaven face, and the self-respecting manner, and her cheeks suddenly flecked with pink.

They reached the log in silence, and for a few moments after they had sat down, they studied the radiant sunset cloud-castles in bronze and red—each thinking and dreaming their own thoughts.

As the gray of twilight, like a tender nurse gathering in her blooming charges, shrouded the glowing colors from sight, Joe pulled a newspaper out of his pocket, and laid it, folded at a certain article, upon her knee. Her eyes leaped at once to the meaning, and letters, forming strange, terrible, blessed words, danced before her sight. Then she read:

"RESTITUTION AT LAST!

"To one who has borne the guilt of another on uncomplaining shoulders for two long and dreary years.

"Joseph Rogers is again a free man—free, and respected and admired! When 'Joe,' as he was familiarly known by

those who loved him, was cashier and book-keeper in the La Salle Bank, a large sum of money disappeared; and the books showing a clever manipulation to correspond, there was but one natural inference—that 'Joe' had taken it! And the suspicion became a conviction, when he disappeared suddenly from all the known haunts of men. The police searched in every direction, but the earth appeared to have had some leaning towards him, and swallowed him completely up.

"Two years passed, and the matter was dimmed in the minds of the people, for the directors of the bank, out of their own pockets, made up the loss to the bank's depositors; but the police still were alert. Every once in a while, they seemed to get some clue which would lead to the capture of the embezzler, but one thing always balked them—the man suspected had no money, was never known to have had any, and the trail ended blind. For somewhere, the guilty man must have carried or spent the large sum taken.

"Now another chapter has been added to the mystery! The money has been refunded—the bank admits it, and refuses to prosecute. But they emphatically clear the name of Joseph Rogers from all stain. They will give out but one fact—he bore the blame for another! And this is all the public is ever likely to know about it.

"Come back, 'Joe'! We want to take your hand in our's, and let the world know that Bronxville is proud of you!"

Miss Luvall's lips twitched when her glance left the paper and traveled up to the face of the man beside her. It was very white, and still, and his eyes waited—waited for her comment.

"Joe," she said at last, surprisingly, "I knew it when first I saw you and you spoke of the tin can on the dog's tail! Oh, I'm so glad, so proud—" She stopped herself, abashed by the fire gleaming in his dark eyes.

"Is that all—Rebecca?" he asked, in a voice vibrating with yearning passion.

She could make him no answer as she turned her head away, the tears flowing gently, gratefully down her cheeks.

He took her hand in his own, tense, and feverish. "Would you be afraid, Rebecca, to be more than that for me? To be my loadstone, dear, and return with me to Bronxville to share my restitution? Through you it came—without you it could never have been. Tell me, Rebecca, what you will do?"

A precious moment—so precious that she held it to her joyfully in silence, she sat feeling the warmth, and closeness of his dear hand about her's. Then she turned with shining eyes and looked at him.

"After we come back, Joe, dear, can we rebuild the little, brown house?"

IN WINTER

By GERTRUDE LOUISE SMALL

A small, old-fashioned house,
Upon a rock-bound shore,
The sumac's barren boughs
Wave stiffly, near the door;
And cold, and white, the snow
Gleams bright across the moor.

Within, a driftwood fire
Burns on the hearth, to woo
One from the chilly ire
Of winter days; and blue
The ocean, restless sobs
Its loneliness to you.



"RUGGIERO" AND HIS ARMY

THE MARIONETTES OF LITTLE SICILY

By LUCY B. JEROME.

THE Latin Quarter of Paris—that gay, spendthrift, incomparable centre of student life in the midst of its boulevards, is practically extinct. Its grisettes, its femmes de menage, its models, at once chic and tragic, its balls and cafes, are no more. They have yielded to the demands of a wider and saner growth, and that strange and fascinating corner of the world melts into a vague and transient memory. But the spirit of the Quarter is not dead, though its environment is mightily changed. That spirit, the customs, the manners, the camaraderie and vivacity of the Latin, still finds full expression in his own particular niche of a city on the shores of the western ocean. In San Francisco, that section of it known as the Quarter is aflame from morning till midnight with throngs of French, Portuguese, Spanish, Italian, Russian and Turkish dwellers — scarlet serapes and black mantles, high, yellow caps and gleaming, mysterious veils, Dutch sabots and the reckless high heels of the Parisienne mingling in the wide stream of cosmopolitan life that surges up and down the converging streets and plazas, each arguing and gesticulating in his own tongue and manner, and creating a babel of sound, movement and animation, the like of which is probably not to be found anywhere else in the world. It is here that the spirit of the Latin Quarter is preserved in its integrity, and with it one of its most audacious illusions—those mute, but dazzling Thespians of wood and tin, who fight and slay and love in such beautiful, emotional Latin fashion as to set the hearts and sympathies of their nightly audiences afire with enthusiasm—the marionettes of little Sicily.

It is a hall in the Sicilian quarter, frescoed as to ceiling and white-tiled as to walls, where the marionettes hold forth. Long before eight o'clock the audience begins to appear. From the cafes and garish restaurants — from Michel's, where the stout, good-na-



A DUEL TO THE DEATH

tured proprietor in baggy trousers, with an anxious eye for the size of individual butter pats, serves one from huge iron pots of meats and vegetables which he carries from table to table; from Luchetti's, where the girls are dancing on the long, oilcloth-covered dining tables, and the snap and vim of burgeois repartee thrills the air; from l'Italia, where raviola, tagliarini and risotto have been served to the pleasure-seeking hundreds, who now turn their steps toward a dramatic goal; from "Jack's" or "Joe's," where one eats fish cooked fresh from the waves and served only as a Frenchman can—from all these and a hundred more stream the laughter-loving, vibrant and care-free audiences of the Quarter, ready to adapt themselves with national mental flexibility to the vicissitudes and outcome of the play.

The program—only one—is written on a torn sheet of brown wrapping paper and pasted on the outside of the hall. It states the plot and action of the drama something like this: "Tonight — Ruggiero, having been overcome by a terrible storm, is separated from Claudiana. He is cast up on the shores of Sicily, where he wanders for three days, suffering frightful torments." The wrapping paper usually gives out at this juncture, so the rest of the program is somewhat sketchy. "Attack by pirates. Rescue of Claudiana. Meeting with Rudolfo," and so on

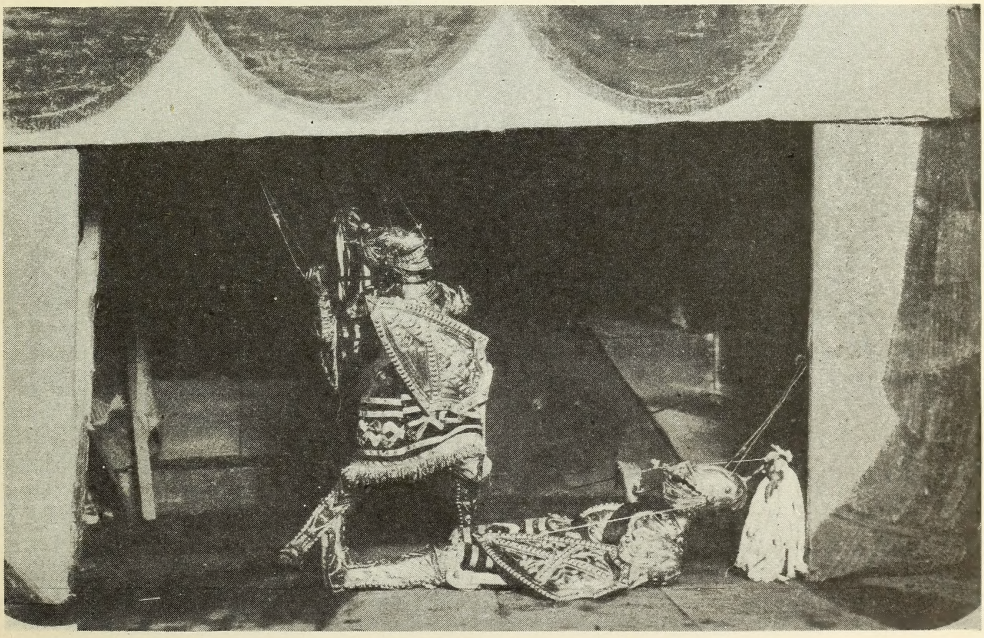
Admission is ten cents—if one is of the Quarter; if not, one is at once detected and blandly told that the cost of beholding the wonderful valor of Ruggiero and his restoration to the longing arms of Claudiana will be fifteen cents—"which entitles the signora to a seat reserved for her alone"—is politely added as a sop to a wounded pocketbook. Entering, one finds the hall half-full of a medley of nationalities and recognizes familiar faces. Your ashman probably occupies a front seat; that pretty little laundress in the cor-

ner trips lightly up your front steps with her heavy basket weekly, and the old woman, shawled and black-bonneted, who smiles at one deprecatingly, is the peddler of nuts and fruit, from whom you have bought many a fat bag.

Presently the orchestra arrives—from outside, where he has been evidently worsted in a wordy altercation with the ticket-seller—and throws himself on his piano stool, with flashing eyes of anger and heaving breast.

But when the fighting begins—ah, then the wild heart of the Latin thrills; for no one can look on Ruggiero and not be inspired by the prodigies of valor he performs. Fight he can, and does. The heathen go down in black masses before the fiery onslaught of the brave soldier with his tin sword, so deftly guided from above. At times he actually seems to breathe heavily; his painted eyes flash in rage.

The contest grows fiercer. The heathen are being exterminated in heaps. The cords attached to Ruggiero twitch and dance violently as he dashes forward with a vicious lunge to bury his weapon in the breast of a hideous blackamoor, who, in turn, parries it and momentarily escapes. The enemy is jerked to the front in greater numbers; the stage appears black with them. Ruggiero cuts, thrusts, stabs, wounds and slays with desperate impartiality. The heap of slain warriors increases, but the lust of combat is strong in the hero's tin breast, and he continues madly on his gory way. The din of battle is terrific, drowning the roar of street noises outside. Swords clang on shields with a noise like thunder; jointed arms rattle; tin legs stamp and clank as they carry their owners to the hottest part of the fray. Ruggiero's feats are indescribable; he is everywhere at once. The men above, on their narrow shelves, are stripped to the waist and perspiring heavily under the strain of animating forty puppets, each the weight of a sack of flour, with life, gesture and speech. Finally, in a melee of groans from the slaughtered heathen, cheers and yells from the victorious army and a last



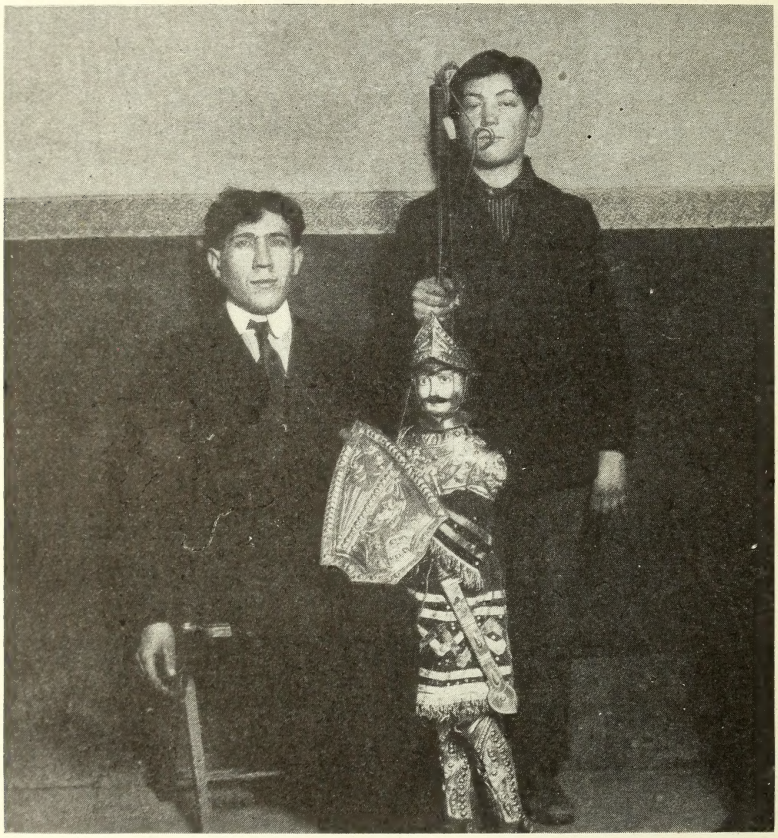
DOWN WITH THE SARACENS!

triumphant clang of arms, Ruggiero, in a series of spasmodic jerks, mounts to the very summit of the great heap of his slain enemies and looks proudly about him in a tumult of applause. This accomplished, he announces that he will now proceed to seek for his lost Claudiana, even to the recesses of the distant mountains, said mountains being dim and ragged outlines drawn in fading charcoal on the yellow curtain which proceeds to hide Ruggiero from sight.

The audience draws a quick breath. Friends and strangers turn to each other explaining, chattering and commenting upon the action of the play with as much seriousness as if they were discussing live men and women. The Latin never loses his enthusiasm. He has a way of seeing always the intent and motive of the play, and he has a way of not seeing the crudities which might perhaps appear absurdities to a less plastic nature.

The more volatile stamp their feet with tears of rage, and loud hand-clappings spur the hero on.

In the last act Ruggiero is seen in the midst of a desert plain, apparently beginning his search for his lost Claudiana. Imagination is a lively faculty when regarding the setting of these various scenes. Sicily might be Africa, as a few barren hills and a nondescript sort of tree serve equally well for both. But Ruggiero, dauntless, doughty and resourceful, calling upon Heaven to witness that his strength and courage are still as the strength of ten, and that



"RUGGIERO" AND HIS STAGE MANAGERS

he will prolong his search for Claudiana till death if needs be, wins an outburst of truly Latin applause that shakes the floors. At this critical juncture, Claudiana, in a draggled, red velvet skirt, appears, and with true stagecraft, blind to the fact that Ruggiero is within three feet of her, relates in a sweet and plaintive voice, which breaks with weariness, the tale of her long wanderings. She has neither eaten nor slept, but she, too, will continue to seek for her lover. She explains that she can never marry anyone but this lover, and that he is the hero, Ruggiero. At this point the emotions of the audience overcome them. "Santa Maria!" cries the little laundress. "Heaven help the poor lady!" Across the aisle an old man explains in quick, nervous sentences to his companion, whose wrinkled hands twist sympathetically and who looks anxiously at the sage: "It will be as you wish, carina. Happiness comes for the two. Have no fear." The old lady's soft, brown eyes fill with delight. "The beautiful lady," she murmurs. "Ah—" Her words end in a sigh of delight, for the announcement of Claudiana has been too much for Ruggiero's rapturous nature, and the climax is hastened when the hero of the Holy Wars, with a clatter of tin joints and ardently outstretched arms, in a wild leap lands precipitately on the fatigued neck of the Lady Claudiana and swears undying devotion. "Brava!" cries the old man, his eyes shining with delight. This brings a quick patter of sympathetic applause. No one laughs. It is too sublime a moment. Has not the hero been rewarded, and is there one in that intent audience who would have been defrauded of the sight? Not one, indeed. Eyes glue themselves to the stage as Ruggiero slowly detaches himself from the embrace of Claudiana and stands gallantly at her side. A sigh of relief runs through the house. Men sit back in their chairs and begin to talk excitedly. Ruggiero cleverly attaches Claudiana to his left arm and together they strut from the stage. The play is ended. Down with the curtain and out with the lights. Cour-



"RUGGIERO" CLAIMS HIS CLAUDIANA

age has triumphed and virtue has been rewarded. The most ardent Latin requires no more.

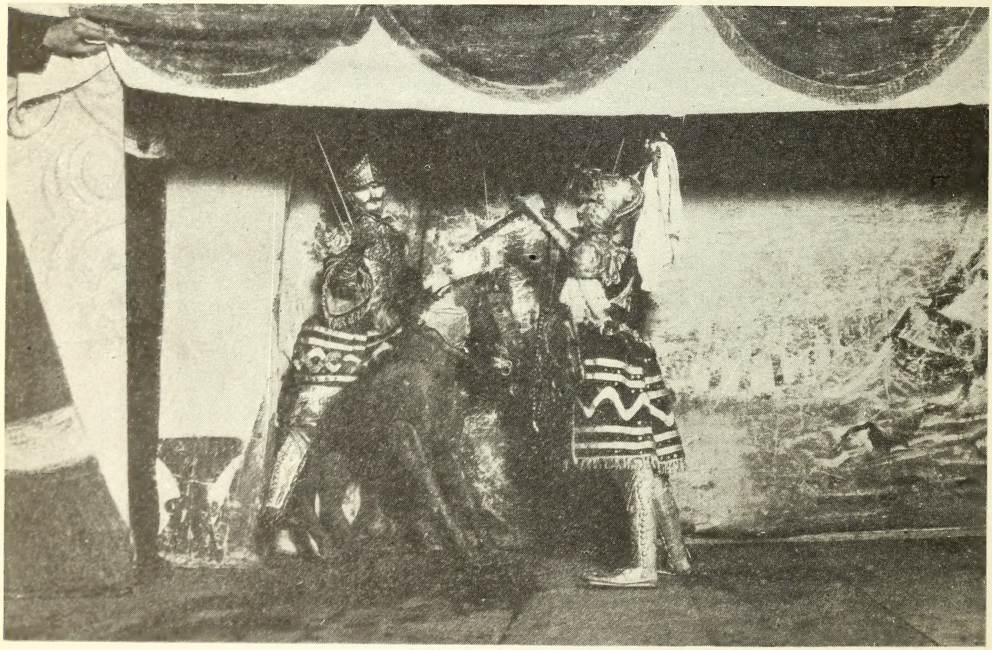
So, night after night, the play goes on. The early evening sees the groups of bright-sashed and capped Neapolitans, the shawled and hooded Spanish women, the soberer element of northern Italy pouring into and filling the small, smoky hall, where the lives of their forefathers are re-enacted for their pleasure.

But when the show is over and only the empty, darkened hall remains, one longs to know what becomes of the actors in the stirring mimicry.

A look behind the stage tells the story. There they hang—the thirty-five wooden puppets—each on his separate hook, motionless, stolid, dead. Their life and vivacity are but a dream. They gaze at one with expressionless eyes and even the direst insult from the heathen band will not rouse Ruggiero, but a few short moments since the prince of fire-eaters, to a sense of his injury.

The gay and flamboyant costumes show rents; tatters and torn fringes are the portion of Lady Claudiana; but rents can be repaired, tatters and torn fringes replaced.

But when these last representatives of the little marionettes shall have vanished from human ken, what is to replace them in their pleasant illusions? Modernism is on their track. They cannot long remain.



A BATTLE FOUGHT FROM THE SADDLE

The External Feminine

By JANE ORTH

Fashions in storm-coats, the prophets on things sartorial tell us, are going to be many and no longer of quiet hues. Many glowing-colored silks are going through the waterproofing process in order to meet the demands of the storm-coat makers. The long, straight, lined coat, with high, standing collar, over which a flap collar will fall, promises to be a popular model, while coats of the cape variety will be seen in abundance. Umbrellas are being made of the same colored silks as are the coats, and, of course, will be accepted by those who are inclined to respect the fashionable edicts of the day. Many of the colors in which the new raincoats are being made are so light—old rose and fawn, for examples—that the early spring showers will have a papillon-like effect with the gaily-clad feminines flitting through the drops of rain.

Linen suits with very short coats are in the making for the spring retail showing. The natural color linen, as well as the old rose and deep brown, are among the most popular selections. Buttons will have much to do with the linen things. Big buttons, smoked pearl and jet-black ones with burnt-orange and matrix-blue trimmings, complete the color combination. Some one said, a long time ago, that fashion was a transient condition, and that style was a result of individuality; therefore, permanent. The women are taking this fact seriously. Many of the modistes who gown the most exclusively fashionable women in New York declare that their clients give them instructions in detail and then demand that they carry out said instructions for them alone.

The discerning woman knows full well that the ever-changing fashions are at the mercy of more or less commercial elements, and if she is of the sensible sort will at once yield to the sway of dominating laws; for the rebel is inevitably doomed to the rank of the dowdy. Chance plays no part in the fashion changes, nor can accident change the blouse, sleeve or skirt of last year. The fabric manufacturer wields the plan and women must acquiesce; no quarter granted to her who will be in fashion.

There are a few women who can scoff at the whims and vagaries of the gownists, but they are in the minority. The modes come and go, but the world in general must necessarily look to the dressmaker for her most becoming dress. In every home the art of color combination should be taught, and the fundamentals in the matter of line. In every home the subject of weaves, fabrics and material should be dwelt upon at great length, and eventually the American woman will surely become her own authority on fashion subjects.

Advance Spring Millinery

Only in New York shops can be seen displays of flowers, straw hats and soft-toned ribbons at this time of year. The hats seen in the shops are winter shapes in summer materials. Flowers, feathers and a wealth of ribbon trimming in all the soft colors are found in the series of fantastic creations. Ribbons, especially, will dominate in the hat trimming of the coming season. This will give the clever woman an opportunity to try her skill in the matter of bow-making. Wide brims and the narrowest of brims will be worn. The narrow brims, of course, are more or less trying, and unless the wearer has a most pronounced cast of countenance the exceedingly narrow brim may be fatal in the matter of appearance.

Among the large hats seen in the show windows of a wholesale millinery

house is a very large affair of the bicorne order, trimmed with wide folds of tarnished lace, rosette and a black aigrette. Another smart creation is of the Louis XVI. order, with brim turned up at the back and forming a dip over the right eyebrow. Both hats mentioned here are worn well back on the head. Many other shapes almost droop over the brow.

The flower toque is coming for much wear at the theatres. They are usually constructed of flowers of one kind and restrained with a leaf-green ribbon bow.

Many of the flower toques have great, bushy aigrettes thrust in somewhere, and huge, bristling bows of tulle fastened with dainty ornaments.

Of course, the foregoing descriptions are only hints of the millinery outburst which will dazzle our bewildering vision later.

Lingerie for 1910 is a subject not to be treated lightly. The manufacturers have gone into the shaping and modelling more seriously than ever before, and the day of bulky under-muslins is no more. Petticoats, the yokes of which are cut on the bias, in order that they may fall smoothly, are the models advocated by smart dressmakers. A visit to a well-known underwear maker gave surprising information as to the strides made in this particular line. Every garment, beginning with chemise and ending with outside petticoat, is designed without pleat or gather in the region of waist or hip lines. The bottom rufflings of all this new underwear is more fluffy and elaborate than ever before.

Hosiery this season will be much the same delightfully extravagant subject. Silk hosiery is undeniably perishable, but who will be without it? Echo answers, Who? Colored hosiery will be more in demand, as colored shoes are slowly creeping back into feminine favor. There is a fairly durable weave of silk and lisle hose which find favor among those who are continually on their feet. White stockings will be a midsummer craze.



DAINTY LINGERIE, WELL FITTED TO CONFORM TO THE LINES OF THE OUTER GARMENTS AND WITH VOLUMINOUS FLUFFINESS AT THE BOTTOM EDGE

About Corsets

The most economical women have at last learned that corsets of cheap make are not only an extravagance, but a menace to their health. A well-made, hygienic corset will allow for much retrenching in the purchase of outer garments. If the form is properly supported and restrained, a gown of the most inexpensive material, simply made, will not fail to prove attractive. A corset containing side steels is not considered a safe or a wise mode of support. Many substances of the bone variety prove more satisfactory and are used in the better makes of that eternal essential, the corset.

A narrow girdle, little more than a belt, made of covered whalebone and folds of white ribbon, is one of the corset substitutes for the very slender, having, of course, the steel fronts. Then, too, there are divers makes of the common-sense waist affair, which to-day are in many ways the corset equivalent. But for stouter figures the corsets proper, in the Redfern or other reliably-constructed makes, are the only mainstays. (No pun intended here.)

Going-South Costumes

The southern wardrobe is planned carefully by many, and to these many the following will be of interest. To begin, the long, straight, narrow coats of thin material will be worn. Of course, the short coat will crop up, but never mind. Costumes in the Russian model line will be accepted by the smartly-gowned ones. Slenderness is necessary, though, where the Russian gowns are concerned. One very trig and severe model, with plain, short skirt, plaited in groups, and a long, double-breasted coat reaching to the knees, is destined to be a favorite. The sleeves are untrimmed, the collar has no relief, but the smart belt and dainty chemisette give the costume a very finished air.

In the waist question, where slenderness must be accentuated, a belt of the suit material is vital.

White serge is one of the materials most considered by her of the southern trip. It is a durable material and yet it has beauty. Many white serges are being made up in the Russian blouse order, without the high Russian collar, which is not adapted to summer use. These serge models are in many instances relieved by fancy-colored buttons and facings.

Coat and costume frocks of the white serge, trimmed with ornaments of silk cord, are considered attractive by the smart ones.

Raw silks and shantungs are also to be made up in the Russian model, with trimmings or ornaments covered of the same material, the collar to be of velvet in a darker shade than that of the silk. A very attractive model in some sort of sheer stuff has a straight, full tunic hanging to within a foot of the skirt bottom.

Both tunic and skirt of this model are bordered by narrow, straight bands of rat-tail embroidery. The bodice is braided slightly near the guimpe and as a finish to the oversleeves, and these are finished with large, braided buttons.

In some instances the frocks have a comparatively short tunic and the latter turned up deeply, the turned-up part being of very attractive openwork embroidery. A wide band of the same embroidery forms the greater part of the round bodice, drooping low over the arm.

The undersleeves are of valenciennes, and there is a folded girdle and knot of satin. The frock above illustrated is in some instances worked out in silk mousseline and velvet, and the result exceedingly attractive.

Lingerie frocks are coming for consideration. Many of them are intricately fashioned and display much handiwork in the matter of hand tucks, embroidery and insert lace, which naturally make their cost a very high one.

The chief change in the lingerie frocks seems to be the girdle effects, changing last year's princess styles. Undoubtedly, there will still be seen princess frocks. In the main, however, the girded models have come to stay—at least for this season.

The exquisite embroidery bands, motifs and allover suggestions make it possible to attain delicate effects with the wear of much handiwork, although these same must necessarily be applied by hand. Broche cotton foulards, imitating the foulard designs and presented in black and white, are welcome novelties, and the cotton voiles are prettier than ever.

Polka dot designs in the foulard of last year will be reproduced this year in cotton stuffs. The white wafer dots are set more closely together, so as to leave little ground color showing, and this ground may be in any of the season's colors.

Rose and a soft, brownlike yellow will be introduced in the novelty cotton things and in challies, too.

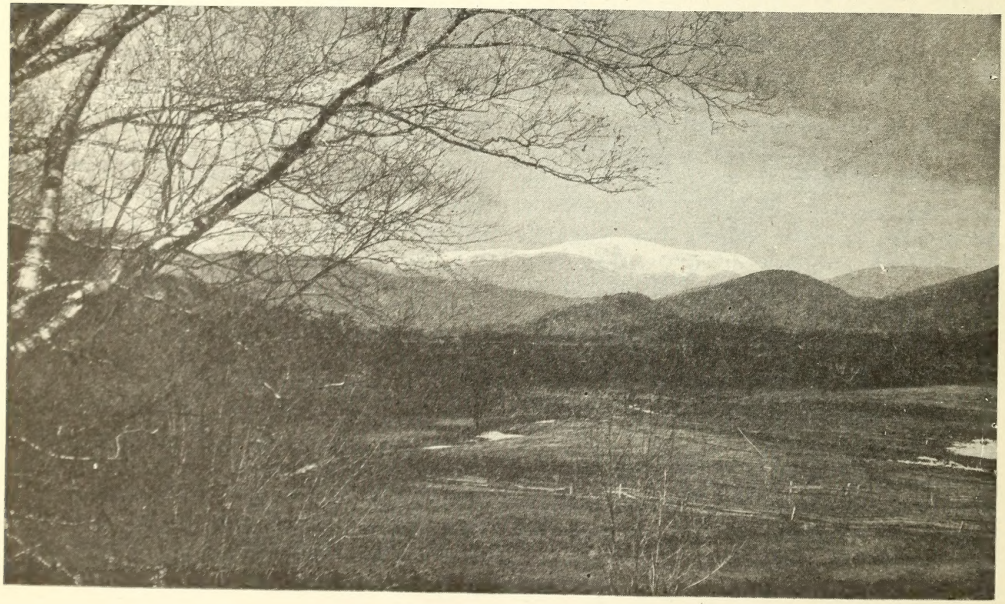
The Crowning Glory

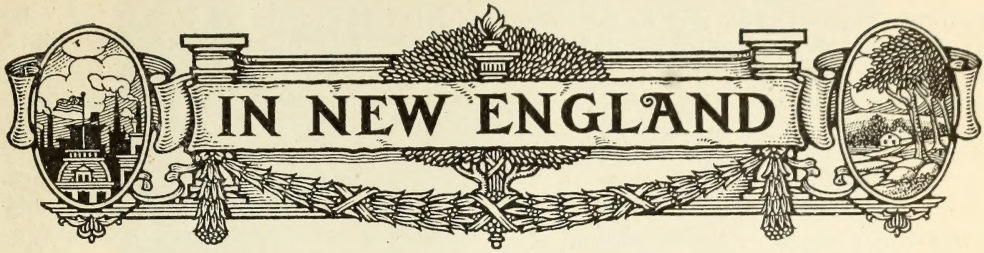
"Her hair, the color which first made men love gold."

Caring for the hair is much more important than is the arranging of coiffure. In Europe there are many schools devoted to the teaching of hair and scalp care. In America we must depend largely on self-appointed scalp specialists, and in many instances this has proven disastrous to those who have sought for treatment. Occasionally, however, one may ferret out a sincere and scientific human who will treat intelligently the many ills that hair is heir to. One of these tried and proven ones declares that over-shampooing is very destructive to the healthy growth of hair, every two weeks being the prescribed period, and then the use of strictly non-alkali soaps only. "It is impossible to overdo the rinsing process," quoth this wise one on things tonsorial.

Say what one will, the pompadour will remain as a fitting part of the coiffure for certain casts of features. It may be modified, slightly parted, but remain it will as a thoroughly satisfactory mode of arranging the hair.

The millinery fashions of the day demand of the most conservative a more or less—chiefly more—elaborate coiffure. Because of this, many conservative women find it necessary to resort to the wearing of additional hair —additional hair is a good word here, isn't it? I do not like the other one used generally in referring to coiffure attaches.





ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE

Scientists Meet in Boston

The meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and its affiliated societies in Boston during the holiday week was probably the most important gathering of scientists that has been held in the United States. Among the 2000 and more in attendance was to be found almost every prominent man of science in the country. The program, bewildering in its range, included papers and discussions of enduring interest to science, as well as of deep significance for the country at large.

This was the first visit of the association to Boston since that of its fiftieth anniversary in 1898.

The joint meeting of the association with national scientific societies, about twenty-five in number and covering every phase of scientific activity, constituting convocation week, was first carried out at Washington in 1902. Under this plan special papers are left to special societies, while subjects of more general interest are taken up by the association. Convocation week appeals, therefore, not only to the specialists, but to all laymen who are interested in the progress of science.

There is great need to-day of emphasizing the deeper meanings of scientific investigation. Something might be accomplished in this direction could the public press report the spirit as well as the programs of the meetings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

The eminent physicist, Albert A. Michelson of the University of Chicago, was elected to succeed David Starr Jordan as president of the association for the ensuing year. The next annual meeting is to be held in Minneapolis and St. Paul.

THE BOSTON STEEL CASES

The collapse of the Suffolk County cases against certain steel construction companies, for illegal combination and conspiracy to make prices in certain dealings with the city of Boston, has excited such varied comment as to suggest that the acquittal has not been accepted by a very large element of the public as a true judgment of the merits of the case. This is always an unfortunate situation, and one that is very apt to work injustice.

We believe that the acquittal was legally correct, and the inference which the newspapers have allowed the public to draw—that the acquittal was the result of venal court practice or overadroit legal manipulation, is uncalled for and unjust.

The so-called "Boston Agreement" was, to our minds, contrary to the public interest, and of a type of business methods that, however unfortunately prevalent, needs to be sharply checked.

When personal injustice arises because human government does not seem to be wise enough to avoid it, we are apt to be quite content to let it remain.

The Suffolk County cases failed because there was no evidence of criminal conduct. The correct inference which the public and the press should draw is that no criminality existed.

Let business interests take warning from the fact of the indictment that the

practice suspected is not to be tolerated; but let every fair-minded man free from the taint of criminality those who have been acquitted in a fair trial, and against whom no sufficient evidence was forthcoming.

A STORM-BOUND CITY

Of the great mid-winter storm, the severest in years, which held the coast cities as far south as Philadelphia in its grasp, the loss and pain are already forgotten. The beauty of it, the picturesque features, remain indelibly impressed on the minds of those who witnessed them.

We think too much in the terms of our own convenience. The truer perspective of a backward look eliminates much of this human egoism, and allows us to enjoy the interplay of elemental forces that never seem more impressive than in their conquest of the city. The loom of great, cliff-like buildings emphasize the drive and swirl of the storm. The overwhelming of highways and public-service utilities supplies a comprehensible gauge by which to measure the force of the storm; and, while the silence and the horizons of rural scenery are lost in the hub-bub and enclosure of the city, the city dweller is not altogether at a disadvantage in his observation of one of Nature's great spectacles.

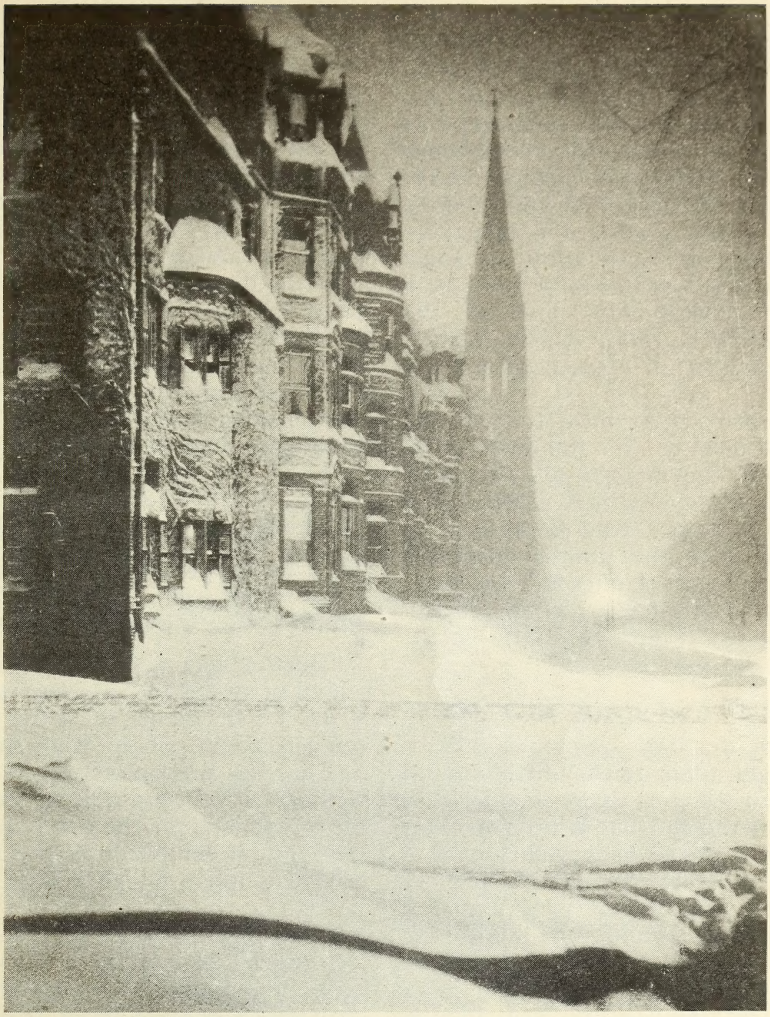
A NOTE OF WARNING

Incidentally and in passing, is there not food for thought in the fact that Mr. Fitzgerald's election was accomplished in the face of the almost united opposition of the local press?

Such a force, under normal conditions, should have been sufficient to sweep everything before it. There are many reasons why it was not, and one of these reasons concerns the press itself.



ENTRANCE TO PUBLIC GARDENS, BOSTON



THE STORM-BOUND CITY

The failure of a great newspaper campaign to register its proper result is a very clear indication that the growing commercialism of "publishing properties" for the past twenty years is reaping its just reward in a seriously impaired influence.

We would not join in the hue and cry about a "purchased press" that was made a feature of this campaign. The fact, however, that this clamor could have been effectively raised—and those who were close to the vote know that it was effective—may serve to remind our publishers that the management of newspapers from the business office has overstepped the bounds of propriety, and that newspapers so managed cannot swing the electorate or assert any other effective influence for the public welfare.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY IN NEW TYPE

The January number of the Atlantic Monthly appears with altered and improved letter-press—a detail, but an important one.

With as little remove as possible from its former appearance, so that all that was distinctive in style is retained, the typographical appearance of the magazine has been much improved. It was a wise act on the part of the management to make this change. Anything of that nature which can be done to increase the vogue of a magazine whose ideals will not allow of some other forms of popularizing becomes a duty. Unquestionably, one of the things which the public wishes to buy in a magazine is a piece of artistic printing.

The improved Atlantic fully meets this requirement. To the interest of its contents the magazine, in its new type, adds the charm that belongs to a well-printed page. And then, as if to justify all this, the number contains "The Nightingale Unheard," by Josephine Preston Peabody, a poem worthy of the noblest traditions of the Atlantic's splendid past.

GRANITE STATE DAIRYMEN MEET

The Granite State Dairymen's Association held their twenty-fifth annual meeting in Exeter, New Hampshire, January 13 and 14. The winter meeting of the State Board of Agriculture was held at the same time and place. A varied and interesting program was presented, and exhibits of high-class dairy products were awarded prizes according to merit. G. H. Yeaten, Esq., of Dover, was elected president for the ensuing year; A. B. Hoyle of Lebanon and W. D. Hayden of Dover, vice-presidents; C. W. Phillips of Leavitt's Hill, secretary, and E. E. Bishop of Littleton, treasurer. E. L. Childs of Cornish was re-elected superintendent of exhibits.

The dairying industry in New Hampshire shows a strong tendency toward an increased production of market milk, and a proportionate reduction in the production of butter and other creamery products.

The interest shown in the instructive addresses was very deep, and indicative of a progressive spirit among New Hampshire dairymen.

COLORED TROOPS IN NEW ENGLAND

Ever since the Brownsville incident there has been a recurrent growl about the colored troops in the regular army (so far as we are informed, there are no bodies of colored militia in the country). It is even occasionally represented that all such regular army troops are to be disbanded.

Without pushing its significance too far, it is at least interesting to note that in Burlington, Vt., at Fort Ethan Allen, where at present colored troops are quartered, the citizens are saying that no such orderly company of soldiers has occupied the fort in years.



"Boston has the largest and best school of artists in America," said John E. D. Trask, manager of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, as he was leaving Boston last night, after selecting forty-two pictures, painted by Boston artists, for the one hundred and fifth annual exhibition of the Academy in Philadelphia, which begins on January 23.

"We are always sure," Mr. Trask continued, "of getting a big array of excellent pictures here, and this year's showing has more than realized our expectations. Why, we are taking more pictures from Boston than from any other city, and when you consider that we bring collections to our exhibition from New York and Paris, that is saying a good deal. We are greatly pleased with this year's output from Boston. The pictures represent the highest talent."

The exhibition in Philadelphia began on January 23 and continues until March 20. The exhibition is to consist of original works by American artists in oil paintings and sculpture which have not been publicly shown in Philadelphia. The distinguishing honors and medals to be competed for are the

Academy gold medal of honor, the Temple fund and medal established by Joseph E. Temple, the Walter Lippincott prize of $300, the Mary Smith prize of $100, the Jennie Sesman gold medal and the Carol H. Beck gold medal.

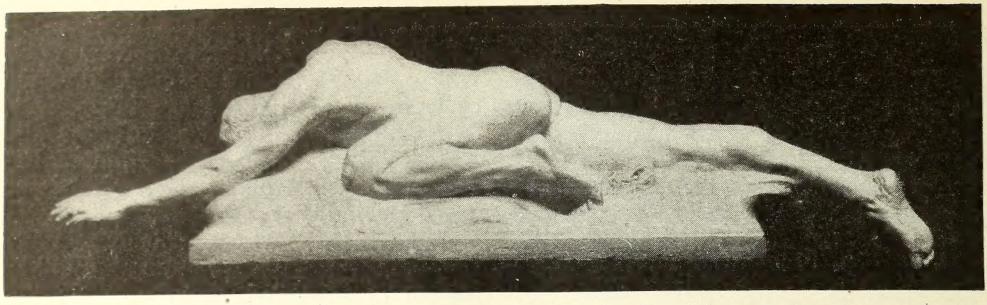
The Academy's jury of selection met yesterday at 71 Newbury street, and out of one hundred and fifty-three pictures submitted selected forty-two for exhibition at Philadelphia. The jury is composed of the following: W. Elmer Schofield, Thomas P. Anshutz, Joseph T. Pearson, Jr., Carroll S. Tyson, Jr., Robert Henri and Irving R. Wiles of Philadelphia; Frederic P Vinton and Frank W. Benson of Boston, and Emil Carlsen, Charles H. Davis and Charles W. Hawthorne of New York. All came to Boston except Messrs. Wiles, Henri and Davis.

After the meeting here the jury left on the five o'clock train for New York, where they sat. The six cities in which collections are judged are Paris, New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis and Philadelphia. Chairman Schofield has just returned from Paris, where he acted as chairman of the Paris jury.

The Boston artists whose pictures were favorably passed upon and will be shown in Philadelphia are the following: E. A. Tarbell, Joseph DeCamp, Philip L. Hale, Philip Little, William M. Paxton, Elizabeth Paxton, Dwight Blaney, H. D. Murphy, Charles H. Woodbury, W. W. Churchill, Charles Hopkinson, Samuel B. Baker, F. A. Bosley, W. B. Burpee, Rosamond Coolidge, Joseph B. Davol, Margaret Fuller, Arthur C. Goodwin, Wilbur Dean Hamilton, Mary B. Hazelton, W. J.



DETAIL FROM MALDEN SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT, TO BE UNVEILED ON MEMORIAL DAY



"THE RIVER," FROM A BRONZE BY BELA PRATT

Kaula, George H. Leonard, George L. Noyes, Marie Dunforth Page, Margaret Richardson, Rosamond Smith, Albert Felix Schmitt, Leslie P. Thompson, M. B. Titcomb and Elizabeth Taylor Watson.—*Boston Herald.*

A visit to Mr. Bela Pratt's studio is always an inspiration. No busier workshop is to be found in Boston than the rooms in St. Botolph Studios, where Mr. Pratt and his assistants are occupied with a number of important commissions.

The clay model for the memorial to the Spanish war veterans of Harvard University is nearly completed. This is a large tablet, the feature of which is an eagle with wings extended. The emblematic bird is done with great spirit, and in a style of realism brought to decorative requirements in which Mr. Pratt excels, and with which he has most successfully and happily, in a number of instances, replaced the conventional heraldic or pseudo-heraldic forms. This piece is to be placed in the Harvard Union.

A medallion for Columbia University is also under way. There are two very interesting portrait busts ready for casting, and, in a more tentative stage, a clay sketch for the Daughters of Veterans' memorial to the nurses of the army and navy of the civil war. This represents a sweet-faced virgin holding the ministering cup to a wounded soldier, whose head she supports. The extreme youthfulness of both figures lends added pathos to this most appealing group.

Nearby is a sketch of the proposed Hawthorne memorial for Salem. In this conception Mr. Pratt has embodied elements of association and interpretation—such associations, for example, as cling to the old Georgian doorways of Salem, a *motif* form which is used as the canopy for the bronze figure of a Puritan maiden brooding, conscience-guided, but imaginatively awake to other things than are within the stern limitations of her bringing up. The background adds still more to the interpretative quality of the figure, for she stands barred by a rugged wall from a world of mystery, romance and shadowy evanishments of delight.

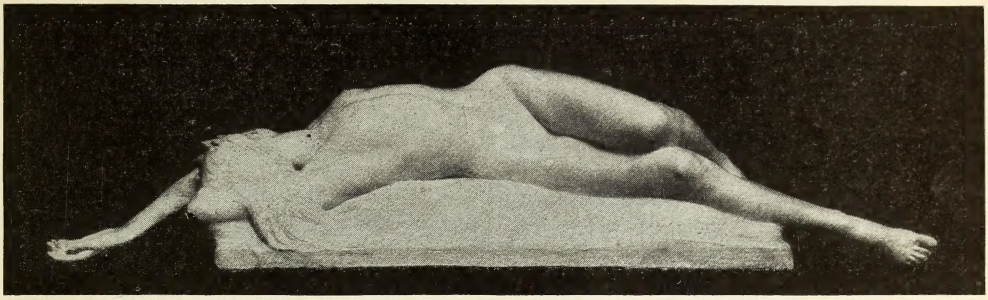
A New York lover of art is to be the fortunate possessor of a jolly little bronze child and dolphin modelled in a most sportive mood, and full of loveliness and charming abandon.

A Philadelphian, whose purse and taste are also on speaking terms, obtains a bronze replica of the female figure in Mr. Pratt's unique group, "The River," which is being exhibited and attracting marked attention in our leading art centres. It is a most imaginative piece. The female figure conveys a most rhythmical impression of the roll and slide of the downward current, while the male figure is instinct with the urge and push of upstream effort.

Of larger immediate interest to the public, perhaps, is the fact of the near completion of the Malden Soldiers' and Sailors' monument. This is a very heavy piece of monumental work. An illustration from the plaster mould was

published in this magazine some time ago. The detail presented here will give a more adequate idea of the strength of the modeling, and the striking individuality which Mr. Pratt has succeeded in impressing upon a piece of work which, in the nature of the case, called for a more or less traditional treatment.

Much as there is here to delight and instruct, there is the further inspiration of the feeling, everywhere conveyed, that Mr. Pratt's best work is yet to be done.



"The River," from a bronze by Bela Pratt

MUSIC

The Dolmetsch concerts are unique, not only in the character of what they accomplish, but in the spirit with which Mr. Dolmetsch maintains them. It is safe to say that there is no other musician to-day to whom Bach and the spirit of the seventeenth century is as intimate and as sacred. Mr. Dolmetsch, through his intense interest to reproduce not only the music of the period, but the atmosphere as well, has dramatized the situation, so to speak; and one not only hears a most finished performance of the score, but is illumined with the halo of faith and fervor of Bach, and the spirit of the life and art of the times. The Christmas concert was given in Chickering Hall, and was a repetition of last year's program, by special request. There was a quaint old English lullaby, a concerto grosso by Corelli, and Bach's Christmas cantata. The Christmas cantata is the very embodiment of devout faith and real worship, and there is a genuine satisfaction in listening to it at the Christmas time.

The Worcester Oratorio Society gave its tenth presentation of "The Messiah" in Mechanics' Hall, at Worcester, on Friday evening.

This city is a marked example of what a minor city can accomplish through organization and enthusiastic leadership, and the results in this instance are most commendable.

Mr. Henry L. Gideon gave two interesting and authoritative talks, with musical illustrations, at Steinert Hall last week, upon Siegfried Wagner and his work and upon "Lohengrin" and "Parsifal." Mr. Gideon is a thorough musician, and especially fitted for this sort of work.

Carl Zerrahn, for forty-two years the musical director of the Handel and Haydn Society, and actively prominent in other musical organizations, died December twenty-ninth at the home of his son in Milton. Mr. Zerrahn was one of the veteran and most worthy musicians of New England. There were many appreciative friends, including representative musicians, who were present at the services held in the Church of the Holy Spirit at Mattapan.

Tilly Koenen, the Dutch contralto, was the soloist at the last concert given by the Boston Symphony Orchestra

in Symphony Hall. This was her first appearance with the orchestra in this city, her previous appearance having been with Dr. Ludwig Wullner. She was heard in the first part of the program in the Beethoven aria, "Ah! Perfido," which her large voice and artistic conception made most satisfactory. She was heard later in a group of three songs, including a most attractive one by Mr. Fiedler, entitled "The Tambourine Player," which was very effective. The orchestra played the Sibelius Symphony, No. 2, in D major. This is a thoroughly interesting and original composition. Sibelius is a Finn, and the spirit of half years of darkness and of faint clutches at political freedom, now futile, now intensely despairing and always in a half-light, was upon us. There is a note of rebellion, but it is never wild and yet never submissive. Rather, it is a reaching out for sympathy, which at times is colored with a dull-gray melancholy. As to the methods of Sibelius, technically, they are fluent and consequential, and even interesting and convincing. The caprice on Spanish themes, by Rimsky-Korsakow, was very interesting, and formed the last number of a thoroughly attractive program.



THE AWAKENING OF HELENA RICHIE

Margaret Anglin appeared at the Colonial Theatre on December twenty-seventh in "The Awakening of Helena Richie." During its entire run of two weeks the production was received with much favor and interest. However, some things may be said in regard to the procedure of the play as compared to that of the book.

To immediately set the heroine of a drama in the lurid halo of an uncountenanced situation is to cause the situation to be a stronger factor than, as yet, we feel that the heroine herself is. We know the deed before we really have any reason to feel the slightest sympathy with it. Our instinct in regard to artistic drama processes makes of us obedient, made-to-order sympathizers, and the awaiters of the explosion of an emotional bomb which will indorse the sympathy which we have loaned to Helena Richie without security in the first two acts. However, the assets of the third act are sufficient to cancel the debt.

If you have previously read the book, you may not subscribe to the above, for in that case Helena Richie is, in your mind, a thoroughly lovable creature, whose intent is sincere, though misfounded, at the time the curtain rises. However, the incidents are consequentially worked out, and the cast presenting the play is of unusually uniform excellency. The scene between Dr. Lavendar and Helena Richie is the climax of intensity, and the untying of the knot we have known must be undone. In this scene we see Margaret Anglin at her best—emotional, but not excessively so; natural and true to the demands of the situation. On the whole, the play and its presentation is thoroughly consistent throughout, commendably so, and there is no aftertaste of unpleasantness. The situation is one occurrent in all times—past and future—but perhaps the passing of ascetic and cruelly conventional decree has already been achieved.

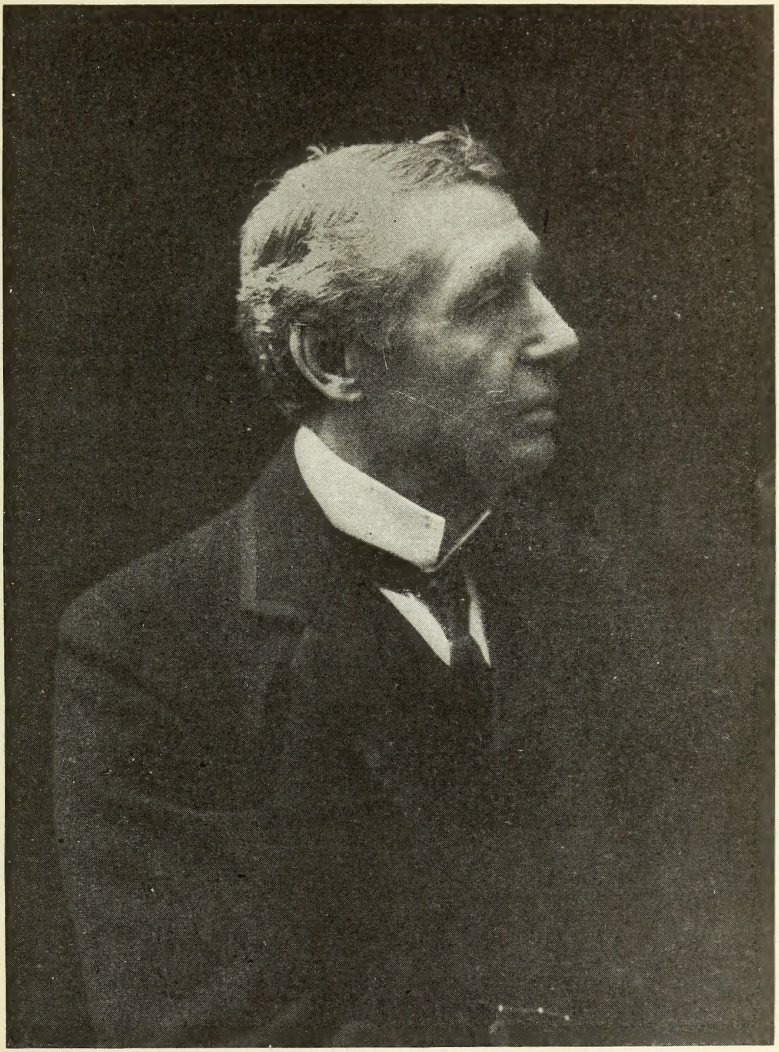
FEBRUARY ATTRACTIONS

Boston theatre-goers will find the month of February crowding the local playhouses in response to some of the best attractions that the stage of to-day has to offer.

Everybody knows by this time that "What Every Woman Knows" is the most satisfactory play in which Maude Adams has thus far appeared. Mr. Barrie's clever comedy is so well adapted to the genius and personality of the actress that the actual production of the piece is most satisfying. The Scotch tang is always likeable to

most people, and the sympathies of the audience are captured and held by the homely genuineness of the heroine, Maggie. The play will be presented at the Hollis Street Theatre.

Sir Charles Wyndham, at the Colonial in "The Mollusc," is another exceptional opportunity for the lovers of real drama and good acting. "The Mollusc" is a comedy full of likeableness. It leaves that pleasant taste which is so large a part of the enjoyment of a good play, and Sir Charles himself is one of the youngest men on the stage, however strongly the mere statistical item of his actual age may appear to argue otherwise. What is also much to the point, he is well supported, Miss Moore's work being especially good.

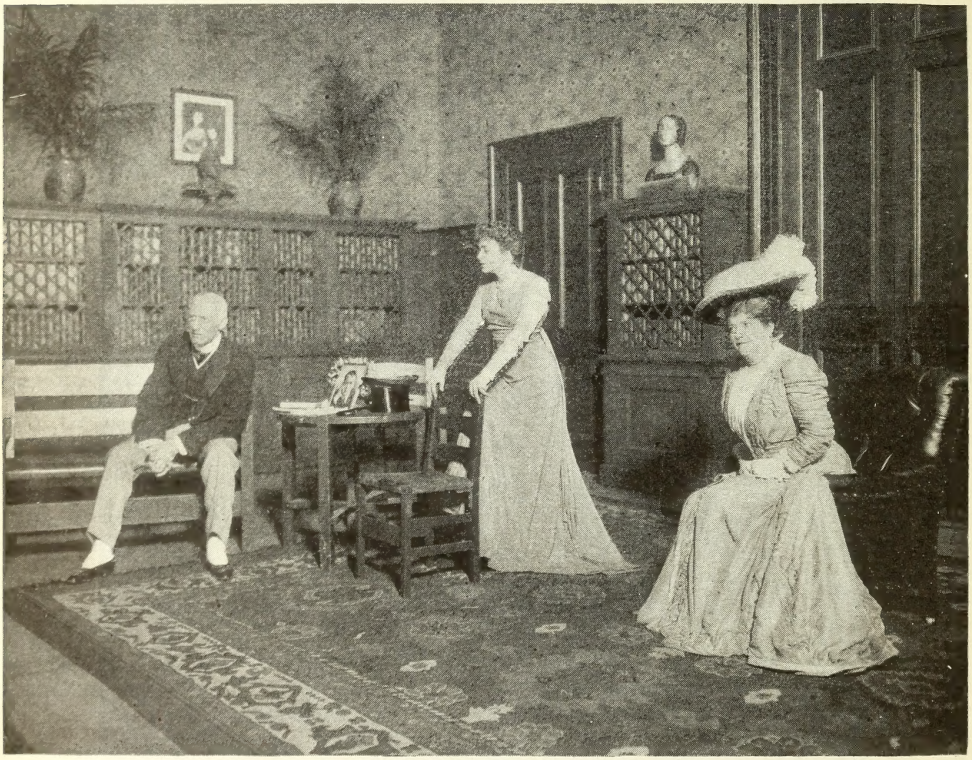


SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM WHO APPEARS AT THE COLONIAL IN "THE MOLLUSC"

At the Park Theatre "The Man From Home" still attracts, and will continue

to attract. William Hodge, as the lawyer from Kokomo, Indiana, is as droll a character as has appeared on the stage for many a day, and his general out-of-tuneness with his English surroundings furnishes an admirable opportunity for the display of his humorous foibles.

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," which is still playing at the Tremont Theatre, is another of those simple, home stories that please all. Rebecca manages to find her way into all kinds of adventurous episodes, eventuating in a runaway and a betrothal. The plot is not so much, but the story has the charm and sweetness that its title suggests, and that first won the public in Mrs. Wiggin's Rebecca books. Edith Taliaferro, in the part of Rebecca, is charming.



MAUD ADAMS IN "WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS"



THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION AS A HEALING POWER

By Elwood Worcester, D. D., and Samuel McComb

The attacks of criticism that have called into being the latest book of Dr. Worcester and Dr. McComb, "The Christian Religion as a Healing Power," have given one distinct proof of the influence exerted by the Emmanuel movement. They have illustrated vividly the penetration of Dr. Johnson's shrewd remark that fame is a shuttlecock which can be kept up only by being beaten back as well as beaten forward, and which would soon

fall to the ground if there were only one battledore. The fact that both men have felt obliged to answer the criticisms and remove the misunderstandings in regard to their work is significant in itself, without the material comments of the foundation of a neurological institute in New York and a co-operative institution in California, under the direction of Bishop Nichols. The new book, however, is not only to reassert and define the practical, fundamental principles of "Religion and Medicine," but to insist even more strongly upon the spiritual ministration of Christ to the sick and the value not "of religion for the sake of health, but of health for the sake of religion."

The co-operation of the minister and the physician, as restricted under the present rules, has been an answer to much of the more serious criticism. On the other hand, the fact that in three years only a dozen clergymen in the United States have announced themselves as ready to treat certain forms of functional disorders by the advice of physicians tends to alleviate the dangers of an imitation in the hands of untrained clergymen. The reign of the specialist will in the future make the preparation of the clergyman for such work a more exacting ordeal than any theological course on pastoral duties. Even as a specialist, however, Dr. McComb does not arrogate to himself any Robinson Crusoe versatility. He carefully differentiates his own confinement to the religious and psychological side of the problem from the scientific medical authority of the skilled physician. He shows, however, that in the complexity of the human organism, and the close relation of mind and body, it is as difficult to disassociate the effects of religious or medical healing as it would be impossible to separate the intellectual and aesthetic impressions made upon us by a drama of Shakespeare.

The power of prayer, both physical and spiritual, is the keynote of the movement. It is the psychological use of that great power toward which Tennyson strove so spiritually in advance of his skeptical and scientific age:

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friends?
For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

It will be unfair to the spirit and practice of the Emmanuel movement to criticise it without a careful reading of this new book. To both critics and enthusiasts it is a book of distinct value. "No longer to stand cowardly and helpless amid the storms and stresses of experience, but to go forth to live our life in the strength and under the eyes of God" — this is the summons and challenge of the Emmanuel movement, and this is its inmost meaning. [Moffatt, Yard & Co. $1.00 net.]

RUTH DAME COOLIDGE.

A GUIDE TO MODERN OPERA

A book that is eminently timely for the Boston Opera season is Esther Singleton's "Guide to Modern Opera." This is the second volume on the opera that Miss Singleton has published, and includes the most popular, or in the case of "Salome," the most notorious of the new operas, from "I Pagliacci" to "La Boheme." The plan of the work is very comprehensive, and presents not only a description of the setting and one or two brief comments on the music of each opera by a famous critic, but also an explanation in many operas of the different motives and a careful study of their introduction. The story itself is told with an adherence to the text almost as close as a libretto. While this prevents any achievement as an independent literary production, like Lamb's "Tales

from Shakespeare," it increases its value as a handbook for the opera itself. Practically it combines twenty-six librettos under one cover, with musical interpretation and criticism, and affords all the assistance to an amateur that he could obtain without a technical musical education. It is published by Dodd, Mead & Co. at the popular price of one dollar and a half.

THE BOSTON BLUEBOOK FOR 1910

Promptly on the first of January arrives the 1910 Blue Book in its usual attractive dress, with full gold edges, convenient in size, legible, and replete with carefully certified information.

In addition to the officers and membership lists of the leading city clubs, the book contains the names and addresses of over 20,000 householders, arranged alphabetically and by districts and streets.

This year's book has added a number of interesting illustrations which add to its attractiveness, and a collection of miscellaneous information not found collected in any other publication. It is published by the Sampson & Murdock Company.



BOSTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

The first steps toward the improvement of Boston's water front have been taken through the action of the board of directors of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, at its meeting on December 31, recommending the removal of the important fishing industry from its present congested quarters at T wharf to the Commonwealth pier in South Boston.

In making this recommendation the board of directors approves a report of the committee on metropolitan improvements, which noted that, after careful investigation of the entire water front of Boston Harbor, it had found no location meeting the peculiar requirements of this industry as fully as the Commonwealth land at South Boston, and it believed that the accommodation of the fish industry was one of the purposes which the harbor frontage of this Commonwealth's South Boston land is peculiarly fitted to serve. The committee pointed out that the Commonwealth pier was built many years ago by the state and has never been leased; nor had it brought to the state any return upon its investment, and that the proposed use for the fish industry should furnish an adequate return, approximately, as soon as the necessary preparatory work could be completed. The committee also pointed out that this pier, in its present condition, is accessible without dredging a channel to reach it, the only dredging required being that on the eastern side of the pier, the pier headline having been determined by the United States government, thus rendering unnecessary any further legislation in that direction. Moreover, it was pointed out that this pier was directly on Northern avenue, within a few minutes' walk of Atlantic avenue, and was readily accessible to the tracks of the New Haven road, the management of which had expressed entire willingness to make such track connections as might be desired and agreed upon. Finally, the

committee reminded the board that there was no immediate demand for the use of this pier, and that it seemed that piers built to the eastward along the present United States pier headline would amply accommodate any shipping needs that might develop in the future, as the water frontage of this Commonwealth property would accommodate six additional piers and slips of ample width.

By this action the Chamber of Commerce, which, in common with all people familiar with the conditions at T wharf, and the need of a new location enabling the one hundred million pounds of fish shipped out yearly by rail from Boston, as well as the halibut and other fish received by rail, to be handled economically, has contributed very materially to the solution of one of the most pressing problems of the port. It has also by this action upheld the hands of the Fish Dealers' Association, which recently pledged half a million dollars for the purpose of leasing the Commonwealth pier and erecting such buildings and other facilities as would enable the industry to be conducted under the most favorable conditions. It is fair to assume that in the near future the greatest fishing port in this country and the second greatest in the world will be fully equipped for the effective and sanitary conduct of a business which, as the Chamber of Commerce points out, is "one of the most important and active industries of this port, representing a large investment in capital and employing a large fleet of vessels, and directly and indirectly a large number of men, and by supplying a nutritious food in ample quantities, at prices within the reach of all, provides a most important element in the economical food supply of Metropolitan Boston."

BURLINGTON, VERMONT

The University of Vermont is soon to part with one of its most valued professors, Professor L. R. Jones, who has been called back to his work, many years ago, in the University of Wisconsin, at Madison. He has been most efficient and useful and will be greatly missed.

Plans for university extension work are nearly completed. President Buckham has appointed the following committee to have charge of the work: Professors Messenger, Andrews, Hills, Votey and Merrill.

The marble plant of the late J. W. Goodell has been sold to Mr. Angus Smith of Barre, and work will soon be taken up.

The Commercial Club is actively interesting itself to secure a union railroad station suited to the needs of the city.

A disastrous fire on Saturday night, January 8, destroyed Hotel Burlington and the Walker block, but a much finer and more modern hotel is soon to rise from the ashes.

The New York Central railroad is encouraging New York parties to make Burlington an objective excursion point next summer.

A more attractive place would be hard to find in our entire country.

The Saengerbund, a New York German singing society, will make the Van Ness House its headquarters on September 3, 1910.

The concert of the Symphony Orchestra, January 14, promises to surpass the one in October. Mr. Henry Holt has presented to the orchestra an oboe and a French horn.

JOSEPH DANA BARTLEY.

Burlington, Vt., January 13, 1910.

SPRINGFIELD BOARD OF TRADE

Editor NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

From time to time we have sent to you articles relative to the work of the Springfield Board of Trade. We have attempted in these to give some special features of our work, rather than outline general activities, believing that these special features would be of much greater interest to the reading public than mere accounts of routine.

One of the most important matters in which the Springfield Board of Trade has ever interested itself is the recently-planned movement for agricultural development in the western and west-cen-

tral parts of the state. Through the co-operation of the Springfield Street Railway and its connecting lines and the Amherst Agricultural College an "agricultural trolley train," consisting of a flat car, a box car and a vestibule parlor car, will be sent through the agricultural territory reached by the respective trolley lines. This train will be equipped with special apparatus for demonstrating different phases of scientific farming, and will carry a corps of experts from the Agricultural College, who will lecture at the different scheduled stops on subjects of vital interest to the farmer. Great attention will be given by the Board of Trade to supply literature and other information on the development of markets; how to make crops salable, and how to do many other things making for a higher standard of agricultural development.

It has been thought advisable to conduct this agricultural extension trip just before the planting season, and preparations are being made to carry out the project during the last two weeks in March next.

The towns to be visited have been chosen because of their central location in their respective agricultural districts, and the publicity announcing the trip, its schedule, etc., will cover all of the territory adjacent to the various stops. Thus it is hoped to reach most of the farmers on or near the route of travel.

This matter of agricultural development, and others relating to the direct interest of our suburban and outlying territory, are receiving much attention at the hands of the Springfield Board of Trade, and we feel that in so doing not only is Springfield and its immediate vicinity receiving great benefit, but all of western New England as well.

The willing co-operation which is being given by the street railway company and the Amherst Agricultural College is indeed worthy of much commendation, and it is a source of much gratification to the board that these institutions are so eager to help in the broad work which is to be a benefit to not a few, but to a great number.

(Signed) C. H. HATHAWAY,
Secretary.

FROM THE PILGRIM PUBLICITY ASSOCIATION

Building the New Spirit

The Credo issued by the Pilgrim Publicity Association as a part of its campaign to improve business conditions in New England was received in a most praiseworthy spirit of co-operation by the New England newspaper publishers.

The Credo appeared on the first page or the editorial page of about sixty daily newspapers on New Year's day. Furthermore, it was accompanied, and has been followed since, by editorials of the most helpful character which it inspired.

The Pilgrim Publicity Association is accomplishing a great deal by broad, far-seeing plans. It works with the idea constantly in mind that whatever benefits New England manufacturers will benefit all New England.

The association is waging a campaign of education to show the American people just why goods manufactured in New England are likely to be better than similar goods manufactured in more recently established manufacturing centres.

The next meeting of the association will be held in Ford Hall on Saturday evening, January 29, at which the subjects discussed will be: "Building the New Spirit," "Stimulating the Manufacturer," "Stimulating Boards of Trade," "Developing Loyalty," "Are We Making History?" "Club History," "The Fraternal Spirit," "Formation of New Clubs," "The Massachusetts of the East," "Getting a Thousand Members," "Our Future."

These titles suggest the character of the work that the association has in hand. With every meeting the organization becomes more powerful, and before summer comes the membership will probably include five hundred men who are identified with advertising, and who are identified with advertising.

1541

The KALMBACHER
BOOKBINDING CO.
CERTIFIED
LIBRARY BINDERY
TOLEDO, OHIO